

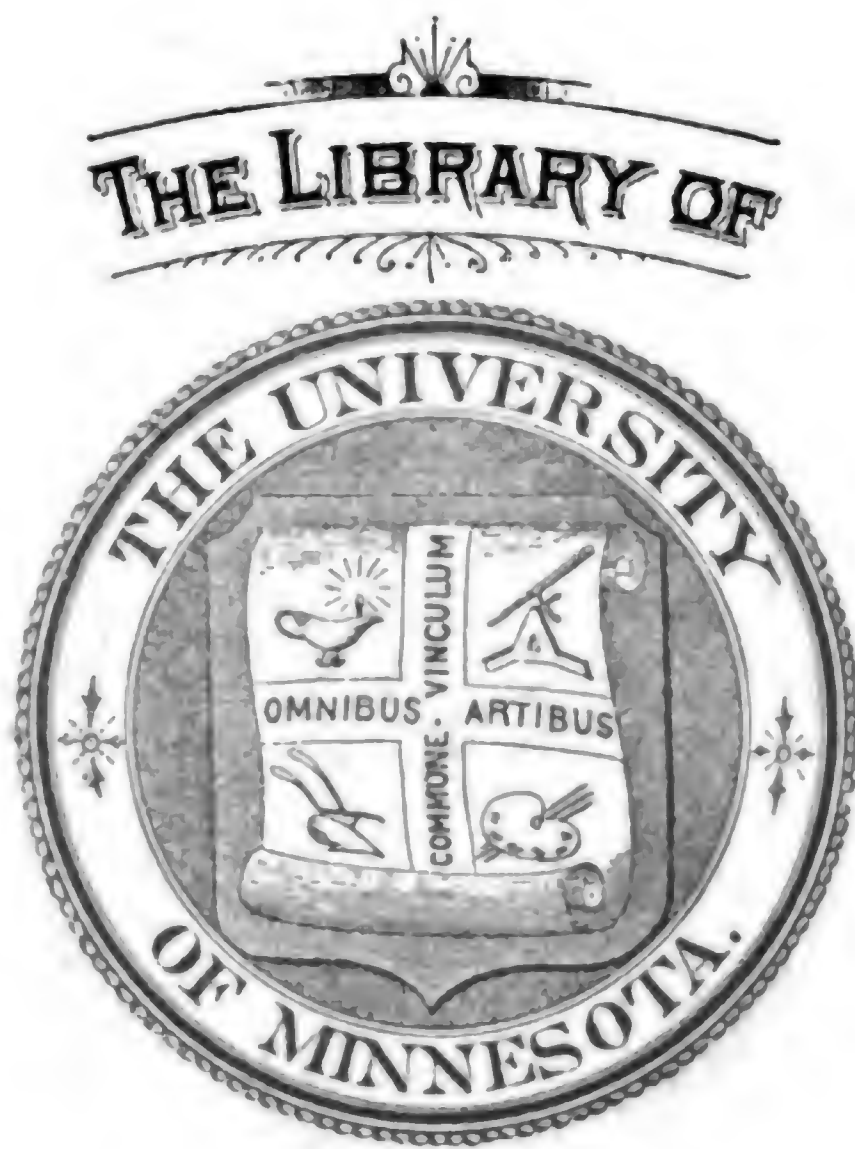
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THE ACADEMY

JULY—DECEMBER

1911

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CONTENTS OF VOL. LXXXI.

ART

Art of Augustus John, The. Haldane Macfall	799
Arthur Rackham's Drawings at the Leicester Galleries	547
Diaz and Isabey at the Haymarket Galleries	707
Dowdeswell's Gallery in Bond Street, Messrs.	154
Gordon Craig's Drawings and Models, Mr.	367
James Aumonier, R.I.	482
London Salon of Photography	366, 395
Medici Gallery, The	581
Old English Masters at Messrs. Knoedler's	643
Old Masters at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery	805
Old Masters at the Graves Galleries	611
Pictures of Johannes Bosboom and William Maris	154
Racburn Exhibition, The	829
Rothenstein's Paintings and Drawings, Mr.	611
Royal Society of British Artists, The	580
Royal Society of Miniature Painters	154
Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours	707
Walker Galleries, The	482
Water-Colour Drawings at the Leicester Galleries	738

ARTICLES

"Academy" Dinner, The	133
Across Space and Time. Frank Harris	734
Across the Solent	361
Administration of the Home Rule Office, The. Cecil Cowper	4
After the Crisis: The Royal Position. "Politicus"	478
Agadir and After	511
Ahmet Arabi. "Sudani"	418
All on a Summer's Day	323
"And Speck'd Vanity Will Sicken Soon and Die." Cecil Cowper	528
Archæology in India Threatened	476
At the War. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	529
Autumn Books	394
Autumn Novels	366
Barrendero, The	245
Baseless Suggestion, A. Cecil Cowper	496
Belief and Conduct. Arthur Machen	57
Books for Boys. Sir W. Bull	451
Books for Boys and Girls	730
Books in Preparation	421, 453, 484, 548, 612, 644
Book Sales, Old and New. A. W. Pollard	609
Brewers' Exhibition, The	515
Britain of the West, The	119
British Outpost in China, A. A. Hugh Fisher	541
Cameron and the Stag. By A. Follower	349
Catullus. W. F. H. and Tough Rag	120
Christmas Books for Young Folks	627
Christmas Cards	738
"Codlin's the Friend, not Short." Cecil Cowper	404
Commercial Literature. Richard Middleton	497
Conversational Misers. Richard Middleton	577

Cosmopolitan Folk-Song, A...	179
Cult of Paper, The. Cecil Cowper	36
Dead Man's Books, A. H. S.	332
Dead Jesuit Town, A. W. H. Koebel	183
Death Duties and Unemployment. A. Egmont Hake	184
Declaration of London, The. R. J. Turner	771, 786
Delhi: Capital of India. Cecil Cowper	752
Delhi in Earliest Times	576
Delhi in the Middle Ages	607
Delhi under Afghan Dynasties	641
Delhi under the Later Moguls	704
Delhi under the Moguls	673
De Omnibus Rebus. Arthur Machen	465, 592, 657, 721, 787
Duce Tempus Eget. Cecil Cowper	260
Eighty in the Shade	244
"English Review" and the "Spectator," The. Henry D. Davray	39
Ethics of Style, The. W. D.	831
Evolution of the "Cure" Humbug. The. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	261, 293
Expedient, An. Cecil Cowper	376
Fallacy of Funk, The. Cecil Cowper	164
"False Refinements"	277
Feast of Carpets, A. F. S.	836
First English Editor, The. J. B. W. Harris	243
Flaubert and his Letters. Frank Harris	230, 262
Flight and Fortune. Wilfrid L. Randell	134
Foreign Reviews	181, 307, 416, 574, 762
French and English Scenery. Frank Harris	295
Friendly Societies and National Insurance. A. H. Warren	165
From the Waste-Basket	88
Fruits of Coddle, The. W. L. R.	196
Future of Book-collecting, The	754
Future of the Library, The. A. G. W. P. J. F.	510
Future of the Private Library, The. R. J. Turner	784
Future of the Territorial Force, The. Col. G. P. Ranken	433
Future of the Territorial Force, The. Col. G. P. Ranken	595, 707, 722
Gaiety of Poets, The. Francis Bickley	835
Gauguin. Haldane Macfall	769
Genteel Artist, The. R. T. Chandler	250
Gift of Appreciation, The. Richard Middleton	23
Golden Reticence. Cecil Cowper	720
Golf and the Sabbath in Scotland. An English Visitor	379
Great National Measure, A. Cecil Cowper	68
Heine: The Last Period	765
Hero, The. Darrell Figgis	308
Hill of Montmartre, The	597
Hiroshige. Yone Noguchi	755
Historic County Town, An	279
Holy Houses of Sleep. Yone Noguchi	802
Home Rule and Antiquarianism. Prof. T. M. Kettle	466
Home Rule and Common Sense. Prof. T. M. Kettle	676
Homeward Bound. W. H. Koebel	149
Huth Shakespeares, The. Alfred W. Pollard	659
"Ignoble Themes Obtained Mistaken Praise." Cecil Cowper	228
Imperial and Foreign Affairs. Lancelot Lawton	27, 59, 89, 121, 154,

186, 218, 251, 281, 310, 339, 367, 395, 421, 454, 486, 517, 549, 581, 614, 645, 678, 709, 739, 773, 806, 838	
Impressionism and Art. S. A.-B.	703, 723
Impressions of Spain. Hilaire Belloc	675
Incorrigible Nincompoop, An. Cecil Cowper	100
Insurance Bill from the Employers' Standpoint, The. Douglas Walker	102
Irish Legislative Assemblies. Sir Charles Walpole	380, 407
Japanese Government and the New Literature, The. Yone Noguchi	11
Japanese on the Poet Rossetti, A. Yone Noguchi	86
Japanese Poetry. F. Hadland Davis	350
"J. J." R. J. T.	737
John Churton Collins. Frank Harris	435
Jules Ferry and War, M. By One Who Knew Him	365
Letters from the War. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	625, 658, 689, 753, 784
Literary Pop, The. R. T. C.	560
Literature and Morality. W. D.	55
London Institution, The	612, 644, 677, 709, 738
Loneliness	280
Lord Kitchener. "Sudani"	264
Lost Kingdoms of the Sea	148
Lost Things, The. Hilaire Belloc	54
Magazines, The	56, 78, 217, 272, 303, 364, 483, 513, 610, 804
Man and the Book, The. Wilfrid L. Randell	688
Messrs. Dean and Son's Books	761
Mid-Victorian Reminiscence, A. C. C.	816
Mission of Government, The. A. Egmont Hake	21
Montjoie. Richard Middleton	233
More Books for Boys and Girls	761
Motor-Horn, The. Edward Thomas	563
Motoring and Aviation. R. B. H.	29, 60, 91, 123, 155, 188, 219, 252, 282, 311, 340, 369, 396, 423, 455, 487, 519, 550, 615, 646, 679, 711, 741, 774, 807, 840
Music	24, 53, 85, 118, 147, 210, 388, 453, 480, 512, 578, 613, 642, 672, 705, 735, 763, 800, 830
National Insurance Bill, The. A. W. Watson	40
National Insurance Bill, The. W. A. Appleton	197, 232
New and Forthcoming Books	516
New Columbus and a New World, A. Frank Harris	167, 198
New Decadence, The. C. W.	246
New Departures in Sea Law, The. Sir William Bull, M.P.	115
Newest Choralism, The	277
New Zealand Sketches. W. H. Koebel	393, 415, 450
Nikko. Yone Noguchi	338
Old Order and the New, The. Cecil Cowper	624
Olympia Flower Show, 1911, The. Raymond E. Negus	59
On Bookscapes. P. J. F.	432
On Dropping Anchor. H. Belloc	405
On Learning by Heart	348
Only Way, The. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	37
On Reading in Bed. P. J. F.	214

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On the South Devon Coast. W. H. Koebel	474
Oxford Letter, An. "Young Oxford"	737
Paradox of Happiness, The	819
Peace or War? E. Ashmead-Bartlett	38
Pearl of the Orient. Sydney M. English	87
Philological Society, The	677
Photography	395
Pickwick Riddles. Percy Fitzgerald	413, 447
Picture-Books	731
Pierrot	220
Place of the Illustrator, The	378
Plagiarist, The. C. V.	692
Plymouth: Past: Present: Future. Wilfrid L. Randell	376, 406, 436
Poetry and Science. J. H. F.	638
Poets and Critics. Richard Middleton	209
Premiums Without Insurance. Sir William Bull, M.P.	9
Progress of Taste, The	832
Prophets, The. Hilaire Belloc	104
Psychology of Belief, The. F. H. M.	331
"Red Ruin and the 'Making' of the Laws." A. Egmont Hake	352, 392
Reference Books	797
Remarkable Hero, The	322
Republic or Monarchy? E. Ashmead-Bartlett	229
Review of Reviewers, A. A. G. W.	816
Revival of Printing, The. Robert Steele	545, 639, 764
Richard Burton, Sir. Frank Harris	362, 389
Rodin. Frank Harris	320
Sauterelle, La. R. A. J. Walling	833
Secret of Bruges, The	608
Sélanik. Frank Scudamore	117
Sensible Step, A. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	165
Shakespeare and His Love	678
Socialists and the Insurance Bill	69
Some Aspects of the National Insurance Bill. Rev. Preb. Carlile	330
Some Indian Reviews	514, 838
Some New Experiences. Frank Harris	467
Some New French Books. Marc Logé	84, 211, 360, 500, 702
Some Old Theatres of Paris. Marc Logé	22, 146, 180, 275, 544, 579
Spelling Reform. J. R.	177
State Insurance. Tom Smith	135
State Insurance in Germany. Christopher R. Turner	263, 294
Story of a Book, The. Richard Middleton	52
Street Organs. Richard Middleton	152
Strike—and After, The. W. L. R.	292
Summer Holiday, A. Richard Middleton	353
Tattershall Castle. A. E. Carey	449
Thackeray	80
Thackeray Exhibition at the Charterhouse, The	55
Three Great Pageants. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	5
Through France in a Motor. Frank Harris	26, 50, 70, 105, 144
Toils of Thought, The	247
Tokyo. Yone Noguchi	153
"To Times in Hope"	708
"Treasure Island," as a Book for Boys. Richard Middleton	391
Tripoli and After. "Sudani"	499
Triptych of Genoa, A. Wilfrid Thorley	216, 249
Troublous Liverpool	304
Two Reviews	169
Two Specialists on Morals. E. Ashmead-Bartlett	100
Utopia—While You Wait. Cecil Cowper	656
Veille de la Vierge, La. R. A. J. Walling	498
Wages of Weakness, The. Cecil Cowper	132
Walter Pater. Frank Harris	530
Wet Day, A. Richard Middleton	739

What is Immortality in Art? J. R.	336
What is Libel? By a Novelist	305
Where America Rules. Sydney M. English	214
Why Die? E. Ashmead-Bartlett	133
Willow-Tree Woman, The. Yone Noguchi	464
With One Voice. Sir William Bull	562
Young Turk as Legislator, The	213

BOOKS RECEIVED

Pages 94, 127, 159, 190, 223, 255, 287, 315, 343, 371, 399, 426, 458, 490, 523, 554, 586, 650, 682, 715, 745, 779, 810, 843.

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

December 9, 1911

ARTICLES

Bomb in Cheniston Gardens, A. Cosmo Hamilton	2
Books for Christmas Presents	4
Christmas Numbers	5
Interview with Santa Claus, An. Wilfrid L. Randell	1

REVIEWS

Bibliothèque des Enfants	8
Bushman Folklore. Late W. H. Bleek and L. C. Lloyd	6
Honey-Bee. Anatole France	7
Later Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey	5
Life of St. Paul for Young People. Elizabeth Grierson	8
Old Miracle Plays of England. Netta Syrett	8
Roses of Martyrdom. C. M. Cresswell	8
Twymans, The. Henry Newbolt	7

CORRESPONDENCE

After the Crisis	522
Authors or Literary Representatives Wanted	426
Boxing in the Olden Time	426
Canadian Elections, The	714
Carlyle's Prophecy	314
Chatelaine of Vergi, The	315
Compleat Oxford Man, The... ..	521, 552
Correction, A	842
Cosmopolitan Folk-song, A	222
Criticism and Conduct	343
Crucibles of Time, The	126
Curious Parallel, A	842
"English Review" and the "Spectator," The	125
Enquiry, An	315, 745
Further Strand Improvements, The	523
Future of the Library, The	584, 619, 648
Future of the Territorial Force, The	489, 554, 617, 682, 714
Heat Wave, The	190
Insurance Bill and the Electors, The	714
Intolerable Miscreancy, An	255
Italy and England	650
Justice	254, 285
Late Mr. Churton Collins, The	553
Late Mr. Churton Collins and Robert Greene, The	490, 523, 553, 585
Maiden Speeches	745
Morocco... ..	286
Necessitous Ladies' Holiday Fund, The	94
New Columbus, A	255
One Vote, One Value, and Major Morrison Bell's Models	585
Only Way, The	94, 553
Our Criticisms of Mr. Winston Churchill	62
Parliament Bill, The	62
Pecksniff and the "English Review"	94
Plagiarist, The	809
Plymouth: Future	522
Quality of Mercy is not Strained, The	650, 682
"Quarterly Review" and Signed Articles, The... ..	343

Query, A	94
Railway Unrest, The	648
Real Issue of the Crisis, The	314
Redistribution	649
Referendum, The	286
Reform	649
Reform versus Revolution	158
Return of Mr. Algernon Ashton, The	585
Revival of Poetic Drama, The	618, 713, 743, 778, 809
Robert Burns' Ode on the Duchess of Kingston	585
Scottish Sundays and Golf	425
Sovereign's Rights of Freedom and the Creation of Peers, The	126
"Spectator" and the "English Review," The	93, 125
Spelling Reform	254, 287, 314, 343
State Insurance from the Workman's Point of View	255
Tattershall Castle	585
"That Ilk"	399
"Treasure Island" as a Book for Boys	457
Unwise Husbands and Unworthy Wives	425, 458
Wanted, Science in Criticism	490
Who Pays?	286
Why Tariffs are as Necessary as Freedom	745
Wind or Wynd	650
Yeats and J. M. Synge, W. B.	522
1215-1911	342

FINANCE

Pages 30, 61, 92, 124, 156, 188, 221, 252, 284, 312, 341, 370, 398, 423, 456, 488, 520, 551, 583, 616, 647, 680, 712, 742, 776, 807, 840

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

October 14, 1911

ARTICLE

Babûism. By Sir Charles Walpole

REVIEWS

Broken Butterfly, The. Ralph Deakin	8
English Poesy. W. W. Hall	5
Few Acres and a Cottage, A. F. E. Green	6
Imperial Victim, An. Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell	2
India and the Durbar... ..	3
Light and Twilight. Edward Thomas	1
Magic of Spain, The. A. F. G. Bell	6
Memories. H. G. Huntingdon	7
Outcry, The. Henry James	8
Palestine and its Transformation. Ellsworth Huntington	4
Puppets. George Forbes	7
Story of Pierrot, The. S. R. Littlewood	7
Welshman's Reputation, The. "An Englishman"	7

MOIOR SUPPLEMENT

November 4th

Motors at Olympia

POETRY

Appreciation. Max Plowman	752
Aspiration. Berwick Sayers	260
At Night. A. Hugh Fisher	348
Banished Lord, The. Alan H. Whitney	164
Blue and Silver. Joseph Campbell	624
Blue Vase, The. Irene M. Maunder	100
Charm, The. W. L. R.	592
Clairvoyance. P. J. Fisher	592
Comrades of the Road. Winifred Sutcliffe Greaves	528
Dream of Beauty, A. Clark Ashton Smith... ..	196
Forsaken. John Drinkwater	624
In a Garden. E. E. Speight	432

Invincible. Dorothy I. Little ...	784
Japanese Students. E. E. Speight ...	432
Lespagnols-Sur-Mer—1351. D. M. Stuart...	228
Love's Requiem. Winifred Sutcliffe Greaves ...	132
Moth and the Moon, The ...	68
Passing of Summer, The. Phil. J. Fisher...	376
Reality. G. M. Hort ...	292
Rebirth, A. Phil. J. Fisher...	36
Repentance. William Daw...	320
Return, The. Bernard Moore ...	656
St. Michael. Dorothy M. Stuart ...	688
Serenade. R. L. Carton ...	720
Sirmio. Cyril Morgan Drew ...	464
Song. Jav F. Forest...	560
Song of Old Plymouth, A. Etliel Talbot...	404
Supplication. Thomas Burke ...	720
Task, The. Joseph Plunkett ...	4
To a Meteorite. Wilfrid L. Randell ...	752
To Sorrow. A. De Coursey Patterson ...	816
Tribute, A. Max Plowman ...	496
Villa D'Este. M. D. Armstrong ...	496
Vita Brevis. Ruth Duffin ...	656
Voices, The. Frederick Niven ...	816
When Time Nods. Phil. J. Fisher ...	260

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Pages 3, 35, 67, 99, 131, 163, 195, 227, 259, 291, 319, 347, 375, 403, 431, 463, 495, 527, 559, 591, 623, 655, 687, 719, 751, 783, 815

REVIEWS

Adonis und Esmun. Wolf Wilhelm Grafen Baudissin ...	564
Adoration of the Magi by Jan Mabuse. Maurice W. W. Brockwell ...	727
Adventure, An ...	172
Agnes of Edinburgh. Margaret Armour ...	796
Alien Problem and its Remedy, The. M. J. Landa ...	108
Alistair. Marie Star ...	143
Amazing Emperor, The. J. Stuart Hay ...	206
Ancient Irish Poetry. Dr. Kuno Meyer...	46
Animal World, The. Professor F. W. Gamble ...	74
Anthea's Guest. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick ...	329
Apostle, The. George Moore ...	356
Ascent of the Bostocks, The. Harold Storey ...	79
As You Like It; The Winter's Tale. Edited by Howard de Walden and Acton Bond ...	825
Australia. Frank Fox ...	444
Autobiographic Memoirs. Frederic Harrison ...	593
Autobiography of Alfred Austin, The ...	43
Awakening of Scotland, The. W. L. Mathieson ...	271
Baganda, The. Rev. J. Roscoe ...	603
Ballad of the White Horse, The. G. K. Chesterton ...	324
Bargain Book, The. C. E. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany ...	631
Bataille de Dames, ou Un Duel en Amour. E. Scribe and E. Legouvé ...	506
Battle of Souls, The. Hugh Naybard ...	208
Beacon, The. Eden Phillpotts ...	240
Beaux Voyages, Les. Judith Gautier ...	635
Before Dawn. Harold Monro ...	170
Believing Years. E. L. Pearson ...	606
Bell and Wing. Frederick Fanning Ayer ...	12
Bell's Simplified Classics. Edited by S. E. Winbolt ...	272
Beloved Princess, The. C. E. Pearce ...	726
Bermadu. Mrs. R. M. Connolly ...	412
Bertrud, and Other Dramatic Poems ...	598

Between Two Worlds. A. E. Lloyd Maunsell ...	504
Bibliography of Sheffield and Vicinity, A. W. T. Freemantle...	269
Blood Moon, and Other Stories, A. Irene Osgood ...	508
Blossoming Bough, The. Shaemas O'Sheel ...	354
Britain and Sea Law. T. Baty ...	116
Britain On and Beyond the Sea. C. H. Crofts ...	444
British North America. A. W. Tilby ...	635
Broken Arcs. Darrell Figgis ...	700
Brother Copas. "Q" ...	79
Bubble Fortune. Gilbert Sheldon ...	761
Builders of Ships. Marie Connor Leighton ...	113
Burning Daylight. Jack London...	539
Butterflies, and How to Identify Them. Rev. S. N. Sedgwick ...	78
By the Way of the Gate. Charles Cayzer ...	598
Byways of Ghost Land. Elliott O'Donnell ...	471
Campaigns and History of the Royal Irish Regiment from 1684 to 1902. Lt.-Col. G. le M. Gretton ...	205
Can Man Put Asunder? Lady Napier of Maglala ...	540
Canned Classics, and other Verses. Harry Graham ...	668
Canzoni of Ezra Pound ...	354
Caractères. Jean de la Bruyère ...	539
Carlo Goldoni. Angelo de Gubernatis ...	603
Casanova and his Time. Edouard Maynial ...	533
Case of Letitia, The. Alexandra Watson ...	18
Case of Richard Meynell, The. Mrs. Humphry Ward ...	635
Casuals in the Caucasus. Agnes Herbert ...	826
Cathedrals of England ...	506
Cathedrals of Spain. John A. Gade ...	725
Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray. Introduction by Lady Ritchie ...	80
Central America and its Problems. Frederick Palmer ...	15
Chalkstream and Moorland. Harold Russell ...	78
Chanoinesse, La. André Theuriot ...	539
Charm of Copenhagen, The. E. C. Hargrove ...	174
Chats on Postage Stamps. Fred. J. Melville ...	667
Cheerful Day, The. Reginald Lucas ...	570
"Chicot" in America. Keble Howard ...	78
Children at Play, and other Sketches. Rose M. Bradley ...	728
Christian Thought to the Reformation. Dr. Workman ...	267
Church and the Children, The. Rev. R. E. Johnston ...	472
Church of the Knights Templars in London, The. George Worley ...	47
City of the Soul, The. Lord Alfred Douglas ...	471
Civil War. Ashley Dukes ...	47
Clatter of the Clogs, The. Arthur Applin ...	176
Clouds of Aristophanes, The. W. J. M. Starkie ...	200
Coast Scenery of North Devon, The. E. A. Newell Arber ...	142
Collected Poems of Edmund Gosse ...	790
Coming of the Saints, The. John W. Taylor ...	758
Comme Elles sont Toutes. Charles Narrey ...	113
Comments of Bagshot, The. J. A. Spender ...	793
Compleat Oxford Man, The. A. Hamilton Gibbs ...	440
Confessional. Wilfrid Thorley ...	170
Cornwall—A Poem. P. J. Kislingbury ...	12
Country of the Blind, and other Stories, The. H. G. Wells ...	273
Creed of Half Japan, The. Arthur Lloyd ...	662
Crime and Insanity. Dr. C. A. Mercier ...	74

Crispin Rival de Son Maitre. Alain-René Lesage...	112
Critical Attitude, The. F. M. Hueffer ...	696
Critics of Edmund Spenser, The. H. E. Cory ...	140
Croyances, Rites, Institutions. Comte Goblet d'Alviella ...	564
Crucibles of Time, The. Darrell Figgis...	77
Cup of Quietness, The. Alfred Hayes ...	598
Daisy the Minx. Mary L. Pendered ...	605
Danger Mountain. R. M. MacDonald ...	797
Dangerous Age, The. Karin Michaëlis ...	386
Dan Russell the Fox. E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross ...	669
Das Verständnis der Oden Salomos. Wilhelm Frankenberg ...	506
David Garrick et ses Amis Français. F. A. Hedgcock ...	171
Dawn of Day, The ...	759
Death. Maurice Maeterlinck ...	630
Der Deutsche Lausub in Amerika. Erwin Rosen ...	668
Desiderio. Maurice Baring ...	325
Desmond Rourke—Irishman. John Haslette ...	413
Devil in Solution, The. William Caine ...	208
Diary of Dr. John William Polidori. Edited by W. M. Rossetti...	173
Dickens and Thackeray Studied in Three Novels. Hon. A. S. G. Canning ...	111
Dieu Merci! Le Convert est mis. Léon Gozlan...	113
Dogs and Men. Henry C. Merwin.	699
Doll, The. Violet Hunt ...	670
Dorinda's Birthday. Charles Lee...	539
Dream of Alfred, The. W. B. Nichols ...	354
Dysentery and Liver Abscess in Bombay. ...	570
Early History of Jacob Stahl, The. J. D. Beresford ...	385
Economic Transition in India. Sir Theodore Morison ...	16
Elements of Indian Taxation. Leonard Alston ...	46
Ephemerides ...	12
Epidemic Dropsy in Calcutta. Major E. D. W. Greig ...	357
Essence of Honeymoon. H. P. Robinson ...	508
Ethan Frome. Edith Wharton ...	700
Europe in Pictures. Clive Barnard ...	760
Evolution. Professor J. A. Thomson ...	74
Exotisme Américain dans la Littérature Française au XVIIe. Siècle, L'. G. Chinard ...	667
Expériences d'Asthénia au Jardin de la Connaissance, Les. Alice Berthat ...	411
Experiments in Play-Writing in Verse and Prose. John Lawrence Lambe. ...	566
Farm in Creamland, A. Charles Garvice ...	538
Father Maternus. Adolf Hausrath ...	797
Ferdinand Lassalle. Georges Brandes. ...	438
Five Centuries of London ...	506
Flintshire: its History and its Records. T. F. Tout ...	205
Floor Games. H. G. Wells...	759
Following of the Star, The. Florence L. Barclay ...	729
Foot-Path Way, The. Introduction by Hilaire Belloc ...	42
For a Woman's Honour. Christopher Wilson ...	143
Fore and Aft. E. Keble Chatterton ...	796
Forging of Passion into Power, The. Mary Everest ...	794
Four Months Afoot in Spain. Harry A. Franck ...	664
Foyer Breton, Le. Emile Souvestre ...	112

Fragmente einer griechischen Übersetzung des samaritanischen Pentateuchs. Paul Glane and Alfred Rahlfs 506	Influence de Montaigne sur les Idées pédagogiques de Locke et de Rousseau, L'. Pierre Villey ... 202	Love-Letters of a Faithless Wife, The. Lucas Cleeve 412
France of Joan of Arc, The. Lt.-Col. A. C. P. Haggard 695	In Highland Harbours with Para Handy. Hugh Foulis 209	Love-Letters of a Japanese. G. N. Mortlake 201
Francis Bacon and his Secret Society. Mrs. Henry Pott 824	Inn of Dreams, The. Olive Custance ... 471	Love on the Happy Hill. Violet Pearn 571
Free Marriage, The. J. K. Snowden ... 701	In Search of Egeria. W. L. Courtney ... 412	Lyre d'Amour, La. An Anthology selected by C. B. Lewis 299
French Phrases and Idioms. W. M. Lightbody 112	Inspired Millionaires. Gerald S. Lee ... 601	Lyrics and Sonnets. Louis How ... 170
Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities. Miss M. Betham-Edwards 357	International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome. Coleman Phillipson 384	Madame de Brinvilliers and her Times. Hugh Stokes 533
Fruitful Vine, The. Robert Hichens ... 827	In the Days of Serfdom, and other Stories. Leo Tolstoi 791	Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours. "Draig Glas" 538
Gasc's Little Gem Dictionary of the French and English Languages. Edited by M. Ceppi 142	In the March and Borderland of Wales: Glamorgan and Gower. A. G. Bradley 795	Malaria in the Punjab. Major S. R. Christopher 793
General Plan, The. Edmund Candler ... 445	In the March and Borderland of Wales: Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouth. A. G. Bradley 795	Man in the Shadow, The. Richard W. Child 760
Gift of the Gods, The. Flora Annie Steel 209	Introduction to Mathematics. A. N. Whitehead 74	Mansion House of the City of London. Compiled by Carl Hentschel 207
Gilly of Christ, The. Seosamh MacCathmhaoil 535	Italian Fairy-book, The. Anne Macdonnell 759	Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students, A. J. H. A. Günther 207
Glory of Clementina Wing, The. W. J. Locke 113	Jewish Sources of the Sermon on the Mount. Gerald Friedlander ... 111	Manx Fairy Tales. Sophia Morrison 668
God and the King. Marjorie Bowen ... 572	Jew's House, The. Fergus Hume ... 114	Map of Tripoli, Morocco, and the Near East 472
Golden Sunbeams 759	Joanna Baillies "Plays on the Passions." A. Badstuber 604	Margaret Harding. Perceval Gibbon ... 359
Good Boy Seldom. Oliver Onions ... 635	John Merriew. Frederick Arthur ... 18	Mariamne. T. Sturge Moore 325
Good Cheer. F. W. Hackwood 603	John Temple. Ralph Durand 606	Mark of the Cross, The. Edgar Swan 828
Gothic Architecture in England and France. Rev. G. H. West 139	Justus Wise. A. Wilson-Barrett 48	Martha, Lady Giffard. Edited by Julia G. Longe 138
Great Solemnity of the Coronation of a King and Queen. Notes by Douglas Maclean 47	Kacháris, The. Rev. S. Endle 238	Maryland Under the Commonwealth. Bernard Steiner 272
Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales, A. Jonathan Nield ... 141	Kent Coast, The. A. D. Lewis 174	Masters of Literature: De Quincey. Sidney Low 441
Guide to the Exhibition of Animals, Plants, and Minerals mentioned in the Bible 301	Kingdoms of the World, The. Lloyd Osbourne 796	Maxon Protests Mrs. Anthony Hope ... 412
Habit de Mylord, L'. Sauvage et de Séris 113	King, The. A. E. Wood 827	Mearing Stones. Joseph Campbell ... 535
Hail and Farewell: Ave. George Moore 694	King Over the Water, The. J. H. McCarthy 19	Mechanical Inventions of To-day. T. W. Corbin 538
Hamdenshire Wonder, The. J. D. Beresford 385	King to his People, The 629	Mediæval Europe. W. H. Davis 74
Hannah More. Annette M. B. Meakin 826	Ladies whose Bright Eyes. Ford Madox Hueffer 301	Medical Revolution. Sydney W. MacIlwaine 142
Harvest, The. Evelyn Close 701	Lalage's Lovers. G. A. Birmingham ... 413	Medical Science of To-day. Willmott Evans 663
Health and Disease. W. Leslie Mackenzie 74	Latent Impulse in History and Politics. R. N. Bradley 72	Memoirs and Memories. Mrs. C. W. Earle 44
Health for Young and Old. A. T. Schofield 471	Laughter. Henri Bergson 693	Memorials of Old Surrey. Edited by Rev. J. C. Cox 45
Hebrew Satire. J. Chotzner 239	Learning, and other Essays. John J. Chapman 665	Mensonge d'un Ami, Le. Charles Deslys 112
Herkomers, The. Sir Hubert von Herkomer 204	Legacy, The. Mary S. Watts 79	Messianic Interpretation, and Other Studies. Rev. R. J. Knowling 267
Hetty. Shan F. Bullock 605	Légende de Don Juan, La. G. G. de Bévoite 328	Metternich. G. A. C. Sandeman 565
Highways and Hedges. Berenger Benger and Herbert A. Morrah ... 697	Letters and Journal of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg, The ... 203	Michel de Montaigne. Edith Sichel 202
Hilda Lessways. Arnold Bennett ... 444	Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son. Edited by G. H. Lorimer 301	Miller of Old Church, The. Ellen Glasgow 760
Hills of Hell, and other Verses, The. Desmond Mountjoy 170	Letters from India. Lady Wilson ... 107	Milton und Caedmon. Stephanie v. Gajsek 604
Histoire Critique de la Grande Entreprise de Christophe Colomb. Henry Vignaud 13	Letters of an Englishman, The ... 570	Missionary Adventures. G. M. Forde 472
Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe. F. Guizot 506	Letters of Horace for Modern Readers 665	Miss Rovel. Victor Cherbuliez 539
Histoire de Mes Bêtes. Alexandre Dumas 112	Letters of Peter Lombard, The. Edited by E. D. Baxter 698	Modern Commercial Practice with Correspondence. Part II. P. Heelis 411
History of Eton College, 1440-1910, A. Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte ... 234	Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, The 208, 298	Modern Dramatists. Ashley Dukes ... 266
History of Silhouettes, The. E. Nevill Jackson 758	Liberalism. Professor L. T. Hobhouse 74	Modern Paris. R. H. Sherard 505
History of the Great Moghuls, A. Pringle Kennedy 326	Life and Letters of Sir John Hall, The. S. M. Mitra 173	Modern Views of the Bible. Percy A. Ellis 267
History of the Popes, The. Dr. Ludwig Pastor 409	Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins. L. C. Collins 435	Mohammedanism. Professor D. S. Margoliouth 74
History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India. Mahomed Kasim Ferishta 75	Life of James McNeill Whistler. E. R. and J. Pennell 626, 660	Molly's Decision. L. E. Tiddeman ... 667
History of the Spur, The. Charles de Lacy Lacy 823	Life of John Ruskin. E. T. Cook ... 821	More Letters to My Son. 358
Hodson's Voyage. W. H. Koebel 386	Life of Sir Joseph Banks. Edward Smith 633	Motor Routes of England. Western Section, The. Gordon Home 411
Holiday in South Africa, A. Right Hon. Sir H. Mortimer Durand ... 469	Life of Thomas Love Peacock. Carl van Doren 410	Motor Tour through France and England, A. E. Yardley 569
Home-Life in Holland. D. S. Meldrum 632	Life of Tolstoy, The. Paul Birukoff ... 690	Mountain Singer, The. Seosamh MacCathmhaoil 535
Horsehoe, The. Mrs. Fred Reynolds ... 274	Lifted Latch, The. George Vane 670	Mozart's Opera, "The Magic Flute." E. J. Dent 825
Hurdcott. John Ayscough 472	Lighter Side of Irish Life, The. G. A. Birmingham 795	My Italian Year. Richard Bagot 822
In a Royal Nursery. Gertrude Hollis 667	Likely Story, A. William de Morgan ... 669	My Life. Richard Wagner 297
India Under Curzon and After. Lovat Fraser 629	Little Green Gate, The. Stella Callaghan 302	My Musical Pilgrimage. Harry Burgess 825
	Little Village, The. Emery Pottle ... 358	My Own Story. Louisa of Tuscany ... 534
	Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist. Robert Barr 330	Mystic Bride, The. Aubrey Richardson 174
	Loretto School. H. B. Tristram 328	Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race. J. W. Rolleston 725
	Lotus Lantern, The. Mary Inlay Taylor and Martin Sabine 760	
	Love—and the People. E. A. Stewart 329	

My Vagabondage. J. E. Patterson	505	Poucinet, Conte Finlandais. E. de Laboulaye	506	South Wales Coast, The. Ernest Rhys	147
Napoleon and his Coronation. Frédéric Masson	207	Price of Empire, The. E. Hobart-Hampden	540	Stalks in the Himalaya. F. P. Stebbing	442
Nationalities and Subject Races. Report of Conference held in Caxton Hall	142	Problem of Deuteronomy, The. Rev. J. S. Griffiths	267	Stories from the Pentamerone. Giambattista Basile	728
Nature and Evidence of the Resurrection of Christ, The. Rev. E. H. Archer-Shepherd	267	Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore, The. Gerard Bendall	507	Story of Emma, Lady Hamilton, The. Julia Frankau	788, 818
New Hesperides and Other Poems, The. J. E. Spingarn	325	Promoter's Pilgrimage, The. C. R. Enock	828	Story of Korea, The. Joseph H. Longford	383
New Poems. Katherine Tynan	598	Protector, The. Harold Bindloss	571	String of Beads, A. Jittie Horlick	176
Nicholas Nickleby. Charles Dickens	301, 602	Queed. H. S. Harrison	175	Study of Indian Economics, A. Pramathanath Banerjee	532
Nietzsche et les Théories Biologiques Contemporaines. Claire Richter	271	Queery Leary Nonsense. Edited by Lady Strachey	728	Superstition called Socialism, The. G. W. Tunzelmann	58
Nigeria. E. D. Morel	666	Reason Why, The. Elinor Glyn	796	Surgeon's Log, The. J. Johnston	600
Ninth Duchess, The. Gurner Gillman	143	Recollections of a Parisian. Translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson	73	Survivals. R. Charles Moir	598
Notes on the Temple Organ. E. Macrory	47	Record of an Adventurous Life, The. H. M. Hyndman	502	Sylvia's Chauffeur. Louis Tracy	328
Nouvelle Europe, La. Marcel Barrière	235	Red Lantern, The. Edith Wherry	446	Sylvia's Travels. Constance Armfield	667
Oedipus, King of Thebes. Sophocles	151	Red Revenge. C. E. Pearce	606	Syndicalism and Labour. Sir Arthur Clay	697
Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo:—Les Misérables	571	Regent's Park and Primrose Hill, The. A. D. Webster	539	Synge and the Ireland of his Time. William Butler Yeats	485
One Ash. Algernon Gissing	241	Religion and Worship of the Synagogue, The. W. O. F. Oesterley and G. H. Box	632	Tabloid Tales. Louise Heilgers	143
On the East Coast. Percy Lindley	112	Religious Experiences of the Roman People, The. W. Warde Fowler	792	Talk of the Town. Mrs. John Lane	270
On the Wallaby through Victoria. E. M. Clowes	794	Resident's Wife in Nigeria, A. Constance Larymore	238	Talleyrand the Man. Bernard de Lacombe	382
Onward Cry, and Other Sermons, The. Rev. Stopford A. Brooke	267	Retreat Addresses, and Other Papers. Edited by S. Harvey	267	Ten Republics, The. R. P. Porter	237
Opening Up of Africa, The. Sir H. H. Johnston	74	Revoke of Jean Ramond, The. May Ford	728	Thanks to Sanderson. W. Pett-Ridge	507
Ordeal by Marriage. Conway Vere	175	Rifle, Rod, and Spear in the East. Sir Edward Durand	826	There was a Widow. M. E. Mann	636
Other Laws. John Parkinson	80	Roadmender, The. Michael Fearless	602	Thirty-four Years in Poona City. Rev. Father Elwin	270
Our Fighting Seamen. Lionel Yexley	443	Rolling Stone, A. B. M. Croker	328	Thomas Hardy. F. A. Hedgcock	171
Our Guests. St. John Trevor	241	Romance of Aeronautics, The. C. C. Turner	443	Thoroughbred Mongrel, A. Stephen Townsend	602
Overflowing Scourge, The. Stephen Foreman	359	Romantic Past, The. Ralph Nevill	726	Through Dust to Light. R. V. Heckscher	170
Oxford and Cambridge Review, The	110	Russian Wife, The. G. M. Foxe	472	Tolstoi. Romain Rolland	791
Painter of Souls, A. David Lisle	446	St. Paul in the Light of Modern Research. Rev. J. R. Cohu	470	Tom Bart Brown. Wilfred Beet	605
Panama Canal, The. Harmodio Arias	327	Salvador of the Twentieth Century. Percy F. Martin	759	Tom Stapleton, The Boy Scout. Captain F. S. Brereton	275
Papua. Compiled by W. C. Pritchard	301	Scarabée d'Or, Le. Edgar Allan Poe	112	Touch of Fantasy, A. A. H. Adams	729
Paul the Minstrel, and Other Stories. A. C. Benson	602	Scenes from Dickens for Drawing-room and Platform Acting	699	Tourist Guide to the Continent. Edited by Percy Lindley	112
Peeps at History. G. E. Mitton	537	School Algebra, A. Part II. H. S. Hall	412	Tours in Norway	112
Peeps at Industries. Edith A. Browne	537	Science of Wealth, The. J. A. Hobson	74	Training of the Memory in Art. Lecoq de Boisbaudran	442
Peeps at Nature. A. Nicol Simpson	537	Sea-fishing. C. O. Minchin	569	Traveller's Study of Health and Empire, A. Francis Fremantle	385
Peeps at the Heavens. Rev. J. Baikie	443	Sea-Sphinx, The. Marshall N. Goold	663	Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Chemistry. Geoffrey Martin	17
People of Popham. Mrs. George Wemyss	48	Seven Splendid Sinners. W. R. H. Trowbridge	444	Trooper Police of Australia, The. A. L. Haydon	634
Pera To-day	272	Shakespeare: A Study. Darrell Figgins	757	Tropic Isle, My. E. J. Banfield	568
Petite Institutrice, and other French Dialogues, La. Gertrude M. Ironside	113	Shepherds of Britain. Adelaide L. J. Gosset	207	Turkey and its People. Sir Edwin Pears	767, 803
Phantasmagoria, and other Poems. Lewis Carroll	602	Short History of English Versification, A. Max Kaluza	634	Twelve Bad Men. Edited by Thomas Secombe	444
Philosophy of a Don, The. G. F. Abbott	139	Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods. Richard Wagner	826	Twelve Bad Women. Edited by Arthur Vincent	444
Phœbe and Ernest. Inez Haynes Gillmore	240	Significs and Language. V. Welby	110	Twenty-four Hours. L. T. Meade	176
Pickwick Papers, The. Charles Dickens	301, 602	Sign, The	759	Two Centuries of the English Novel. Harold Williams	109
Pictures of British History. E. L. Hoskyn	760	Silver Shamrock, The. Captain Henry Curties	241	Two Hundred Opera Plots. Gladys Davidson	825
Pink Shop, The. Fergus Hume	274	Singer of Dreams, A. Stanhope Bayley	796	Two to Nowhere. A. St. John Adcock	667
Pinocchio. C. Collodi	667	Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. James Greig	823	Tyrannical Revision. Rev. P. A. M. Sullivan	240
Pluto and Proserpine. John Summers	354	Sixty-eight Years on the Stage. Mrs. Charles Calvert	536	Under Western Eyes. Joseph Conrad	699
Pocket World Atlas. G. W. Bacon	699	Society Sketches of the Eighteenth Century. Norman Pearson	756	Unofficial Honeymoon, The. Dolf Wyllarde	445
Poems. M. Jourdain	354	Solar Life. Thomas May	358	Uruguay. W. H. Koebel	76
Poems of Men and Hours. John Drinkwater	325	Some Old Devon Churches. John Stabb	300	Vagabond City. Winifred Boggs	636
Poems of Oscar Wilde	301	Somnambule, La. Scribe and Delavigne	113	Village Sermons on Uncommon Texts. Rev. R. H. Jeffrey	327
Poet's Curse, The. M. Y. Hallidom	114	Song of Renny. Maurice Hewlett	507	Wandering of Desire. E. C. Vivian	700
Pollyooly. Edgar Jepson	669	Sonnets and Songs. Lawrence Forth	354	Water Colour. Neville Lytton	599
Position of Women in India, The. Maharani of Baroda and S. M. Mitra	503	Soul of the Far East, The. Percival Lowell	662	Weather Science. F. W. Henkel	439
Post Liminium. Lionel Johnson	724	Soul of the Moor, The. S. D. Jolly	143	Weaver of Dreams, A. Myrtle Reed	571
Post Office, The	567	South Sea Buccaneer, A. Albert Dorrington	571	What Matters. Mercedes Macandrew	668
Post Office and Its Story, The. Edward Bennett	567			What Will the Weather Be? H. G. Busk	385
Post-Victorian Music, with Other Studies and Sketches. C. L. Graves	830			Where Day Begins. Alfred Buchanan	80
				Where Great Men Lived in London	698

Whistling Woman, A. Robert	828
Halifax	48
White Owl, The. Kate Horn	602
Widow Woman, The. Charles Lee	756
Wife of General Bonaparte, The.	272
Joseph Turquan	561
William Ford Stanley. Edited by	47
Richard Inwards	359
William Pitt and the Great War.	827
J. Holland Rose	302
Winding Paths. Gertrude Page	542
Woman-Haters, The. J. C. Lincoln	239
Woman in Canada, A. Mrs. G.	14
Cran	572
Woman of Small Account, A. M.	662
E. Martens	537
Women of Shakespeare, The.	604
Frank Harris	
Wonder Book of Railways, The.	
Edited by Harry Golding...	
Wordsworthshire. Eric Robertson	
Yacht of Dreams, The. Frank	
Morton	
Year of Japanese Epigrams, A.	
Translated and Compiled by	
W. N. Porter	
Zionist Work in Palestine by Various	
Authorities. Edited by Israel	
Cohen	
Zuleika Dobson. Max Beerbohm...	

SOUTH AMERICAN NUMBER

ARTICLES

Afternoon's Shooting in Jesuit's	8
Land, An. W. H. Koebel ...	19
Argentine Estancias	11
Bolivar's Quest in London. J. B.	14
Sterndale Bennett	18
Bolivia and its Prospects. Percy	48
F. Martin	46
Brazil Railway Company, The	53
Chilean Railways, The. Percy F.	37
Martin	7
Coffee. B. B. Keable	38
Development of Printing in South	5
America, The. G. Parker Winship	12
Immigrants of North and South	
America, The	
Last Inca Kingdom of Vilcapampa,	
The. Sir Clements R. Markham	
Madeira-Mamoré Railway, The	
March of a Continent, The ...	
Paraguay	

Rio de Janeiro	17
Rubber. W. F. Folliott	51
Some Peruvian Industries. R. C. P.	15
Richards	44
South American Naval Development	25
Through the Heart of South	
America. Louis Edgar Sanceau	

REVIEWS

Across South America. Hiram	34
Bingham	32
Along the Andes and Down the	35
Amazon. H. J. Mozans	36
Diamond, The. W. R. Cattelle	37
In the Guiana Forest. James	37
Rodway	31
Passing of the American, The.	36
Monroe Royce	33
Peter and Jane. S. Macnaughton	
South America To-day. Georges	
Clemenceau	
Under the Roof of the Jungle.	
Charles Livingstone Bull ...	
Wheat Growing in Canada, the	
United States, and the Argentine.	
W. P. Rutter	

THE THEATRE

"Above Suspicion" at the	82
Haymarket	82
"Ariadne in Naxos" at the Little	798
Theatre	420
"Bella Donna" at the St. James's	82
"Bonita" at the Queen's	733
"Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the	335
Haymarket	19
"Butterfly on the Wheel" at the	637
Queen's, The	706
"Concert" at the Duke of York's,	768
The	83
Coronation Gala Performance at	144
His Majesty's, The	
"Dad" at the Playhouse	
"Distracted Preacher" at the	
Cripplegate Institute, The ...	
"Esther Waters" by the Stage	
Society	
"Fantasticks" at the Rehearsal	
Theatre, The	
"Father" at the Rehearsal Theatre,	
The	

"Ghosts" at the Rehearsal Theatre	20
"Glad Eye" at the Globe, The ...	670
"Gods of the Mountains" at the	572
Haymarket, The	446
"Great Name" at the Prince of	606
Wales's, The	84
"Great Young Man" at the	508
Kingsway, The	418
"Green Elephant" at the Comedy,	19, 19
The	573
"Honeymoon" at the Royalty, The	732
"Hope" at Drury Lane, The ...	331
Irish Players at the Court Theatre,	473
The	473
"Lady Windermere's Fan" at the	48
St. James's	387
"Lower Depths" at the Kingsway,	701
The	48
"Macbeth" at His Majesty's	387
"Man and Superman" at the	510
Criterion	671
"Marionettes" at the Comedy, The	114
"Merry Wives of Windsor," The,	540
at His Majesty's	509
"Ogre" at the St. James's, The ...	176
"Pains and Penalties" at the Savoy	509
"Parisienne" at the Royalty, The.	732
"Perplexed Husband" at Wynd-	828
ham's, The	636
"Pietro of Siena" at the Studio	799
Theatre	
"Playboy of the Western World"	
at Letchworth, The	
"Pomander Walk" at the Play-	
house	
"Rip Van Winkle" at the Play-	
house	
"Rococo" at the Little Theatre ...	
"Sally Bishop" at the Prince of	
Wales's	
"Sentimentalists" at the Little	
Theatre, The	
Spring Season of 1911, The ...	
"Three Wayfarers" at the Cripple-	
gate Institute, The	
"Twelve-Pound Look" at the Little	
Theatre, The	
"Uninvited Guest" at the Prince of	
Wales's	
"Vice Versa" at the Comedy ...	
"War God" at His Majesty's, The	
"When We Dead Awaken" at the	
Rehearsal Theatre	

CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week	3
The Task	4
The Administration of the Home Office	4
Three Great Pageants.....	5
Premiums without Insur- ance	9
Reviews :—	
Verse—and Poetry	12
The Paradox of Colum- bus.....	13
Wordsworthshire.....	14
Some Lands of Chaos...	15
Economic Changes in India	16
Reviews (continued)—	
A Scientist at Play	17
Fiction	18
The Theatre	19
The Mission of Govern- ment	21
Some Old Theatres of Paris—III.	22
The Gift of Appreciation	23
Music	24
Through France in a Motor—II.	26
Imperial & Foreign Affairs	27
Motoring	29
In the Temple of Mammon	30

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WE are pleased to observe that the editor of the *English Review* in the July issue disposes in a very few words of the unseemly article which appeared recently in the *Spectator* abusing his Review in language which we, being anxious to preserve the tone of literary journalism, refused to reproduce. We think it is obvious that the editor of the *Spectator* has been badly served in this matter, because to every letter of protest to which he affords the hospitality of his columns he seems to find it necessary to reply in spasms.

It may have occurred to the imaginative reader in moments when, with Alice in Wonderland, he gazes through the looking-glass and perceives impossible things, to speculate upon what would happen if on a certain day not a single paper should be issued, and the thought must have made him shiver with temporary apprehension. No news with the morning coffee; no solace during the journey towards his diurnal occupation; no stimulating posters as he wandered forth at midday; no sheets damp from the press at dewy eve. Fortunately, perhaps, such a day is far off, and in order that we may not lose heart Mr. Belloc has organised still another contribution to literary London in *The Eye-Witness*, a weekly review dealing smartly and brightly with questions of topical interest. It is to be published every Thursday, and, if the first number is a fair sample of favours to come, it should command success. The best article, judging from a literary point of view, is one by Mr. Charles Granville, entitled "The Artist and his

Nation," in which the thesis is advanced that cosmopolitanism is not only unnecessary, but may prove to be a positive hindrance, to the creative work of the future. It is a debatable question, but the author argues well and strongly for the value of "first impressions" to the artist, as opposed to lengthy study of places or peoples. Mr. Belloc himself contributes a dialogue, and, we imagine, the leading article on "Federal Defence;" other well-known names—Maurice Baring, H. G. Wells, Desmond McCarthy—sign articles on various topics which spread the interest of the paper over a wide area. We wish *The Eye-Witness* a long and honourable career.

As citizens of London, the most talked-of centre in the world at the present time, it behoves us to behave in seemly fashion, since there are many folks among us "takin' notes." The Paris correspondent of one of our papers has heard some serious reflections on the appearance of Englishwomen, communicated by a visitor during the past busy week. Englishwomen, it seems, "move their limbs as if they were walking over a golf-field; they have the gait of the athletic being;" and the consequences when fashion decrees the adoption of restricted skirts are "awful." They fail in their effect—sartorially speaking—because they "do not sit up." "They are deplorably hump-backed when they are at table or occupy themselves with work in the house." These assertions are much too sweeping, and convey the impression that the Parisian visitor must have encountered some peculiarly unhappy specimens of womanhood during her stay with us. Were her remarks prompted by envy of a superior physique? To do her justice, she paid a vague compliment at the close of her diatribe by observing that there is something impressive about an English woman—"a certain natural dignity that one does not find to quite the same extent in other nations." Why, then, should she grumble at the presence of a few round-shouldered, or anæmic, or inordinately muscular ladies who chanced to cross her field of vision and offend her artistic sensibilities?

The art of the theatre at the present time is in a somewhat chaotic state, partly, doubtless, because so many different types of client have to be provided for, and to treat the subject at all adequately in the compass of a short article is almost impossible. In the last issue of the *Gentlewoman*, however, Miss Lillah McCarthy discusses "The Intellectual Side of the Drama of To-day" very interestingly, and makes some pungent observations on the output of plays and comedies which bids fair to overwhelm the modern manager. Writers of modern drama, she notes, have ranged themselves in two separate camps: the one carrying out its ideals without resort to the traditional usages of the stage; the other "conforming to strict dramatic rules, and possessing a strong sense of the necessity of dramatic unity." The "propaganda play" does not appeal unless it is made the centre of some strong dramatic incident worked to a vivid climax, and Miss McCarthy points out that the successes of the Court Theatre a few years ago, and of the Repertory Season at the Duke of York's, were due to a grasp of this fact. "Plays that fail to do this may have a small distinguished following of an anæmic type, but the intellectual force they possess will be useless in influencing the thought of large masses of the people." In her management of the Little Theatre Miss McCarthy has shown what can still be done in the direction of intellectual drama apart from any violent propagandist spirit, and it will be interesting to follow the fortunes of the dainty house of the Adelphi, which has taken us so fortunately far from the "Adelphi" traditions.

THE TASK

I sit and beg beside the gate,
 I watch and wait to see you pass ;
 You never pass the portals old,
 The gate of gold, like gleaming glass.

Yet you have often wandered by,
 I've heard you sigh, I've seen you smile,
 You never smile now as you stray—
 You can but stay a little while.

And now you know your task is hard,
 You must discard your jewelled gear ;
 You must not fear to crave a dole
 From any soul that waits you here.

And you have still your regal pride,
 And you have sighed that I should see
 Your gifts to me beside the gate,
 Your pride, your great humility.

JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE HOME OFFICE

THE vigorous and true indictment by Mr. Lyttelton of the administration of the Home Office under the present head of that department has led us to refer to an article which we wrote in November last. It was at that period that unwarrantable interference with the jurisdiction of magistrates in England was coincident with the reign of disorder in South Wales as the direct result of similar interference in the Principality. The methods of Mr. Churchill have latterly exhibited more restraint, either because he has learned a modicum of wisdom, or because it is felt by his colleagues to be too great a scandal and too great a danger to the party to allow him to pirouette in the guise of a carnival entertainer. We are thankful for small mercies, and perhaps it is not a small mercy that the administration of justice is no longer in all respects the butt of an irresponsible Minister.

The change of tone which is observed may of course be traced to the fact that in November last a General Election was known to be imminent, and a notorious manifesto—which fell absolutely flat—had just been launched by the distinguished statesman whose salary from the taxpayer had recently been doubled. If it was impossible to return value in the coinage of wisdom, it is often easy to delude a democracy with a spurious issue.

It was with this view in his mind that Mr. Lyttelton remarked that the conduct of the Home Office recently had been marked by appeals to the gallery. Mr. Lyttelton coupled this observation with one which was not equally true. He said that the manner in which the Home Secretary, without inquiry of and consultation with the magistrates, had made a random use of the prerogative of mercy had thrown "the Justices into utter confusion and bewildered embarrassment in dealing with the cases which came before them." We think that Mr. Lyttelton has been

entirely misinformed. The Justices paid not the slightest attention to the aberrations and fussy circulars of the temporary occupant of a position which they had been accustomed to observe under the control of trained statesmen.

The self-assertive tyro, imbued with transatlantic ideals of political warfare, may overreach himself to such a degree that he labels himself as negligible.

It must be confessed that Mr. Churchill had very little to say in extenuation of his conduct of the Home Office, and what defence he did offer was very coldly received by the House of Commons. The necessity of reasoning in place of ranting reduced him to a sorry plight, in which inaccuracy of statement was allied to acknowledged infidelity to the legislation passed by the Government of which he is a member. Infidelity was carried even further, because presumably having omitted to submit a proof of his speech to Mr. Lloyd George, he brought a very discreditable charge against the Welsh Magistracy. In effect the charge was this—he, of his great wisdom, knew that the local authorities in South Wales only demanded the presence of troops to preserve order because that course would entail no charges on the locality, whereas, if police were requisitioned, the cost of their employment would be a local charge. He proceeded that police were better fitted to deal with the emergency—a fact which must have been known to the local authorities—and therefore, seeing through the latent aim of the demand for troops, he disregarded it and sent police.

We venture to think that Mr. Churchill should have taken a further step. If—without necessity and purely from mercenary motives—the local authorities demanded the employment of a force armed with lethal weapons which might—also without necessity—have resulted in loss of life, a responsible Home Secretary would not for seven months have left those authorities—without humanity, without principle, and without sense of proportion—to prescribe the necessary measures in a situation which has never ceased to be threatening.

The defence advanced is utterly flimsy. The object was to catch votes by playing to the gallery.

But what an extraordinary position do we observe when we come to examine Mr. Churchill's attitude towards the Prevention of Crime Act. This Act was passed by his predecessor, Lord Gladstone, with Mr. Churchill's consent as a member of the Cabinet. He now says he has had "great misgivings about that Act," and characteristically he makes an attack on the magistrates whose duty it has been to administer it. The Home Secretary goes further, and announces that he is, on his own authority, altering the provisions of the Act as it appears on the Statute-book, and instructing the police to take the law from him. Well may the Justices stand aghast when it appears that it is not the law of Parliament which they are called on to administer, but the law of Parliament as amended by Mr. Churchill.

Where is this farce and travesty to end? When is the Home Department to be intrusted to a statesman of the calibre of Mr. Asquith when he filled the position, or of Mr. George Cave to-day? Is it possible that internal administration can be balanced, can be carried on with even-handed firmness and wisdom whilst an appeal to the illiterate voter is barely concealed in every executive and administrative act?

CECIL COWPER.

THREE GREAT PAGEANTS THE SHAKESPEARE BALL

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THERE are three factors in his national life in which the average Englishman takes a legitimate pride and interest—the intellectual superiority of our language and of its literature; the loyalty of the masses, through all the varying political and constitutional changes, towards the Throne; the strength and supremacy of our Navy. Therefore, as was only proper and fitting, the three found separate and worthy expression at the Coronation, and we now propose to deal with them in the order of their celebration.

Those who witnessed the great pageant at the Albert Hall can only carry away with them a confused but glorious memory of the barbaric splendour of the scene. No human mind is capable of dividing such a mass of colour and gorgeously arrayed men and women into separate entities, and thus forming a number of separate pictures in which the leading figures stand out in bold relief. Probably never before, as long as histrionic annals have any claim to veracity, has such a gathering been brought together to do homage to the life-work of a single mind. What other author has ever had such a tribute paid to him, and what other works, three hundred years after the master has passed away, have grown so much in the estimation of mankind, and have received as a final seal to their superiority the homage of over four thousand of the élite of every civilised and semi-civilised nation?—

... men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself.

For every nation, every State, every Sultanate, or feudatory Dominion considered worthy of sending a special representative to the King's Coronation was represented on Tuesday night of last week at the Albert Hall. In almost every one of these countries, whether they are filled with Aryans, Mongolians, or Negroids, editions and translations of Shakespeare's works are to be found. To the Englishman, whether exiled in his country's service beneath palm or pine, they have brought encouragement, inspiration, and solace.

In far-off China and Japan, in South America, in tropical Africa, in little craft navigating the Arctic regions an edition is certain to be found ready at hand, and in a hundred foreign tongues which have known no common literature except the Gospel they are read with wonder and delight. Napoleon as a young lieutenant once said "With my sword by my side, with my Homer under my arm I shall walk through the world." This proud boast the mighty Emperor only partially achieved, because the Englishman was at that time also walking through the world with his sword by his side and with his Shakespeare under his arm.

The combined efforts of all the historians who ever tried to bring the past before our eyes pale into insignificance before such a scene. We saw long half-forgotten or neglected epochs stalk before our eyes. We saw the famous men and famous women, the good and the bad, the fortunate and the unfortunate, the lovers of old romance and the great characters of fiction galvanised into life as if by a stroke of the enchanter's wand, and pass before our wondering gaze in a glorious or shameless procession. In twenty-seven stately quadrilles they passed, Emperors, Kings, Queens, courtesans, statesmen, and warriors; Romeos and Juliets, Antonys and Cleopatras, Hamlets and Ophelias, buffoons and jesters, mechanics and rude peasants, to bow low before the Court of Queen Elizabeth. All this galaxy of fame and beauty formed but component

parts in man's complex nature; it was a procession in which we saw all the passions of men and women, good and bad, dull or brilliant, which have swayed the world throughout all ages, painted by a single human mind, and it is just because we realised that we were gazing on a Pageant of our every-day life taken from the past and portrayed by the highest exponents of each failing or virtue of human nature, that the Ball was such a unique spectacle and such a unique success.

But even amidst the triumph the voice of criticism cannot be altogether hushed. We should like to praise, but in this country nothing great was ever accomplished without some flagrantly vulgar and unworthy anomaly asserting its world-weary Hydra head, and in this instance it was to be found in the conception of the Pageant rather than in the carrying out of the prescribed programme, which seemed perfect in every detail. Ostensibly the Ball was arranged to provide funds for a National Shakespearian Theatre. Whether such a scheme is desirable or capable of accomplishment we are not disposed to discuss here, but we might make one remark in passing—namely, that if all the money spent on costumes had been voluntarily subscribed towards such a scheme we might now be in a position to erect the finest and most resplendent theatre in the world. But you cannot raise large sums of money without holding out to the subscribers the hope of some eventual reward, and in this case the attraction was the opportunity given to each of disporting him or herself in some historic rôle which each believed he or she resembled either in character or in form. Thus the funds which were actually realised will only represent about ten per cent. on the money spent in bringing about the Pageant. "But things like this you know must be," as old Jasper would have remarked, and it is not to that which we refer.

The Ball was purely Shakespearian; every one had to come arrayed as one of his characters, or in the contemporary period of his own life or that covered by his plays. Whatever may have been the original intention, it developed, as it was bound to do, into a spontaneous tribute to that supreme mind, which has exercised a greater influence in moulding the character of a nation and of mankind as a whole than any other to which we do not apply the appellation of divine. Therefore, as it was a tribute to a particular individual, that individual should have been made the central figure to whom all should have paid homage. But we need hardly say that the customary English lack of imagination, snobbishness, and suburbanism asserted itself and gained the day, and the outward display of homage, not the true, invisible tribute which all were paying in spite of themselves, was offered, not to Shakespeare the Man, but to Elizabeth the Queen. Now, when you come to analyse this, nothing could be more absurd. Why should far more renowned Kings and Queens, rulers of far greater Empires than ever acknowledged the sway of England's Queen, do obeisance to Elizabeth? In many ways she was a great woman, and probably an ideal Queen for the troublesome period in which she lived, but unworthy to hold a candle to many of those who bowed down before her. Her period produced many famous men who laid the foundation of our Empire of to-day, and Elizabeth is the acknowledged recipient of their accumulated glory. But she has left no legacy except, perhaps, that of a partially good and partially bad example to posterity; whereas Shakespeare, the unknown townsman from Stratford-on-Avon, who strutted in a minor rôle over the boards of the Theatre which he was destined to adorn with immortality, and who held the horses of those who have since become but the show puppets of his genius, has left us a legacy which is the corner-stone of the Anglo-Saxon race and the envy and admiration of every other nation.

What an opportunity to right the great wrong which was

done him in his lifetime! What an opportunity to show that even if the contemporary passes the true diamond by unnoticed, subsequent generations, when they have recognised the error of their forefathers, will lose no opportunity to make amends! What a satisfaction to those yet to come who may not receive the seal of recognition during their lifetime! What a unique opportunity was allowed to go by! How much more impressive if all the historic characters whom he has rendered famous and whose names only live through him, and if all the nobles and courtiers who neglected him, buffeted him, or who extended their patronage to him in return for priceless sonnets, including Queen Elizabeth herself, had been made to do obeisance to Shakespeare! We do not mean that he should have been made to look ridiculous by representation in the life; rather some simple statue of the master adorned with the Parnassian Wreath. But the opportunity was allowed to slip, and, although we may regret, there is no object in dwelling on it further.

But, placing aside this lamentable lack of imagination in the conception of the scheme, the Shakespeare Ball was a huge success. No ball on such a scale has ever been attempted before, and it is doubtful if any other country could have brought together such a gathering of princes and nobles, actors and actresses—the proud and the rich, the humble and the poor. No other building can compare with the Albert Hall for such a scene. It is almost impossible to overfill it, and, in spite of the thousands present, it never seemed overcrowded. From hundreds of boxes the past looked down on the past; in every corridor it seemed as if the grave had yielded up the most famous men and women of all times for just one evening on this earth; the vast floor was alive with dancing figures—men and women of different epochs separated by centuries meeting each other for the first time and dancing in perfect amity. Old rivalries were forgotten, and the bitterest enemies walked or waltzed side by side—the murdered strutted with their murderers, the deposed with their usurpers, the defeated warrior with his vanquisher, the divorced or injured wife with her erring spouse; the lover once more joined hand with the loved; the mistress and the courtesan with the wife the affections of whose husband they had ousted; the master and the servant, the buffoon and the jester, the Emperor and the slave met on terms of perfect equality for just this one fleeting night.

It mattered not that many present had never read a line of Shakespeare or seen his plays acted; for once all caught the enthusiasm of the occasion, and accepted his creations as something beyond their comprehension, and bowed down in mute idolatry. It mattered not that many were arrayed in costumes totally unsuited to their characters, ages and figures; for once the end justified the indiscretion. It mattered not that many had little conception of how to dance a quadrille; their misplaced steps and awkward genuflexions were lost in the vastness of the hall and the splendour of the multitude. Over all a myriad of coloured lights shone, and the largest band ever brought together sent forth its joyous strains. But no light is too bright and no noise too loud to obscure genius, and hovering above the gilded throng, overshadowing in its simple splendour all the kings and queens, princes, statesmen, and warriors, alive or dead, there brooded the mighty spirit of Shakespeare the Man.

KING AND PEOPLE

ON Thursday and Friday of last week the opportunity was given to the masses of showing their loyalty towards the Throne, both in the King's Coronation Procession and in the great parade of the troops through London on the

following day, in which the King and Queen also took part. It is no use trying to disguise the fact that the crowds in the West-end were smaller than those which attended the Coronation of Edward VII., but both the King and Queen received a right royal welcome. At first sight this fact might seem disquieting, and might be brought forward as evidence that the Crown has lost some of its old-time prestige and popularity, but if we examine the causes there is little ground for alarm. Primarily it was due to the erection of the barriers along the line of the short procession. So much had been written about them in advance, and so many warnings had been issued by the police as to the dense masses who might be expected, that a very large number were frightened from turning up at all, and preferred to take a cheap ticket to the country or seaside. Thus not only was the crowd small, but it was composed of the lowest elements in the population, who came more out of curiosity than from a sense of duty or patriotism. On the other hand, so low were the prices asked in some of the stands that many who were formerly accustomed to line the side-walk watched the procession in the comparative comfort and luxury of a stand.

So much has been written of the Coronation that it would be superfluous to attempt a description of it here. We are more or less accustomed to these huge parades and State ceremonies, as we have had a surfeit of them during the past ten years, but the foreigners and visitors from across the seas were lost in wonder at the vast amount of time, money, and trouble we spend on a show which lasted at the most about twenty minutes. No other country—not even Oriental—goes in for them on such a scale of magnificence; no other monarchy takes the people so much into its confidence, and allows all classes to have a hand in making it a popular success. Probably no city has ever been so transformed as was London during last week. The streets through which the procession passed on the first day were entirely shut off and made into a circus to which entrance was obtained through thirty-two doors, which happily remained open all the time. In this vast arena was erected a mass of stands capable of seating, at a rough computation, over a million people, and surely Rome in her palmyest days never equalled or approached this record. Every one of these stands was decked in red cloth and painted in distinctive colours.

The procession on the second day was the finer sight of the two, because it was longer, of greater variety, and the King and Queen, riding in an open carriage, could be seen, and consequently received a much louder and more enthusiastic welcome. The detachments of the armed forces of the Empire sent a thrill of pride through every Briton's heart and aroused the envy and admiration of every foreigner present. The British Army is small in numbers, totally inadequate to the vast needs of our Empire directly any unexpected strain is thrown on it, but what other army can make such a brave show on occasions like these? What other country has such a variety of uniforms and colour? What other citizens take such an interest in each distinctive corps, and know its deeds in war so well? To judge from the cheers which greeted each detachment the Army still enjoys its old-time popularity with the masses, and many a humble citizen must have regretted in his inmost heart that he was not gorgeously arrayed and taking part in such a glorious scene, so flattering to the pride of the people, but still more so to the pride of those who received the people's cheers. The Blue-jackets received a tremendous reception, and right well they deserved it, for we never saw a finer-looking body of men. But it is invidious to praise one corps at the expense of another; cavalry, artillery, infantry, and irregulars—all were welcome, and even louder than ever was the cheering which greeted the Colonial and Indian detachments.

The Indian cavalry and orderly-officers sat their horses like bronze statues. Their Oriental calm and reserve never for a moment relaxed. They heeded not the cheers, they gazed neither to the right nor to the left, they marched on, the embodiment of that belief in destiny which has cemented our work of a century in India. No other Empire has ever had defenders drawn from so many quarters of the globe, no other capital has ever resounded to the martial tread of so many alien races, who come, not as enemies, but as loyal supporters of one monarch, a common flag, and heirs of all our Imperial traditions of past conquests and pioneer work under palm and pine.

Perhaps the most impressive sight of all was the detachment of Canadian Mounted Police, who alone of all the corps from across the seas brought their own horses with them; but every Colony and Dominion contributed equally worthy sons, whether they came from Australia or New Zealand, from the Straits Settlements or West Indies. South Africa sent men who ten years ago fought against us in the field, but who are now to be found amongst the most loyal supporters of the Union Jack. As long as the Empire has a sufficiency of trained men made of the same material as those we saw on Friday last it has little to fear. But are there enough? Has not the time arrived, whilst the memory is still fresh and the enthusiasm of the people still waxes strong, to adopt those measures which would place our security above suspicion and our power beyond the avarice of those who covet that which we now hold. To judge from the cheers which greeted the soldiers and sailors of the Empire, some form of conscription would not long be unpopular once it was understood, and men realised that it was not a form of tyranny and oppression, but an honourable service which no self-respecting citizen could afford to avoid. It was a proud day for the King, it was a proud day for the troops, it was a proud day for the people. Shall it be allowed to pass or to remain only as a glorious memory rapidly fading into the endless vista of inutility and sham? Cannot we use it in a more worthy manner as a corner-stone on which to build a haven of refuge and permanent safety for those generations who will fill our place in ages yet to come?

But the most impressive sight of all was at night, when, the traffic along the line of route having been stopped, the streets were given over completely to the people to view the illuminations. Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall-Mall, and Whitehall resembled some huge river, the high banks of which had been illuminated with a myriad of lights, and through which there flowed a deep, black, sluggish torrent. The behaviour of the crowd was admirable; no roughs made the night hideous with rowdyism and songs, and the police had merely to keep the people moving in the right direction. Hardly a sound arose as the mighty throng sweeping alternate ways moved at a snail's pace, gazing upwards at the blaze of light, not heeding the occasional showers. The numbers of those who came out at night completely eclipsed the throng which had lined the route earlier in the day, and it was not composed of the lower classes, but of rich, the middle-class, and the poor.

THE NAVAL REVIEW

On Saturday morning a mighty fleet anchored in the Solent awaited the arrival of its Admiral and King, and no more inspiring spectacle has ever brightened a monarch's eye. If the Coronation was grand, the Naval Review was infinitely more so. Other nations can show larger armies than ourselves, but no other nation can produce, or has produced, a fleet of such numbers or of such strength as was gathered in the fairway between Southampton and the Isle of Wight. Science has brought about marvellous changes in a short

space of time in ships of war. Opposite the Royal yacht in Portsmouth Harbour lay the *Victory*, Nelson's old flagship at Trafalgar; she was the first vessel on which the King's gaze rested on his arrival in the Harbour. The *Victory* is 226ft. long, displaces a little over 2,162 tons, and her four decks tower above all surrounding craft, and were pierced for 104 guns. The *Victory* was propelled by the winds of heaven. She was a fast vessel for those days, and with a favourable breeze could make seven knots in a following wind. Outside in the Harbour lay the *Neptune*, the latest addition to our fleet and the last word in Super-Dreadnoughts. The *Neptune* displaces 19,900 tons, she has hardly a piece of wood on her, and instead of the 104 guns of the old *Victory* she carries only ten of any value in warfare. But these ten guns are monsters in size and power. The range of the *Victory's* largest cannon was about a mile, and the weight of her largest shot thirty-two pounds, but each of those monsters on the *Neptune* can throw 850lb. of steel filled with a deadly explosive to a distance of over twenty miles. The guns of the *Victory* were exposed on open wooden decks, those of the *Neptune* are guarded in casemates of solid steel over eighteen inches thick. Engines capable of driving her at a speed of over twenty-two knots an hour have taken the place of the three masts of Nelson's old flagship.

But whilst science has brought about these marvellous results in a little over one hundred years since Trafalgar, the men who man those guns are of the same race, trained in the same school, and are the descendants of those who shoved home the round shot, pulled the lanyards, furled or unfurled the sails, and who repelled the boarders in that Titan struggle which set the seal on our naval supremacy which no nation has dared to challenge since. Men come, men go, and others take their place; admiral succeeds admiral and passes on his way; the old three-decker has made way for the ironclad; only one thing remains permanent and unalterable in the British Fleet, and that is the spirit and example of mighty Nelson. The spirit of the great Admiral brooded over the British Fleet on Saturday last, and he was the true Commander-in-Chief. Powerful and impressive as that mighty fleet looked, so sombre in its grey, colourless paint, yet so dazzling in its strength and majesty, the real centre of interest was the old war-worn *Victory*. Every visitor should have seen her before visiting the anchored Fleet just to place him or her self in the right frame of mind to understand and appreciate the mighty legacy which Nelson has left to the English race. Is there any experience in life more inspiring or one which brings home the past more forcibly than a visit to the old *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour? You enter the ship by the very gangway through which Nelson passed when he left Plymouth on his last glorious but tragic voyage. You walk the same old decks over which the Admiral paced day after day scanning the horizon for the French fleet. You see some of the same old muzzle-loading guns, thirty-twos, twenty-fours, and twelve pounders, which his men handled one hundred and six years ago. You enter the Admiral's cabin, a narrow room so low that you are hardly able to stand upright, in which he lived at one time for two years at a stretch without ever setting foot on shore, and in which he wrote his historic prayer when within sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain in the early morning of October 5th, 1805. You can almost see him pass from the cabin and mount to the quarter-deck as if it were a throne amidst the cheers of his devoted crew. You can follow him as he goes his rounds visiting each deck in turn and enjoining his men not to waste a shot. Then once more he is on the quarter-deck surrounded by his captains and giving them his last instructions, and dictating his last famous signal.

Now there rises before your eyes the picture of a great battle. The huge three-decker sails majestically along, not deigning to reply to the long-distance fire of the French and Spanish line. You can picture to yourself Nelson and Hardy pacing the deck side by side and the Admiral ordering more canvas to be crowded on. You can see the sweating gun-crews, the sails rapidly filling with holes, the masts damaged, the marines falling on the poop beneath the enemy's fire until Nelson orders Captain Adair to make his men lie down. Then comes the mighty crash when the *Victory* breaks the enemy's line, pouring her deadly broadside into the stern of the *Bucentaure*, and falling on board the *Redoubtable*. You follow Nelson and Hardy in their calm promenade along the quarter-deck, amidst the death and destruction caused by the rapid fire of the enemy's marksmen in the masts and yards. Then the smoke for a moment is wafted away, and, looking up at the *Redoubtable's* mizzen-top, you see a French soldier alone—for his companions have fallen—taking a steady aim at the little man with the one arm, the cocked hat, and his breast covered with orders. Then his musket flashes, and Nelson turns sharply and falls. Hardy tries to raise him, but the Admiral replies, "They have done for me this time, Hardy; my backbone is shot through." The sailors carry him below; but even then he must indulge the last infirmity of his noble mind. He sees the tiller-ropes shot away, and orders them to be replaced. Then he covers his face with his handkerchief in order that his sailors shall not see the loss they have sustained. He passes down the companion-way. The dying man knows he has seen the sun and smelt the salt-sea air for the last time. He stops not on the main-deck nor on the lower-deck, but is carried to the cockpit, which is below the sea-level. Does any one realise what the cockpit of an old man-of-war was like?

Imagine a noisome hole some five feet high, without any light except that provided by oil-lamps. The ship's surgeons are standing with their sleeves rolled up, covered with blood, a can of boiling tar by their sides, surgical instruments ready to hand, and lopping off the injured limbs of the sailors and marines as fast as they are carried below. Into this awful scene, peculiarly repugnant to his sensitive, almost woman-like nature, the dying hero is borne. Already the floor is so encumbered with dead and dying and amputated limbs that with difficulty space is found for him. The surgeon comes and pronounces the wound mortal. Nelson orders him to assist others who may be saved, and, with his Chaplain, is left alone to endure three hours' struggle with death, whilst the fight continues above his head. We will not dwell on his last moments. How Hardy came and told him of the victory he had won. Hardy kisses him, and bids him farewell. At one moment he regrets dying—"I would like to have lived a little longer," he gasps—but this weakness soon passes, the old heroic spirit once more asserts itself, and the hero's last words are those which have inspired every future generation of sailors, "Thank God I've done my duty." So realistic is the scene that it is a relief to pass from the cockpit on to the upper deck to smell the fresh air, and to realise that it is all a vision of the past that has crowded your mind. Then how lonely does the old ship seem. There are no sails, but few guns, no crew, no noise, no triumphant shouts of victory, no mighty broadsides shattering the power of France for ever on the sea. All is deserted—the decks are bare, not a man is to be seen, not an enemy is in sight—there are only the ghostly visions of the past and a little slab on the upper deck with the simple inscription "On this spot Nelson fell." But the spirit of the mighty Admiral hovers over all. It follows you outside the old inner harbour; it conducts you to the great fleet lying at anchor waiting to welcome the successor of the monarch for whom Nelson loyally fought and died.

Then as you pass on from the murky decks of the *Victory* out into the open sea and behold the mighty panorama of ironclads, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, you realise that all were conceived and made possible in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and that this is the legacy which Nelson has left to his country. For that little one-eyed, one-armed man, who makes such an irresistible appeal to all because he only measured his greatness by his human frailties, has given us a supremacy on the sea and a naval peace which has lasted uninterruptedly for over one hundred years. Never since 6.15 on the afternoon of October 5th, 1805, has the British Fleet been called upon to fight a general action. It has helped to destroy a Turkish squadron, it has bombarded Algiers and Alexandria into submission, it has blockaded the Russian Squadron in Sevastopol, but no enemy has ever yet dared to challenge its supremacy on the broad ocean.

What would Nelson have thought of that mighty squadron brought together in the waters of the Solent? How astounded he would have been by the changes which have come over the ships. But surely his heart would have swelled with pride, and he would have felt he had not died in vain if his eye had been able to rest on the six great lines of warships, from the tiny submarine with its crew of seven to the mighty *Neptune* with her crew of seven hundred. It was an impressive, almost awful, moment when at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* left Portsmouth and entered the line of battleships. It had been arranged for the King himself to give the signal when the Royal salute was to be fired, but the over-eagerness of a single gunner spoilt this. Suddenly, before its time, a gun boomed forth, a hundred others followed suit, and in a moment a pall of smoke hung over the Solent, and until the gentle breeze had wafted this aside the fleet was hidden from view. Decency forbids us to relate the awful things the Admiral had to say to the Captain of this erring vessel, but it exemplified the motto of the British Fleet, which is, and should always be, "Ready." Over-eagerness is a quality which may well be excused, and that gunner who could not wait for his King, but gave the signal himself was of the school of Nelson. He would probably be the first man to fire a shot in action and the last to pull the lanyard as his ship sank beneath his feet. Words cannot pourtray the magnificence of the scene. The dull grey—the universal colour of the British ships—is awful in its deadliness. It seems to offer no hope to an enemy. You feel that the men behind those steel casemates must win or will die without yielding.

As you gaze on those grey vessels you feel that in them is irrevocably bound up the future of the British Empire, and that, however much politicians may fight amongst themselves and do their best to break up our Constitution and alienate the component parts of our Empire, the Fleet stands apart as a solid, unbreakable wall between our foolishness and shortsightedness, and the envy and ill-will of our enemies. After all, without that steel wall and the men behind it all our domestic differences are as naught. We could not live a day; we should have the alien dictating the Constitution under which we are to live. Long may that wall remain inviolate! And it will just as long as the spirit of Nelson and the death-scene in the cockpit of the *Victory* form an inseparable part of every English boy's upbringing.

Thus the day passed, and who will ever forget the scene at night, when every vessel displayed her figure in a robe of electric light? For twenty miles this phantom fleet lit up the Solent as it was never lit by moon or stars. Then, as the lights faded away at midnight and darkness settled over the scene, you felt you had seen something which could not be surpassed in grandeur, and also an even

more satisfactory thought entered your mind. You felt that every foreign sailor present was thinking of our strength, and perhaps muttering to himself, "Is the game worth the candle? Can we hope to compete with a nation and with a fleet like this?"

Now all is over. The three great pageants are at an end. The grave has closed again over the historical figures who danced at the great Ball; the sons of the Empire have returned to their distant homes; the mighty Armada at Spithead has faded into the misty seas, the ships are dispersed; when next they assemble many will have been relegated to the scrap-heap, and those which are now most admired will be hardly noticed alongside the greatness of their successors. Such is the mutability of earthly things. Is there nothing left except a memory of all we have witnessed during the past week? Yes, three things remain. There is the humble cottage at Stratford-on-Avon; there is the crown of an anointed King; there is the cockpit of the *Victory*.

PREMIUMS WITHOUT INSURANCE

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

IN the Chancellor of the Exchequer's National Insurance Bill is included a class called "Post Office Contributors." The inclusion seems to have been made in a spirit of irony. It was necessary that the insurance scheme should justify its claim to be called "national," and for this reason numbers of people were brought within its scope who are not in any true sense of the word "insured" by its provisions. They are, as a fact, mulcted and misused. Mr. Lloyd George, in introducing his Bill into the House of Commons, frankly described them as "uninsurable."

In the official "Memorandum Explanatory of the Bill," issued by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the class of Post Office Contributors is thus described:—"Persons liable to the compulsory deduction from wages who fail to join a society or who are rejected or expelled by a society and who cannot get another society to take them will be dealt with through the Post Office." Among those who "fail to join a society"—that is, a Friendly Society which has the status of an "approved society" under the proposed Act—will be a number of domestic servants, who would be actuarially "good lives," but it is likely that as time passes and organisation is perfected and becomes better understood an increasing proportion of these young women will be impelled by the inducements offered under the Government's scheme to join Benefit Societies or the Trade Union for domestic servants which is already in existence, if that Union forms a benefit fund. In any case a great mass of the Post Office Contributors will be the people "whom nobody wants."

How are these uninsurable people to be treated? The official memorandum quoted above explains the method which will be applied to them:—

A membership book, upon which credit will be given for contributions, will be issued . . . to persons joining the Post Office Insurance, and the contributions will be charged annually with seven-ninths for men and three-quarters for women of the calculated cost for management, medical attendance, and sanatorium. A waiting period of fifty-two payments will be required before any contribution can be withdrawn, but the member will be entitled after six months to medical attendance. If, after the waiting period has expired, a member falls ill, he (or she) will be entitled to withdraw his (or her) contributions, including the employer's share, with the addition of two-ninths (or one quarter) from the State's

contribution, at the rate of 10s., 7s. 6d., or 5s., &c., a week, as the case may be. After the expiration of three years, if the funds admit, a further addition from lapsed and forfeited contributions will be made to the amounts withdrawable by members in sickness. Lapses or forfeits will occur by the member dying.

Can this be called insurance in a genuine sense? What, in fact, do the provisions effect?

There is to be a compulsory deduction from the insured person's earnings. Considering the class to which this portion of the scheme applies, it is practically certain that the "Post Office Contributors" will be unable to maintain any other insurance. They are therefore excluded from death benefits, which are precisely the advantages to which the working-class, with good reason, attach the most importance. The Government scheme will actually operate to prevent these contributors from making the only provision which is possible in their case for widows and children left fatherless. This is a monstrous blemish in the plan. The money which they might have paid to secure some safeguard for their wives and offspring at the time of greatest need will be swept into the Post Office fund, and on the contributor's death it will be confiscated by the State! I am tempted to call such a proposal one for defrauding the poorest of the poor. What company working for profit would have the effrontery to offer such terms to those from whom it sought to obtain premiums? And yet in connection with this plan Mr. Lloyd George represents the State as acting in the truly paternal spirit. He depicts himself as hurrying to succour the wounded, to drive the wolf from the door, and so forth. I have not the least doubt that he is the victim of his own optimism, that his sympathetic imagination supplies the *couleur de rose* with which his scheme appears suffused when he contemplates it. If he could see it in the "dry light" of unemotional criticism, he could hardly dedicate his platform panegyrics to it. The class which the Friendly Societies reject is to be *compelled* to insure on these unfavourable terms. In this respect they lose their freedom during life as completely as the less lucky among them will lose the premiums they can so ill afford at death. If this is a foretaste of the blessings of State management for all in all things, the most necessitous section of the community may well pray to be delivered from its Socialist friends.

The temptation to feign sickness and to mangle as often and as long as possible, to which the Post Office Contributors would be subjected under the Government's scheme, is as great as it is obvious. If a man is to receive any return for the deductions taken, whether he likes it or not, from his earnings, he must "make hay while the sun shines"—which in this connection means that he must secure his benefits by appearing on the sick-list before death ends his chances of recouping himself. Otherwise he and his employer will simply be supplying forced charity for others irrespective of the deserts of the beneficiaries. The very fact that a man preserves good health will be a serious disadvantage to him.

One has to consider the special circumstances of the class for which the Post Office fund will be raised. Mr. Lloyd George, in introducing the National Insurance Bill into the House of Commons, disclosed his ideas on this subject in the following terms:—

Most of the people who remain outside (i.e., outside the Friendly Societies) will be uninsurable lives, men who would be rejected by all sorts of Societies because really they are ill at the time, or display symptoms of illness. Or they may be drunkards. Those are the sort of reasons for which a Society now excludes men. That must necessarily make it impossible for us to pay the same benefits to the Post Office Contributors as would be paid to men who are in the Friendly Societies.

If they are "uninsurable lives," why pretend to insure them?

It appears to me that the plight of persons who are ineligible for Friendly Societies because they are ailing will be wholly deplorable under the Government's scheme. The chances of obtaining or retaining work which people in bad health have are few, and, owing to their physical inefficiency, the rate of their remuneration is usually low. A weekly deduction will perforce be made from such wages as they can get. It is a deduction which in these cases will amount to hardship. Six months must elapse before a Post Office Contributor can obtain the medical attendance which is part of his "insurance benefit." Where is he to turn in the meanwhile? Either he must pay a doctor's charges out of his earnings, or he must seek Poor-law relief. Surely it would be better for him that he should adopt one of these alternatives with such wages as he can secure intact. I fully recognise the great value of medical aid, and the still greater value of sanatorium treatment to the class to which the scheme of Post Office insurance is to supply, but my contention is that the bulk of this class never will or can receive those benefits on a genuine insurance basis. The relief they require will always be disproportionate to any contribution they can make in the form of premiums. They are, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, "uninsurable." It is better to acknowledge this fact, and not to elaborate a plan which professes to do what admittedly it cannot really do. Moreover, it appears likely that the most hapless of the contributors whose case we are considering will pay premiums for some weeks or months, and fall finally within the scope of the Poor-law before they have reached the time when they can claim any benefit for the pence levied on their weekly earnings. Mr. Lloyd George, in the speech by which he introduced his Bill into Parliament, pointed out that to the workman sixpence in "time of sickness is worth more than two-and-sixpence when a man is in full wage." And to the Post Office Contributor in ill-health the premium by which his wages will be lessened is by no means a trifle to be disregarded.

The payments which these contributors are to receive in the form of sick-benefit appear to me to be illusory if they are to be regarded as "insurance." No such payment will be made until fifty-two premiums have been collected to the contributor's credit. Then the position of these people will be as follows, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's explanation in the speech already quoted:—

They have paid their own contribution and there is the contribution from the State and the contribution of the employers. You will make a deduction for medical relief and for sanatoria and you will distribute the balance on purely deposit principles. There are Societies in this country which do this thing now. It is really a kind of banking transaction. You pay an amount in and you draw to the extent you pay in—with this condition in these cases, that you will get a number of lives that will drop and still a balance who will not withdraw the whole of their deposits. I propose that that should go to swell the fund. Therefore, those inside the Post Office Society will be able to draw to that extent upon the fund, and will get that additional advantage. It is quite clear there is no inducement to join the Post Office contribution and we do not want that there should be.

Making allowance for the kind of bonus that will be derived from the "lives that will drop," and from the contributors who will leave a balance in the Post Office, and for the State's and employers' subventions, it is clear that the sick-pay available for such a class as Mr. Lloyd George described will be utterly inadequate to meet their needs. It will be exhausted long before it can prove itself really beneficial, and then will come another hiatus while a small

credit is again slowly accumulated to be dissipated as rapidly—unless the life "drops" in the meanwhile.

It must be remembered that in the poverty-stricken families which will be brought within the Post Office scheme the wife often works for a wage if she can find employment, and the "mothering" is done by little girls who can hardly carry the weight of the babies to which they minister. In such cases the wife, too, will be paying an insurance premium. There will therefore be a double deduction from the week's income. Can such earnings bear the strain, slight as it may seem to some of my readers? Can the scheme which Parliament is now asked to force upon a sorely-pressed class be truly called a sound and beneficial scheme?

I pass to consider the case of another section of Post Office Contributors, those that will mainly constitute the "balance who will not withdraw the whole of their deposits." It seems probable that, during the early period of the operation of the scheme at all events, a large number of domestic servants will pay premiums to the Post Office fund. These will be for the most part healthy young women who will augment the fund for a varying number of years before marriage, seldom burdening it with a charge either for medical attendance or sick benefit. When they marry they will pass out of the scope of the scheme, and will derive no advantage whatever from the premiums they have paid, except in the small proportion of cases in which they continue to work for wages after marriage. This is wholly unfair, and I must repeat that if it can be called insurance at all it is fraudulent insurance. Domestic servants often contribute from their wages to the scanty resources of their parents, helping to support the old people or to provide for the children who are growing up, and such aid is especially valuable to widowed mothers. If a servant joins an "approved society" the maintenance of her insurance will be left wholly to her own endeavours after marriage, and she will receive no State benefit in respect of the premiums she has paid. It is grossly unfair to enforce a compulsory deduction from the wages of this class for the purpose of an insurance from which seven out of ten of those brought into the scheme will receive no benefit.

It is true that certain advantages are offered as a make-weight for the extensive forfeiture of premiums which is contemplated. If a woman who has been insured as a servant loses her husband and returns to employment, she will, as Mr. Lloyd George explains, "be entitled at once to rejoin the insurance." Moreover, "arrears accruing during marriage will be wiped out on widowhood, and if an insured woman is left an invalid at her husband's death, she at once gets the benefit of her own insurance." But these advantages are more specious than solid. Many married women will die without having either become widows or returned to employment; another large class will reach the age of seventy without having obtained any return for the premiums paid for State Insurance in their youth, and will then receive the Old-age Pension to which they would be entitled if they had paid no premium at all; there will be widows who will remarry without benefiting by the Insurance scheme, though they will have contributed to the fund which it distributes; and many widows who have been servants will strive to support their children by acting as charwomen, doing laundry-work in their homes, and the like. But the State Insurance scheme does not apply to "casual domestic employment," nor to "such persons as washerwomen, sempstresses, &c., executing small orders on their own account." Therefore a widow will not be held to have "gone into employment" for the purposes of the proposed Act if she attempts to gain her livelihood by such means. The number of women who, having been compulsorily insured before marriage, will be "left invalid" at the death of their

husbands will be small, and in consequence the benefit offered to domestic servants in return for the payments exacted from them will, in general, never accrue to them.

Various suggestions have been made for the redress of this grievance. It has been proposed that servants should, on marriage, receive a dowry in proportion to the amount they have paid for State Insurance, and I have been informed by an able actuary who supports this scheme that it can be soundly financed. Another proposal, as your readers are aware, is that servants, when they marry, should be permitted to remain within the Government scheme as voluntary contributors. These are matters for careful consideration, and the whole plan of insurance for Post Office Contributors ought to be thoroughly examined and closely criticised in Committee in the House of Commons. The object of this article is to show that the scheme at present put forward by the Government is ill-considered and unjust, and ought not to be allowed to come into operation.

THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT AND THE NEW LITERATURE

INDIVIDUALISM was brought into Japan, in truth, at the same time with the Western Constitution and freedom. It is the work of superficial observers to see only the uniform of Japan's patriotism in the Russia-Japan War; it is quite right to say that it only overshadowed, with its astonishing glitter of ancient sword, the elements of Western individualism which at the time of that war had begun to make their existence clear. The new Japanese even attempted to qualify the meaning of patriotism from another standpoint. Ketoku, who was hanged recently as the leader of the now famous treason case, and many others raised the anti-war cry; we have many an unpublished story of deserters who were at once court-martialled. Some critics even deny the Japanese bravery which the Western mind associates with the war. (It would surprise the Western readers if we told our own story, to be sure.)

Was it strange that, while we cursed Russia and even called her barbarous and acted as if we were ourselves the "defenders of civilisation," we, at least the intellectual Japanese, on the other hand, burned incense right before Turgenieff, Tolstoy, and even Gorky? It was the time when we smuggled in Western individualism while singing aloud the most patriotic song ever there was. The war lessened the distance between Japan and Europe a hundred-fold. The Western civilisation which we had only understood through the eyes of Oriental idealism became suddenly real, more from its own faults, without the perception of which the interesting part of Western civilisation would never be understood. And those faults appeared beautiful, even grand, when the war made us see life naked, and its brutal exposure of reality broke down our old idealism. Politically Socialism took root; in literature the so-called naturalism, of course with Japanese modifications, grew imminent, driving out the old literature which always hid from us the real meaning of life under polite phraseology. The Japanese writers, I may say nearly all of them, went to Ibsen and Maupassant to make a student's obeisance.

Since the war, particularly in the last three years, the Japanese Government has had two objects—namely, to stamp out Socialism and "naturalism," which, both of them, insist on perfect individualism. It seems to me that she used every possible power of the police and Press law toward her end; many writers were supposed, in fact, to

be as dangerous morally and socially as anarchists. The Government set the police on them. The writers seemed rather pleased, since they could turn out more stories at her expense; "Kiken Jinbutsu," or the Dangerous Man, by Hakucho Masamine, is the story of how the author was followed secretly or openly by detectives on his way home. It is almost impossible to believe how many stories, magazines, and books have been suppressed by law in the last year; we can count more than sixty cases. Is there any other country among the countries called civilised where you see such an astonishing phenomenon as that? The question is: "Will the Government be able to stamp out the bad literature" as she wishes? And another question is: What is that "bad literature"? I can say that the so-called bad literature will gain more strength as the reaction to the Government's act; it is true that when it is known that a certain story or book has been suppressed that story or book always grows more known in a mysterious way. And where is that "bad literature"? Although it may not conform to the Government's idea of patriotism and national morality, it is certainly not worse than any European literature. If Bernard Shaw were in Japan, he would have endless trouble with the Japanese Government; I see quite a number of European writers who would hardly escape from her punishment.

The Rindo Kwai, a literary club, was obliged to stop its regular meeting, as the members could not talk freely, and felt uncomfortable with the police in the next room on every occasion. There is a little literary society, mainly of young writers and artists, called the Bread Club. It had a dinner-party the other evening, when one young artist who was about starting to Europe for his art-study made a speech saying that he was going to a big, big world like the sea; while another young man who was called to be a soldier said, on the contrary, that he was going to a narrow, narrow place like a hole. As they were playful, jolly young people, one of the artists painted the edge of the *menu* black on the spot, meaning, as I fancy, to make it appear as a death-report of that young writer who was going to "a narrow, narrow place like a hole." Now such a harmless fun-making was reported by the police to the effect that the Socialist writers cursed the soldiers, and sent their colleague to the Army with a funeral song. As a consequence, many of them were duly examined by the authorities.

If there is a most unkind country for writers and literature, that is Japan—at least present Japan. As I do not believe in the existence of the undangerous man, I am also a sceptic about the dangerous man. I, on the same ground do not know any good literature in the most puritanic sense. And what does the Government want by the "good literature"?

It is an open secret that the Government has been trying for some time to revive, but with no success, the old Chinese classics and the ancient ethics of filial piety. Many a book has been published under her auspices to bring the old thoughts and wisdom again to life. While I admit that such an attempt may not be bad, though not wise, I cannot help insisting that the new age should have the new literature. I see no time when the Government, and the literary mind in general, are so estranged as in the present day; they are fighting with their footholds at opposite extremes. The Government who represents the new age must have a sympathy with the new literature. It seems to me almost incredible that the Japanese Government, who recognises and encourages the material Westernisation, is so despotic against the new thoughts. The time is changing, but I am not ready to prophesy what the result will be for the Government who does not realise the Time's change, and even flatly denies its existence.

YONE NOGUCHI.

REVIEWS

VERSE—AND POETRY

Bell and Wing. By FREDERICK FANNING AYER. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

Cornwall: a Poem. By P. J. KISLINGBURY. (J. W. Arrow-smith, Ltd., Bristol.)

Ephemerides. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)

TWELVE hundred and sixty-one pages of rhyme, and no preface or "Author's Foreword" to tell the astonished reader why Mr. Ayer did it! Surely he should have explained, or apologised, or given the secret personal history of the years during which he penned this riot of verse? We say advisedly "years," for unless he wrote continuously, with very limited intervals for rest and refreshment, the labour could not have reached its culmination in a period of mere weeks or months. At present it is the reader who needs the intervals for rest. No normal human reviewer could read this three-inch-thick volume straight through, and we will not pretend to such an achievement; but from the many specimens of Mr. Ayer's art which we have selected here and there we gather one remarkable impression—that he is steeped in the mannerism and method of Robert Browning. Take this opening stanza of a poem entitled "Confidentially":—

I loved her—I don't mind telling you—
You know her eyes were open blue
And trustful to pleafal true
Looking into the soul of you—
Her hand like the wing of a swallow
To beckon, and oh how a man would follow!
Her heart, never a word to speak,
Writing all thought out at the cheek—
One look and you knew she never knew
Her gentle power over you—
And so I loved her!

Or take a verse from the poem beginning with the extraordinary line, "Now goes my scrub-man scrubbing":—

Or they stick like a gang of plasters
To rule you, become your masters—
Look at you now there trying to please:
One spot has brought you to your knees,
Hangs you on hinges like a gate,
Puts you swinging early to late,
Gives you your crooked crab-ankle gait!

"At the foot of your rotten-runged, rat-riddled stairs," growled Browning. "Hello, sacristan—show us a light there"—a light to illuminate Mr. Ayer's obscurity, and to show him that rhymed colloquialism is not poetry, that rumbling and creaking and bumping rhythms do not convey any particularly enviable distinction, and that the torture of words is not necessarily conducive to good literary art. In a string of rhymes apparently directed against vivisectionists we have the strangest conglomeration imaginable:—

Keep a hand at it to putter
To fish moons out of a gutter—
Nose at an atom to see
If the thing be not
Just the thing you thought,
A twist of pulp and alchemy. . . .
Rip up the diaphragm of a miller
You blood and Beauty spiller,
Have a care to fork his nose,
Play microscopy at his toes
To see how spirit balks and goes—

Spit his ribs, tap his back
To get a hand in at the knack
Of finding out what God may lack—
For me, give me his wing
Of London-smoke-red frescoing
To fly to show his opal ring.

We see the idea. "Inquire not too closely, O man, whence cometh the soul, nor expect by thy seeking to discover the breath of life; strive rather after Beauty"—so we might paraphrase Mr. Ayer's lines. But why sever beauty so decisively from those lines? Mr. Ayer is illogical.

Occasionally, in turning his pages, we come across a few lines of lyrical virtue, as in the poem "Viewfully":—

But hark, there's a voice in air,
One music-voice, like a morning wind
Which never was lowered or thinned
A child's voice, the silver sound was there,
All heart-leap and not a care!

And a pretty little jingle entitled "Love" has quite a Meredithian opening:—

Such a sprite is love,
Takes to lips at first;
Mouth is good enough,
Meant for quenching thirst.

But we must quote no more from the huge and weighty volume of Mr. Ayer's fantasies. It is absorbing, astounding, inspiring, baffling; but, above all, it is Browning.

Of Mr. Kislingbury's "Cornwall" we hardly know what to say. It consists of 1,150 lines, every one beginning with the word "Land." What has our beloved delectable Duchy done to be thus unhappily eulogised? Perhaps we had better give a few sample lines, and restrain ourselves as well as may be:—

Land where many parts are as in ages long flown,
Land where pre-historic remains are its own:
Land where their great age can ne'er be assigned,
Land date antiquaries are baffled to find. . . .
Land time past sheep pastured and roam'd round the church walls,
Land where a storm raged, and great hurricane blew;
Land where this occurred in sixteen ninety-seven,
Land whence came the sand and hid church grass from view. . . .

The concluding lines are:—

Land where they study points and records of history,
Land which they soon love and never wish go away.

If the author would "study points and records" of poetry, and leave Cornwall alone for a while, he might in time produce a poem worthy of the county. As it is, we tremble for what may happen if Mr. Kislingbury brims over into Devon.

The poems published anonymously under the title of "Ephemerides" might be characterised as a kind of musical philosophy, sometimes lyrical, sometimes cast in stanzas which remind us very much of Omar Khayyam—especially as the author makes very free with capital letters. On page 37 we find a very fair example:—

So fares he forth, unarmoured to the Fray
Which is our Destiny; Pain and Dismay
His Squires, and his Lance,—a broken Reed!
Ah! Must he fail? or vanquish? Who will say?

And on page 7, in different rhythm, we have something very akin to Omar's genial theories of life:—

So that my Love may constant be,
And Bacchus keep my Cask o'erflowing,
No further Blessing ask for me,
Since I have won all worth the knowing!

The chief faults in the work are a too frequent use of the note of admiration, which gives a jerky appearance to the pages and a jolt to the poems when read aloud, and an unnecessary insistence upon the capital letter. The following charming little song would gain, rather than lose, if written in the usual way :—

Still though the sweetest Mask may hide
The Truth—that Folly dwells inside
That little Head, Ah! Woe betide
The Wretch who seeks you for his bride!
He'd better drown!

Wiser is he who chooseth Wit
To light his House and govern it;
Nor need he, should the Graces sit
Around the Altar he hath lit

Fear Fortune's Frown.

Sound philosophy and prettily expressed; and there are many more poems in the volume which would bear quotation had we space to spare, the best of them all in serious vein being a fine conception entitled "Quicunque Vult."

THE PARADOX OF COLUMBUS

Histoire Critique de la Grande Entreprise de Christophe Colomb. Etudes sur la Vie de Colomb. By HENRY VIGNAUD. Two Vols. (H. Welter, Paris. 30f.)

AT Saint Dié, under the Vosges, they are celebrating on an unusual scale the birthday, or rather the christening, of the Continent of America, thus recalling to us perhaps the most extraordinary of all the paradoxes connected with the Great Discovery. How and why Columbus discovered the New World are enormous and intricate questions, witness the present bulky volumes; but the fact that he was the real and essential discoverer does not admit of dispute, unless on a quibble. And yet it is Amerigo Vespucci who is godfather to the Continent.

Columbus is fortunate in having left his actual feat out of the reach of discussion: more fortunate than Shakespeare—or Bacon—in this respect. The fierce light of criticism has beaten for centuries around every circumstance in his career, and the hidden places in his essentially simple character have been explored. This latter operation has had a particular importance owing to a movement that was going on during a great part of the nineteenth century for the canonisation of the discoverer; but it has also a very direct bearing on the discovery itself, for Columbus is one of the most important witnesses in his own suit, and a great step would have been gained if his testimony could be proved to be trustworthy. This does not, unfortunately, appear to be the case, and we have the spectacle of a band of scientists, devotees of truth, gathered round the shrine of one whom many of them regard as a paragon of deceit. It is curious sometimes, to follow their change of face, when, after denouncing the discoverer's mendacity in making an assertion that fits ill with their theory, they suddenly take up arms for his veracity in a case where it will advance their argument.

M. Vignaud, being—a good half of him, at any rate—a Frenchman, does not wander into moral digressions when engaged in the path of scientific investigation. The chief function of history is, in his view, as in that of other modern historians, the burial of legends. It is with a philosopher's sorrow that he regards the story of Queen Isabella pawning her jewels to advance the preparations for Columbus' expedition: "the improbability of a fact is no bar to its being believed, and the spectacle

of a queen sacrificing her jewels in order to forward a great enterprise provides so excellent an example that all the denials of criticism have failed to blot it out from the pages of history, where it will probably figure till the end of time. The Spanish people believe the story . . . that is enough!" With regard to Columbus' veracity M. Vignaud takes up a sound and reasonable position, believing him where it was to his interest to tell the truth, and allowing often for a strong meridional imagination, capable of deceiving itself. This method is, however, sometimes difficult of application, as it is by no means always easy to see where Columbus' interests lay.

The present volumes are only an instalment, though a large one, of an exhaustive discussion of the whole Columbian legend. An earlier volume, forming a definite part of the "Etudes Critiques," has dealt with the birth and youth of Columbus. The author has also written a whole legion of smaller books on the Toscanelli controversy, and other incidental questions. The name of Toscanelli seems to focus the whole matter. Without Toscanelli's map and information we are told that the *Santa Maria* would never have left her moorings at Palos, Ferdinand and Isabella would never have been convinced, and America would have been left to some one else to discover. This theory leaves Columbus little but good fortune and that dogged determination which is his residual virtue, when all the critics have done with him. Curiously enough this same theory, which is, by the way, that which Columbus' champions and the executors of his glory first launched, postulates that the great discovery was a pure accident, occurring in the course of an attempt to find, on pseudo-scientific data supplied by Toscanelli, a passage to Asia by the west. India and China were then the mark, and the expedition blundered by preterhuman luck, before it had gone too far to get back, into the West Indies.

M. Vignaud lives to refute this story, and we must confess to a very lively sympathy with his point of view. Apart from the mere thirst for truth (a drouthy sensation at best), there is a satisfaction in finding that one of the greatest achievements of mortal man was not the result of blind chance; the author of the book has felt it, and has exhaled his sincere gratification in one unchastened page—out of about fourteen hundred. M. Vignaud has a formidable band of authorities against him, but he sustains his cause with such clear and consistent logic, and such an army of documents, that he leaves us with an impression that is almost a conviction that he will be allowed to remain finally master of the field. The theory that emerges from these investigations is, to summarise it in the words of our author, that Columbus "a découvert l'Amérique parce qu'il l'avait cherchée;" further that Columbus discovered America because he knew it was there, because he had the most positive information—because, in fact, some one had been there before him. This conclusion presents difficulties of various kinds; to begin with, it is in violent contradiction to Columbus' own statements with regard to the nature of his undertaking. But these statements were mostly made after his return, apart from certain passages in the diary of the first voyage, which M. Vignaud sees reason to attribute to subsequent interpolation. The discoverer came gradually to believe, and it is here that the meridional imagination comes in, that he had not only set out with the intention of discovering the western route to Asia, but that he had actually discovered it. On his second voyage he identified the island of Cuba with a promontory of Asia, and even dictated a form of oath to his crew by which they confirmed this conclusion. A difficulty of another order that arises from this view of the case—that Columbus knew where he was going—is that it implies a partition of the glory of the discovery. There is, first, the nebulous pilot who had seen the West Indies some years before the famous voyage;

of him nothing definite is known, but his existence seems sufficiently attested, and is even accepted by the devoted biographer of Columbus, Las Casas. At all events, he is a necessary hypothesis in M. Vignaud's very sane theory. And besides this pilot there is Pinzon, Columbus' lieutenant and almost colleague, who had joined forces with him in order to discover the mythical island of Cypangu. Without him the expedition would probably never have sailed, and without him it would almost certainly have returned without accomplishing anything, except, perhaps, the murder of the discoverer. Pinzon's name would probably have been associated with his colleague in the discovery of the New World if he had not died before the matter had begun to be investigated.

One fact very difficult to get over, and almost calculated of itself to dispose of the route-to-Asia theory, is that no mention is made of this route in any of the official documents in which the terms of the enterprise were formulated between the Spanish Sovereigns and Columbus. And after the return of the first expedition the position is the same; the term "the Indies" is indeed used, but in the loose sense that has remained. The route to Asia was not taken seriously till many years later, when the discovery of Toscanelli's letters put the question in a different light. The authenticity of these letters is the crux of the whole matter. For M. Vignaud they are one of the big forgeries of history; the evidence he adduces, both internal and external, is of the most varied and interesting nature. The only circumstance that might suggest the suspicion of a weak spot in his armour is his constant return to the Toscanelli theme on all occasions. He seems almost to protest too much.

The most generally interesting portion of M. Vignaud's work is that in which, after a few words of apology for his lapse into constructiveness, he sets to work to rebuild the collapsed edifice of the Columbian legend, with Toscanelli in his right place. The forgery being established, we are faced with the Ciceronian query, *Cui bono?* The answer we are given is that some one of Columbus' immediate circle perpetrated the deed in order to counteract the unknown pilot and his West Indian information, which might weigh on the discoverer's reputation. An enterprise undertaken on data supplied by a recognised savant would do no greater harm to his originality, and would put the whole undertaking on a higher plane. It is true that the forgers must have been a little blind to Columbus' real interests, for Toscanelli's letters, based apparently on documents left by the discoverer, indicate a plan identical with that which was actually followed. M. Vignaud shows us very clearly what were the true sources of Columbus' theory, formed, as he believes, after his return from the great expedition. Chief among them is the "Imago Mundi," a geographical compilation of Cardinal d'Ailly, where it is laid down that the unknown tract separating Western Europe from Asia was of comparatively small extent and could be traversed in a few days.

The business of legend-destroying is pursued with relentless severity throughout these volumes. A fine crop of them had been rooted up in the previous studies: here the work is continued on an even larger scale. The picturesque and the edifying are thrown on the dustheap of history. The noble beggar at the convent-door, the helpful, warm-hearted monk, the impulsive Queen, and the inspired, simple mariner beating down with his eloquence the barriers of learned prejudice in the University of Salamanca—these are some of the figures that are made to fade before our eyes. Perhaps the kindly monk may remain, but he is in danger of losing his identity and his virtues through being divided into two persons. Columbus suffers in his good name and in his reputation as a navigator. Morally and intellectually he is stripped almost bare, save for the stout covering of his heroic courage and for the invisible garment of a faith that

could move mountains. And so we may leave Columbus, as his biographer leaves him at the last, in the niche "belonging to him in the Pantheon of great men to whom humanity raises statues."

WORDSWORTHSHIRE

Wordsworthshire: an Introduction to a Poet's Country. By ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A. Illustrated with Forty-seven Drawings by ARTHUR TUCKER, R.B.A.; and Maps. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

It was an admirable idea to choose for the title of this book the name given by Lowell to the whole region that is inevitably associated with Wordsworth's poetry. It is strange that although Wordsworth's poetry has least to do with the things and business of this earth, it is nevertheless definitely linked up with the locality of the Lake District. It is a time-honoured gibe that he was very fitly called a Lake poet, seeing that poetry was so watery. But as a point of fact the most perplexing and the least understood quality of his poetry is just this extraordinary blend of the local and simple with the translunar and eternal. For example, when he speaks of the man to whom—

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more

it lends itself to burlesque, it asks for parody; but when the points are shifted a little the whole force of the lines is startling. For what is a primrose more than a primrose? Vision upon vision swims in through the thought thus awakened. It is a striking indication of his mind that it did not need the pomp of archangels, but the "simplest flower" to transport him into regions that make the thought reel merely to conceive. It is the same with the body of his work. In a sense Wordsworth is the least national of poets. In another sense he is the most national. We cannot conceive him as other than an Englishman, or elsewhere than in the Lake District with its still waters and mist-crowned hills; and yet we cannot imagine him belonging to any nation or as being confined to any locality.

The fact seems to be that it was from the region lying about Westmoreland and Cumberland that he found he could best leap into eternity. There are those who said that the reason that the Cumberland hills attracted him more than did the Alps was because they were more intimate; that the Alps were more remote. There is something of truth in this; but in the main it strangely misconceives the poet. The Alps are not merely remote, they are cold and forbidding. Moreover, though they are loftier they do not seem to lead so high as a mist-crowned green hill. Their very loftiness is cold and earthly, like logic and learning. The Cumberland hills, on the other hand, are warm and mysterious, like poetry and music. The one, by very height, drove him back to the shallowness of earth; while the other led him forward and upward, giving him glimpses of eternity. It is part of this paradox that the country of his passion unfolds. Even as it led him forward, his poetry voiced its message earthward. It might, perhaps, be said of his work that, were we all country dwellers, it would cease to appeal to us. We might, indeed, be less stirred by his mere mention of streams, dells, and hills; but that does not mean that we should be less moved to wonder and rapture by his interpretation of those mystic runes of God. We should, perhaps, prattle less of his familiarity with

Nature if that familiarity were our own; but we should begin to think more of his familiarity with Eternity. And that would be a very admirable thing.

In the meantime, rightly, or, at any rate, fully, to understand Wordsworth it is necessary to envisage him in the country of his passion—in Wordsworthshire, that is to say. Now any such study must necessarily preoccupy itself with the youth of the poet. This is a thing that accords well with Wordsworth's own philosophy, as readers and lovers of the immortal "Ode to Immortality" scarcely require to be told. Heaven lies about us in our youth; yet it is not unlikely that the symbols that it is expressed in may not have a sufficient appeal. Or, to put it in other words, our environment may not speak to us as it should; we may be attuned to the soul of Wordsworth, and may yet be born in the slums of London. It was Wordsworth's richest gift that he should have been born in a region that spake trumpet-tongued to his soul.

How and where it spoke it is the business of this book to show. It is a kind of a topographical guide to the "Prelude;" though, of course, it deals with more country than lies within the scope of that poem. The whole of the earlier poems, and a goodly portion of the later poems, are laid under contribution to furnish the links that Mr. Robertson has given between the inspiration and the seat of the inspiration. We can give no higher tribute to the book than to say that, read with M. Emile Legouis' illuminating and exhaustive study, "*La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth*," the whole indebtedness of the poet to the country is laid bare. The marvel and the wonder of it all remain. We are not enabled to see

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

But it is something to us that we may see exactly from whence that light shone into the poet's soul. The two books make an inevitable companionship, and more than well repay reading together. Chapter v., for instance, in Legouis' book deals with Wordsworth's early poems, and those who have read his pages will not easily forget the extraordinary analysis he gives of Wordsworth's literary indebtedness. There is no one similar chapter in Mr. Robertson's book that traces his topographical indebtednesses, because it is all occupied with that end. Taken between them, they are a wonderful unfolding of the process by which the poet caught his song. Each book traces the course of the inspiration: one following it through the course of his life on the side of active influence, the other following it on the side of passive, and often sub-conscious, influence.

There is one feature in this book that will strike all readers. It is too much to say of Dorothy Wordsworth, as Mr. Robertson says: "Dorothy was a poet. In a measure, William, her brother, is her poetry." It would be as accurate to say that when at Nether Stowey Wordsworth was but the mouthpiece of Coleridge. In one case as in the other it is always possible to detect the difference between what Wordsworth derived and what he expressed. Nevertheless, none who has read Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals" and compared them carefully with her brother's poetry could have failed to have felt over and over again that he was listening to one voice behind the two. In fact, that is the more accurate statement of the matter; the voice behind them was one; but it uttered itself quite separately through them. In her it was sometimes pedantic, always gentle, not always without self-consciousness. In him it was direct, masculine, turbulent, and sonorous.

Still, there was that unity between them; and Mr. Robertson judged wisely in linking their story as one. Unfortunately, his style is not a very attractive one, and it is confused by awkward pedantries. Despite this his tale

will not be denied; and we are enabled to follow Wordsworth from Cockermouth, through Penrith and Hawksmouth to Cambridge, and so back again to the hills and dales that had bred and inspired him. Alfoxden and Nether Stowey, not belonging to Wordsworthshire in the strict sense of the word, are not dealt with. Naturally we look to Mr. Robertson to upset some of the accepted scenes of some of the poems; and we are not disappointed. The definite locality of a poem's reference matters less with Wordsworth than with any other poet. It was his customary method not to work with his scene before him (and what true poet can?): thus his scenes, even when their references are most precise, being passed through the movements of his imagination, become transmuted out of all recognition. He has himself declared with what aversion he regarded the pictorial process, such as, for instance, Scott employed. Still, for those whom this kind of study interests, Mr. Robertson, with the help of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, the poet's grandson, will be found to have upset several of Mr. Knight's identifications in favour of his own. Of far more moment are his remarks on Penrith Beacon. Wordsworth's aversion to all themes of strife and bloodshed will be familiar to any attentive reader. But when Mr. Robertson shows us, as he does well and ably, that not only did Wordsworth avoid all reference to the history of that Beacon, but inevitably linked it up with lessons of unhappy strife and unnatural oppression, the interest is quickened. For the outstanding event concerning that Beacon was one of murder, robbery, and hanging. The difference between Wordsworth's temper of mind and Scott's can be realised when one thinks what the great novelist would have made of the history of the scene.

The illustrations by Mr. Tucker are beyond all praise. When occupied with mere buildings they are sometimes not quite happy; but in the portrayal of hill, vale, and distance he catches atmospheric effects as one would not imagine they could have been caught by the touch of pencil on paper. They are in themselves worth the price of the book.

SOME LANDS OF CHAOS

Central America and its Problems. By FREDERICK PALMER.
(T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

To those unacquainted with Central American ethics the perusal of Mr. Palmer's book will undoubtedly cause a certain mental shock. The author, an American with an observant eye and a delightfully frank pen, undertook a journey through the nest of small Republics that link the Northern Continent to the Southern. The result is a collection of quite remarkable material that deserves notice at no inconsiderable length. Indeed, it is worth while to follow him as closely as we are able in his eventful journey, and to glean all we can from the comments that are eloquent of a grim sense of humour and a pleasantly open mind.

Ere he enters into the area of the minor Republics Mr. Palmer has a good deal to say concerning Mexico. His remarks here are as shrewd and caustic as they continue throughout the book. Thus, while he gives General Diaz the full credit that is his due for the introduction of foreign industrial enterprise, the motives and deeds of the aged Dictator are submitted to a cool and merciless analysis at his hands. Here are some of his comments on the man of the hour:—

He made peace ruthlessly; he welcomed capital generously. To clear the country of brigands he set a brigand to catch a brigand. . . . Such is his power that a score of mal-

contents may be executed in a lot without anybody except the neighbours being the wiser.

One of the narratives concerning Diaz is to the effect that:—

On one occasion when he was asked by wire what disposition to make of a certain revolutionist who had been captured, his prompt, unexpurgated answer, I am told, was: "Kill him while we have him in hand." And perhaps an hour later he was at a reception to receive a bouquet from a party of schoolchildren. Yes, he is a self-made ruler of a mediæval and Oriental type in the days of railroads, telegraphs, and electric cars, who rides in a French automobile and organises irrigation projects and bids the foreigner turn the waterfalls into light for his palace.

There is probably no truer word-portrait in existence of the Mexican autocrat than that summed up in these few sentences. Here we have the tragedy of good intentions—achieved at an infernal and savage cost!

In Guatemala, the next country to be visited, Mr. Palmer was received with all courtesy and honour by the President himself. He was officially shown the sights of the capital, and under the same auspices was given a certain insight into the civil and military administration of the Republic. It was only during the course of his subsequent travels, when he was enabled to question the more disinterested populace, that he elicited the details of the true character and career of his late genial host. Such was the reign of terror that the people only dared speak of it with bated breath. A mere suspicion of discontent sufficed for the perpetration of what appeared to the locality as everyday and commonplace atrocities, such as executions, torture, and deaths from flogging. The mildest criticism involved gaol:—

It is the business of all editors to print frequent long disquisitions on the glorious career of his Excellency, the most Illustrious. All foreign news dispatches are blue-pencilled by Cabrera in person before they are published. The public may read nothing whatsoever not to his taste.

Yet this impoverished, terrorised, and decadent country is in itself not only lovely, but filled to the brim with natural resources: "It is a country of the gods, fit home for the aboriginal civilisation of a continent."

Leaving Guatemala with remarkably little regret, in spite of its glorious scenery, we are taken over the border into Salvador, the tiniest Republic in the Western Hemisphere. The politics of Salvador are very similar to those of its neighbours. The actions of Ex-President Regallado, for instance, may be taken as representative specimens of the enterprise of local statesmen:—

Early one morning in the Spring of 1906 he planted the artillery in the Plaza and blew off the front of the Salvadorian White House. His action was primarily due to his personal dislike of Escalon, who was President at the time. Having paid this grudge, he set out to pay another. That Cabrera, of Guatemala, was a mean, half-caste Indian, who deserved to have his face slapped. So Regallado led the troops across the Guatemalan frontier without any declaration of war. He had not yet sobered up when he was killed in battle.

This incident is only one out of a number of the kind that are cited, and yet Salvador possesses the most stable Government of any in Central America, with the notable exception of Costa Rica.

Honduras succeeds Salvador in the course of the itinerary, and Honduras proves the most backward and impoverished of all the Central American States. "Why should our people accumulate more than one shirt apiece," demands an old Honduran, "when a revolution may come along at any

hour and rob them of everything not on their backs?" The misfortunes of Honduras, however, are due rather more to the machinations of its neighbours than to its own harassed internal economy. There is a bright spot here, moreover, due to the energy of an imparted Chilian colonel, who is transforming a number of the young men "from languid, slouching Hondurans to athletic, well-set-up youths."

So far as actual tyranny is concerned, the Republic of Nicaragua is probably the worst sufferer of any of this group of countries, and the licence permitted to the utterly immoral leaders is mediæval in every respect. Much that the author saw with his own eyes is of a purely revolting nature, and it may be imagined that the tales that were told on all hands were of no brighter a tendency. When we arrive within the frontiers of Costa Rica, however, all is changed. Happy little Costa Rica, as Mr. Palmer terms that fortunate Republic, represents the single oasis amidst the desert of Central America. Here, at last, is breathed the atmosphere of freedom, prosperity, and progress. Perhaps the surest testimonial to the actual condition of the nation is afforded by the remarks of a Columbian who intended to disparage the country. "That President of Costa Rica," said the Columbian, "is of no account. He has not the courage to put a banker in gaol or shoot a rival. You will see, he cannot even re-elect himself. Fifty other men are just as smart as he. Any of them might be President. Costa Rica has never had a great man."

It is, of course, due to nothing beyond the presence of these "great men" that the remaining Republics are stretched prone in utter poverty, squalor, and misery. How sordid the life, how filthy the conditions, and to what a depth the mental degradation has sunk will be evident from a perusal of the author's pages. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Palmer has every right to command an attentive hearing. His statements—although they cannot well fail to startle the greater proportion of his readers—are quite innocent in themselves of any taint of exaggeration or of recklessness. He is remarkably free from prejudice, moreover, and sounds an emphatic note of warning against the confounding of the circumstances in the countries he has described with those of the enlightened and progressive South American nations, such as Argentina, Brazil, and Chili.

Mr. Palmer, as a matter of fact, has approached his subject with an open mind, and is sufficiently frank in condemning what he terms the selfishness of his own compatriots, whose policy it is, while refraining from intervention themselves, to prevent other nations from bringing a needful pressure to bear. Rather than this passive attitude, he pleads for an assumption of responsibility, and for a volunteering of grooms to clean these Augean stables of the tropics. On this point one who has read his book will find some difficulty in disagreeing with him.

ECONOMIC CHANGES IN INDIA

The Economic Transition in India. By SIR THEODORE MORISON, K.C.I.E. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

We have here a reprint of the substance of lectures delivered by Sir Theodore Morison at the London School of Economics and Political Science in 1910. It is vivid and illuminating, and may be perused with pleasure and profit. Those who attended the lectures must have gained clearer ideas and a better grasp of the subject, which is one of some importance. If the book contains little original matter, it

abounds in extracts from sound authorities, which have been judiciously selected. The author traces the original resemblance between all countries which depend upon the old physical conditions. In England the industrial revolution took place in the eighteenth century, and India is now arriving at that stage. The main factors in the transition consist in the substitution of machinery for manual labour and the application of steam power. In England agriculture is now only one of several industries; manufacturers have drawn the workers to the towns. In India 70 per cent. of the population still depend upon agriculture; but the development of factories is attracting labourers to the towns, and, as India abounds in raw material, this economic change has enormous possibilities in prospect.

India has always had its special features; the villages have, on account of their isolation, been self-supporting and self-contained; transport and means of communication have been deficient, as elsewhere. As canals, roads, and railways facilitated exchanges and trade in Europe, so they are having similar effects in India. Lord Dalhousie gave them an impetus. Another feature was the insecurity of the country until the Pax Britannica was established. Another impediment was the imperfect division of labour; but specialisation is now becoming possible. Again, the typical village in India had its normal characteristics, the distinction between the landowners and the tenants, the open or common field, the rare use of money, the assignments of land for service, the rivalry between custom and competition. The tendency has been, as population increased, for rents to become competitive; the competition of landlords to obtain tenants has changed to the competition between tenants for land; produce rents have been converted to money rents; property in land has come to be valuable, and the village money-lender found ready victims in the improvident and indebted cultivators. It is satisfactory to read that, to meet the rapaciousness of the usurer, the Government lately passed a measure for the constitution and control of co-operative credit societies on Raiffeisen principles. These have fortunately caught on among the peasantry, and the principle of co-operation is calculated to extend to other purposes.

The literature of Indian famines is extensive; the liability to famines has been ever present. But few people realise that so late as Queen Elizabeth's time England, and France up to the close of the eighteenth century, were in danger from similar causes. The command of the sea has secured England, but the circumstances of India have admitted of famine recurring whenever the crops failed, until recent times. The assertion that, owing to British rule, famines at the present day are more severe than formerly is not warranted by the historical evidence. The development of communications has changed the whole problem of famine relief. Deaths from starvation should now be extremely rare; famine now means a prolonged period of unemployment, accompanied by dear food; relief works are opened to give employment to the sufferers.

With the introduction of machinery the weavers engaged in their domestic industry, still nearly six million persons, have naturally suffered; the want of capital is their difficulty, as it was in England; the erection of small factories, making use of hand-power instead of steam, is advocated as the remedy, but with the competition of Bombay and Manchester in the production of machine-made clothes the prospects of hand-weaving are not bright. The economic revolution in England has brought with it the interdependence of all parts of the industrial world, the concentration and subdivision of labour in factories and centres, the utilisation of accumulated capital, expert supervision. Until the revolution has developed further in India it will remain a poor country in comparison with England.

The increase in the number and output of the jute and cotton mills in India is a most promising sign of the industrial revolution.

The worthlessness of the charge against the British Government of "draining" India—a charge often exposed, but nevertheless repeated—is again refuted by Sir Theodore Morison, perhaps with more elaboration than was required, as the real point is fairly simple. The "Home Charges" which the Secretary of State has to meet amount to about eighteen millions a year. The allegation is that India is bled to this extent without any return; the answer is that India has received, and does receive, full value for this sum. It is a pity that Sir Theodore ever uses the misleading word "drain," for which he rightly substitutes "foreign payments," such as other countries have to make for the interest due on their borrowings. The greater portion of the payment represents the interest on the capital lent by England for the construction of railways and canals, which more than pay the interest; the remainder is spent on meeting certain necessary expenditure, such as pensions, allowances, stores, Army charges, which are actually incurred in England, as part of the administration of India, and must be paid for somehow. England's credit enables India to borrow 2 per cent. cheaper than she could otherwise. Roughly speaking, the Home Charges are for the most part paid by the excess value of the exports from India over the value of the imports into India; the payment is the method of adjusting the balance. Sir Theodore's little work puts into the hands of students the means of understanding the question of these foreign payments, on which the Indian National Congress is never weary of harping.

A SCIENTIST AT PLAY

Triumphs and Wonders of Modern Chemistry. By GEOFFREY MARTIN, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE popularisation of science, especially of the wonders of the "new knowledge," is a task of no mean difficulty. The unfolding of the recondite problems of the nature and constitution of the universe requires the delicacy of the master hand; the well-stocked mind must not be allowed to exhibit the narrowness of detail, but must illuminate the dark places of the great unknown, as the sun from the first flush of the dawn opens out to us an ever widening vista which becomes clearer at every moment. Nevertheless with the ascent of our luminary to its noontide height comes a blurring of the vision that perplexes even the most seasoned veteran. Dr. Martin's volume reminds us of a certain undergraduate who, in early life, listened to the elementary lectures of a very learned professor, and then, years later, having returned to his *alma mater* as a tutor in that science, again sat at his senior's feet in the fervent hope that he might appreciate those elementary lectures! To advanced students Dr. Martin's book will prove of interest, but the beginner and the general reader will miss that breadth of view and gentle touch which we associate with the classic writings of Mr. Whetham. Dr. Martin has accumulated a wonderful mass of facts, but he lacks the genius and literary ability which instructs without giving birth to the boredom of the regulation text-book. It may be true that twenty millions of electrons can be packed side by side in the millionth of an inch; nevertheless, while conveying absolutely no meaning to the general reader, this would probably

give him a very erroneous idea of the constitution of matter. Electrons are not entities which can be isolated, yet this would be an extremely excusable inference.

This type of book, while readily lending itself to the exposition of the great inductive sciences, can scarcely be successfully applied to a science of fact, such as chemistry. Though chemistry treats of those conglomerations of electrons which we usually designate matter, still, to include in its ramifications the constitution of that matter requires a great stretch of the imagination. Dr. Martin, upon the unhallowed text of the chemistry of air, water, and the more common elements, builds up a volume of the most pretentious character. He quotes a panegyric on Snowdon, recounts at great length stories of subterranean rivers and stalactite-crusts caves, refers to Kaufmann's great researches on the variation of the mass of a body with its velocity, tells us that the pressure at the centre of the earth has been estimated to be three millions of atmospheres, and so on. We are treated to literary quotations extending from Lucretius to John Davidson, Rudyard Kipling, and Sir Lewis Morris. We look in vain for a few lines from Mr. Hall Caine or for the estimate of the number of peas in a pint. There is an interesting list of the authenticated tragedies connected with the owners of the Hope diamond—so interesting that Dr. Martin should have called in Mr. William le Queux to touch up some of the unauthenticated stories. Occasionally Dr. Martin refers to his own science, but immediately rushes away to tell us that "there exist within each cubic centimetre of oxygen gas, that is to say, within the volume of a large-sized pinhead, no less than 42,090,000,000,000,000 molecules" (we hope he has not made an error of a dozen or so); or to explain the method of and reason for administering oxygen (illustrated). The book is a perfect encyclopedia.

This notice would not be complete without reference to the illustrations. The artist who was responsible for many of them was a most thorough realist—there is no Post-Impressionist work here. Even Dr. Martin must have blushed when he first saw some of these pen-and-ink wonders, the neat diagrammatic sketches everywhere giving place to the weirdest attempts at perspective drawing. The prize is awarded to the illustration on page 238 of the Dog Grotto, near Naples. On each side of a cicerone, who stands declaiming with outstretched hands in the best Hyde Park style, is the asphyxiated body, presumably, of a dog: at the entrance to the cave is a maiden dressed in the white of purity and carrying a common white sunshade. We look in vain for her tears.

A. E. H.

FICTION

John Merridew. A Romance. By FREDERICK ARTHUR. (Longman and Co. 6s.)

THE first business of the reviewer of this book is to make clear that it is not a novel. The object of a novel is the telling of a story which, because of what it is or the way it is told, or both, amuses or entertains. But this is a romance, whatever that may be. There is also a preface, in which we are informed that the author has an object in writing the book, an object not usually in the mind of the writer of fiction. And the object is to urge, *inter alia*, that—

The need for England at this moment is that her sons should learn to think more deeply, to take life more seriously, to live less on the surface of things, and, while jealously maintaining that manliness which has made her what she is, should make their sports the relaxations and

not the objects of their lives. . . . For life is not the search for wealth, or health, or even happiness, because it is in service, and in service alone, that man can find his true destiny. If the reader, in tracing this history, is led to take a wider view of Christianity . . . the author's labours will not have been wholly in vain.

So much for the preface. We should have liked to quote it *in extenso* as leading to a fascinating physiological study. The book which Mr. Arthur has produced is truly a romance. He does not refer to himself as the author of any previous works of any kind, and we do not remember to have come across anything of his before. Time was when serious-minded men, burning to proclaim some bladderish shibboleth and fearing lest their pamphlet should be lost, relieved their souls of their appeals through the form of the novel with a purpose. The book under review, however, contains no fire, no epigram, no wit, no freshness, no wisdom; it is packed with the despondent groans for our country and our people.

We are sure we should greatly offend the author if we said we had been entertained by the book. But we shall not say so, for we were not. It is not meant to be entertaining; it is merely meant to scold us into certain views. He makes his characters talk of education, and how it should be provided; of religion, and how it should be regarded; of the duties of landowners, and how they should be performed; of the need for compulsory military service, and how it will save our poor old country, and so on. Like one of the incidents in the book, it is intended to have the effect upon the nation that the contents of the great French doctor's phial had when injected into the arm of Lady Merridew, whom the English doctors had made us believe was already dead. "Then a slight flush came into Isobel's face, and her breast heaved almost imperceptibly. 'Mon Dieu, ça a réussi.'" But if Old England is in the state the author thinks we fear there will be no revival from this effort at all events.

Although the story is dedicated to the noble purpose of saving us here in England, the scene is nearly all laid in Italy, and especially Southern Italy. Many passages reveal the great knowledge the author has of those parts and his deep sympathy with the people. Mr. Arthur clearly has a good deal of knowledge of certain things of which he speaks. But he has no gumption, and, greatest tragedy of all, no sense of humour.

The Case of Letitia. By ALEXANDRA WATSON. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

As may be gathered from the title, this book is a character-study of a woman. In a well-written book of this nature the characterisation is so vivid and true that it is only necessary to hear the name of the principal character for a picture of him or her to spring into one's mind instantly, without being able to prevent it. Miss Alexandra Watson has not succeeded in achieving this. Even at the moment of finishing the book *Letitia* is only a shadowy, little-known creature. It is impossible to see her distinctly, to feel her personality. Undoubtedly the book is mistitled. It should have been called "*The Case of Rob.*" Here, if you like, is a character whose personality is striking, forceful, visible. The picture of Teddy is not well drawn. Has there ever existed, or will there ever exist, a man of the world, a gentleman—although a decided scoundrel—who would make use of the two following expressions? Meeting *Letitia* after many years' absence, he says: "Have you forgotten your old playmate, Miss Letty?" Again, when referring to a theatre he says to her: "You will enjoy it ever so!" *Letitia*, *Rob*, and *Teddy* are the three leading characters. Like a

great many modern women-writers, Miss Watson makes her heroine marry both the men, Teddy being the one to die. It is a tendency, this frequent marrying, which has only lately sprung into being, and which is, everything considered, not at all necessary. "The Case of Letitia" may be described as undistinguished—it is only mildly interesting, not very well written, while the heroine is unstriking. Here and there are moments of drama, but they are merely moments, and the only thing in the book is Rob, who would have stood being developed to a far greater extent.

The King Over the Water; or, The Marriage of Mr. Melancholy. By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

SOME months ago, at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. A. E. W. Mason's play entitled "Princess Clementina" was produced. It dealt with the escorting of the Princess for her marriage with King James the Pretender, at the moment exiled from the country, to his Court abroad. Unable to go himself, the King sends his servant, Charles Wogan, who falls in love with his sire's bride-elect. His love is returned, and their adventures by flood and field provided the action of the play. Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy has chosen the same theme for his new novel. Princess Clementina's adventures in the company of the gallant Wogan make spirited reading of the Dumas type. Swords play and horses are ridden to death, and men die fighting for their Princess. For those who like that kind of thing the author has provided two hours' excitement in the atmosphere of frills, hostilities, lace, and cavalcades. Undoubtedly the best chapters of the book are those in which are related the parting between the Princess and her lover. They are written sincerely and excellently; but have we not had too much of Mr. Charles Wogan? First we had him some years ago in Mr. Mason's book; then he was resuscitated in the play, and here he is again yet a third time—and we hope it will be the last, for the incident was never epoch-making, even when fresh.

THE THEATRE

THE CORONATION GALA PERFORMANCE AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

THE Coronation Gala Performance at His Majesty's Theatre may be aptly described by the title of the last feature of the programme, "A Vision of Delight." Everything that taste, theatrical aptitude, and skill could do to make the production the most memorable in the annals of the Drama was accomplished. In delightful surroundings, abounding in artistic ornamentation, all the leading actors and actresses of the day gave of their best. To mention a few, Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry, not to omit Mrs. Calvert, gave a delightful representation of the Letter Scene in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Sir Charles Wyndham repeated his well-known performance of "David Garriok." Sir Herbert Tree, in the Forum Scene of "Julius Cæsar," delivered a marvellous oratorical *tour de force*. Never have we seen the subtlety of Marc Antony and the subtlety of his oratory presented so superbly. The groupings of the senators, citizens, and soldiers—parts all in the hands of well-known actors—were arranged in a masterly manner, and the workings of the orator's skilful eloquence was appropriately punctuated first by execrations gradually turned to enthu-

siastic acclamations as the speaker wrought upon his hearers. It is a thousand pities that in these days such persuasive eloquence and dignified rhetoric are confined to the boards of a theatre. "The Critic" was, as usual, received with the greatest enthusiasm and amusement. Acted by a wonderful caste, not a line of the author's humour was thrown away. Where all were excellent, it is not perhaps invidious cordially to congratulate Mr. Cyril Maude on his performance of Don Ferolo Whiskerandos. Lady Tree as Tilburina deserved unstinted praise for her exhibition of madness. No Ophelia was ever half so mad as was Tilburina as presented by Lady Tree. The scene of the Procession of Rivers was graceful in the extreme.

Thereafter Mrs. Patrick Campbell recited a prologue written by Mr. Herbert Trench. Prologues are usually tedious, and there is every desire to take them as read, but Mrs. Campbell was so charming and arch in her delivery that for once a prologue was welcome. The concluding feature of a notably memorable performance was the presentation of Ben Jonson's masque entitled "The Vision of Delight." The title—alluring as it is—hardly conveys the grace and beauty of the scenes presented to a delighted audience—scenes which will linger for long in the memory of those who were privileged to witness them.

C. C.

THE COURT THEATRE

THE IRISH PLAYERS

THIS is an important visit of the Irish Players, more important in several ways than any of their previous visits. As we pointed out in our first article, when we had but seen the first night of their projected repertory, there are several external indications that seem to suggest a change of conception in the dramatic idea that the Abbey Theatre exists to express. It is not the moment to enter into the details of this, although they demand careful examination—firstly from the hopes that the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, had raised in us, and secondly from our desires for the future of drama itself. The fact may be referred to in passing because of the interest it sheds on the combined programmes of this week.

Firstly, on Monday, the 19th inst., there were put before us two plays that had never been produced in London: a one-act tragedy entitled "The Clancy Name," by Mr. Lennox Robinson, and a three-act comedy, "The Mineral Workers," by Mr. William Boyle. Only the previous week we had seen Mr. Robinson's "Harvest" with acute disappointment, seeing portrayed in it just that lack of obsession with itself that goes to the creation of great drama. Over and over again we discovered in it the stage-worn tricks that Mr. Robinson sought to pass off before our eyes as the authentic thing. In "The Clancy Name," however, there was a refreshing difference. It was not a flawless play by any means: such things belong not to the wayward ways of temporal circumstance; but the matter of importance was that its flaws and errors were proper to itself, and not the gifts of imitation. The story is that Mrs. Clancy, the widow of John Clancy, is a Clancy by marriage and a Clancy by proper origin, and is full of all the Clancy pride that never in its long history has that name earned the soilure of disgrace. On the death of her husband she had to borrow somewhat heavily from two neighbours of hers, Mrs. Spillane and Eugene Roche, in order to continue the farm; and as the action opens she is seen paying back this money, with its requisite overplus of interest, in the proud consciousness that she of her own labour hath done this, and

that the Clancy brow may again raise itself in challenge to the world.

In strict accuracy it may be said that the action opens somewhat earlier than this, when Mrs. Spillane, rendered by Miss Maire O'Neill, and Eugene Roche, rendered by J. A. O'Rourke, enter on a visit to Mrs. Clancy, and, finding her out, stay ostensibly to await her, but truly to put us abreast of the action. This is cleverly done, and done with the conviction of simplicity. Mrs. Clancy's son John is there too, in the person of Fred O'Donovan; and when the two visitors start to speak of a murder that the neighbourhood has lately been startled by, his restlessness is swiftly conveyed to the audience. When Mrs. Clancy, her debts all paid, and the Clancy name all clear and fair, also takes up the gossip of the murder, John leaves them so strangely that we half expect his subsequent confession to his mother that he himself is the murderer. It was in wild passion he did it; and such is his remorse that he is driven to the need of public confession.

Mrs. Clancy's state may be imagined; but no imagination can convey the full force of the stubborn distress that Miss Sara Allgood conveyed in her strong interpretation of the scene. John goes out under promise of silence—a promise she has extracted in the teeth of his desires and her principles. To her the Clancy name is above all. Then, when Mrs. Spillane has entered to arrange a wedding between her niece and John, the sound of hoofs and a tumult of shouting is heard, and Mrs. Spillane, going to the door, describes to Mrs. Clancy how a man has sought to rescue a child, with evidently no desire of escape for himself. It is, of course, John. He is brought in dying. Here Miss Sara Allgood rises to an extraordinary power of acting. Her endeavours to frustrate John's efforts at confession, and her deliberate misinterpretation of the clues he gives, never once strike a wrong note. And she is successful, for John dies, and the Clancy name is not only safe, but girt with the new lustre of bravery. There are many faults in the play. For example, never does John seem capable of any deed so vigorous as murder. Again, there is obvious artifice when Mrs. Spillane stands at the door and describes the accident to Mrs. Clancy. It is unavoidable, perhaps, but then it should be passed swiftly through, and touched on lightly, instead of being delayed as it is. But there is real power in this piece.

"The Mineral Workers" was of a wholly different species. From first to last it is unmitigated laughter. Indeed it was so full of laughter that it becomes no small business to disentangle the play itself from the laughter it awoke. Yet it needs to be done, for the play as it stands would profitably bear rewriting. There are many strands in it flying loose that perplex the mind and disturb attention and enjoyment. These should be gathered in or cut away; and so the play would gain infinitely. As the play opens the Mulroy family is discovered—old Ned Mulroy, his wife Mary, and his children Patrick and Kitty, with the wiseacre of the neighbourhood, Uncle Bartle, discussing a momentous piece of news. Ned Mulroy's cousin, Stephen J. Reilly, is about to arrive from the States, a wealthy man, and his desire is to open up Mulroy's farm in the faith of its mineral possibilities. As they cogitate the news, the chief character of the play, Daniel Fogarty, is introduced to us. Confident know-all that he is, he is convinced that if Mulroy should give in to his cousin's persuasion, there can be nothing for him but "red ruin."

Thus the play is set a-swing. The centre of interest is how Stephen J. Reilly has to encounter the various oppositions of Mulroy, Fogarty, and Uncle Bartle in his projects: Mulroy, to whom the piercing of the shafts is like rending an ungainly wound in his beloved earth (a beautiful and true touch this!), Uncle Bartle with his cautious questioning, and Daniel Fogarty. Daniel Fogarty is supreme. His

derision at unhappy Mulroy when difficulties are encountered, his contempt of Reilly, and his cocksure entrenchment in the ways of his fathers, are all in the highway of humour. It comes to him at last to stand between the venture and success, and his triumph thereat is unmeasured. But Stephen J. Reilly is one too many for him; and the robust Fogarty crestfallen is very finely conceived, both by the author and by Arthur Sinclair, whose acting throughout was the making of the play. He recovers, however, and, being forced to join the enterprise, bids his one-time colleagues know they may find him "in his office." In all this there is genuine laughter. It must be set to the account of the play and Mr. Arthur Sinclair that Daniel Fogarty never fails to set the house aflow on the waves of laughter. But we ask a play as well as laughter. The interest of the play went in and out with Fogarty; Mrs. Mulroy is seen in the first Act and no more; Kitty, beautifully played by Eithne Magee, maintains a love interest with Reilly, in opposition to Mrs. Walton, the squire's sister, which is not concluded, however it be suggested. The squire himself, played by Eric Gorman, and his sister, played by Kathleen O'Brien, were disappointing, Miss O'Brien in particular being most affected and unhappy. Yes, the play demands rewriting; and it is worth it.

Different again was Lady Gregory's "The Image," produced, we believe, last year for the first time in London. It was obviously by one of the "Old School," its even craftsmanship and its unperturbed balance telling that surely and inevitably. Yet therewithal it was over monotonous. It was very charming and delightful to watch the self-appointed committee—Thomas Coppinger, Brian Hosty, and Darby Costello—decide on the erection of an Image to a certain Hugh O'Lara, a name that had been pronounced to them with great unction by the mad mountainy man, Malachi Naughton, because he had chanced on a bit of board bearing that name that had been cast up by the sea. Who Hugh O'Lara was and what he was none knew, and we felt the edge of an ulterior purpose more than once in the course of the play. As with "The Full Moon," there was more than a hint of Maeterlinck; and, like Maeterlinck, the author lacked throughout the tense grip of interest that drama requires. The play slept awhile; and if Lady Gregory says that in this the play was like the village of her choice, we can but respond that therein the play was much unlike the drama of our choice. But there is whimsical grace and humour in it that holds off censorious opposition and fault-finding. Indeed, Lady Gregory was herself her worst critic. The inimitable "Rising of the Moon" that succeeded to it came with rousing and contrasted cheer.

It is fit to close with mention of the holiest moment that has ever fallen on us in a theatre. On Friday was given Synge's "Riders to the Sea," a play that is not so much a tragedy as a tragic interlude, and the purest of all that author's works. It was played quietly and gravely, and from first to last the "keening" note was never lost. Miss Eileen O'Doherty and Miss Maire O'Neill made no mistake in pitching the true tone for the play; but the crown of praise remained with Miss Sara Allgood. That really supreme actress excelled herself, and when the last words fell from her lips—"Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the fine white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied"—a grave hush held the whole company awhile. Surely no actor can require more perfect thanks than that!

"GHOSTS" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE

It was perhaps unfortunate that the inaugural performance of the Adelphi Play Society on Sunday last at the

Rehearsal Theatre followed so quickly upon the enacting of "Ghosts" by the Ibsen Club at their Studio. At subsequent performances the new society will produce plays by Edmond Rostand and Laurence Housman, and, although the production of Ibsen's play was an adequate one, the substitution of one of these would have probably accentuated the interest in the opening performance. Miss Alice Chaplin gave a very excellent and studied interpretation of the part of Mrs. Alving, while Oswald Alving, the innocent sufferer for ancestral sins, was well portrayed by Mr. Maurice Elvey. The Pastor Manders of Mr. Leslie Gordon, though exhibiting the pliable character and dogmatic assurance of that clerical gentleman, was slightly overacted, Manders being represented as an insincere rather than as an ignorant ecclesiastic. Mr. James L. Bale was very successful as Jacob Engstrand, and Regina was well played by Miss Cicely Fairfield. "The Fantasticks," by Edmond Rostand, will be performed on July 9th.

THE MISSION OF GOVERNMENT

It is a singular fact—and one over which we may well pause—that in the records within our ken, ancient or modern, actual or imaginative, not a single plan on true scientific lines—complete, consistent, practicable, and definite—is to be found for the good government and guidance of a people. In each and all are to be marked some touch of confusion. In the making of monarchies, oligarchies, republics, real or visionary, existent or crumbled, rulers and statesmen, poets and philosophers, past and present, would seem, in default of the true reason, to have vied with each other in building up and visualising colossal structures of incongruities and contradictions. In every system, if fairly analysed, such anomalies stand glaringly conspicuous. In the monarchy, associated closely with despotism, often is to be found the larger freedom; in the republic the fiercer despotism; and all, whether monarchies, oligarchies, republics, commonwealths, or even communes, are tainted with bureaucratic tyranny—the synonym for Socialism.

The failure of democracies, so long as the true mission of government remains undefined, will be a standing wonder to the future historian. And this, despite the sidelights in the form of warnings proffered by the past—the republic of Rome, with its privileged rulers, who treated the people like pariahs; the plutocrats and oligarchs of Venice masquerading as upholders of the republican idea while imposing despotism; the French revolutionaries prating liberty while practising the direct forms of blood and iron rule; our present system, wherein the people, having gained for themselves political and religious freedom, are clamouring daily and hourly for economic and social despotism and gravely imperilling their very existence as free men.

In the real systems as in the ideal, from the imagined Utopias of the remote ancients through all the ages right down to the visionary free commonwealth of Milton, sooner or later the parental idea predominates. Even the great Plato himself in his "Republic"—with a touch of unconscious satire worthy of a Molière—was lured into a dream of a perfect government presided over by philosopher Kings.

The misapprehension of the mission of government by the ancients was excusable enough: they had not an inkling of either political economy or sociology. Æsop alone, perhaps, and then only in the part of fabulist-interpreter, pointed the moral and adorned the tale of masterly inactivity as

against official taskmasters and tax-eaters, when he told the illuminating story of King Log and King Stork.

That the ancients blundered and that their political structures crumbled should therefore be no cause for wonder. They had not the choice of the two opposing principles by means of which the solution of the capital and labour problem is alone possible—the free principle and the compulsory principle. Their only means of governing was to apply domestic economy to the State. Feudalism was a transition from the compulsory system to the free. At the present day all civilised nations are supposed to have their division of labour organised on the principle of political economy, or the free system; but as a matter of truth the principles of domestic economy have been largely and are increasingly being resorted to in all directions. This state of things is becoming more and more palpable amongst ourselves. The masses are constantly voting our system out of the region of political economy altogether; they are for ever calling out for prohibitions, inspections, and restrictions of all kinds—beseeching their leaders, in fact, to treat the nation as though it were a farm, a factory, a workhouse, or a plantation worked by slaves. They are now arriving at the stage of the bread and games of ancient Rome; and they will wake up one day to realise that those who know not how to ask for bread must expect to receive a stone.

All such conditions as these have no place in the science of government. That should be concerned with political economy alone. All legislation and methods adopted, or intended to be adopted, in a Socialistic State are entirely alien to individual liberty, private ownership of property, division of labour by free contract, and rewards regulated by the laws of supply and demand.

A nation has to do one of two things. It must decide to adopt or submit to one of two systems—the free or the compulsory one, and then look round for the best method of carrying out the selected system. If the compulsory system has been chosen, the principles of domestic economy should be studied and applied; if the free system has been adopted, then the laws of political economy should be mastered and allowed free play.

We are supposed and often flatter ourselves that we live under a free system, yet our legislation from olden times has been permeated by acts of compulsion, defensible only on the ground of domestic economy; and during the last decades such hosts of meddling enactments have been added to our statute-books by both political parties that, being of a cumulative nature, such legislation is in danger of landing us in a similar economic imbroglio to that of many a vanished empire.

To be truly just, we live at the present time under a hybrid system which, despite old Socialistic meddling laws retained and new pragmatism and predatory laws added, is still predominantly free. Under these circumstances it is natural to consider which of the two systems—the compulsory or the free—is best for a nation. The answer to such a question could never come from an economist as economist. It is an ethical question, and the economist deals only with the material world. The reply addressed to a people so advanced in intelligence as our own might well be this—that the compulsory system is the best for a nation too savage, too corrupt, too ignorant to use their individual liberty for their own advantage. To such a people the evils of coercion may be less than the evils arising from misused liberty, but then only on the condition that the coercing power is naturally or has an interest in being benevolent, and that it is exercised by those superior in every sense to the coerced nation. To a people the majority of whom are enlightened enough to understand what is advantageous and what is harmful to them, the free system must be incomparably better than the compulsory. This is the more certain because not only is

the free system the only one compatible with material happiness and the least amount of suffering, but because personal liberty is the indispensable condition for intellectual, æsthetical, and moral progress.

As to the productiveness of the two systems, that of the free system is incalculably greater. In the ancient States, where compulsory division of labour prevailed, works and buildings were achieved the ruins of which fill us with wonder to-day. But it was all slowly accomplished, and while such work was in progress the general production for the welfare of the people was almost at a standstill. With even such a free system of division of labour as we now partially enjoy production is amazingly prompt and effective. Huge buildings, railways, tunnels, telegraph-lines, steamers, machines of all kinds are all constructed rapidly and with ease. Masses of highly-finished goods are turned out for consumption and use of the masses. We know that science and invention have greatly contributed to the progress of modern production; but it is equally true that the progress in science and invention is to a large extent the result of free division of labour. Given the removal of all anti-economic barriers in the form of monopolies, restrictions, inspection, and prohibitions, it is not so difficult to imagine the wondrous results that would accrue. A truly free system of division of labour would supply all the factors for the production of prosperity which the compulsory or socialistic system of the ancients supplied; but in addition to this each of the factors in the free system would exceed in potency the corresponding factor in the ancient system. The dread of punishment as the motive for work would be replaced by the desire for success, the hope of prosperity which has carried personal exertions to such a pitch in modern times; new materials and instruments would be supplied by competition between the whole world instead of being supplied by Government officials; the accumulation of capital would continue not in the hands of a privileged, squandering caste, but in the hands of every individual, and would largely be applied to new production. The discipline would be that over factories or farms instead of slavery; the selection of leaders would not depend on the caprice of a ruler, but would be the outcome of a natural selection of the fittest; distribution of work and the selection of products to be produced would depend not on the requirement of the governing classes, but on the workers themselves; frugality would not be compulsory, but voluntary, and actuated by highly-stimulated thrift. There can therefore be no doubt that the system of free division of labour would bring about a state of prosperity far exceeding that of the ancient compulsory systems.

We have seen in the last few decades what extraordinary benefits have been conferred by the abrogation of antiquated forms of legislation. Hundreds of examples could be given. But it will suffice to mention one or two of the most palpable—the abolition of paper and stamp duties so nobly compassed by Milner Gibson. Who among our grandsires would recognise their newspaper and book world in the newspaper and book world of to-day? The change is simply amazing. And yet in all directions we find that instead of pursuing the healthy and wealth-producing policy of the unmaking of laws, we are for ever sedulously engaged in the making of new and, in most cases, poverty-producing laws.

For an enlightened people, then, the science or mission of government should aim at allowing an individualist or free to shape itself on lines compatible with the personal of all—a system conferring upon the citizen by the simple functions of those presiding over it, work and to prosper according to his ability, aspirations; a system wherein the usurer, the motley tribe of social, financial, and poli-

tical parasites would seek in vain to prey upon their fellows; a system wherein the division of labour, being unhampered and perfect because unassailed and unassailable by bureaucratic brigands, would enable the more fit to put forth all their powers for self-culture and the fulfilment of their destiny.

The mission of government, then, should be simply twofold—the jealous safeguarding of a people from invasion, and the strenuous upholding of law and order, and the liberty of the individual in the community.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PALAIS-ROYAL—III.

BY MARC LOGÉ

It is impossible to say how long the theatre would have remained shut had not Mademoiselle Montansier, directress of the theatre at Versailles, returned to Paris in October 1789, in the wake of the Royal Family. She wished to reopen an establishment in the capital, and, after searching for a house, she discovered the Beaujolais, which seemed to suit her plans particularly well. La Montansier immediately entered into negotiations with Delomel; she paid up the debts he owed, and had the lease of the theatre renewed in her name. She next turned her attention towards embellishing the old playhouse, which was repainted, whilst the stage was enlarged; and on the 12th of April, 1790, the Beaujolais reopened, having been rebaptised rather affectedly by the new manageress "Théâtre de la Demoiselle Montansier," subsequently shortened into "Le Théâtre Montansier." It was on this stage that the celebrated Mlle. Mars made her *début* at the age of thirteen, before being engaged at the Théâtre Français, where she became universally admired for her beauty, her enchanting voice, and her inimitable talent.

According to the variations of the political situation, the Théâtre Montansier altered several times its name, as its directress was a most practical woman, who tried to follow the fluctuations of public opinion. Thus, in 1791, the Palais-Royal, having been dubbed Palais-Egalité, the Théâtre Montansier received the rather far-fetched appellation of "Théâtre du Péristyle du Jardin Egalité," whilst in 1794 it was known as "Théâtre de la Montagne." But in the following year, Robespierre having himself fallen a prey to the people whose bloodthirstiness he had been the first to excite, La Montansier thought best to designate her playhouse as "Le Théâtre des Variétés."

Les Variétés then formed the fashionable rendezvous of Paris. Brazier, the celebrated vaudevillist (1783-1835) says, speaking of "Les Variétés:"

"La République, le Directoire, le Consulat et l'Empire y ont traîné leurs éperons et leurs grands sabres; c'était là qu'on faisait halte entre deux victoires; ce n'était qu'un bivouac, le grand abatteur de trônes ne laissait pas à ses capitaines le temps d'y faire élection de domicile."

The success of the Variétés could not but excite jealousies. Soon the Comédie Française (as it had done once before) complained bitterly that the Variétés represented plays degrading the standard of French literature (!), and the Press received from influential quarters orders to attack the immorality of the Variétés; whilst Fouché, Minister of Police, prevailed at length upon the Emperor to issue a decree obliging the management of the Variétés to leave the playhouse of the Galerie Beaujolais (January 1st, 1807).

La Montansier and her troop accordingly left, very regretfully, and settled for the time in the old Théâtre de la Cité whilst awaiting the construction of a new house on the Boulevards.* The old Beaujolais was once more left silent and solitary. But La Montansier soon obtained permission to let the theatre to a "marionette" show. The days were past, however, when *fantoccini* could interest the public. The people of Paris had had so many live puppets to play with during the past years that it could hardly be amused by the jests of little wooden figures.

A band of four-footed comedians—dogs—next took possession of the stage. The troop was complete—jeune-premier, ingénue, villain, confidant, &c., and a regular melodrama was written for them. The subject was most exciting—a young Russian Princess (represented by a silky-haired spaniel) was supposed to be sequestered in a tower by a wicked tyrant (a bulldog). Her lover, the Prince (a magnificent poodle), wandered at the foot of the tower "barking his love"! The intrepid retinue of the dashing young Prince (composed of poodles and daschunds) gave assault to the fortress, finally vanquishing the cruel tyrant's soldiers, and carrying off the Princess.

This show drew a full house each night; the Jeux Forains, as it was then called, was every evening the scene of delighted applause from Paris's most fashionable inhabitants. Brazier, speaking of these wonderful dogs, says:—

Beaucoup de spectateurs conduisaient leurs chiens à ce théâtre, pour servir de comparses, ou de figurants. On ne saurait s'imaginer combien ce spectacle était drôle; on entendait de toutes parts, des baignoires au Paradis: "Tiens! voilà Médor! Tiens, voilà Azor! Ah! c'est Turc qui commande la patrouille!" Un soir, un caniche était de faction au pied de la tour; lorsque son maître entra à l'orchestre, le pauvre chien le reconnut, quitta son poste, et déserta dans la salle avec armes et bagage! . . . Peu s'en fallut qu'il n'entraînât une désertion générale!"

The dogs eventually departed, however, to amuse other audiences in other climes, and the Salle Montansier was transformed into the Café de la Paix, where later small plays were acted by two or three comedians. After Mlle. Montansier's death, which occurred in 1820, the theatre was rented by Messieurs Dormeuil and Poirson, who obtained under M. de Montalivet's Ministry the privilege of giving back to the old playhouse its original destination. The interior of the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, as it was then named, was entirely rebuilt, and on the 6th of June, 1831, it opened with a prologue, wittily entitled "Ils n'ouvriront pas!" ("They won't open!")

During the seventeen years which elapsed until the Revolution of 1848, the Palais-Royal enjoyed an unprecedented success. When political trouble arose, it curtailed its name to Théâtre du Palais, but from June, 1848, it became definitely the Théâtre du Palais-Royal, and has remained so ever since.

Amongst the most celebrated protagonists of all the joyous plays which have braved *les feux de la rampe* within its precincts is to be mentioned Régnier, one of the greatest comedians of the last century, who later had a most brilliant career at the Comédie Française. Since the 'thirties the old enmity existing between the two theatres seems to have disappeared; indeed, proof of this was given this winter by M. Georges Berr, the talented actor of the Comédie Française, who wrote for the Palais-Royal a most charming play entitled "Le Million!" Samson, who created "Le Philtre Champenois"—the well-known L'héritier, who appeared for more than fifty years on the stage of the Palais-Royal, in such works as "La Cagnotte,"

of world-wide repute—the famous Mlle. Déjazet, and the no less famous Gil-Perès, who founded the Théâtre Molière at Brussels, and who died crazy, are amongst the other great comedians who have amused generations of Parisians. And "La Vie Parisienne," by Offenbach, which is at present scoring a real triumph on the stage of the Variétés on the Boulevards, was presented for the first time at the Palais-Royal, in 1867, with considerable success.

Such is the history of the Palais-Royal, quaint old playhouse, which has remained ever faithful to Rabelais' motto, "Le rire est le propre de l'homme," which still adorns its front. And one of the curiosities of the theatre which has passed through so many vicissitudes since its foundation to this day is its *foyer*, the walls of which are decorated by frescoes due to the brush of Emile Bayard. These paintings represent all the most celebrated actors and actresses who have appeared on its stage since 1831. Dressed in the costumes they wore in their greatest triumphs, Hortense Schneider, Gil Perès, the incomparable Virginie Déjazet, the inimitable Raymond gaze with smiling eyes at the people who during the *entr'actes* walk up and down the *foyer*, exchanging impressions, pleased to see that the old tradition of the theatre is so stoutly maintained by the new management, and that the Théâtre du Palais-Royal is still, as it has ever been, "the temple of laughter."

THE GIFT OF APPRECIATION

It is hardly necessary to remind readers of THE ACADEMY that Carlyle, the Scotchman who wrote a fine romance about the French Revolution but generally preferred to write in broken German, once devoted a book to the consideration of Heroes and Hero-Worshippers. These words are set on paper a long way from that and most other books, and I cannot recall for the moment the exact attitude he adopted towards hero-worshippers—whether he pitied them, patronised them, or admired them. As he was himself undoubtedly a hero one would expect his emotions to vary between compassion and admiration—the strong man's compassion for the weakness and admiration of the strength of the weak. I am sure at all events that he did not fall into the vulgar error of despising hero-worshippers, because they are content not to be heroes. Yet as I write it seems to me that the very name "hero-worshipper" has been spoilt by sneering lips; we are asked to believe that they are only weak-minded enthusiasts with a turn for indiscriminating praise, and that they swallow their heroes, as a snake swallows a rabbit, bones and all.

Personally I think this is a bad way in which to eat rabbits, but the best possible way in which to take a great man. I detest the cheese-paring enthusiasm that accepts the Olympian head and rejects the feet of human clay. Until Frank Harris taught me better I thought Shakespeare's Sonnets were capable of but one probable interpretation; but I did not wag my head with the moralist Browning and cry "The less Shakespeare he!" To-day I do not find Shakespeare less great because he loved Mary Fitton; it seems impossible that any one should. Yet Moore burnt Byron's autobiography, Ruskin would not write a Life of Turner because of the nature of his relationship with women, Stevenson abandoned an essay on Hazlitt because of the "Liber Amoris"—Stevenson, whose essay on Robert Burns "swells to heaven"! In the face of such spectacles as these it is surely legitimate to pine for the blind generosity of the enthusiast, that incautious fullness of appreciation that lifts great men with their due complement

* The Variétés of to-day.

of vices and follies on to a higher plane where the ordinary conventions of human conduct no longer apply.

Great men are usually credited with an enormous confidence in their own ability, but often enough they have been distinguished for their modesty, and the arrogance has only come late in life to support their failing powers of creation. In fact, it may be said that no man, even the most conceited, is assured of his own heroic qualities till some one tells him of them, and thus far it would seem that the hero-worshipper creates the hero. One enthusiast can create many heroes, which possibly accounts for the fact that we find in life that heroes are far more numerous than hero-worshippers. Nearly every one possesses the heroic qualities *in posse*; the gift of appreciation is proportionately rare. Every day there are more great men and fewer admirers of greatness in man. In the next generation super-men will be so common that it will become a distinction to belong to Christ's democracy.

The standard example of hero-worship is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," a book whose greatness is universally admitted, and, it may be added, universally misconstrued. If we are to class biographies by their utility, it loses its pre-eminence, for we would have derived a considerable if insufficient knowledge of Johnson from the pages of Piozzi, Hawkins, and others; whereas if that matchless prig Austen Leigh had not written the Life of his aunt Jane Austen, we should have known practically nothing of the inspired miniature painter, less certainly than we know of Shakespeare. But, of course, the greatness of Boswell's Johnson rests with Boswell, and not with Johnson at all. Johnson had all the traditional virtues and vices of the mythical average Englishman. He was brave, honest, obstinate, intolerant, and ill-mannered; he was all these things with a violence to shake society, as his vast body shook the floors of houses. It is this violence that marks him out as an exceptional man, for violence of any kind is abnormal, but it is safe to say that for one Boswell there will be born a hundred Johnsons. In terms of literature Johnson is only of interest as being the protagonist of Boswell's masterpiece. If his "Lives of the Poets" still exist to irritate the unwary, "Irene" and "Rasselas" are dead and buried. For all his greatness Johnson had not the wit to win for himself his measure of immortality. It needs the magic of Boswell's pen to put life into his dead bones. He displays his hand in many parts—as a learned pig, as a sulky child, as Falstaff, and, happily enough, often as a simple, kind-hearted man; but, whatever the rôle, Boswell never forgets to impress us with the fact that this is a man to be admired. He shows us Johnson bellowing at the thought of death; he tells us that he was a brave man, and we believe him.

Johnson apart, Boswell's Life is a masterpiece of self-revelation; he is so honest as an artist that he makes no effort to hide the petty dishonesties of his own nature. He tells us how he won the tolerance of Johnson and, indeed, made himself necessary to him by means of skilful flattery. This signifies but little, for Shakespeare did not scruple to flatter Elizabeth and Pembroke, the greater folk of the moment. We are most of us willing to flatter great men if it gives them pleasure, but, unlike Boswell, we do not subsequently explain the process at full length in a book. It reminds us of Pepys taking careful note of his peccadilloes, but Pepys did not always remember that he intended posterity to read his diary. Boswell wrote without thought of concealment, handed his portrait of Johnson and his no less conscious portrait of himself to his own generation, and ever since has been regarded as a kind of thick-headed parasite for his pains. Boswell was not an intellectual man in the sense that Johnson was intellectual, but he had a wonderful knowledge of human motives and an appreciation of Johnson that brought out the latent genius in him, and ended by making the expression of his admiration more

admirable than the man admired. Johnson is as dead as Garrick. Boswell lives with the great ones of English literature. The hero-worshipper has outlived the hero.

As a rule it is to be feared that appreciation is a gift granted only to the young. In our green, unknowing days we used to divide books into masterpieces and miserable rubbish. The classification is convenient, but as our minds wear out and we become wise, the tendency is to find no more masterpieces. Those were great nights when we used to read each other's verses and congratulate the world on its possession of our united genius. That is really the poet's hour, his rich reward for years of unprofitable labour, when the poets of his own unripe age receive his work with enthusiasm—an enthusiasm which in all honesty and all modesty he shares himself. Unhappily he is paid in advance; sooner or later he wakes to find that he is worshipping before the shrine of his own genius, and the shrine is empty. That is why I am half pleased and half melancholy when young men tell me that Antony Starbright, aged twenty, is the greatest poet since Keats. If they only knew that I too in my hour was one of a group of greatest poets who all wrote poems to Pan and Hylas, when on summer nights that sometimes stretched far into summer mornings we were all hero-worshippers together and we ourselves were the heroes.

There is a box at the Strand end of Waterloo Bridge which is always brimful of the works of new poets, and I can never pass it without pausing to look at the little neatly-bound volumes which say so little and mean so much. All the enthusiasms, all the illusions of youth are there, printed with broad margins and bound in imitation vellum. I turn the pages that brutal critics have not troubled to cut, and bitterly lament the blindness that makes it impossible for me to know what the young men who wrote them really wanted to say. But it pleases me to think that each of those little books has its appreciative public, some half-dozen young men who know the author and can read the greatness and pride of his youth between the reticent lines of his work.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

MUSIC

THERE is something undeniably pleasant about the word "popularity," and the ideas it conveys, and yet there is something unsatisfactory too. We feel instinctively that, when applied in connection with certain pre-eminent persons in whom the world has agreed to delight, the word is hardly good enough. There is, perhaps, a want of dignity about the idea of popularity. Admirably used to describe the position in public regard enjoyed by a great cricketer, a general, a statesman, or even a monarch, it cannot be so well used about great artists. Raphael and Mozart had the personal qualities which make men "popular," and their genius could be and was felt by the multitude; but would it not be almost derogatory to apply the word "popular" to them? Among the great figures which have adorned the inner temple of Art in recent times no man, perhaps, was more deservedly popular in a certain sense than Joseph Joachim, yet we should pause before applying the word to him. It would almost seem disrespectful to one of his high bearing in all that had to do with his art. We might apply it to Sullivan without fear, but hardly to Joachim.

But however this may be, if, for want of a better term, we are driven to speak of the popularity of certain artists, there is one thing about it and about them which we know only too well. Popularity is a possession which, however widely

enjoyed, may surely and speedily be lost. Fashions are for a moment; lovers are fickle; pendulums swing; and the artist who twenty years ago was the object of ecstatic adoration may come to be regarded only as one who has had his day. An artist who continues to be unaffected by the changes and chances which wait on the career of public favourites is certainly a phenomenon. In the world of music at present we can think, perhaps, of only one, and that is M. Paderewski. We do not care to descant upon his "popularity," for he, like Joachim, is one of those for whom we would wish to find a word of greater seemliness; but, though he is certainly something more than merely "popular," he is the one artist of the time towards whom the attitude of the musical world—of the two hemispheres—has not changed. Familiarity with his art has bred no sign of indifference to it. If the rather silly manifestations of delight made by some of his more unrestrained admirers had the effect of cooling the ardour of the rest it would not be surprising. But there is no trace of this being so. Year after year, in every country, there is the same eagerness to hear M. Paderewski play, and when he has played there is the same agreement among his brother musicians and the amateurs that he stands alone, the Liszt or the Rubinstein of this generation. He, too, is unchanged since the first day that he mounted a platform. He has had to live in an atmosphere of adulation such as few artists have had to experience. Yet the effect of it upon him has been no more than that of Nebuchadnezzar's flame upon the Three Holy Children.

The causes of M. Paderewski's pre-eminence have often been analysed and stated. It has been shown that even though, as some have contended, he may be surpassed in certain secondary matters of *technique* by one or two of his contemporaries (an opinion which we do not share), he alone unites in a supreme degree all the gifts which pianists should possess—poetry, enthusiasm, culture, sensitiveness, magnetism, together with such art of touch, tone, and *technique* as enables him to make use of the higher qualities mentioned. But if this were all, if, indeed, M. Paderewski's equipment were one which could thus be analysed, it cannot be denied that there are two or three pianists who would run him very close in an examination in the schools. We must add, therefore, that in his playing, about the whole being of the artist which is expressed by that playing, there is a quality of dignity peculiar to himself, and it is in this dignity, enveloping all the poetry and all the romance as in a cloak, that the secret lies. Were M. Paderewski to vanish from the scene, there is one artist who would then, we think, occupy the unique place among the pianists. His gifts are magnificent, and his usage of them is ennobled by a certain robust manliness which has the effect of a fine mountain air. The strength of the hills is his. But he has not the special gift of chivalrous dignity which is so strong in M. Paderewski, that in his presence one feels as if Bayard were alive again. It is this dignity added to the romance and all the rest of it which makes him such a Chevalier. It happened to us the other day to glance through a dear, ridiculous, well-remembered old nursery-book in which we were once taught geography, "Near Home, or Europe Described."

We thought at once of M. Paderewski when we came to this true passage, "The Polish nobles are very polite and very brave, and they think there is no country in the world like Poland." The simple language brought a glow of sympathy and admiration with it. Polish nobles! What a character is theirs! And in that hierarchy surely M. Paderewski is among the first! Is not his playing brave? Is it not "polite" in the best meaning of that word? And when he is playing the music of that other great Polish noble, Frédéric Chopin (for Pole he was in spite of his French descent), are we not immediately aware that he thinks "there

is no country in the world like Poland"? All of us have always recognised this; it needed not the burning, eloquent address to his countrymen about Chopin which M. Paderewski recently delivered, and which we were so much delighted to read in Miss Alma Tadema's just published translation—it needed no words of the pianist to teach us this. But we venture to advise all who love Chopin to read this oration, for they will find in it much that will help them to a fuller understanding of the composer-poet and of his interpreter, the pianist-poet.

So much has been said and written about M. Paderewski's playing of Chopin that we will not add more than merely to notice how delicate are the changes of mood shown by the pianist in his ever-changing treatment of the subsidiary passages. He has a new air to give them each time he plays a nocturne or a prelude. We anticipate, perhaps, that he will execute a particular passage with the same *nuance* which so much delighted us when last he played the piece. If disappointment it be, we are like to be disappointed, for, by some infinitesimal alteration of tone, some variation of the *rubato*, he has played it differently! Yet the conception of the piece remains the same, and we are reminded how Liszt said that Chopin compared his compositions to the tree whose stem is immovable, while the branches and leaves sway about, ever taking new curves and catching new colours. M. Paderewski's Chopin-playing is of course a thing apart, not challenged by any rival. We have sometimes thought that if we were condemned for our sins to know in the future only one of the pianistic enchantments it has been our lot to enjoy, we should choose to hear M. Paderewski playing a mazurka by Chopin. Other pianists can give us real pleasure with the studies and the sonatas, but none of them come near M. Paderewski when it is a question of the mazurkas. The late Mr. Hipkins, of Broadwoods', and the late Mrs. William Lowther, who had lessons from Chopin both in Paris and London, have told the writer that M. Paderewski was the only pianist who played Chopin like Chopin, that Charles Hallé knew some of the secrets, and that in some pieces M. Pachmann did also. They held strongly that Rubinstein, with all his genius, did not express the most personal of Chopin's compositions in the right way.

But we could wish that the perfection of M. Paderewski's Chopin did not seem to make some people less alive than they ought to be to the incomparable beauty of his treatment of other composers' music. He played some Beethoven and some Schumann the other day at Queen's Hall as finely, perhaps, as he has ever done. We scarcely like to draw attention to particular passages which impressed us by their strange beauty of interpretation, for the real marvel was the power with which he co-ordinated the whole piece, put each detail into its proper place, and made everything seem inevitably right. But we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of saying that M. Paderewski's delivery of the bits of recitative in the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, and the management of the embellishments in the slow movement, which were made to grow out of the melody like leaves out of a rose-bush (not some stiff "hybrid perpetual," but some climbing "Summer" rose), gave us moments of exceptional pleasure. Then in Schumann's F sharp minor Sonata, with what lucid art were the temperaments of "Florestan" and "Eusebius" made real to us! And if the delivery of the first verse of the Aria—so hard to play well, with the "tum-tum" accompanying chords to the simple, moving tune—was a revelation of what hidden art can effect, the second verse—an easy violoncello-like theme with right-hand ornaments which a child could surely play (though then it would sound merely stupid)—was an even greater wonder. It was altogether a rare experience, and roused such emotions as one would feel at

the sight of some great gentleman, gay, yet grave, playing with some little, beautiful child.

We were reminded of M. Paderewski and his playing while we were listening the other day to the Coronation music. In its tender intimacy, its purged clarity, it resembled the effect which the verse from Purcell's "Jehovah, quam multi" had in the midst of that polyglot collection of compositions made for the sacring of King George. Of its noble dignity, its splendid simplicity, we were reminded by "Zadok the Priest." Of its frequent sweet austerity, Merbecke (beautiful still, though submitted to torturing processes of compulsion by Sir George Martin) and Tallis' great Litany reminded us; and to its frequent bright, strong, solid cheerfulness the music of Purcell's truest successor in our day, Sir Hubert Parry, turned our thoughts. Then there were the compositions to order, in their varying degrees of excellence. But among them all, Marbecke, Tallis, Purcell, Handel, and Parry were pre-eminent. So is M. Paderewski among even the best of his kind.

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—II.

By FRANK HARRIS

I THOUGHT Grenoble one of the most beautiful and most interesting towns I had ever seen. Placed in a valley just above the meeting of the two rivers—the Isère and the Drac—with mountains from 5,000ft. to 10,000ft. in height walling it in on both hands, it would be difficult to find a finer position. The museum is wonderful, as I have said, and the town itself is a sort of epitome of the past. The old part of the Law Courts dates from 1480; the church of St. Laurent was built about 1050, and there is a crypt below with columns of Parian marble from the sixth century; the very name of the town, a corruption of Gratianopolis, carries one back to the time of the Emperor Gratian, who ruled towards the end of the fourth century; one can trace the growth of civilisation in Grenoble for fifteen hundred years.

But we had heard so much of Annecy and its joyous, bright lake that we resolved to visit it. At first our way led along the Durance by the great bastion of Mont Eynard, some 5,000ft. in height, which we had already admired on account of its bold, rocky outline. As we went on, this mountain became still more picturesque: first came vineyards and orchards and crofts; then a long pine-clad slope for a couple of thousand yards, and far above the pines a thousand feet of porphyric cliff like a wall. I do not know that the rock was porphyry, but the colour of it was that peculiar reddish brown. On the other side across the stream were mountains of all shapes—breasts, and pyramids—while behind them showed a higher range of snow-clad peaks.

A little later and the scene on our left hand became entrancing. Mountains of various shapes sprang up in front, and between them one caught sight of the vast porphyric bastion frowning down above them, the top veiled in clouds. Here and there waterfalls streamed down between the cliffs; now the water was blown into foam, now it was whirled about like veils of lawn tossed in the wind. As we drew towards Annecy the mountains fell away on either hand, losing their majesty. Nor did Annecy, charmingly situated as it is, nearly 1,500ft. above the sea-level, make up in beauty for what we had left behind. It is a delightful little town, the old part intersected by broad canals, a sort of quaint Venice among the mountains looking out over the gayest, brightest lake imaginable. But after being impressed by natural beauty for some time, one wants rest just as much as if one had yielded to the enchantment of some

marvellous book or work of art. Emotions soon weary, and so Annecy has made a deeper impression in memory than it did at the moment. We left the town in the afternoon and coasted the lake for some ten miles to Ugines at the other end and then turned towards Chamonix and Mont Blanc. Soon the road began to climb a most romantic gorge, the setting, so to speak, of the mountain torrent, the Arly, all emerald waters and lace foam tumbling over brown rocks. But our eyes seldom fell to the stream: we were all intent on the heights. For the most part they were clothed in pines and larch to the summits, and so near together that when we turned round, the gorge seemed absolutely closed behind us. We were in complete shade, which would have been gloom had it not been for the blue sky and sunlight above. We crossed and recrossed the stream a dozen times, winding up higher and higher for something like twelve miles of the most romantically beautiful road in Europe. Suddenly we were stopped by *douaniers* at the little village of Flumet; we were entering the neutral zone, it appeared, between France and Switzerland, and a pass was required, which took half an hour to draw up and cost us a penny-halfpenny. Custom-house officers and aeroplanes! Man's sense of humour is rudimentary.

In ten minutes after leaving the custom-house we swept to the top of the pass and caught sight of the Mont Blanc range; the snow summits all rosy in the evening light. A little later for a moment we saw Mont Blanc himself with his ermine cape swathed in clouds. Then down, down into St. Gervais for the night. Every one knows how the little town was almost destroyed by an avalanche in 1892. Even to-day it is only beginning to be rebuilt—capital recovers confidence slowly.

We had had a feast of natural beauty, and it seemed impossible that any scenery, any combination of wood, water, and mountain could make a new impression on us. The drive from Ugines to St. Gervais had exhausted our capacity for that sort of emotion. Consequently we were in a hurry to get northward: Paris and the rush of civilised life began to draw us. All the morning running out of St. Gervais towards Geneva we had every variety of mountain scenery; but our appetite for it was blunted. We were glad when the mountains fell away and hills took their place and we caught glimpses of level plain; so we drove like Jehu till we reached Bellegarde, the frontier of the neutral zone, and underwent the custom formalities again in an exceedingly hot sun. While the *douaniers* were verifying our passport we betook ourselves to the famous *Perte du Rhone*, a gulf where the river disappears for some 80yds. whenever the water is low.

On leaving Bellegarde we went up a very steep hill, and a few miles further on we came to the *Défilé de l'Ecluse*—the famous gorge by which the Rhone leaves Switzerland between the southern extremity of the Jura range and the mountain of Vuache, which is here about 3,600ft. in height. This wonderfully deep and narrow defile is commanded by the *Fort de l'Ecluse*, which was founded by the Dukes of Savoy and rebuilt under Louis XIV. by Vauban. We passed through the fortress by a tunnel in the rock, and on issuing from the gloomy precincts came suddenly to a most surprising view. Away below us on the left the Rhone runs through a rift in the mountains, the cliffs on the further side falling almost in a precipice, and from our side it looked as if one could jump into the torrent 1,000ft. below. After our glut of natural beauties this view brought a new thrill.

In half an hour or so we reached Nantua and lunched there. It was very hot, and the hotel was crowded—a dozen autos at the door, and a hundred guests making a holiday of Whitsuntide.

The road from Nantua to Bourg ran in wide sweeps upwards for nearly half an hour, till suddenly we reached

the top of the mountain. My breath was taken by the grandeur of the prospect. We seemed to be on the roof of the world, so wide was the outlook; the whole country in hills and valleys lay beneath us as in a coloured map. We ascended many hills afterwards and had wide prospects, but none to be compared with this.

About four o'clock we reached Bourg, and at once made our way along a wide boulevard to the famous church of Brou. The first glimpse of the beautiful portal, in form like the handle of a wicker-basket, showed me how much deeper was the impression made by art than was made by any natural beauty.

The church has often been described and always praised; but pretty as I thought it, the best I can say for it is that it is a fair casket for the jewels it holds. It was built by order of Margaret of Austria between 1511 and 1536 to carry out a vow of her mother-in-law, Margaret of Bourbon. One could almost guess from the first glance that it was built by a woman. Although it had the famous architects John Perreal, called John of Paris, and Loys van Boghem, it shows a grace and elegance which I like to think of as Margaret's. There are other indications that she was concerned with the design. The beautiful portal has over the centre an *Ecce Homo*, and a statue of St. Nicholas, to whom the church is dedicated, and another statue to St. Andrew—everywhere men-saints, and not women.

Margaret to me is a most interesting personality, with a weird, unhappy story: she married John of Castile, and was widowed at seventeen; she married again Philibert the Handsome, of Savoy, and again was left a widow before she was twenty-four years of age. She became Regent of the Low Countries under Philip of Spain, and governed the United Provinces with extraordinary tact and considerable success for years. According to tradition, she leant on Egmont rather than on her Spanish advisers, and when Philip recalled her and sent Alba with an army to carry out his suicidal policy of religious persecution Margaret returned to France and occupied herself piously with the building of this church of Brou till her death in 1530.

The inside of the church is as graceful as the outside; the carved woodwork of the stalls extraordinarily rich and elaborate; but it is the three tombs of Margaret herself, her mother-in-law, and her husband Philibert which take the eye. The tomb of Philibert is in the centre of the cross; Margaret lies on the left, and the other Margaret, her mother-in-law, on the right. Margaret's tomb and Philibert's are both distinguished by having two statues. Philibert is represented above in his habit as he lived, and below in the degradation of beauty as a skeleton. The Renaissance, like the youth of men, was obsessed with constant thoughts of death and brooding on the undiscovered country. Margaret has used the same idea for her own tomb, except that her presentment is clothed, even in death, with the exception of the feet, which are bare. On the left foot one can see the mark of the wound from which she died. But the feet are the feet of a living woman, and not of a skeleton. For herself Margaret loved beauty more than truth.

Naturally enough, according to modern ideas the tomb of the mother-in-law is the simplest, Margaret's own tomb the most beautiful and the richest. On the cornice of it, as on the great font at the entrance of the church, one reads Margaret's motto, "Fortune, infortune," to which she added "Fort'ne," as if in defiance of adverse fortune. There are other slight indications of her character. Her oratory in the chancel has a sidelong opening, which allowed her to sit alone by her fire and still see the high altar and the officiating priests. Above her tomb are some women's figures in the costumes of the period (probably some of her own r aids), carried out with extraordinary charm and an

exquisite, if mannered, grace. A love of beauty with a studied elegance of gesture, a profound melancholy with a brave acceptance of whatever Fate might bring—these seem to me the characteristics of Margaret, or, rather, I feel that these qualities linger like a perfume about the monuments of Brou, and they are to me the pathetic emanation of that perturbed and lonely, but brave and gracious woman who here won at length to eternal peace.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC

WERE it possible on the grounds of expediency to have published in detail a complete report of the deliberations that have just been brought to a close at the Imperial Conference, many matters of high consequence affecting the welfare of the Empire as a whole would doubtless have been revealed. Probably one of the most important subjects debated in camera was that relating to the vexed question of Asiatic immigration in the Colonial Dominions. The problem is one of deep concern, not only to the United States, but also to Great Britain. In relation to ourselves it is essentially an Imperial problem; in a wider and more significant sense it is an Anglo-Saxon problem.

The political events which have happened during the last few years have rendered a danger, always foreseen, an imminent peril. Moreover, the irony of circumstances decreed that Great Britain and the United States, the two nations now beset by the problems of Asiatic immigration, should take a prominent part in shaping those events. Both gave material support to Japan in her war with Russia. Both assisted in a large measure to gain entry for Japan into what is commonly called "the comity of nations." Their object was in itself laudable enough. They wished to see the tide of Russian aggression in the Far East stemmed, and to secure the policy of the Open Door. Russian aggression in the Far East was, to some extent, arrested. But, though determined in the letter of treaties, the policy of the Open Door is less assured to-day than it was in the period of the Russian occupation in Manchuria. It is a policy the fulfilment of which is more dependent upon the spirit than the letter; it is in the spirit largely that it is being violated at the present time. Apart, however, from these considerations, the outstanding feature of the situation, plainly stated, is that the nations who, in their adherence to the policy of the Open Door, had supported Japan, were very shortly afterwards compelled to close their own portals against Japanese immigrants. I have said that they closed their portals, but they were not in a position to bolt and bar them. For the prestige of Japan among the Powers of the world had improved to such an extent that she claimed that discriminating restrictions on the movements of her people when imposed by foreign countries were humiliating. She declined to become a party to immigration treaties, and herself voluntarily offered to remedy the evil.

The problem may be regarded as officially settled. But the masses of the people in British Columbia and in California are by no means disposed to accept such a sanguine view. They claim that Japanese of an undesirable class are still smuggling themselves into the forbidden territories. Furthermore, they strenuously object to the Japanese who are already settled on the soil, and they urge that, owing to the fact that these people possess an adroit habit of concealing themselves when officers entrusted with

making a census are at work, the total number has been miscalculated. Any dispute on this score is beside the question. The fact remains that the white residents on the Pacific coast will not tolerate the presence of Japanese in their midst; and if events prove that further immigration has not been satisfactorily restricted, the problem that will arise can have only one solution. And as Japan has plainly intimated that she will not consent to exclusion treaties, that solution can only be found as a result of an appeal to arms. It would be idle to deny, no matter how much we would like to think otherwise, that when Japan voluntarily offered to take her own measures the resources of diplomacy were exhausted. Unless she keep her word implicitly, the future can hold nothing but trouble—trouble, moreover, in which Great Britain will have no choice of sides save she elect to strain to the point of breaking the ties which bind her to her Colonies; save she volunteer to prove false to her own flesh and blood and to turn her back upon those loyal people who for so long have upheld the traditions of the race in the King's Dominions beyond the Seas.

Not only in the United States and Canada, but also in Australia and New Zealand the presence of the Japanese in large numbers is considered undesirable. The English-speaking peoples in the Pacific are therefore united in the determination to preserve the exploitation of their territories for the white man, and for the white man alone. If any doubt on this subject is entertained in the Mother Country, then, for the sake of the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire, the sooner this doubt is once and for all dispelled the better. The antagonistic sentiment in the territories of the Pacific is directed not alone to the Japanese; it extends to all Asiatics, irrespective of their nationality or the country of their allegiance. But it must be confessed that the presence of the Japanese is detested more than that of any other race. As colonists they are looked upon as comparing unfavourably with the Chinese. The latter are held to be more amenable to law and order, less aggressively assertive in individuality, more honest in their commercial transactions, and altogether less prone to corrupt the social community in the midst of which they have temporarily taken up their abode. Moreover, the Japanese immigrants are subjects of a country strong in a military sense and acknowledged as a Power; whereas the Chinese are subjects of an Empire whose diplomacy, unsupported by force, has always been unequal to the task of resisting measures of frank exclusion, taken from time to time, measures which were more discriminating than any imposed in regard to the Japanese. Thus the situation is complicated to an extraordinary degree, owing to the fact that while Japan is the friend and ally of Great Britain, the presence of her people is resented by the Colonies more than the presence of the people of any other Asiatic race.

While this resentment has been in existence for some considerable time in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere, it has of recent years gathered force, until to-day it threatens developments, the gravity of which must inevitably impress itself upon all those who have at heart the maintenance of Imperial interests, and, in a still greater sense, the consolidation of Anglo-Saxon aims and ideals. It is to be feared that in the British Isles the danger is not sufficiently understood—not sufficiently realised. We who see little of the Japanese know little of them. We have, for the most part, formed our opinions from books that were written in the days of old Japan, the days when Japan was the land of quaint customs and picturesque scenes. Few Japanese visit England; and those who do so are either officials charged with special missions, or else the representatives of established business concerns in Japan. From contact with such as these it is impossible for us to form a

true estimate of the Japanese character. The peoples of the Pacific, however, meet all classes of Japanese, particularly the labourers, who are the most undesirable class. If value is to be attached to the saying that to know people it is necessary to live with them, the Americans and our Colonials are in a position to form an opinion of the Japanese which is much nearer the truth than any superficial survey of the tourist or the officially inspired writer. We who are far distant from the scene of racial strife cannot logically refute this opinion without casting a reflection, not only upon the honesty but also upon the common-sense of our own kinsmen. Let us, therefore, be chary of criticising others who are in a better position than ourselves to judge of their own local needs.

As the problem of Asiatic immigration is more acute in British Columbia than in Australia or New Zealand, I propose to deal with some of its general aspects in so far as it relates to that portion of the King's Dominions. In the course of a speech in the Canadian House of Commons on January 21st, 1908, M. Lemieux, the representative of the Canadian Government, who concluded an understanding with Japan on the subject of immigration, and who has frequently expressed his cordial appreciation of the Japanese, reminded his hearers that "One must bear in mind that there are now over 25,000 Asiatics in British Columbia, practically all of whom are male adults. There are about 75,000 male adults of the white race in the Province. So that if to-day every fourth man in that Province competing for a living is an Asiatic, are not the reasons for effectual restriction far more compelling than one would at first imagine?" A census shows that of the 17,000 Chinese in Canada no fewer than 14,000 are domiciled in British Columbia. Originally a tax of 50 dollars per head was placed upon all Chinese immigrants. This was subsequently increased to 100 dollars; but, as it did not prove effective in checking the influx of Chinese, a still further increase to 500 dollars was made from January 1st, 1904. For two years no Chinese entered the Dominion. In 1906 there were sixteen, and in 1905 ninety-five, Chinese immigrants.

It is not denied that there is a serious shortage of labour in this province. With an area of 395,000 square miles, British Columbia has a white population of only 260,000, or less than one person to the square mile. In many respects it constitutes one of the most desirable territories for immigration in the whole world. The country is described as evergreen, healthful, and invigorating, and it presents the greatest variety of climate of any of the provinces of Canada. With a coast line of 450 miles on the Pacific Ocean, washed by the waters of a warm current that flows from Japan, the territory occupies a situation only rivalled by that of California, and one fully justifying the title given it of the "World's Sanatorium." The industrial resources are so immense as to be incalculable. There are over 82,000,000 acres of forest and woodland, and the area of standing timber is the largest and most compact in the world; wheat land covers 10,000,000 acres; coal-measures are the most extensive in the world; the undeveloped deposits of iron ore are enormous; the fisheries have yielded over 103,000,000 dols.; while gold to the value of 114,000,000 dols., and other minerals to the extent of 185,000,000 dols. have been produced. In view of these facts it must be admitted that nowhere can be found a fairer field for immigration than the rich lands of British Columbia. For their development both capital and labour are required. The quarter of a million white people who have already settled in the province have as yet barely scraped the surface of the soil. There is room not only for thousands but for millions more, and herein lies the crux of the whole problem of immigration. Where are these thousands, these millions to come from? From the East or from the West? Are they to be white men, with the habits

of white men, who will assimilate with the white race already settled on the soil? Or are they to be yellow men, with the habits of yellow men, whose assimilation with the white settlers is as undesirable as it is impossible? British Columbia has already made up her mind on this question.

MOTORING

THE R.A.C. test of a 14.20 h.p. Deasy car (Siddeley type) was concluded on the 19th inst. The official certificate of performance will not be issued for some little time, as the car has to be dismantled to allow of a detailed examination of the mechanism; but it is unofficially announced that the whole distance of 15,000 miles was covered without an involuntary stop. This was a very fine performance, especially as it is stated that the car was running as well at the finish as at the commencement of the trial. Only on one other occasion, we believe, has any car been subjected, under R.A.C. supervision, to so prolonged a trial; and it is hardly too much to say that the splendid achievement of the car referred to did more than anything else to establish its permanent position in the front rank of the world's automobiles. We refer to the memorable trial of the Rolls-Royce "Silver Ghost," which in 1906 covered 15,000 miles *on the road* without an involuntary stop, and which, on exhaustive examination by the official experts at the conclusion of the run, showed its mechanism to be practically as perfect and free from signs of wear as on the day it left the Rolls-Royce works. No competitor has attempted to emulate this performance, which stands out as the most remarkable in the annals of automobilism.

Practically the only two problems in connection with the motor-car which still remain to be solved are the evolution of the ideal tyre and the dustless road. So far as essentials are concerned, the tyre remains what it was when Dunlop invented it—or, rather, rendered it practicable—before the motor era had even commenced in this country. It has, of course, vastly improved in strength and durability in the intervening years; in fact, when one realises the tremendous strains to which it is subjected, and which it successfully withstands, one can only marvel at the science and skill which have conferred such strength upon so thin a shield of rubber and fabric. But the tyre which consists of a combination of air and rubber is still the only one which is practicable for use on the motor-car; it is still liable to puncture and burst, and it still constitutes the most troublesome and expensive feature of motoring. What the future may have in store one cannot tell; but the utter failure, so far, of inventors to give us a satisfactory substitute for the conventional pneumatic tyre or to remove its grave defects is not conducive to optimism in this important matter.

With regard to the other great problem—that of dust-prevention—the position is different. It may safely be said that whatever popular prejudice still exists against the motor-car is mainly due to the dust nuisance for which it is responsible. It is perfectly true, as motorists are never tired of arguing, that the car does not actually create the dust, but it is equally true that it raises and disperses it, and it is the raising and dispersing of it that constitutes the real evil. However, the main point is that the dust nuisance does exist to an intolerable degree, and that until it is

A NEW FACTOR IN MOTORING.

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remedied, prejudice against the car will continue, and motoring itself will be deprived of half its charms.

Unlike the case of the perfect tyre, there does not seem to be any insuperable difficulty in the way of obtaining the dustless, or practically dustless, road. The exhaustive experiments carried out during the last year or two by surveyors and experts all over the Kingdom prove that a properly-constructed road foundation, which has its surface tar-sprayed at reasonable intervals, is to all intents and purposes dust-free, and both motorists and the public are entitled to ask what the authorities have done, or propose to do, in that direction. Much was expected from the Road Board, which was specially constituted to deal with the question, and was provided (by motorists) with the necessary funds, but it must be admitted that up to the present there are few indications of drastic improvement.

There are signs that the long-threatened invasion of this country by American motor-car manufacturers is on the eve of materialisation on a scale which will demand the very serious attention of our own makers, if the latter are to retain the position they have won by a dozen years of determined and persistent effort. For some months past several of the big American car-manufacturing "com-bines" have had branches or distributing agencies located in the Metropolis, and definite announcements of a further influx in the near future appear from time to time in the technical motor journals. Of course, the American manufacturers, with the modesty which is so characteristic of them, make no secret of their intention to secure the lion's share of the British market, if not to capture it *in toto*; and they will do it by offering their productions at prices with which the British maker cannot compete. It is not difficult to understand that they may be in a position to do this. The enormous scale upon which cars are manufactured in America—one reads of individual factories capable of an output of 20,000 complete cars per annum—naturally tends to reduce the cost of production to a minimum; and, in addition, there is the important point of the disposal of the surplus production to be considered. It is stated that at the present time the American factories are equipped with the necessary plant for the turning out of 200,000 cars every year, and the native demand has been, and still is, so great as to absorb almost the whole of this enormous output. But this cannot go on indefinitely. The time must come when the home demand will slacken, and the American manufacturer will then have to find a market for his surplus wares at any price. This is the real danger the British maker will have to face—the surplus product. Fortunately for him, the unpleasant impression produced upon the minds of the Britisher by the low-priced American bicycles dumped over here in such enormous quantities and in similar circumstances some fifteen or twenty years ago still remains to an appreciable degree, and it will take some time before the consequential prejudice against American cars is wholly removed.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Coronation is over, and we are all heartily glad to have some work to do. Frankly the disturbance to trade caused by a long public holiday in the middle of the season is not

liked, and we all hope that the Government will not give us another forty-eight hours' compulsory holiday. The speculator will not speculate when there is anything else to do. There is this curious feature connected with gambling in stocks and shares. It does not appear capable of being conducted by a mind that is bent upon any other pleasures.

The new Greek Loan is out, and although Messrs. Hambro and Messrs. Erlanger give the issue their support, I do not think that the public will apply. They might just as well buy Greek Fives at 101½ instead of these new Fours at 86½. The new issue yields £4 14s. per cent., and the old issue, including accrued interest, 5 per cent. Greece is prosperous to-day, and may not go to war with Turkey. But many Greeks consider that such a war is a complete certainty and that the country only requires money in order to make a good fight. If a war did break out all Greek stocks would tumble ten or fifteen points. Therefore I see no reason why any one should jump at the new loan. The Dominion Saw Mills asks the public for five million dollars in the shape of 50,000 seven per cent. participating preference shares of 100 dollars each. They will be sold at 97½ dollars, or rather the allotment will be made at par and a commission of 2½ per cent. allowed. The money is wanted to purchase certain retail lumber businesses, the profits of which are estimated at £100,000 a year. It will be remembered that the Debentures of Dominion Saw Mills were floated last year. South Vancouver has been asking the public to subscribe to a 4 per cent. Loan, but as this is only a suburb of the city of Vancouver itself, it does not appear to me a reasonable proposition. The interest is much too low.

MONEY.—Money is gradually hardening up, and the combination of the Settlement and the end of the half-year has made money distinctly tight. This is, however, only momentary strength, and in July we may expect ease. There will be a good deal of gold coming from Egypt, for although a certain amount of hoarding has no doubt taken place, the fellaheen still owe large sums of money to the banks and mortgage institutions, and this money is gradually becoming available to London.

FOREIGNERS.—All foreigners have been idle. The new Greek Loan is quoted at par. Russian Fours have improved a shade, and the four and a half are up a point. Peru Prefers, which are really the only gamble in the Foreign Market at the moment, go strong and weaken again as the bulls succeed in getting out. Tintos are better on the account, but they should see yet higher prices, for they are being bought by the right people.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway Market improved only to fall back again. There is a great deal of talk about Dover A and Kent coal, but the Stock Exchange is much too previous in these matters, and cautious people will prefer to wait until Kent collieries are actually producing coal. At present, although I make no doubt that the coal is there, we are getting nothing but talk. There is evidently still a small bull account in Great Central A and B, but some of the weaker bulls were shaken out at the Settlement. North-Easterns look cheap and London and North-Western are also a fair purchase at 145, but the best of the lot, as I am continually reminding everybody, is Great Western at 129, and next to these I should prefer Lancashire and Yorkshire, which at par yield nearly 5 per cent. It is a strange thing that the public has never come into this market. It showed signs of buying a few months ago, but those who bought were unable to take up the stock, and although there has been a rise most of the prices are still too low.

YANKEES.—The Yankee market had a smart spurt on the news that the Combine between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific had been declared legal, but the decision was not the decision of the Supreme Court, but only a Circuit Court, and it is possible that it may be appealed against. Nevertheless, the speculator went in and bought Unions greedily, and both Unions and Southern show a sharp rise. The big bankers still remain rather pessimistic. The crop reports, upon which the whole thing really hangs, are not as good as at first anticipated. Business throughout the West is uncertain. In some places undoubtedly the harvest will be good, but dry weather seems to have damaged large sections of the country. The speculator

may find himself shaken out, for I again repeat that what the "Big Six" want is a steady market and no boom, and what the "Big Six" want they generally get.

CANADA.—The Canadian news shows that all the big financiers in Canada are becoming very nervous as to the financial position. The harvest will be the largest on record. This will mean that all the banks will require every farthing they can collect. Canadian banks are very well-managed institutions, and they will probably be able to find all the money that is required; but it is notorious that they have advanced very large sums to the promoters upon combines that have not yet been floated. These promoters relied upon London finding the money, and London apparently realises that Canada is a little over done. I do not think that we shall have any serious crash, but it is quite certain that wise people are now getting out of their Canadian securities, and they will not buy in again until the slump has run its course.

RUBBER.—Notwithstanding the Rubber Exhibition, which, by the way, is one of the dullest shows I have ever attended, rubber shares remain practically unsaleable. The dealers report that they never do a bargain, and, although Linggis and Vals stiffened just before the account, this was only due to some of the jobbers making their books even and not to any demand on the part of the public. Raw rubber remains at a very low figure, and it is clear that there are large stocks still to be sold. I am often asked to recommend cheap rubber shares, but this is impossible, for with rubber weak in price, dividends for next year are certain to be reduced, and the share that looks cheap to-day will be found to have been a very expensive purchase in 1912. I am afraid that the bottom has not been reached.

OIL.—Sir Marcus Samuel through the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company has at last come to terms with the Red Sea Oil Fields. In my opinion they are paying too much for the property. The Red Sea Oilfields has made a good bargain, for it gets the Samuel crowd to find the money and manage the business, and all it has to do is to sit tight. Red Seas look cheap to-day. It is possible that an oil-field may be built up. Certainly the reports of the geologists are favourable; but oil-fields require enormous capital and many years of patient drilling. The meeting of the Commonwealth Oil was a very uninteresting affair, for Mr. Mackay was able to announce that the Board had made arrangements to find working capital. This relieved the shareholders of any responsibilities. I do not see how this Company can ever hope to pay a dividend in view of its huge capital and extravagant management.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir market still keeps very dull, and people are evidently afraid that the continued illness of Sir Julius Wernher has had something to do with the lethargy displayed by the leaders. Optimists, however, declare that the Rand is on the eve of an immense production, and that new methods and new machinery will reduce working costs. Cheap power and mechanical drills may do a great deal, but 50 per cent. of working costs are labour, and this, according to the manager of the Rand Mines, will cost more this year than last year. At the moment I see nothing attractive in the Kaffir market.

RHODESIANS.—Rhodesians are harder mainly because the dealers now have the steady support of the big houses, who are quite determined not to allow any share to fall below what they consider its legitimate value. As the leaders hold two-thirds of the share capital of all the Rhodesian companies they can make prices whatever they like. Mr. Robert Williams, the greatest boomster on earth, has sent a magnificent cable, in which he says he has seen enough ore to produce 600,000 tons of copper, or about an eighth of the world's consumption. No doubt Mr. Williams believes his own good news, but the London market takes it coldly. It has grown used to the optimism of this remarkable gentleman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A share that has recently been officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange is the 100-drachma share of the Bank of Athens, which can be purchased to-day at about 5½. The last dividend was 9 per cent., and it is believed that 1911 will show an improvement on 1910. The turnover of the Bank has jumped from 2,241 million

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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Review of the Week	35	The Theatre	48
A Rebirth.....	36	Through France in a	
The Cult of Paper	36	Motor—III.	50
The Only Way.....	37	The Story of a Book—IV.	52
Peace or War?.....	38	Music	53
The "English Review"		The Lost Things.....	54
and the "Spectator" ...	39	The Thackeray Exhibition	
The National Insurance		at the Charterhouse.....	55
Bill	40	Literature and Morality...	55
Reviews:—		The Magazines.....	56
The Art of Walking ...	42	Belief and Conduct.....	57
The Laureate's Progress	43	The Olympia Flower-show,	
Pot-Pourri	44	1911	59
The Woodland County	45	Imperial & Foreign Affairs	59
Songs of Erin	46	Motoring	60
Shorter Reviews	46	In the Temple of Mammon	61
Fiction	47	Correspondence	62

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WE print in another column a communication, signed "A Shocked Citizen," taking exception to our comments on the recent administration of the Home Office. The writer, who modestly withholds his name from a curious public, is obviously a perfervid admirer of "our Home Secretary." Any one is, of course, perfectly at liberty to bestow his admiration where he will; but we must protest against our correspondent laying the blame for his "shocked" condition on us. If Mr. Winston Churchill will proceed along the lines laid down by his most famous predecessors, no one will be disturbed by any remarks which we shall offer. If, however, the Home Secretary repeats some of the worst of his own precedents, we think it likely that not one but many of his sensitive admirers will find our comment to be little to their liking.

Concessions having been granted to the restless dockers and seamen at various ports—for the especial exigencies of delayed transport of passengers and cargoes demanded rapid

action—the strike which threatened to upset commerce to an unparalleled extent has practically ceased. Dissatisfaction, however, like an infectious disease, has spread to other sections of the workers, in the North of England notably, and the thousands of carters of Manchester, backed up by an enormous number of the roughest element in the population, have cast that city into a state of lamentable turmoil. The old story is repeated; the crowds have lost their heads and defied the law, and the police have had to draw their batons and use their belts, often in sheer self-defence. Wagons and drays laden with ordinary goods—in some cases with perishable produce urgently required—have to be guarded in their progress by police, mounted and on foot; even thus they often fail to reach their destination safely. Several vans were rushed by hundreds of strikers on Tuesday evening; stones were thrown and sticks freely used, and a number of police were seriously hurt. The experience of the recent outbreak in Wales seems likely to occur again, for Birmingham, Bolton, and other large towns have been called upon to supply extra forces to cope with the inflamed and angry men. Simply by the force of example these thousands of rioters have been created from the ranks of formerly contented labourers. Had the seamen not struck, or not gained some of their points, the carters and draymen would have remained peaceful citizens, and the normal prosperity of one of our busiest centres of industry would have rested undisturbed. The fever spreads—encouraged by the enactments of a Government thoroughly imbued with the Socialistic tendency.

The Indian weeklies which reach us—*The Wednesday Review* and *The Parsi*—are generally of great interest, and recent issues are no exception to the rule. In the former paper, dated June 7th, the writer who signs himself "Day-Dreamer" has a capital little causerie entitled "Over the Groundnuts and Water," which we are told is the equivalent of our phrase "Over the walnuts and wine." After our recent experiences with the Coronation festivities reports of public meetings convened with the object of presenting addresses to his Majesty cannot be expected to rouse much enthusiasm, but it is pleasant to note that Madras, "the oldest of British territories in India," is exerting herself to make the forthcoming Royal visit a brilliant success. *The Parsi* for June 11th has a good literary article by Professor Wadia on "Life After Death according to the Babylonians," and its topical notes are excellent; while a discussion of the cinematograph as an educational factor, by Dr. Dadachanji, F.R.S., is worthy of serious consideration.

The possibility of owning the sole existent fragment of Captain Cook's original diary should attract many prospective purchasers to Messrs. Sotheby's forthcoming sale of manuscripts. The particular leaf of the diary offered is dated Sunday, May 6th, 1770, and contains the first known allusion to Botany Bay, with an explanation of the origin of the name. "The great number of new plants, etc., our gentlemen botanists have collected in this place," writes the famous old explorer, "occasioned my giving it the name of Botanist Bay." Parts of a log-book of a later voyage in 1773 will also be for sale. He was not, however, "Captain" Cook at that time; not until he was forty-seven years of age, in 1775, did he attain that rank. Many interesting autographs are also to be put on the market, including letters from Thackeray, Rossetti, Carlyle, Browning, Shelley, Burns, Byron, and others.

A REBIRTH

With memories of that truant time I woke
 When the young earth no memories held but dreams,
 And all the dear remembered voices spoke
 In piteous concord with the living themes
 That threaded all the woodland peace with song.
 Then I lost feeling of the lingering wrong
 That time has wrought and hope may not remove :
 It seemed the world had grown no older, love !

So, as responsive to a charm, I stepped
 Within those cloistered precincts, and with eyes
 Enkindled, ears with memory adept,
 Embraced the faery haunt, to the puny flies
 Skimming the mellow beams of the low sun,
 And the shy stealthy footfalls, one by one,
 Of sylvan folk that stirred the leafy ways
 To whispers of long-buried summer days.

Thus fancy lured me through the verdant aisles,
 Breasting the fern that rustled as I passed,
 And listening now to catch in frequent whiles
 Your skirt's soft mimicry, until at last,
 Whole prey to dim remembrance, forth I stood
 Where sleeping waters lap the drowsy wood,
 And heard again the voice beloved wake
 Echoes of trilling joy across the lake.

The fretted canopy now darkling hung,
 As once again I sought the scented wynd,
 And on the mossy floor deep shadows flung
 That called to the dark shadows of the mind.
 Then, issuing from the gloom, a cool breeze kissed
 My cheek : a gossamer sea of drifting mist
 Broke at my feet, and closed my dream above—
 And oh ! the world is so much older, love !

PHIL. J. FISHER.

THE CULT OF PAPER

THE lack of restraint, the default of discipline, the decline of the *patria potestas* which are characteristic of the present day, and the half-century which preceded it, have led to many modifications of national character. Far from being pessimists, we rejoice to observe patriotism kindled in national emergency, as in the South African crisis, and patriotic movements obtaining a firm hold on the younger generation, as in the movement of the Boy-Scouts and kindred voluntary organisations. Proof is afforded not only that national spirit survives, but that, unconsciously perhaps, it displays itself in what amounts to a protest against creeds held in modern schools of thought which

assert themselves far beyond their real significance or influence.

The schools we have referred to are those which believe, or pretend to believe, that the world can be conducted according to their views through the medium of paper. We do not mean that the gassy orator eschews the spoken word, but he relies for its influence chiefly on the knowledge that his words—very probably bereft of their crudity—will be transferred to paper.

Take the instance of the Socialist : so far as his voice can influence, he loves to hear the sound of it, and to inflict it on the classes whose time is not valuable, and who for that very reason are more likely to be inflamed by his delusive sophistries and led into dangerous opinions and courses. The mob-orator, however, knows that his voice can reach but few ; he therefore endeavours to disseminate various periodicals, which embellish the spoken word with a wealth of extravagance which it is hoped will lead to the acme of publicity—a criminal prosecution. The spoken word, in these days at least, seldom attains to that goal ; but the rag in which blasphemy, revolution, and obscene imagery are indulged in may by notice if it fall into injudicious hands provide gratis an advertisement which no money can buy.

Printed matter such as we have referred to came into our hands in connection with the Coronation, with the suggestion that we should brand it as it undoubtedly deserved. It was not as a result of any fear that our vocabulary would prove unequal to the task that we resolutely declined to give the advertisement of clean paper to filth which was conceived in the gutter, and after an ephemeral existence naturally passes into the sewer.

We have endeavoured briefly to show how the cult of paper may be beneficial in the realm of literature by lending support and authority to that which makes for the welfare of the commonwealth for moral and material good. We have also shown how its cult may be honoured by refusing its use in the dissemination of poisonous and malevolent matter.

From another point of view the cult of paper appears to us to be less satisfactory. In international affairs, in spite of abundant evidence to the contrary, the belief in the efficacy of paper—treaties, agreements, *ententes*—is in reality a hoary superstition. An acute crisis may, indeed, be bridged over for a time by the provisions of an international act, if—and only if—the interests of the subscribing parties at the moment, and the state of their resources at the moment, render the erection of a paper barrier temporarily useful. Such a barrier, however, whether its aim be to terminate or to postpone a conflict, has long since ceased to be lastingly binding. The efficacy of paper in international affairs changes with the internal and external capacity for offence and defence of the parties to an act, and whether the balance of power be on the side of capacity for aggression or the necessity for abstaining from it. The Treaty of Paris, the Treaty of London, the Treaty of Berlin, the Act of Algiers, to name a few well-known examples, have served their immediate purpose. Any one at all acquainted with the methods of diplomacy is aware that no sooner is an international document signed than intrigues commence to undermine or supplant it. All such documents are in the nature of a temporary compromise, and have not, therefore, the element of permanence in them.

It is for that reason that we are not greatly disturbed by the acceptance on its own merits of the Declaration of London. We observe, however, that its inception and ratification are indicative of flabby diplomatic fibre and a subserviency to the party whip where national interests are concerned, which is deplorable.

Perhaps the Declaration may, after all, prove to be a blessing in disguise, since the object of the acts which it authorises are so obviously a menace to our existence that unless we have lost all national grit and resolution we shall at once set about making our home secure from threatened starvation.

Without some such manifestation it is possible we should have relied too implicitly on our cult of paper, and deemed ourselves secure, trusting in the efficacy of the written word.

CECIL COWPER.

THE ONLY WAY

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE object of a good general is to defeat his enemy finally and decisively, not to fight continuous undecisive actions, which sap his strength and exhaust the patience of the rank and file, over an untenable position. This fact should be borne in mind by the leaders of the Unionist Party at the present crisis. Let them remember there is nothing inglorious or cowardly in a movement which is merely a *reculer pour mieux sauter*. During the last few days—ever since, in fact, the Coronation has enabled us to revert to serious things—the air has been full of rumours of an approaching General Election to be held some time in August. The side that makes itself responsible for this colossal blunder will go down to ignominy and defeat at the poll, and will deserve it. The Unionist party has absolutely nothing to gain by an Election in August, or for some time to come. There are three main reasons for this: (1) We have no constructive policy to lay before the people except Tariff Reform. That measure has been threshed out at three General Elections, and its bones have been sucked so dry that the meanest electioneering dog will hardly smell at the carcase again. We have so firmly established the principle of Tariff Reform that there is no further necessity to consult the country on that particular issue, because the people know that directly a Unionist Government is returned to power it will form the main plank in our constructive policy. (2) The Government has not yet been in office long enough to ensure a sufficient residue of unpopularity to warrant an appeal to the people. (3) A Committee has just been formed to reorganise the Unionist Party, and it is essential that it should be given time to act.

Therefore, if we fight an Election in August, it can only be on the old issue of the Peers *versus* the People, on which we have already been twice defeated, and on which we could not hope to regain a seat at the present time. The rank and file should make it perfectly clear to their leaders, and their leaders to the House of Lords, that they refuse to make a third attack on this stronghold of the enemy. It would

be the height of folly, for the country could never be induced to believe that it was not the Lords who had forced the Election, and, as we have already said, the side that forces an Election in August is going to make itself extremely unpopular.

Therefore, having established the principle that an Election in August would be highly disastrous to the Unionist cause, what course remains open to the Lords to adopt towards the Parliament Bill? We will assume, as is highly probable, that the House of Commons will reject the Lords' amendments *en bloc*. Up to this point the Lords have a perfect right to preserve to themselves full liberty of action, and to leave it to the Government to disclose their hand first. The Government can either appeal to the people or Mr. Asquith can go to the King and ask for guarantees to create the necessary number of Peers. An appeal to the people is unlikely. Neither side wants an Election; party funds are scarce, and also, supposing the Government came back with a slightly increased or reduced majority, they would find themselves in exactly the same position as now, and a solution would have to be sought, as there is nothing to prevent the Lords rejecting the Parliament Bill a second time, and so on *ad infinitum*. Therefore we will assume that Mr. Asquith will ask for, and will obtain, the necessary guarantees from the Crown. Then is the moment for the Lords seriously to consider their position. They can either follow the precedent of 1839 and abstain from voting, or if they wish to show the country they have only yielded to *force majeure* they can give way after the first batch of Peers has been created. To hold out until sufficient have been created to swamp the Conservative majority in the Upper House would be the height of folly. What has the country or the Conservative party to gain by having the House of Lords filled with the dregs of the Radical party hacks? The Parliament Bill would in any case become law, and then it will be infinitely more difficult to upset it in the future.

No; directly the first of the Hireling Batch receive their Togas in return for party cash, it is the bounden duty of the Lords to allow the Bill to pass under a solemn protest, and they will incur a criminal responsibility if they allow these vast hostile additions to their ranks. They can take up a strong and dignified position and say, "There is no clear majority in the country in favour of this measure; it has passed the House of Commons by a combination of parties, not united on the Bill itself, but in order to pass ulterior measures in return for giving it their support. On the other hand we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of forcing a third General Election on the country within a period of eighteen months; neither can we place the Crown in the invidious position of having to create this vast number of new Peers in order to force this Bill through the Upper House, a course of action for which there is no Constitutional precedent, and which is merely throwing the responsibility of the electorate on the King. On the other hand, we admit no finality in the present limitation of our powers. Both parties are pledged to the Reform of the Upper House, and that question is indissolubly bound up with Electoral Reform. Until these two great questions are settled it is impossible to strike a proper balance of authority between the House of Commons and the Second Chamber, and any temporary arrangement like the present must necessarily be the subject of future consideration and revision. The

Government has not yet any general scheme of reform to offer, and therefore until that hour arrives we will abstain from voting on the Parliament Bill." This is the only course for the Peers to take—the only one, in fact, which will preserve their dignity and utility for future action.

Now let us consider the future. Supposing the Peers decide on this sane and simple course, their motives will not be misunderstood by the Liberal party or by the country. The Government can never say "We have won a final and permanent victory" when it is obvious to the meanest understanding that it is merely a *reculer pour mieux sauter*. Once they have obtained what they want, and have no common enemy to oppose, how long does any one believe the discordant elements which make up the Radical majority in the House will hold together? Hardly a day. Does the Labour party love the Government? Do the Irish cherish any tender feelings toward a Cabinet which has been in power for five years and has never yet produced a scheme of Home Rule? Do the old members of the Gladstonian party like to ride in double harness with Socialists and crude financiers of the type of Lloyd George? We have here the elements of a pretty quarrel. It is only the idea of a common enemy which holds them together, and once that enemy gracefully retires and leaves them to fight amongst themselves he can destroy them in detail as they advance the respective interests which each has so dearly at heart. Within a year the Unionist party will be the complete masters of the situation.

Whatever measures the Government brings forward they cannot become law under the Parliament Bill under two years unless we have continuous sessions, and by the end of two years there will be nothing left of this predatory horde, who in lieu of having anything better to loot will fall upon one another with even greater vigour than they have devoted to attacking the Unionist party and Unionist property. In the words of the old song, "There's a sun still shining in the sky," and even in England that sun is bound to come from under its cloud sooner or later. Give them the rope with which to hang themselves and one another. They have the State Insurance Bill to pass, which is already exciting the most bitter controversy; they are pledged to Home Rule—how popular that will make them! they are responsible for the Declaration of London—that will lose them many followers amongst thinking and responsible men. There are a thousand fantastic schemes brewing in the jaundiced brains of Messrs. Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, and Keir Hardie. Let us go to the country on some of these measures, not on the old battle-cry of the Peers *versus* the People, which has served the Radical party so well in the past. Then victory will be assured, and when victory is assured the Parliament Bill is of about as much value as the historic Act of Algeciras. The Unionist party can then adjust popular representation on a fair basis. Limerick shall have a few more and Romford a few less electors. They shall be equally divided, not in the proportion of 50 to 1 as they are at present. We will make the Upper House a business-like and representative Chamber, which can hold its own in future on its own merits. We will get rid of the Backwoodsmen, and fill it only with men who have won their spurs not by borrowing the rusty harness of their ancestors, but in active competition with their fellow-countrymen in the vast field of public service, experience, and natural ability.

PEACE OR WAR?

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

It is a dangerous game to play with fire, and, as we pointed out in our issue of June 17th, the French action in sending an army to Fez was likely to lead to European complications of a serious nature. The example of France was quickly followed by Spain, who, to prove that she still had an interest in the Moroccan settlement, landed troops at Larache and seized Alcizar. We also pointed out in our issue of June 17th that it only remained for Germany to follow suit. Now with startling suddenness—without a word of previous warning to the other signatories of the mutilated Act of Algeciras—Germany has dispatched a warship to Agadir under the pretext of protecting German subjects and German trade. As a matter of fact there are no German subjects at Agadir, except, perhaps, a few Nationals who need no protection, and German trade in that district is absolutely *nil*. Therefore the hollowness of this assumption is so obvious that we can afford to ignore it altogether and to consider what effect her action is likely to have in Morocco and in Europe.

It is a satisfactory sign that Germany's action has been received calmly both in France and in Europe generally, which shows a desire on the part of all parties to leave the matter to diplomacy to settle; but it is no use hiding the true facts, and the situation is so serious that a European war may be the result. But, of course, this entirely depends on whether Germany is merely bluffing, or whether she seriously intends to assert her claim to a share in the partition of the Shereefian Empire. If Germany merely intends to remind France and Europe that she must receive compensation elsewhere, why then diplomacy will have little difficulty in giving her a recompense; but if she means to have a port in Morocco, why then only the firmest stand on the part of the Governments of England and France can preserve the peace of Europe. It is distressing to see how little interest has been taken in the affair in this country, because this seizure of Agadir is directed just as much against England as it is against France. Agadir can be made into an excellent harbour, and it stands right on the great highway between this country and South Africa. It will immeasurably add to our burdens in wartime if we have to dispatch a fleet to prevent the depredations of German cruisers on our South African trade. Then there is another aspect. It neutralises, to a great extent, the advantage we have in holding Gibraltar. We must at all costs, even if we have to go to war immediately, prevent Germany establishing herself on the coast of Morocco. Once she is in possession of Agadir there is nothing to prevent her seizing other ports, and this she will certainly do once she realises that we do not mean to fight over Agadir. If a German force seized Tangier and constructed forts there we should no longer hold the key to the Mediterranean, as we do at present. We should share it with another keeper, and our great highway to India and to the Far East would be threatened. Apart from the strategical position, however, and looking at it from the purely commercial standpoint, we cannot allow Germany to control the outlet to the rich Sus country. Our trade would gradually driven out of Morocco altogether, although at the present time it is four times as great as Germany's.

We have up to the present merely looked at the question from an English standpoint, which is serious enough; but the position of France in Northern Africa is rendered even more precarious. As French writers have pointed out over and over again, France cannot afford to have a German frontier in Africa as well as in Europe. Her possessions

in Algeria would be jeopardised and her forces in Europe would have to be correspondingly reduced if a German Army Corps were established in Morocco, which it would certainly be once the principle of Pacific Penetration were established. Any future steps France may take to preserve law and order in Morocco would be neutralised by the presence of German troops. Europe would live in a state of constant unrest, because a new Sultan would certainly spring up under German rule; Morocco would thus have two rulers constantly quarrelling; and once the native allies of the two Powers were engaged in hostilities it would not be long before their European seconds followed suit. An intolerable situation would thus be created, and we had much better fight at once than drag on in a miserable state of suspended animation, only postponing the inevitable day.

There is a very prevalent opinion that Spain was urged to seize Larache at German instigation. It was a *ballon d'essai* just to see how France would act. Owing to the weakness and fall of the Monis Ministry, nothing definite was done, and France was content to accept Spain's explanations, and thus encouraged, Germany determined to go and do likewise. Germany's action proves that she has little fear of France by herself, and that the policy of pin-pricks is going to be continued once again after a lapse of three or four years. Therefore it is obvious that only one thing can thwart German ambitions, and that is joint action on the part of England and France.

But what will be the attitude of Sir Edward Grey? Is he going to stand by France or is he merely going to acquiesce in a half-hearted policy of *laissez-faire*? It is too early to say. We cannot afford to allow another Balkan incident, similar to that in which Russia, Servia, and England surrendered their position in the Balkans at the dictation of the German Government. Unless we stand by France in the present crisis the Anglo-French Alliance is so much waste-paper, because France will refuse, and will rightly refuse, to support us in future on the Continent if on the present occasion we prove ourselves to be merely a broken reed. It is announced that it is the intention of England and France to send cruisers to Agadir to assist Germany in preserving order in that district, although there is not the smallest sign of a disturbance of any sort. There is a delightful irony about this, and it is a sound step to which no one can take exception, but it is only the first move in the game. The French and English Governments should make it perfectly clear to Germany that they will not allow a single German soldier or sailor to land in Morocco, and that such a step can only be regarded as an overt act of hostilities, which would immediately lead to a declaration of war on the part of the allies. No one would deplore hostilities more than ourselves, but, on the other hand, we must face the facts as they are. If Germany is merely bluffing, her bluff will be disclosed at once, but if she really means to force a quarrel on us, why then it had much better come at once whilst we still enjoy a measure of that Naval Supremacy which is gradually slipping from our grasp.

The action of Germany will go a long way towards shattering our faith in the value and honesty of diplomacy. The plot was maturing even whilst the German Government was entering into *pourparlers* with France towards a *rapprochement* between those Powers, and just at a time when it seemed as if the war-clouds were dispersing from Europe's horizon. But we can learn a useful lesson from the coup. It should prove to us how little any pretensions of friendship or goodwill can be relied upon, and that, even whilst the Kaiser's heir is receiving the cheers of the citizens of London, Germany's old game of undermining our supremacy on the seas continues just as uninterruptedly and barefacedly as ever.

THE "ENGLISH REVIEW" AND THE "SPECTATOR"

A FRENCH VIEW

[Translated from the "*Mercure de France*," July 1, 1911.]

"We have already pointed out in these columns the interesting nature of the *English Review*, under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Austin Harrison. We find the greatest names of English literature among its contributors—in fact, all those who are proud to show some independence of intellect, to express ideas meant for adult ears and not for young people. It should be noted that nothing has ever been published in its pages which could pass for indecorous or indecent; subjects are merely treated with the liberty which well-brought-up people allow themselves in their conversation after the children have been sent to bed. But this independence, which seems the most natural thing in the world to us in France, and particularly to the readers of the *Mercure*, seems to arouse alarm among certain sections of the English public as being a dangerous freedom. The last straw was an article, entitled 'Thoughts on Morality,' by Mr. Frank Harris, one of the most vigorous and emancipated of English thinkers. Mr. Harris cites the Italian proverb: *Peccato di carne non è peccato*, and invokes a number of arguments in its defence, among others some which are most moderate and familiar to persons of intelligence. But this was really too much! It must be stopped; war must be declared on the 'Great Adult Review,' and it was the *Spectator* which flourished the red ribbon.

"This Conservative weekly newspaper is edited by a sombre and an austere man, who is naturally suited to play the rôle of 'Père la Pudeur' on the other side of the Channel: they have also that sort of bird in England. . . . The anonymous author of this diatribe poses as the champion of insulted morality. It is unnecessary to describe the methods of defence adopted by Mr. Austin Harrison—he has plenty; at any rate, the quality of his merchandise is above suspicion, and he has no need to pose hypocritically as something that he is not. The chaste and pure *Spectator* announced its intention of never again referring to the *English Review*, and of refusing its advertisements. To which Mr. Harrison replied: 'Your threat to boycott our advertisements is a little like the fable of the sour grapes, since we have not offered you any for over three months,' and he informs the *Spectator* at the same time that he will reply to its attack in the July number of the *English Review*. But this artificial imputation has already caused a great sensation, and from the point of view of publicity Mr. Harrison could not desire anything better.

"Numerous protests have been addressed to the *Spectator*, among which are Mr. Arnold Bennett's biting and witty letter and Mr. R. A. Scott-James' sarcastic and lashing letters. Other papers have come to the rescue, and we read with pleasure in THE ACADEMY of June 17th a courageous and worthy commentary by Mr. Cecil Cowper on the intolerant attitude of the *Spectator* to its *confrères*. Mr. Cecil Cowper defends the right of the *English Review* not to be a publication *virginibus puerisque*, and to address itself freely to any public which it chooses to select. It would be interesting to follow the fight between these two current ideas, for it is nothing less than the war between the spirit of emancipation and the spirit of slavery. We need hardly say on which side our sympathies are to be found, and we hope that all writers and artists who desire to resist the puritanical tyranny of the *Spectator* will gather themselves round Mr. Harrison and the *English Review*. From this conflict may be born a controversy that shall take its place in history and bear invaluable consequences.

"HENRY D. DAVRAY."

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

THE warning note recently uttered by Sir Gerald Ryan, the President of the Institute of Actuaries, as to the actuarial basis of the Insurance Scheme of the Government, appears to have excited the interest of many who otherwise would have been well content to take the finances of the scheme as assured, upon the high authority of the two ex-Presidents of the Institute of Actuaries to whom the calculations were entrusted. The fact now begins to be generally appreciated by the public—as it has been from the outset by the actuarial profession and by many of the leaders of the Friendly Societies (the bodies chiefly concerned)—that there are two distinct questions, one (and the easier) being the soundness of the calculations, and the other the conditions under which the results of the calculations are to be applied. Certain assumptions must necessarily underlie all actuarial estimates, and the principal of these, in the present case, is that the Government Actuaries had to provide for one common fund applicable to the whole body of insured persons and supported by one common rate of contribution. Under the Bill, however, the insured are to be segregated in societies and “branches,” each of which is to be financially independent, and the number of which may fall little short of thirty thousand.

It is easy to see that general average conditions will fail to be realised when applied to small bodies, numbering in some cases fewer than one hundred lives, and that with such a minute subdivision of risks the widest fluctuations are possible. In a degree the Bill anticipates and provides for this feature, since the benefits or contributions are to be adjusted every three years in the case of each society or branch, according to its working. It is to be feared, however, that the framers of the Bill have not quite appreciated the difference between deviations from the standard due merely to varying qualities of administration and those which may be traced to inequalities in the risks under insurance. If uniformity in administrative efficiency could be secured there would still emerge a great variety in the claim experiences as between different societies and branches, although in the aggregate the conditions assumed by the Government actuaries might be reproduced. The triennial adjustments might go far to remedy the inequalities set up by the application of a common rate of contribution to all risks at the outset, and so might fairly reconcile the scheme to those who see pronounced injustice in the “flat rate” system. That, however, is not the avowed purpose of the adjustments, the provisions for which have been based, in the public utterances of Ministers, upon the paramount necessity of stimulating a vigilant administration. That an “approved society” may be well and carefully administered and still have to make default by reason of the pressure of its legitimate risks does not appear to have been fully appreciated. Such a case illustrates well the fundamental difference between the actuarial premises and the conditions actually set up by the Bill.

The heaviest item in the liabilities covered by the scheme is that of sickness; in the Bill this liability is separated (unhappily, as will be suggested later) into two elements—temporary incapacity called sickness, and permanent incapacity called disablement—but as “disablement” cannot begin until “sickness” has endured six months, it will be seen that the two are one in essentials. In estimating this liability the Government actuaries have employed the tables deduced by the present writer from the “experience” of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows in the period 1893-97. Certain adjustments have been made to give effect to the variations between the Manchester Unity and the general population as regards the distribution of occupation risks, and these are sufficiently

explained by the statement that in the Manchester Unity the “normal” risks represented 785 lives out of each 1,000 coming under observation, against 466 in the case of the general population, the balance of the 1,000 in each case representing persons subject to extra risk. On the whole, this is a basis with which experts will be disposed to agree, although in passing it may be noted that the Manchester Unity includes a fairly strong contingent of the well-to-do, whose association with the society is sentimental and who are seldom on the sick-list. This class will be conspicuous only by its absence from the national scheme, and it may be said that the 785 “normals” of the Manchester Unity will be a better class, from the point of view of insurance, than the 466 “normals” of the Government scheme. Against this may be put (for a time) the fact that at its inception the Government insurance will include only those who are then actually employed or engaged in some regular occupation, and will, consequently, tend to show a better rate of sickness for a few years than if the whole body of lives, including those already sick or disabled, were brought in—which course would exhibit a more correct parallel with the Manchester Unity conditions. The extent to which the two opposing factors will neutralise each other is speculative in the highest degree, as is also the question of the validity of the application to nearly fourteen million persons of rates of sickness drawn from an experience of about 5 per cent. of that number, and that the higher stratum of the working class. Taking the Manchester Unity experience, however, as affording the best available data, the fact remains that general average rates based on widely differing risks are to be applied to a vast number of separate bodies in many of which the risks are biased by particular circumstances, and that wide divergences between the basic assumptions and the actual workings must reveal themselves.

In this connection an uneasy feeling has been present in the minds of some from the introduction of the Bill, and lately has impressed itself more widely, that in regard to the qualification for benefit the Bill may mean one thing and the actuarial estimates quite another. It is laid down by the Bill that sick pay and disablement benefit are payable to persons “whilst rendered unfit to provide their own maintenance by some specific disease or by bodily or mental disablement.” The Government actuaries suggest that this may be regarded financially as corresponding with the conditions under which benefit for these periods of sickness is usually granted by Friendly Societies “although not in all respects identical therewith.” What is implied by these last words is not quite clear, but the question arises, Are the conditions the same in both cases? The Manchester Unity sickness experience emerged under the all-important condition that a member during receipt of sick-pay should be totally unable to follow any remunerative employment, and should, in fact, be absolutely forbidden to work either for an employer or in any domestic capacity—*e.g.*, in his garden. Do the stipulations of the Insurance Bill imply the same thing, or do they permit of partial earnings? The question is rendered the more significant by the curious separation of “sickness” and “disablement” under the Bill. This separation is quite unknown to Friendly Societies, which may find difficulty in recognising in “disablement benefit” the exact counterpart of their continuous sick-pay. With the latter they are familiar enough, but they do not treat it as otherwise than sick benefit either in regard to supervision or the supplying of frequent medical certificates.

The inference set up by the terms of the Insurance Bill is that disablement benefit is a species of “invalidity annuity” which, once granted, is more or less free of either medical or management supervision. If conjoined with this it is to

be understood that partial earnings are to be permitted a claim rate far transcending that assumed by the Government actuaries may be looked for. We are not without experience of "partial incapacity" in this country. One very large centralised Friendly Society permits its members aged over sixty and in receipt of permanent sick pay to earn up to 12s. a week. The immediate result is to reduce supervision almost to a nullity because the actual earnings of a man who is allowed to earn anything at all cannot be checked. In the result, whilst the claims on this Society are very fairly comparable with the Manchester Unity experience at ages under sixty, the permanent sick pay beyond that age rises to about 70 per cent. in excess of the Manchester Unity average. A result no less unfavourable than this is likely to be set up if the Insurance Act is to permit of "partial earnings." The Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to think that every man will act as a spy upon his neighbour in this respect, but facts hardly support this expectation.

Similar differences between the actuarial conditions and the proposals of the Bill arise on the maternity benefit. The birth-rate varies enormously between different parts of the country, being as high as 33 per thousand of the population in Durham and as low as 19 per thousand in Sussex. The use of a general average rate implies an even distribution throughout the whole of the insuring bodies, but nothing is more certain than that an even distribution will not be attained in practice. Thus the community is faced with the prospect of a large number of societies going under financial penalty because their members have a high birth-rate, whilst "race suicide" in other quarters (generally amongst the more highly-paid artisans) will be rewarded by increase of benefits from the resulting monetary surplus. The same effect will be produced, though from a different cause, by the way in which the contribution for this benefit has been actuarially adjusted. The Bill provides that where husband and wife are both insured the maternity benefit shall be treated as a benefit payable to the wife, and the Government actuaries have evidently transferred to the women's side of the scheme the cost of this particular section of the maternity claims. Now, setting aside the women engaged in domestic service, the sick nurses, the clerks, and other classes which consist for the most part of unmarried women, it will be found that over 35 per cent. of all the insurable women are engaged in the textile trades—which means that the vast majority of the 35 per cent. are employed in the mills and factories of the Lancashire textile area. But the financial relief to the men due to the transference of the liability for the maternity benefit to these women is spread over the whole male population, whence it follows (1) that the men of the country generally are credited with a financial relief which they will not experience, and (2) that the men resident in the textile area will obtain a financial relief much exceeding that with which they have been credited. It will thus be found that in, say, Durham, where the sickness rate is believed to be very high, the birth-rate high, and comparatively few women employed (and the men's rate of contribution for the maternity benefit consequently too low even for a normal birth-rate), the "approved societies" will be heavily hit on all counts, and cannot fail to be in a chronic condition of deficiency. On the other hand, in the approved societies among the male Lancashire mill-workers, whose sickness claim-rate is below the average, and who will be contributing at an unnecessarily high rate for the maternity benefits (because so large a portion of the liability will fall upon the women's societies), every item in the finances will be one of profit, quite irrespective of any merits of administration.

There are many vital questions affecting the women's side of the scheme, but this point of the maternity benefit is not

the least important. Every insured woman must contribute for this benefit with the other insurances, and the contribution for it appears to have been based upon (1) the number of births among employed married women and (2) the number of illegitimate births to be provided for.

Dealing first with (1), it should be clear that if women's societies all over the country are raising contributions for a general average benefit which, in fact, tends to be concentrated in a particular area, then, in default of provisions by which the money so raised is passed over to that area, the contributions in all other parts of the country will embody a superfluity, whilst in the concentration area they will be wholly inadequate. Here surely is an important departure from the actuarial conditions. On (2) it is only necessary to draw attention firstly to the variations in the rates of illegitimacy between different parts of the country, and secondly to the impolicy of exacting from every decent girl in employment a premium for a benefit operating to smooth the way of immorality. It is true, as Mrs. Bosanquet said in her article published in THE ACADEMY of June 24th, that at present any woman, however abandoned in character, can get medical aid and nursing in any Poor-law Infirmary, but surely there is a real difference between parochial relief and the "endowment of motherhood," as the maternity benefit has been picturesquely termed. The one at any rate is a charge upon the ratepayer with some consequent stigma, the other is regarded as a laudable insurance benefit.

Turning to another subject, it appears that in estimating the population coming into insurance on May 1st, 1912, the actuaries gave full effect to the decline in the death-rate, which is known to have been in progress since 1901, the latest year as to which actual population statistics are available. But, somewhat singularly, they do not appear to have considered it requisite to give effect to the probability that the *future* death-rates will be lower than the general average of the decade 1891-1901. It is not quite clear why this course was taken. There is strong ground for the belief (remembering the general fall in the death-rate since 1891-1901) that with all the present "invalids," whether now in the Friendly Societies or outside of them, excluded from the Government scheme, and with all the otherwise unfit driven into the Post Office class, the "approved societies" will experience mortality much below the general rate of the period named. The Government actuaries point out that "against the reduction in the general rates of mortality that has taken place since 1901 may be set the fact that in calculating contributions no account has been taken of the element of secessions." What is the bearing of this remark? We must remember that the sickness rate increases with age, and that a level contribution is more than sufficient to meet the liability in the early years of life and insufficient in the later years, and that the saving in the early years must be stored up to provide the "reserves" necessary to honour the liabilities for those who survive in the later years when the contribution is no longer sufficient. If, then, an abnormal number of persons live to the later years in any insurance scheme, the stored-up reserves will be prematurely exhausted and the scheme will collapse. Foreseeing such a possible survival in the present case, the Government actuaries take solace in the suggestion that if an abnormally small number die a certain number will lapse and (inferentially) leave their reserves behind to redress the balance. But where is such a provision in the Bill? On the contrary, it is provided that when the stipulated period of lapse arrives any sums credited to the society in respect of the contributors affected shall "be transferred to such account and dealt with in such manner as may be prescribed"—in other words, apparently, shall be alienated from the funds of the approved societies concerned and so rendered unavailable for the purpose contemplated

by the Government actuaries. One of the buttresses of the actuarial estimates is thus summarily removed.

It is right to recognise that the estimates of the Government actuaries include a margin of 11·3 per cent. of the contributions in the case of men and 12·6 per cent. in the case of women, and that if no other contingency than sickness and disablement had to be considered this margin would represent nearly 25 per cent. In the case of a really general scheme in which local eccentricities of experience were neutralised by aggregation this margin would probably be sufficient. But such a margin is as nothing compared with the fluctuations against which some of the "approved societies" are destined to battle. There are two other margin items—the exclusion of benefit to persons who receive board and lodging during sickness, and the rejection of liability after the "qualifying period" of six months for sickness, or two years for disablement, of claims which originated during the currency of this period. In regard to these items the Friendly Societies are already in a state of agitation, and, having regard to the fact that the payment of contributions is compulsory, their attitude is not unreasonable. It is surely unthinkable that Parliament will decide either to pry into private arrangements between employer and employed or to enact that no disablement which arises during the first two years shall be regarded after the lapse of that period as a subject of claim, no matter how long the insured (?) person may live. Neither the Government actuaries nor any members of their craft possess the means to gauge and allow for the effect of such provisions as these, and in common justice to those from whom premiums have been exacted they ought to be eliminated. In regard to women it may be taken that the initial assets and liabilities under the scheme are of equal value on two essential conditions—the first, that no board and lodging exemptions will relieve the claims; and the second, that all the women who go out of insurance on marriage and survive to become widowed before the age of seventy will return as contributors and potential claimants. It is patent, however, that many of those who thus fall out on marriage and survive their husbands will never return as "employed" widows within the meaning of the Bill (which excludes casual workers). There is ground consequently for revision of the estimates and for consideration of the hard case of the married women who are as truly employed in the cares of home and family as those who go out to work, and with infinitely more value to the State.

Considerations of space forbid prolonged inquiry into the case of employed children; but the provision by which £800,000 a year is extracted, partly from the pockets of boys and girls under sixteen years of age and partly from their employers, cries aloud for review. Are there not other and more direct means of checking child-labour than of taxing the slender earnings of these young people? If the tax must be laid upon them, can its proceeds be applied to no better purpose than that of making good the deficiencies of their seniors? It is true that a sort of promise of special consideration eventually is made to these young people by the Bill; but if the task of separate treatment is too great to be undertaken at the outset, it is not likely to be any easier later on.

Altogether the financial side of the Bill gives much occasion for anxiety, and, with every desire to recognise the earnest work that has been put into it, the conviction persists that much remains to be done before Parliament will be justified in giving to it statutory effect.

ALFRED W. WATSON, F.I.A.,

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REVIEWS

THE ART OF WALKING

The Foot-path Way. An Anthology for Walkers. With an Introduction by HILAIRE BELLOC. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE remember, one summer day in Cornwall—in a part of that wonderful county, we may say, where there are no hotels, no boarding-houses, no posters, and no motors—being tempted to stray from the honeysuckle and wild strawberries of a deep, dim lane by a glimpse of a narrow, overgrown ravine, where apparently no foot ever trod, and certainly no wheeled object (not even a farmer's cart) ever passed. Pushing aside the brambles, breasting the dense greenery which seemed to resent our intrusion into the virgin way, we discovered a sight which none but he who walks could ever see. Massed against the sky-line, springing like a vivid flame of colour from the darkness of twined stems and twisted tendrils below, towered a crowd of fox-gloves thick with bloom. We looked up at them—for each tapering, swaying spire was taller than a man—and drew breath more quickly for the sudden glory of it, bewildered with the shock of unexpected beauty. And not even the thrill of the blue sea-line which we found at the other end of that adventurous journey, or the plashing of the green, translucent water in the arches and caves and crevices of the rocky bay close by, could make us forget the great good that in the silence of that untrodden way had crept into our hearts.

Such things come to those who scorn the wheel and leave the highroad to see the world, as chance may lead them, from the finest view-point of all—the height of a man's eyes. Let the wheel, the engine, the railway take you to the country if you will; use them as a magic carpet or as the seven-league boots; but, then, having been borne to the Land of Desire, discard them. Treat them as though they never had been; get off the road, try the secret, alluring byways; get lost and never mind. Then shall you know the joy of walking.

For you, in that case, has this little book been prepared. To read it is to be placed in kinship with those great minds to whom knapsack and stick and the fine winds of heaven mean more than dining-saloon and hotel. R. L. Stevenson is here, of course, with his discourse upon "Walking Tours," and his questionable dictum that "to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone." Walt Whitman is here, "afoot and light-hearted," asking nothing but to be "strong and content" that he may travel the open road—and we may be sure, despite the large embrace of his verse, that he would explore plenty of the narrow by-paths. Leslie Stephen's delightful essay "In Praise of Walking" is here, full of his love for the mountain-lands; and, as might be expected, we read again Hazlitt's irresistible chat "On Going a Journey." Other papers have been collected from the works of George Borrow, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Izaak Walton, to mention a few; and by no means least in charm is Mr. Belloc's introductory dissertation. His analysis of the mere physical action of walking—its extraordinary complexity so unconsciously carried through—is clever, amusing, and true. A man desires to proceed to a distant point. "Instead of going on all fours, where equilibrium would indeed be stable, what does he do?"—

He deliberately lifts one of his supports off the ground, and sends his equilibrium to the devil; at the same time he leans a little forward so as to make himself fall towards the object he desires to attain. You do not know that he does this, but that is because you are a man, and your ignorance of it is like the ignorance in which so many really healthy

people stand to religion, or the ignorance of a child who thinks his family established for ever in comfort, wealth, and security. What you really do, man, when you want to get to that distant place (and let this be a parable of all adventure and of all desire) is to take an enormous risk, the risk of coming down bang and breaking something; you lift one foot off the ground, and, as though that were not enough, you deliberately throw your centre of gravity forward so that you begin to fall. That is the first act of the comedy.

"When you are walking," says Mr. Belloc, "the machine is always going, and every sense in you is doing what it should with the right emphasis and in due discipline to make a perfect record of all that is about." And he proceeds to enlarge, in the happy manner of many memorable pages of the "Path to Rome," upon the delights of approaching a little town by road. This is in itself a sufficient recommendation; in fact, this discussion "On Walking" is worthy to be read with the classic essayists on the same theme.

We are inclined to grumble that certain favourite pages are omitted—one or two beloved passages from George Meredith's pen, for example, we would fain have seen included. Chapter vii. of "Harry Richmond" is a pæan of the open air. "I lifted my face to the sky," says Harry, waking from his sleep in the tent; "it was just sunrise, beautiful; bits of long and curling cloud brushed any way close on the blue, and rosy and white, deliciously cool; the grass was all grey, our dell in shadow, and the tops of the trees burning, a few birds twittering." All through that chapter we have the true spirit of the walker, the vision of the passed villages, the sound of bells, the little experiences of the road, exhilarating and pleasure-giving. But such protestant mutterings must ever be the lot of even the most judicious compiler of anthologies. He can, perhaps, please everybody, but he can by no means satisfy everybody without running into a hundred volumes. Many readers will recognise a lengthy selection on "Walking, and the Wild," by Thoreau, with delight. If we are to judge from his writings, Thoreau ought to have been a veritable Apostle of Walking—or rather, perhaps, of sauntering; the "successful saunterer," having no particular home, is equally at home everywhere. *Ambulator nascitur, non fit*. "It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven," said the sage of Concord, "to become a walker," and averred that he could not stay in his chamber for a single day without acquiring some rust. These are the true walkers, who must get their limbs swinging to the march, who must continually be refreshed by the incense of the fragrant open air, for whom a room is a prison.

Size and cost control inspiration, and in its form, at its modest price, "The Foot-path Way" is a capital little book, pleasant, companionable, worthy to be possessed by all who love a tramp through fields and hills and dales. Englishmen, if they are the right sort, are walkers *par excellence*. Mountains inspire them, difficulties incite them, wind and rain are things to be defied. But if the gales blow too strongly, and the rain becomes too cold and pitiless, and shelter be found imperative, their travels can be made at leisure, in the armchair way, with a book so sympathetic as this anthology.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE LAUREATE'S PROGRESS

The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, 1835-1910. (Macmillan. Two Vols. 24s. net.)

AN autobiography of Mr. Alfred Austin must be a far easier thing to write than a biography of the same distinguished gentleman. In case this statement may seem to border on

the oracular, we will urge in our defence that the subject of either enterprise is the possessor of so pellucid a personality that the onlooker is fain to rest his eyes in a momentary, though metaphorical, obscurity. Next, assuming a bolder attitude, we will assert that our dictum is not without a meaning, and will endeavour to explain what that meaning is. A biographer endowed with the smallest shred of critical acumen could hardly have failed to grasp the chief notes of Mr. Austin's character—namely, simplicity and sincerity, but he might have been somewhat *dépisté* by the analysis of his achievements. For the Poet Laureate is a man of many capacities, and—if we may be allowed a slightly irreverent quotation—"they clash, my lord, they clash." Though we should pile irrelevance on irrelevance, the temptation to continue our citation from a writer whose loss is still a wound is so irresistible that we will do so—"This is what it is to have two capacities. Let us be thankful we are persons of no capacity whatever." There are so many keys in the *trousseau* of Mr. Austin's activity that the uninitiated biographer might have had some difficulty in selecting the master-key. If this metaphor is a little strange, we will try to cap it presently from the work we are considering. The autobiographer has this great advantage over a hypothetical biographer, for the former has no doubts as to his primary capacity, his real mission and vocation. He knows that he was sent into the world to be a poet, to carry the flame a stage further in the torch-race, and he regards his other interests and talents—journalism, travel, politics, dainty prose-writing, and so forth—as merely subsidiary to this high mission. The other things are useful but secondary; they form part of the outfit of the complete poet.

If we read Mr. Austin right, he would accept an amendment of the *poeta nascitur* dictum, annulling its disjunctive character. In fact, we should suppose that his recipe for a poet would contain three parts of "fit" to one of the essential *nascitur*. Let us take, for instance, the following typical reflection on politics, the occasion being further invitations to stand for Parliament, after two experiences of forlorn hopes:—

My experiences at Taunton and Dewsbury had contributed to my knowledge and understanding of political life and the national character, and therefore aided one's education on "things in general," in my opinion more advantageous to poets than a life exclusively given over to retirement. But the time dedicated by them to such instruction should be of limited duration, and not interfere with the main and greater purpose of their days.

Travel is more generally recognised than politics as a friend of the Muses, but even here Mr. Austin appears to see things from a peculiar angle. He looks back on himself climbing the lower slopes of Parnassus, and wonders at his own failure to explore the future, knowing in his maturer wisdom almost the precise time and place where each one of his poetical progeny was engendered. On an early visit to Rome, for instance—

I was not conscious of the education, alike in literature and life, I was passing through. . . . I little knew that "The Human Tragedy," not to come fully and finally to the birth till more than ten years later, was already germinating, and was waiting only for the simultaneous occurrence of the mighty European events between the years 1866 and 1871 and the much-needed expansion of my own mind.

There is a suggestion of Greek drama in this poetical autobiography. And there is a suggestion of the physical culture school in the constant feeling of the creative muscles.

Mr. Austin has occasion in one place to speak of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and he does so with some severity, contrasting him unfavourably with the virile Byron. Curiously

enough, during our perusal of the Autobiography we have found ourselves thinking more than once of Rousseau. We suppose that the association is due less to a comparison of two minds than to a similarity in their methods. The ancient and the modern autobiographer are alike fond of formulating traits in their own minds and characters. But in the case of the present work we feel sometimes as though the artist, tired of posing before the mirror, is filling in details from a lay figure, modelled from average humanity. Thus he attributes his intimacy with the late Lord Salisbury to this circumstance, among others, that "my concern in politics was for the welfare of the State, not my personal advantage." To inveigh against interested politicians is rather *vieux jeu*, and we should be sorry to believe that patriotism was as rare as this explanation implies. We feel uncomfortable, too, in reading of the author's "excessive sensitiveness and self-respect," even in its context, when he is speaking of his difficulties as war-correspondent, and "sprightly levity" has an odd sound in self-criticism. All these things jar probably on an insular nerve, but in revenge the following episode seems to shock some more universal feeling. It is merely an inn-keeper's lovely daughter *entrevue*, and then snatched from the poet's gaze; our disappointment was as great as his, till we found that the morning brought its compensation; but we might have been spared the phrase "that excusable love of what is beautiful."

It will be seen that Mr. Austin is after all very English, in the fullest Great-Exhibition-of-1851 sense of the word. Nowhere is this more evident than in connection with religious questions. Brought up in the strictest atmosphere of Roman Catholicism, he eventually comes to write of his former beliefs from the most approved Protestant-Anglican outside point of view. Nor can it be seen in the present volumes when the crisis of this development occurred. In this connection we may mention that this work contains reprints of some admirable newspaper articles, not only on the Ecumenical Council of 1869-70, but also on the Franco-Prussian War. The charm of this journalism lies, we think, in the quality that the writer claims for himself at the beginning of the Autobiography—genuine spontaneity. This applies equally to the whole book. Affectation is a fault that is conspicuously absent. The blemishes, if such they may be called, of the style are always due to carelessness, and in no way retard the progress or impair the pleasure of the reader. We find ourselves mildly wondering why the author was threatened with prosecution for "the suppression of indecent opinions," or how at St. Cloud, after the Siege of Paris, the church was the only building to remain "unroofed and unblackened." A metaphor that rather mystifies us was born on a similar occasion:—"Here, if ever, was ocular demonstration that omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs; but when the egg happens to be the nest-egg, oh! it is sad indeed." But none of these things do any real harm, and we for our part have got very little egg-shell into our mouth.

Mr. Austin's personal and political relations form a particularly interesting chapter of his life. His distinguished services to the Conservative party have brought him into touch with most of the statesmen of a generation. Disraeli, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain are among those of whom he has new things to tell us. He finds in Disraeli almost his ideal of Conservative statesmanship; his own views are very frankly and uncompromisingly anti-democratic. Of Lord Salisbury he reports some excellent *mots*; we may select the following from a letter of 1886:—"Then Bismarck is somewhat in the position of Richard III. at Bosworth—not only the ghost of France, but of Austria and Denmark and Bavaria pass through his troubled dreams, and wish him disaster." Bismarck and Tennyson are two other acquaintances of whom we learn something. We are

impressed by the number of prophecies of Mr. Austin that seem to have come true; they are almost too numerous. And anyhow, where the future is concerned, we prefer, with one of Meredith's characters, "the *sage-femme* to the prophet," and the Poet Laureate has done enough in the former capacity to deserve the thanks of all who have gathered under the same standard.

POT-POURRI

Memoirs and Memories. By MRS. C. W. EARLE. With Portraits. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS it is too much to expect that the present volume of family history should closely resemble "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden." We read "Memoirs and Memories" with an anticipation of this kind, and were most pleased with the book when the profuse and sometimes tiresome letters of other people failed to appear, and Mrs. Earle came herself to the rescue with that humorous charm that won her success when the first of the three "Pot-Pourri" volumes was published. She writes, in a note at the commencement of the present work: "I offer my best thanks to my friend Miss Ethel Case, who with untiring patience and zeal helped me through the tiresome labours of compiling this book." That these labours were sometimes a little tiresome is occasionally obvious. When, however, we turn to the portrait and read the affectionate message from a grandmother to her grandchildren we understand. It is dedicated to those grandchildren. They will appreciate all the information concerning the Villiers and Liddell families, and be grateful to a grandmother who has set in their midst a pot-pourri fragrant with memories of the past. And we, too, are grateful; but not so much for the numerous letters from relatives and friends as for Mrs. Earle's own observations, her humour, her love of books.

Some of the best letters in this volume come from Henry Taylor. Here is one written to Mrs. Earle's mother, and was his playful way of suggesting that Grove Mill did not suit her:—

I will tell you a story. Last summer Professor Owen and his wife were sitting at breakfast in their cottage in Richmond Park with the window open and a jar of honey on the table. A wasp flew in at the window and settled on the honey and stuck fast in it. The Professor and his wife, with infinite pains, disentangled the wasp from the honey, washed it and cleaned it and let it go. The next morning they were again seated at the same table at breakfast with the same jar of honey. A wasp flew in, settled on the honey, stuck fast in it, was disentangled, washed and cleaned, and dismissed as before. A third and fourth morning and the same thing happened. Then the Professor said to the wasp, "My friend, I should like to know whether you are that identical slave of the honey-pot whom I have already three times over rescued from a glutinous grave; and now having rescued you a fourth time I will snip a bit out of the corner of your wing that I may know you again." The fifth morning a wasp flew in, stuck fast, was disentangled, washed and cleaned, and on inspection he was found to be a wasp with a piece snipped out of the corner of his wing. "Go," said the Professor, "one thing is clear—that you are not one of those fools whom experience is said to teach."

In the chapter devoted to Mrs. Earle's girlhood she gives us, in that old, pleasant way of hers, a Dublin playbill of 1793. It is too good to leave unquoted in full:—

DUBLIN THEATRE ROYAL.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.

On Saturday, May the 14th, 1793, will be performed by

command of several influential people in this learned metropolis,

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET!

Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works.

Hamlet by Mr. Kearnes (his first appearance in that character), who between the Acts will perform several solos on the patent Bagpipe which plays two tunes at the same time.

Ophelia by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favourite airs in character; particularly "The Lass of Richmond Hill" and "We'll all be happy together" from the Rev. Mr. Dibbin's oddities.

The parts of the King and Queen, by the direction of the Rev. Father O'Callagan, will be omitted as too immoral for any stage.

Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public.

The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes.

The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken, if required, in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, &c. &c.

No persons whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes and stockings

Still describing her girlhood days, Mrs. Earle tells us that on one occasion she and others of a young and gay company were chaffing about the old saying, "Monday for health, Tuesday for wealth, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for losses, Friday for crosses, Saturday no luck at all." Mrs. Earle writes:—"I foolishly, silly little thing that I was, turned to Lady Waldegrave and said, 'Which day were you married?' meaning, of course, to Mr. Harcourt. She answered 'Oh! my dear, I have been married nearly every day in the week.'"

Mrs. Earle writes thus of her marriage:—"I behaved very badly, and cried oceans." We are not given, nor should we desire it, an intimate sketch of her married life. Mrs. Earle felt herself eminently suited to be a poor man's wife. During the early years of their married life her husband was not only poor but ill too. However, as time went on his health considerably improved, and after getting along somehow on a very small income they were left a considerable fortune. They gradually got to know such distinguished people as Burne-Jones, George Eliot, Lewes, Huxley, and Oscar Wilde. Mrs. Earle thus describes one of the "rather formidable entertainments" held at St. John's Wood, where George Eliot lived:—"The guests sat round in a semicircle, with George Eliot in the middle with her back to the window, and talked. One day Lewes took me into his library to show me her manuscripts, all beautifully bound, and he said with pride, 'I have them all except "Scenes from Clerical Life," and that the publisher retained.' They were written without a single erasure, in a very small, neat handwriting, and Lewes told me that her method with her work was to think out a chapter and then write it straight off, and no corrections were necessary."

Mrs. Earle's remark when she saw Niagara for the first time was, "Oh, it's so beautiful, I think I shall cry!" Her companion replied, "Please don't, I think there is enough water here already." Apropos the same subject Mrs. Earle tells the following story:—

A man who lived all his life close to Niagara, with its wonderful roar always in his ears, came across Southey's poem called "The Cataract of Lodore," which is a very clever example of how the sound of falling water and rushing stream can be reproduced by words. The poem made such an impression on this man that he resolved to save up money till he had enough to bring him over to England. He then journeyed to Westmorland, and was told the way to Lodore; walking along tired out, at last he sat on a large stone by

the wayside, and asked a passer-by where were the Falls of Lodore. The man answered, "Why, you's sitting on 'um."

We should like to linger over Mrs. Earle's remarks concerning certain books and their writers, but must refrain from indulging in so congenial a task. We must, however, give an account of how "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" came to be written. It happened thus: "My foreign friend came to stay with us in our new London house in Cadogan Gardens, and, as she was furnishing a country house near Frankfort, I began telling her all I knew both as regards furnishing and gardening. She naturally got rather bewildered, and said, "Oh, I shall never remember all you tell me; if you would write it down, I should be grateful to you." It was written down, and, as the reading world knows, published in book form. We cannot agree with Messrs. Hatchard's terse comment: "I don't call it a literary success, but a social success." We believe it had the good fortune to be both. Mrs. Earle writes: "I always feel as I walk about that my end will be a motor-car or bicycle in the small of my back." We sincerely hope that so charming a writer does not at the same time possess the gift of prophecy. We hope, moreover, that "Memoirs and Memories" will not be her last book, and that she may, even in her advanced age, gratify her many admirers with yet another volume, with yet another pot-pourri, the recipe of which lies hidden in her facile pen.

THE WOODLAND COUNTY

Memorials of Old Surrey. Edited by the REV. J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. (George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.)

MESSRS. ALLEN are publishing memorials of the counties of England, and this book is a noteworthy addition to the series. Its contents are best gathered from the titles of the articles forming the memorials. "Historic Surrey," by H. E. Malden, M.A., begins with the palæolithic and neolithic ages, and brings the history down to later times, and is an exhaustive *résumé* of the subject. Mr. Malden has already written several books on Surrey, and his article is therefore doubly valuable. Mr. George Clinch, F.S.A., contributes the next article, a little overlapping that by Mr. Malden, on "Surrey Before the Norman Conquest." It is illustrated by other very good drawings of bronze buckles and antiquities found at various times in the county. The editor is responsible for articles on the "Forests of Surrey," and shows that Surrey is one of the best wooded counties in England, having a total area, according to the latest statistics, of no less than 58,576 acres. There is no doubt that this large average of woodland gives much of the charm to the county, and may its woodlands long continue! "Memorial Brasses in the County," by Mr. F. R. Fairbank, M.D., F.S.A., tells us, among much other interesting information, that although Surrey cannot boast of so magnificent a collection of brasses as its neighbours—Sussex and Kent—it possesses at Stoke d'Abernon, the home of the Vincents, the oldest brass in the United Kingdom. Very excellent drawings add interest to this article. "Roods, Screens, and Lofts in Surrey" form the subject of the next paper, and Mr. Aymer Vallance, M.A., F.S.A., illustrates his article by some charming sketches, to which is added an alphabetical list of Surrey villages containing examples.

"The Royal Residences of Surrey" are dealt with in a charming paper by Mr. J. Tavenor-Perry:—

Every dynasty of Monarchs in turn have made their homes in buildings which they have raised or embellished in Sarrey. From the Saxon Kings to the last Sovereign of

the House of Hanover, not a few of them have been intimately associated with their Surrey residences. . . . Before the Tower of London was dreamt of, and when Windsor Castle was at most but an earthwork, Kennington Palace was already the home of the Danish Kings, and its manor is still the heritage of the Prince of Wales.

A description of "The Fortunes of Lambeth Palace," by S. W. Kershaw, M.A., F.S.A., appropriately follows, as the palace surely comes very near to being a Royal residence.

"The Wall Paintings in Surrey Churches," contributed by Mr. Philip M. Johnston, F.S.A., and beautifully illustrated, is extremely interesting. The author tells us that Surrey and Sussex together contain more ancient wall paintings than any other half-dozen counties in England, and that the Chaldon painting of the former county and the wonderful series at Hardham, in the latter one, are for age and singularity unrivalled in this country. There is a very detailed description of the Chaldon picture. The illustration on page 211 of a wall-painting at Pyrford almost suggests the attitude of a modern golf-player. Stoke d'Abernion again figures in this article.

"The Foundation of the Abbey of Bermoudsey" is described by Mr. F. R. Fairbank, M.D., F.S.A., who tells us that the Cluniac monks came into England soon after the Norman Conquest, and amongst their earliest settlements were those of Lewes and Bermoudsey. This article is linked with one by the Editor on the "Religious Houses of Surrey," particularly the Abbeys of Chertsey and Waverley, and apparently is condensed from a longer article in the "Victoria County History of Surrey," by the same author. "The Post-Reformation Foundations in Surrey" follows, and is another link in the subject treated in the two previous articles.

The final article, on "Fanny Burney's Association with Surrey," is by F. W. Kershaw, M.A. The writer suggests that her connection with the county somewhat recalls the associations of Jane Austen with Hampshire, George Eliot with Derbyshire, and Miss Mitford with Berkshire. It is very gossip and interesting. Before this concluding article is one entitled "The Story of the Hindhead Gibbet," by Dr. Cox, and we protest against the inclusion in "Memorials of Old Surrey" of such a sordid tale as this. Murders on the Portsmouth Road of drunken or unfortunate sailors were extremely common, and the only reason why the narrative of this particular murder has been perpetuated is because a stone was put up at Hindhead by some gentleman to his own honour and glory, inasmuch as the sailor who was murdered was unknown. It is not worthy, to our minds, of being included in a book treating of the true memorials of the county.

The contributors to the volume are past masters of their subjects, and the result is a well-written and well-illustrated work which deserves a welcome place amongst county histories, especially in the library of every Surrey county gentleman.

SONGS OF ERIN

Ancient Irish Poetry. By DR. KUNO MEYER. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE student of the Irish language is still frequently met by the objection, "But what is the use of learning Irish? There is no Irish literature." It is largely owing to the labours of such men as Dr. Sigerson and Dr. Meyer that, as the latter says in the preface to this book of translations, "the fact is becoming recognised in ever wider circles that the vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the most primitive and original among the literatures of Western Europe."

The poems translated by Dr. Meyer are interesting, not

merely as reflecting the views and emotions of a primitive people, but for their intrinsic value as literature. They have, in places, a poignant simplicity which, paradoxically, is only attained by a conscious and highly developed sense of literary art. In the "Song of Summer," for instance, after such descriptive verses as

The corncrake, a strenuous bard, discourses,
The lofty cold waterfall sings
A welcome to the warm pool—
The talk of the rushes has come.

we get this vivid human touch—

A wild longing is on you to race horses.

Dr. Meyer arranges his translations under various headings—Myth and Saga, Religious Poetry, Songs of Nature, &c. A few have already been translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall;" but for the most part the poems will be new to the reader. Of the different groups, that comprising the Songs of Nature is, perhaps, the finest. In Irish poetry, both ancient and modern, the love of wild Nature is almost a "possession." In the fine "King and Hermit" it is as though the writer could not weary of enumerating all the beauties of the free forest life. The same quality is noticeable in the four descriptive songs of the seasons with their Japanese-like delicacy of touch, and in what has been called the first song of exile, "Colum Cille's Greeting to Ireland."

But the different phases of human feeling are not neglected. There is a naïve and delightful intimacy in the confession of a writer of the tenth century who laments the flightiness of his thoughts during the singing of the Psalms; "as slippery as an eel's tail they glide out of my grasp," he complains. Real pathos distinguishes "The Deserted Home," where a man sees in a blackbird's nest destroyed by cowherds the symbol of his own deserted hearth. The most striking of these "human" poems is "The Lament of the Old Woman of Beare" for her departed youth. It bears a strong resemblance to Villon's "La Belle Héaulmière," written five hundred years later, but the old Irish poet has avoided the frank coarseness of the Frenchman:—

I had my day with kings,
Drinking mead and wine:
To-day I drink whey-water
Among shrivelled old bags.

"The Tryst after Death," with its fine opening and concluding stanzas, contains a curious and minute description of a jewelled draught-board bequeathed by the dead warrior to his lady.

Dr. Meyer has been well advised in giving his versions in prose; an attempt to reproduce the intricacies of the old Irish verse is apt to result in a confusion of the sense and a certain loss of charm. Lovers of genuine literature in any form should be grateful to Dr. Meyer for such a fascinating glimpse into a treasure-house which we are glad to think is still very far from being exhausted.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Elements of Indian Taxation, Elements of the Theory of Taxation, with Special Reference to Indian Conditions.
By LEONARD ALSTON, Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. net.)

THE subject of Indian taxation is apt to assume greater prominence when the Indian Budget is under consideration, as it invariably is during the early part of the year. From the statements received it appears that the only fiscal change proposed is a reduction of the tobacco import

duty, in order to remove hardships of the country industry. Last year taxation was imposed to meet an anticipated fall in the opium revenue; but opium has shown an increase of nearly three millions sterling in 1910-11, which cannot be expected to recur. The increase has therefore been treated as a windfall, and distributed equitably and profitably. The lay mind cannot help being struck with the uncertainty of the Government's income. The Indian opium revenue is doomed to early extinction, and, unless the normal growth of income is accelerated, other taxation may be required to replace it. What form will such taxation assume? This is the practical question. Dr. Alston's little book, which he has worked up from official publications, aims at clarifying, for the student of the subject, the principles of taxation generally, with special reference to India. No objection can be offered to his enunciation of principles; his statements are easily understood, and he writes as an expert. Free Trade has hitherto been accepted as best for India; but it is more than probable that attempts will be made to reverse the policy. It cannot be too firmly laid down and insisted upon that what is suited to England is not necessarily right for India. For example, Dr. Alston's tables show some remarkable differences. In England, Customs produce nearly 24, Excise 25, Income-tax 23, Land-tax 5 per cent. of the total revenue. In India, Customs yield 9, Excise 12, Income-tax nearly 3, and Land Revenue 38 per cent. of the receipts. Such comparisons are useful as indicating the impossibility of reconciling different systems. Dr. Alston fully explains the alleged "economic drain" on India, on which false charges against British rule are so often based. His work is a condensed *multum in parvo*, and should be widely read and carefully studied.

Civil War. A Play in Four Acts. By ASHLEY DUKES. (Stephen Swift. 2s. net.)

CHARACTERISATION rather than strength of plot is the outstanding point of this very interesting little study of social differences. It is true that there is not much in the way of fine shades attempted; the chief persons whom the author puts before us are of such extremely contrasting types that they act as foils to each other without much effort at subtlety being necessary. Sir John Latimer, tall, dignified, absorbed in his own life and work, wealthy and tolerably contented, is rudely shaken when he finds that his son Michael has become "entangled" with the daughter of James Shannon, head of a Communist colony settled near at hand. It had been Sir John's intention that Michael should assist him in his life-work of interpreting "The Meaning of Civilisation," and, as he was an aristocrat of the old school, trouble was certain to follow when Michael showed signs of rebellion. The play concerns itself with the outcome of this love of Michael's, and the conflict between ideals diametrically opposed is cleverly suggested, the uncouth, embittered nature of Shannon being especially well drawn. "Civil War" was produced by the Stage Society in June, 1910, and is shortly to be seen, we understand, at one of the newer repertory theatres. It should have a successful run, for it deals with vital matters in a reasonable and restrained style. It is a great pity that pages 113 to 128 are repeated, in the copy under review, through careless binding.

The Great Solemnity of the Coronation of a King and Queen. With Notes by DOUGLAS MACLEANE, M.A., and an Introduction by the LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY. (George Allen and Co., Ltd. 5s. net.)

"FORMS which grow round a substance will be true and good," wrote Carlyle; "forms which are consciously put

round a substance bad." To elucidate and make interesting to the ordinary man the solemn formalities of the Coronation this book has been published. The Coronation Service can be traced back for eleven centuries, and Dr. Macleane, with many liturgical, historical, and descriptive notes, explains its value and its beauty, going into full detail with regard to the Regalia, the Oath, and the Vestments, and giving a categorical account of the Coronation of King Edward VII. The whole book is most interesting, and should be treasured by all who wish to realise the true significance of the ceremony which is made the occasion for so great an outflow of national rejoicing.

The Church of the Knights Templars in London. A Description of the Fabric and its Contents, with a Short History of the Order. By GEORGE WORLEY. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.)

Notes on the Temple Organ. By the late EDMUND MACRORY, Q.C. Illustrated. Third Edition. By M. MUIR MACKENZIE. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

VISITORS to the Temple Church could not take with them a better little guide-book than the first of these small volumes. It will tell them practically everything that is known concerning the ancient edifice and its contents. The book deals very fully with the vexed question of the recumbent effigies, and contains a useful Appendix upon the Temple organ.

The last-mentioned topic is dealt with at greater length in the second of the two volumes here noticed. Edmund Macrory's well-known notes are capably edited by Mr. Muir Mackenzie, whose footnotes are very welcome. An Appendix contributed by Mr. F. Rothwell, who carried out the recent reconstruction of the organ, deals in detail with the stops made by Father Smith, the original maker of the famous instrument.

FICTION

Winding Paths. By GERTRUDE PAGE. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

MRS. GERTRUDE PAGE has evidently a deep admiration for her principal heroine, Hal Pritchard, but we think she rather over-estimates that lady's perfections. One gets rather tired of being told what an exceedingly wideawake and broad-minded person she is, and the suave impertinence with which she points out to her stiff-necked brother the paths of reason and sense arouses a strong desire to administer the snub vigorously. To be quite frank Hal is an unlikeable person, and we wonder at the fascination she appears to exercise upon those whom she meets. Sir Edwin Crathie, a Cabinet Minister of the "unscrupulous type" beloved of lady novelists, finds her impudence charming, and, as his own manners are those of a rather ill-bred and forward schoolboy, they get along very well together. Nor apparently does a long series of silly gibes make Aylmer Hermon, the golden-haired giant, like her the less; in the end he finds it in him to fall in love with her, after a preliminary adventure with Lorraine Wilson, a lady who is supposed to be a great actress, but only succeeds, as far as the reader is concerned, in being a great nonentity. In short, Mrs. Page's numerous characters are not very valuable acquaintances, and her scenes of "free-lance" life in London are distinctly dull. Our authoress is an experienced and facile writer, who is certainly not careless or unworkmanlike; she is quite up-to-date and even mildly

topical, but we do not see that her book can make any one much wiser or more charitable than one was before.

People of Popham. By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. (Constable. 6s.)

WE had best admit at once that Mrs. George Wemyss has no particular story to tell. There are in her book no big scenes, no "set pieces," nothing for which the reader braces himself, no climax and no anti-climax. Characters jump up and bow, utter a few droll words, and vanish in an echo of laughter. Persons of more importance, who have dominated many chapters, are moved aside without a word of apology, perhaps to enter again later, perhaps to appear no more. The scenes are laid in a village, of which so little is told us in the formal descriptive way that we do not now know whether it stands on a hill or in a hollow. Enough that we remember a high street, a shop or two, some charming houses, a manor and a place in which to picnic. We visit them all, and always in good company—such wise, witty, and cheerful company as is the eternal justification of the novel. There is not a person in the book whom we should not like to know; and although it is impossible to mention many, the cream of the society is perhaps to be found in Jane, the maid, Lady Victoria and Poppy, Mrs. Durnford, the Howard children and Miss Dorinda, whose shopping excursion to London supplies some of the funniest pages we have ever read. "People of Popham" is a book that only a woman could have written, and only a kindly and humorous woman at that. If the reader will allow his or her memory to select the books of which the same thing may be said, he or she will at once see powerful reasons for procuring the present volume.

Justus Wise. By A. WILSON-BARRETT. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

PROBABLY every reader of fiction occasionally likes a slight diversion from the usual style of book the principal features of which, in the ordinary way, centre round the love affairs of several people. If so, very good fare is provided for them in Mr. A. Wilson-Barrett's latest romance, "Justus Wise." Mr. Justus Wise is, as he himself informs us, a "Confidential Agent, patronised by Royalty and the nobility," and also at the beginning of the very first chapter absolutely at his wits' ends to know how he is to continue to rent the offices he is occupying, as no clients come his way. One morning, however, when lighting the fire in the inner office, a body is discovered up the chimney, and on being pulled down proves to be that of a middle-aged man who apparently has been dead but a few days. Following immediately upon this discovery, a client appears, and thence all sorts of mysteries present themselves. The Confidential Agent is kept busy investigating, hunting people down, and racing round the town in motor-cars. Adventure follows adventure until in the end everything is made clear, right rewarded, and wrong punished. The interest in the story is well sustained, and, although mysteries deepen and plots thicken, the reader is steered clearly through them all, and has no reason to be bored if his tastes run in the direction of stirring detective stories.

The White Owl. By KATE HORN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

It is quite evident that Miss Horn has very little sympathy with London and those people who are compelled by fashion to inhabit that city during the "season," for in "The White Owl," as in other of her books, our author sends her heroine into the sweet, pure air of the country—this time in order to regain the health she had lost whilst doing her

duty in her aunt's house in town. In spite of the fact that there is no originality in the plot, this wholesome tale of love, intrigue, and rural life moves along in a very interesting and amusing manner. There are no dull pages in the book, while Mrs. Parfrement, a worthy farmer's wife who chaperons the invalid to Sicily, causes many a pleasant smile. All ends happily, and there is the necessity for the ringing of many wedding-bells, and not only for the young people, for Miss Horn has a pretty knack of occasionally uniting those who have spent many years of their life in loneliness whilst waiting for the one who was to be so dear to them. We look forward to more stories from the same pen told in a similar bright and healthy manner.

THE THEATRE

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" was the play chosen for presentation at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday last. Sir Herbert Tree has staged this play before, and it is well known that Falstaff is one of his favourite parts. On Monday he acted the amorous knight even better than on previous occasions, and his performance delighted a crowded audience. Sir Herbert was extraordinarily well supported by a very strong caste. Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Violet Vanbrugh were quite excellent as Mistress Page and Mistress Ford respectively. Miss Viva Birkett was a charming Anne Page—delightful to look upon. Mr. Arthur Bouchier as Master Ford was entitled to unstinted praise in a character of secondary importance. Two admirable character-studies were those of Mr. Walter Creighton as Master Slender and Mr. Edward Sass as Bardolf. Mr. Creighton was quite as good in his presentation of Master Slender as he was in that of the Prince of Aragon in the "Merchant of Venice," which is high praise. Bardolf, as acted by Mr. Sass, was a clever performance. It promoted sympathy to watch his unctuous appreciation as Falstaff quaffed the sack, coupled with his keen apprehension that never a drop would fall to his share. We must not omit a word of praise to Mr. Henry Hewett as Nym, Mr. O'Neill as Pistol, and Mr. Leon Lion as Simple. The play, compared with some of Shakespeare's masterpieces, is perhaps a trifle, but it is extremely entertaining, and as staged and acted at His Majesty's will, we think, attract to itself a full meed of public appreciation.

"THE PARISIENNE" AT THE ROYALTY

To praise the actors and to regret the play is apparently the only way out of the difficulty confronting us after witnessing Madame Yavorska's production of "The Parisienne"—the difficulty of criticising French satire in English guise, and of mitigating our disappointment. We cannot think that Madame Yavorska has been well advised in reviving for London this twenty-year-old comedy of Henri Becque. Despite her charm, her wonderfully expressive gestures, her skilful presentation of subtle, fleeting moods, and (last, but not least!) her exquisite dresses, the whole thing roused little enthusiasm, left unpleasant afterthoughts, and only showed once more what has been proved a dozen times—that French stage humour, with its predilection for inversions and perversions of the relationships of husband and wife, nearly always fits badly in its English costume. True, Becque's play has its moments of keen irony, of real comedy, of pretty trifling; also of sheer farce—as when Clotilde tantalises Lafont with the letter behind her husband's back, holding it provokingly just beyond his reach; but we

question the value of it and the wisdom of staging it here. And it was fairly obvious that the hearty calls at the end of each Act were due, not to the appeal of the play, but to the excellence of those who interpreted.

Madame Yavorska as the inconsequent and rather wicked Clotilde, who seemed to have two hearts—one for her husband, Du Mesnil, and one for her lover—had a part which brought out the lighter side of an art that we have seen more seriously expounded in her Ibsen season, a part, however, upon which we are sorry she should waste her fine talents. She was imperious, pleading, defiant, persuasive, sorrowful, provocative by turns; her dresses drew whispered comments, we dare assert, from every woman present; her scenes with the two men were excellently stage-managed. But her success was obviously one of personality triumphing over difficulties, and we venture to say that with almost any English actress in the character the play would have fallen flat. Lafont, the lover, was energetically taken by Mr. Charles Bryant—a shade too energetically at times, perhaps, but on the whole well; Mr. F. Kinsey Peile was irresistible as Du Mesnil; the smaller part of Baron Simpson, to whom Clotilde turns in her husband's financial embarrassment, received sympathetic treatment at the hands of Mr. Eric Maturin; and to Miss Aimée de Burgh as Adèle, the maid, due meed of praise must be given.

"The Parisienne" was preceded by a piece described as "A Classical Farce in One Act," by Mr. W. L. Courtney, with which Mr. Charles Bryant, Mr. Eric Maturin, Miss de Burgh, and Miss Frances Welstead (as a "Voice") did the best they could. "Pericles and Aspasia" may be intended as a light skit on modern London, and is possibly meant to be humorous; but the introduction of cigarettes, a typewriter, a telephone, electric light—the mention of a motor-car, the week's washing, the cook who has left—the exploitation of modern slang, such as "josses," "pal," "johnny," "deuced pretty girl"—the allusion to Socrates as "Socky," and to Euripides as the author of "Damn and Super-damn"—all these, depending for their effect on contrast with the ancient Greek atmosphere, make rather sorry fooling for grown-up people. Surely Mr. W. L. Courtney is capable of better things than "Pericles and Aspasia"! In a farce, be it classical or not, we expect a few hearty laughs. As a matter of fact we could only show our appreciation now and then by a somewhat wry smile, although in justice to all concerned we must put on record that certain ripples of silvery laughter broke continuously from the back of the house, and flowed graciously over the bewildered occupants of the stalls.

THE COURT THEATRE

THE IRISH PLAYERS

It was at least adventurous, and adventure has always its fascinations in a work-weary world. The Irish Players are inevitably associated in the mind with the things that tend to simplicity: with remote villages that have not lost the glory of life, the wonder and habit of humour, and the richness of musical speech. With Lady Gregory this simplicity is simply broad and rustic, with none of the self-conscious meanings that the words "broad" and "rustic" have come to wear in our midst; with Synge it was a half-brackish instinct that thrust past externals to the inwardness of souls; with Yeats it was touched with phantasy or sublimated to a poetry of dreams and essences; with T. C. Murray in "Birthright" it has become fierce, dark, and primal, and even when Mr. Lennox Robinson in "Harvest" desired to be sceptic, he had to be sceptic at the expense of this self-same simplicity. It was simple

throughout, with a simplicity that sprang from the genuine founts of inspiration, avoiding the bucolic on the one hand and the mime and meretrix on the other.

Against such a background, then, what shall be said to the Gorgeous Exotic? Yet it was this that they chose to open their concluding week with. A warning note was struck in the fact that on entering the theatre one's nostrils were assailed with the heavy odour of incense; yet even so the mind was ill-prepared for what was to follow in the head-piece of the evening, "King Argimenes," by Lord Dunsany. On the programme the period was advertised as "A long time ago," and therefore we presume, since Time was dismissed, Space also was dismissed with equal scorn, and the country depicted was situate nowhere and sprang nowhence.

Now this is admirable. It has always been our conviction that drama (as distinguished from the novel) is ideal; and that therefore the Greeks, in seeking to pronounce the unities of space and time, were vaguely and imperfectly seeking to express this ideal nature of drama. But in ideal conditions all things are ideal; attire, for instance, is becomingly ideal, simple, and unobtrusive. In no ideal conditions would an ideal character wear a conical hat of almost three feet high in a flaming orange hue. Perhaps, indeed, in ideal conditions a king would have four wives (an apt selection of many more doubtless), but we are very sure that he would never berig them in such extraordinary garbs. He himself, King Darniak, who held King Argimenes as a slave over whom he gloated, was very strongly Assyrian; there were in his make-up marked resemblances to Asshur-bani-apli, especially about the artificial hirsute adornments, though we are very sure, judging from his effete deportment, that he had nothing of the fire and energy of that distinguished warrior. But his wives resembled nothing on earth. All ages and all arts combined to make them bizarre and fantastic, in the aforesaid orange hat disappearing into darkness, and other strange apparel. We are very sure Sara Allgood, Kathleen O'Brien, Maire O'Neill and Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh, in their wildest nightmares, have never thought to be clothed in this wise.

This was the centre-note of the play. Play, however, it could hardly be called; being rather a fantastic production that threw his Majesty's into the shade. Fourteen different characters figure in the persons of the plays, which is a goodly assembly in the productions of the Irish players; yet among all these there is only one who has any part to fill at all, and that is King Argimenes, he striding through his unopposed way in a manner unexampled on earth. He, be it said, is a slave; and the first scene discovers him at "The Dinner Hour on the Slave-fields of King Darniak," conversing earnestly, as he digs, with Zarb, "a slave born of slaves," but in no way different, for all that, from the other slaves of King Darniak. He converses of his misfortunes, does King Argimenes, and digs; and when he has conversed sufficiently and dug sufficiently, he finds an opportune sword of ancient shape and outline, which fills him with lust of conquest, and duly impresses Zarb, the slave born of slaves. Intermittently the while the guard passes by, to whom he has to give an unflattering obeisance. At last he strikes off his own fetters (with such surpassing ease that we wonder that the idea never before came to him) and goes off single-handed to slay all the King's guard, while Zarb remains behind to gather together the other slaves. They too seem to have as little difficulty in striking off their fetters; and they seem, moreover, to have been left in a strangely unguarded condition.

At this moment a most unfelicitous thing occurred. While the slaves are describing King Argimenes' victory to us a curtain is drawn across for a change of scene. Through the joint of the curtain Zarb peers, and continues to describe

the glorious and single-handed victory. But it was difficult to hear him; for the noise of scene-shifters swelled through the air. It certainly was not provocative of becoming gravity to have Zarb's account of King Argimenes' prowess intermingled with the voice of the foreman of scene-shifters in urgent instructions to his men, and his men in noisy delivery of their burdens on the boarded stage. When the next scene is shown King Darniak and his gorgeous wives and his sumptuous and fantastic court are discovered. When they go off to sup, King Argimenes rushes in with his slaves and hews Darniak's god to pieces. Finally, too, Darniak is slain ("off-stage"), and Argimenes is victor, while we are left to wonder if Lord Dunsany really only intended to sketch out a brief outline for the purpose of permitting Mr. Nugent Monck to lay waste his phantasy in the strange largesse of exotic production.

With almost a shock of reality there succeeded to this Synge's "Well of the Saints." If "Riders to the Sea" be his purest and "The Playboy" his most beautiful achievement, "The Well of the Saints" is certainly his greatest work. The conception of Martin Doul and Mary Doul cured of blindness by a passing saint with his wondrously gathered holy water, and waking each to discover the other old and ugly, whereas they had been led to imagine themselves the beauties of the countryside, waking, too, not to the delight of the visible world, but to toil, and penury thrice penurious, is very characteristic of Synge's mordant vision of life. Incidentally it threw a sidelight on the ruin the company have made of "The Playboy" by playing it as farce. For while one is not less characteristic of the author's mind than the other, "The Well of the Saints" is less malleable in its production than "The Playboy." The result was that, in spite of an obvious eagerness on the part of the audience for an occasion for tittering, scarcely a laugh broke the course of the play. Synge had the rare faculty of mixing his laughter with such bitterness of tears that mirth, while ever present, has rarely an opportunity of moving through to the noise of lips. It is kept always pensive and thoughtful.

In this play more than any other one is brought continuously against the firm edge of the uncannily shrewd thought running through all Synge's works, a shrewdness so typical of his nation's psychology. It is so, for instance, when Timmy the Smith complains to Martin Doul, whom he has compelled to work hard for him, that now he and his wife, Mary, have recovered their sight they have set "every person in this place, and up beyond to Rathvanna, talking of nothing, and thinking of nothing, but the way they do be looking in the face." It comes out quietly in the gentle hints that are given that, though Martin and Mary have separated owing to their discovered ugliness in each other, Mary will be for ever taking useless errands that should lead her daily within sight of Martin. So in the concluding Act, when Martin mocks at the strange solace Mary had found, they both blind again, but with the added discovery of their ugliness, Mary strikes to the centre of him, saying "You were saying all times you'd a great ear for hearing the lies in a word. A great ear, God help you, and you think you're using it now." Sara Allgood and Arthur Sinclair, as was to be expected, played Mary and Martin Doul, with Maire O'Neill as Molly Bryne and Sidney Morgan as Timmy the Smith.

In the concluding programme of the visit there were given Mr. Yeats' familiar "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and Mr. Murray's "Birthright"—a meeting of the old and the new in very deed. The something strangely unsatisfactory in "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" was satisfactorily smoothed out of the way by the dream movements of the acting. It was good to see Miss Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh back in her old part of Delia Cahel. The more we see of "Birthright" the more

we are convinced that it is a very fine and noteworthy achievement. The acting of the four central figures has a coherence and balance rare to discover in the theatre; and the acting of that really fine actress Miss Eileen O'Doherty, in the concluding movement, is one of the supremest things in the whole season, only to be eclipsed, in fact, by Miss Sara Allgood in the "Riders to the Sea." Among the new plays given this year, in writing and in acting, the crown of the achievement must undeniably go to "Birthright."

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—III.

By FRANK HARRIS

WE had spent so many hours in the Church of Brou that we were compelled to hurry if we wished to reach Dijon that night, and so we took the most direct road over Louhans and Auxonne instead of the main road, which passes through Chalons, Chagny, and Beaune. For we both knew it would be dark long before we reached Beaune, and once there, we should not be able to go on without seeing the famous Hôtel Dieu, or Hospital, with the lady nurses in the quaint costumes of the fifteenth century—white in summer and blue in winter. (How beautiful this French name for a hospital, "God's Inn.")

Besides, I longed to see the famous Primitive picture in fifteen panels of "The Last Judgment," by Roger van der Weyden, and the great Flemish tapestries of the fifteenth century, and the Aubusson of the sixteenth. There is wonderful Gobelin tapestry, too, to be seen at Beaune, and wooden galleries, two storeys high and three hundred years old, to say nothing of the Church of Notre Dame, which dates from 1330, and possesses tapestries of the fifteenth century which tell the story of the Virgin in many colours.

Clearly we should have to stop at Beaune if we came near it, and so we fled temptation, as Beaune lies on the direct road, and can easily be visited another time; and now we want to spend some hours in Dijon in the morning, and go out of our way to Vezelay and yet sleep in Paris that night, which means doing something more than 250 miles—a long drive even for a powerful car.

How rich is this noble country of France in works of art and historical associations! Every few miles we are pulled hither and thither by our desire just to see this or that masterpiece! Italy alone is perhaps richer in works of the Renaissance, but every epoch in France has had its own art and its own master-workmen, and the result is incomparably richer and more interesting than can be found in any other country.

And of all the cities of France, except Paris, Dijon is the one in which you can best study the succeeding epochs of a nation's art.

The sun was darting the last level rays in our eyes as we took the north road from Bourg with over one hundred miles still to do before sleeping in Dijon. The road was almost perfect, as only a French road is: no *caniveaux* and only one level-crossing; and so we pushed the accelerator home and called on the machine to do its best. In a little over two hours we lifted the lights of Dijon on our left, and soon slipped through the streets to our hotel, noticing only that the brave Mercedes was not even warm.

It is difficult to know where to begin to write about Dijon, for its art wealth is so extraordinary that one feels inclined to say it must be visited to be even imagined. The old town itself is a jewel-casket. It was the capital

of the Dukes of Burgundy for just three centuries—from 1179 till the death of Charles the Reckless in 1477. For these three hundred years Dijon was as politically important as Paris itself, and this period covers the best of Gothic architecture and art, and reaches into the full bloom of the Renaissance. For this time, at least, Dijon seems to me the most interesting city in the world, more interesting even than Florence, for the art of Florence is derivative. It is all tinged with classic tradition and fashioned on classic models, whereas the art of Dijon is all pure Flemish, has come to birth by native impulse, and has the full savour of the race.

First of all let us just glance at the architecture. When Dijon, which had always been Catholic, surrendered to Henry IV. in 1595, after the famous victory of Fontaine-Française, the great fighter and lover called it the "city of beautiful spires," and the praise is justified. Though Dijon has not a single church to compare with that of Chartres or of Amiens, its Cathedral, which was once the Abbey Church of Saint-Bénigne, is really interesting in spite of the fact that it belongs to no single style or time. It is not even a true Gothic Cathedral at all: the foundations of it are so old that it follows the plan of the last Roman-Byzantine churches. On this foundation an old Gothic church was erected, most of which disappeared or was pulled down to make place for the new church of 1280; the finest parts of this, too, were destroyed in the Revolution. I prefer the smaller church of St. Michel, which is almost pure sixteenth century. This church also suffered greatly in the Terror, but there are very interesting things in it, notably the great doors and the base of the statue of St. Michel, where you find not only Jesus and the Magdalene, but Venus, too, and Hercules, with the bulls of Geryon—the frank paganism of the Renaissance. The finest church in Dijon is beyond question the church of Notre Dame. It was commenced in 1178 and finished about one hundred years later. It still remains the masterpiece of the Burgundian School. But, alas! the façade of it was defaced by the *sans-culottes*, who didn't like any images except their own, and, worse still, it was restored towards the end of the nineteenth century according to the plans of Viollet-le-Duc.

But if there were no churches at all, Dijon would still be visited for its house-architecture. Street after street takes one into the remote past. Here is an *echauguette* of the early seventeenth century; there the house of the Cariatides, with carved wooden figures supporting the front of the second and third floors; a gorgeous well in the courtyard of the Tribunal of Commerce belongs to the same time; while the portal of the Hotel Vogüé and a tower at the angle of the Hotel des Berbis are both wonders of the best period of the Renaissance. I know no town that in so small a space reminds one so often of past centuries and calls up historic events with such magic of suggestion.

The art-centre of the town, however, is to be sought in the old Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, which is now at once the *hotel de ville*, the museum, and the post-office. The old Palace was begun in 1364 and finished in 1468. Of this building the tower is still standing, and the body of the building, which contains the famous *Salle des Gardes* and the great kitchen. The old well in the courtyard belongs to the same century.

But before describing these, let me get done with less important treasures. The picture-gallery is very interesting in its way, with fifty pictures which deserve study. There is a portrait of a woman by Clouet, and the head of a laughing child by Franz Hals, which are simply unforgettable. In another room the best Henner I've ever seen and three Teniers, and a splendid landscape by Ruysdael; to say nothing of a dozen canvases by Greuze and Chardin and Nattier which would be worth noticing in any company.

But the Burgundy school is famous for its sculpture and not for its paintings. And there are certain examples even of modern work which must not be passed over. Rude was a native of Dijon, and all his best things are here, notably a Hebe exquisite in girlish slimness, a thousand times more individual and therefore more attractive than the vaunted Henner.

A terra-cotta bust of Napoleon, by Houdon, struck me more than anything, partly, of course, because it is one of the few contemporary busts, but more because of its own surpassing quality. Houdon is known to Englishmen chiefly by the marvellous seated statue of Voltaire in the Comédie Française, the face a wonder of realistic presentment: the mocking soul of the man seems to have formed his every feature, so that it is a mask of grinning sarcasm. This head of Napoleon is at the other pole of art, and shows the sculptor's width of range. It is, of course, beautiful, though perhaps the nose is a little too large for perfect symmetry. The wonder of the head is its enigmatic, mysterious expression; the power and pride of the regard. This, one feels, is the head of the man who even after defeat conquered twenty millions of people without needing to strike a blow.

I make no apology for telling here a story of Napoleon which has always affected me greatly. It seems to me one of the most characteristic stories of the greatest man of action since Cæsar, and it will probably therefore be of interest to men for centuries to come. At the beginning of his career Napoleon was sent to take the command of the army in Italy. He had to pass through Lyons, which was held by General Augereau, who had already given proof of his talent for war, besides showing remarkable force of character and desperate courage. Augereau prepared to meet the young Corsican who had already made himself talked about and was now sent from Paris, and put above him, a senior officer, by the law-makers. He surrounded himself with his staff, saying to them: "You shall see how I'll receive this young man; he won't impose on me, I promise you. I'm not afraid of him."

When the doors were thrown open, and Napoleon entered hurriedly, Augereau remained insolently seated. Napoleon took in the position at a glance. Stopping short, he folded his arms and fixed his eyes on the general. In spite of himself, Augereau rose to his feet and bowed. With head thrown back and a curt nod Napoleon communicated his wishes, disdaining further notice of Augereau's poor attempt at bluff.

The story seems to me worthy to stand with the finest things told of Cæsar, with Plutarch's account of how he disposed of Metellus at the Treasury: "Young man, it would be as easy for me to kill you as to tell you to stand aside," and of how he lorded it over the pirates, and this other story which I've read somewhere, though I have forgotten where. As a young man Cæsar owed more money than any one else ever owed in Rome, millions and millions of sesterces. When he crossed the Rubicon a Roman rode up to him, saying:

"That must have been an anxious moment even for you, Cæsar."

"Not for me," replied Cæsar, smiling, "but, perhaps, for my creditors."

The tale is very modern and ironic; characteristic, too, of Cæsar's aristocratic contempt for money. There are a dozen instances of Napoleon's comprehension of the value of money which are just as characteristic of his poverty-stricken upbringing.

This bust of him by Houdon is the only head I have ever seen which gives me the sense of power that must have been in Napoleon Bonaparte.

THE STORY OF A BOOK

IV.—FAME

It was some little time before the public, the mysterious section of the public that reads works of fiction, discovered that the Publisher, aided by the normal good-humour of the critics, had persuaded them to sacrifice some of their scant hours of intellectual recreation on a work of portentous dulness. Then—for the literary audience has its sense of humour—they amused themselves for a while by recommending the book to their friends, and the sales crept steadily up to four thousand, and there stayed with an unmistakable air of finality. If the book had had any real literary merit its life would have started at that point, for the weary comments of reviewers and the strident outcries of publishers tend to obscure rather than reveal the permanent value of a book. But six months after publication "The Improbable Marquis" was completely forgotten, save by the second-hand booksellers, who found themselves embarrassed with a number of books for which no one seemed anxious to pay sixpence, in spite of the striking heliotrope binding. The Publisher, who was aware of this circumstance, offered the Author five hundred copies at cost price, and the Author bought them, and sent them to public libraries, without examining the motive for his action too closely. There were moments when he regarded the success of his book with suspicion. He would have preferred the praise that had greeted it to have been less violent and more clearly defined. Of all the criticisms, the only one that lingered in his mind was the curt comment, "The author had nothing to say, and he has said it." He thought it was unfair, but he had remembered it. At the same time, in examining his own character he could not find that masterfulness that seemed to him necessary in a great man. But for the most part he was content to accept his new honours with a placid satisfaction and to smile genially upon a world that was eager to credit him with qualities that possibly he did not possess.

For if his book was no longer read his fame as an author seemed to be established on a rock. Society, with a larger S than that which he had hitherto adorned, was delighted to find after two notable failures that genius could still be presentable, and the Author was rather more than that. He was rich, he had that air of the distinguished army officer which falls so easily to those who occupy the pleasant position of sleeping partner in the City, and he had just the right shade of amused modesty with which to meet inquiries as to his literary intentions. In a word, he was an Author of whom any country—even France, that prolific parent of presentable authors—would have been proud. Even his wife, who had thought it an excellent joke that her husband should have written a book, had to take him seriously as an author when she found that their social position was steadily improving. With feminine tact she gave him a fountain-pen on his birthday, from which he was meant to conclude that she believed in his mission as an artist.

Meanwhile, with the world at his feet, the Author spent an appreciable part of his time in visiting the second-hand bookshops and buying copies of his book absurdly cheap. He carried these waifs home and stored them in an attic secretly, for he would have found it hard to explain his motives to the intellectually childless. In the first flush of authorship he had sent a number of presentation copies of his book to writers whom he admired, and he noticed without bitterness that some of these volumes with their neatly-turned inscriptions were coming back to him through this channel. At all the second-hand bookshops he saw long-haired young men looking over the books without buying them, and he thought these must be authors, but he was too

shy to speak to them, though he had a great longing to know other writers. He wanted to ask them questions concerning their methods of work, for he was having trouble with his second book. He had read an article in which the writer said that the great fault of modern fiction was that authors were more concerned to produce good chapters than to produce good books. It seemed to him that in his first book he had only aimed at good sentences, but he knew no one with whom he could discuss such matters.

One day he had found a copy of "The Improbable Marquis" in the Charing Cross-road, and was glancing through it with absent-minded interest, when a voice at his elbow said: "I shouldn't buy that if I were you, Sir. It's no good!" He looked up and saw a wild young man, with bright eyes and an untidy black beard. "But it's mine; I wrote it," cried the Author. The young man stared at him in dismay. "I'm sorry; I didn't know," he blurted out, and faded away into the crowd. The Author gazed after him wistfully, regretting that he had not had presence of mind enough to ask him to lunch. Perhaps the young man could have told him how he ought to write his second book.

For somehow or other, at the very moment when his literary position seemed most secure in the eyes of his wife and his friends, the Author had lost all confidence in his own powers. He shut himself up in his study every night, and was supposed by an admiring and almost timorous household to be producing masterpieces, when in reality he was conducting a series of barren skirmishes between the critical and the creative elements of his nature. He would write a chapter or two in a fine fury of composition, and then would read what he had written with intense disgust. He felt that his second book ought to be better than his first, and he doubted whether he would even be able to write anything half so good. In his hour of disillusionment he recalled the anonymous critic who had treated "The Improbable Marquis" with such scant respect, and he wrote to him asking him to expand his judgment. He was prepared to be wounded by the answer, but the form it took surprised him. In reply to his temperate and courteous letter the critic sent a postcard bearing only five short words—"Why did you write it?"

This was bad manners, but the Author was sensible enough to see that it might be good criticism, especially as he found some difficulty in answering the question. Why had he written a book? Not for money, or for fame, or to express a personality of which he saw no reason to be proud. All his friends had said that he ought to write a novel, and he had thought that he could write a better one than the average. But he had to admit that such motives seemed to him insufficient. There was, perhaps, some mysterious force that drove men to create works of art, and the critic had seen that his book had lacked this necessary impulse. In the light of this new theory the Author was roused by a sense of injustice. He felt that it should be possible for any one to write a good book if they took sufficient pains, and he set himself to work again with a savage and unproductive energy.

It seemed to him that in spite of his effort to bear in mind that the whole should be greater than any part, his chapters broke up into sentences and his sentences into forlorn and ungregarious words. When he looked to his first book for comfort he found the same horrid phenomenon taking place in its familiar pages. Sometimes when he was disheartened by his fruitless efforts he slipped out into the streets, fixing his attention on concrete objects to rest his tired mind. But he could not help noticing that London had discovered the secret which made his intellectual life a torment. The streets were more than a mere assemblage of houses, London herself was more than a tangled skein of streets, and overhead heaven was more than a meeting-place

of individual stars. What was this secret that made words into a book, houses into cities, and restless and measureable stars into an unchanging and immeasurable universe?

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

MUSIC

PROVIDENCE in her wisdom appears to have decided that it is not good for any country to enjoy an uninterrupted succession of great men in art. We must not be greedy, she seems to say, and expect to have everything at once. If we are granted great men of science, for example, or heaven-sent statesmen, we are not to think it strange if no artists in the grand style, whether painters or musicians, or poets in prose and verse are vouchsafed to us at the same time. It is true that we of Great Britain have no reason to complain of an illiberal Providence in regard to the bestowal of painters and poets. When we contemplate the offspring of our British Muses, we can say as complacently as Lady Bertram did to Fanny Price on the occasion of Crawford's proposal, "Humph! we certainly are a handsome family." But when we look up our roll of musicians in the grand style there is much less reason for satisfaction, and we may be driven to console ourselves with the doctrine that it is not good for us to have everything at once. Critics may assure us that had it not been for Handel, who diverted the stream of musical inspiration from the proper course, the river, whose upper waters knew such gods as Byrd and Tallis, Purcell and Gibbons would now have become a flood worthy to be mentioned in any book of geography with the mighty German rivers themselves. Their explanation, however, accept it as eagerly as we will, is but a cold comfort. The doctrine of the law of compensation is more flattering to our pride. We really should have been too much favoured a nation had we been given Beethovens as well as Shakespeares, and Mozarts as well as Turners, to say nothing of our Newtons and George Stephensons.

We have been led to indulge in these salutary reflections it having recently been our privilege to lend a sympathetic ear to the lament of some distinguished American cousins over the musical unfruitfulness of their magnificent country. "Emerson is not our only great philosopher in prose," they truly declare; "Sargent and Whistler are not our only great painters; and as for inventions, what does the world not owe to us! But why have we no composers? We are young, and cannot, of course, pretend to look back and find a Purcell, but there can be no reason why we should not have at least an Elgar or a Max Reger!" We did our best to soothe the pained hearts of our friends, and shortly afterwards went with feelings of unusual interest and expectation to an orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, there to hear a programme of pieces by Mr. Henry Hadley, an American composer of whose gifts and success we hoped to be able to give an extremely encouraging account to his compatriots. How much we wish it were in our power to say that in Mr. Hadley America has at last got her Elgar. The English composer (who may now sit in the Temple of Merit between Thomas Hardy and Lord Morley) certainly has something of his very own to say, and language of his very own to say it in. We may not hold that the thoughts he expresses so well are very deep or likely to be abiding, but they are his own, and there are not, we believe, two opinions as to the grace and lucid ease with which he can express them. But we could not discern any markedly personal thought or any peculiar felicity of language in Mr. Hadley's music. There was nothing in it to offend; there were frequent elegances of orchestral device; there was

sometimes a bright heartiness of spirit, very pleasant to note in these days when Music, like Virtue in the novel of "Vanity Fair," according to Lord Rosebery, is too apt to "sit gloomily in a garb of whitey-brown."

We were allowed to hear a symphony which bears the title of "North, East, South and West." That the spirit of the North should be conveyed to us by a movement *allegro energico*, with a grave prelude and epilogue, may be all very proper, though our acquaintance with the Eastern States of America is insufficient to teach us why they should utter so plaintive a wail *andante dolorosamente*. One must have a slow movement, no doubt, in a symphony, but it need not be dolorous. The middle section of this movement in dance rhythm, and adorned with "barbaric colour," seemed strange to us amid its surroundings till we remembered that America is a country of surprises. "Darky" tunes and "rag-time" syncopation provide material for the *allegretto giocoso*, and who shall complain if Mr. Hadley thinks he may follow where Dvorák led the way? But we should like to utter a gentle protest against the notion that America should seek to found a national school of music upon its negro melodies, as older countries have evolved their music out of their folk-songs. Negro tunes are not American tunes any more than are the Indian tunes upon which, we believe, certain musical professors wish to build, in rivalry with those who declare for the "darky" foundation. Perhaps Mr. Hadley sees salvation in the use of both these founts of melodic inspiration, for in his last movement, "The West," he treats us both to an Indian tune and an Indian drum. His rhapsody "The Culprit Fay" has nothing distinctively American about it. Clever enough in its rather obvious way, it might have been written years ago by Sir Frederick Cowen, or to-day by many a young scholar of our College and Academy. The tone-poem "Salome" showed Mr. Hadley's talent at its best, and this we should like to hear again.

On the succeeding evening it was Britain's turn to show what she could produce in the way of composers. That brilliant being Miss (or ought we to write "Dr.") Ethel Smyth conducted a programme of her own music, some of it being music which is coming to be well known. Miss Smyth's strains are much more thrilling than Mr. Hadley's. What vigour, what impetuosity, what a sense of the picturesque do we not find in them! Here is a burning soul, consumed, as it seems, with desire to let its light and heat warm up the cold world. Nor can one deny that Miss Smyth is thoroughly equipped. She can clothe these surging thoughts of hers in a language that is personal and vivid, and she narrowly escapes writing music that is great. We confess to some impatience with Providence for not having granted to Miss Smyth the power to write great music. She ought to be the Charlotte Brontë of music; sometimes in the "Wreckers" and "Der Wald" she almost persuades us that she is, or is going to be, but at the end we are not convinced as we should wish to be. Does Miss Smyth, we are tempted to ask, write too impatiently? does she put down her thoughts just as they come? is the musician in her stronger than the artist? has she really not got complete control over her language and the form of it? Much as we admire most of her music, we feel that there is something wanting to make it magnificent, though it has many elements of magnificence. We could only partially judge of her new Henri de Requier songs, which a French writer has found so exquisite. Mrs. Swinton did not sing them well, and their accompaniment was too heavy. The chief popular success of the concert was the rather sensuous "Benedictus" from the Mass in D. It is quite pretty, but, compared with the composer's later work, it sounded old-fashioned and second-rate. But Mme. Blanche Marchesi and her pupils sang it so fervently that that portion of the audience which, to use Thackeray's words, "find second-rate poetry

pleasanter than your great thundering epics " insisted on its being repeated.

As we write, the news comes that the famous conductor Mottl is dead, and we mourn very sincerely the loss of such a man. It was natural that he should be a first-rate conductor of Wagner, but we own that our gratitude to him is chiefly owing to his splendid work for, and devotion to, Mozart. Those performances in the little Court Theatre of Munich will ever be one of the most cherished of the writer's memories. Richard Strauss is finely in sympathy with Mozart's operas, and conducts them with great power. But Mottl seemed to get nearer to the heart of Mozart than any one else.

THE LOST THINGS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

I NEVER remember an historian yet, nor a topographer either, who could tell me, or even pretend to explain by a theory, how it was that certain things of the past utterly and entirely disappear.

It is a commonplace that everything is subject to decay, and a commonplace which the false philosophy of our time is too apt to forget. Did we remember that commonplace we should be a little more humble in our guesswork, especially where it concerns pre-history; and we should not make so readily certain where the civilisation of Europe began, nor limit its immense antiquity. But though it is a commonplace, and a true one, that all human work is subject to decay, there seems to be an inexplicable caprice in the method and choice of decay.

Consider what a body of written matter there must have been to instruct and maintain the technical excellence of Roman work. What a mass of books on engineering and on ship-building and on road-making; what quantities of tables and ready-reckoners, all that civilisation must have produced and depended upon. Time has preserved much verse, and not only the best by any means, more prose, particularly the theological prose of the end of the Roman time. The technical stuff, which must, in the nature of things, have been indefinitely larger in amount, has (save in one or two instances and allusions) gone.

Consider, again, all that mass of seven hundred years which was called Carthage. It was not only seven hundred years of immense wealth, of oligarchic government, of a vast population, and of what so often goes with commerce and oligarchy—civil and internal peace. A few stones to prove the magnitude of its municipal work, a few ornaments, a few graves—all the rest is absolutely gone. A few days' marches away there is an example I have quoted so often elsewhere that I am ashamed of referring to it again, but it does seem to me the most amazing example of historical loss in the world. It is the site of Hippo Regius. Here was St. Augustine's town, one of the greatest and most populous of a Roman province. It was so large that an army of eighty thousand men could not contain it, and even with such a host its siege dragged on for a year. There is not a sign of that great town to-day.

A suburb, well without the walls—to be more accurate, a neighbouring village—carries on the name under the form of Bona, and that is all. A vast, fertile plain of black rich earth, now largely planted with vineyards, stands where Hippo stood. How can the stones have gone? How can it have been worth while to cart away the marble columns? Why are there no broken statues on such a ground, and no relics of the gods?

Nay, the wells are stopped up from which the people drank, and the lining of the wells is not to be discovered in the earth, and the foundations of the walls, and even the ornaments of the people and their coins, all these have been spirited away.

Then there are the roads. Consider that great road which reached from Amiens to the main port of Gaul, the Portus Itius at Boulogne. It is still in use. It was in use throughout the Middle Ages. Up that road the French Army marched to Crécy. It points straight to its goal upon the sea coast. Its whole purpose lay in reaching the goal. For some extraordinary reason, which I have never seen explained or even guessed at, there comes a point as it nears the coast where it suddenly ceases to be.

No sand has blown over it. It runs through no marshes; the land is firm and fertile. Why should that, the most important section of the great road which led northward from Rome, have failed, and have failed so recently, in the history of man? Where this great road crosses streams and might reasonably be lost, at its *pontes*, its bridges, it has remained, and is of such importance as to have given a name to a whole countryside—*Ponthieu*. But north of that it is gone.

Nearly every Roman road of Gaul and Britain presents something of the same puzzle in some parts of its course. It will run clear and followable enough, or form a modern highway for mile upon mile, and then not at a marsh where one would expect its disappearance, nor in some desolate place where it might have fallen out of use, but in the neighbourhood of a great city and at the very chief of its purpose, it is gone. It is so with the Stane-street that led up from the garrison of Chichester and linked it with the garrison of London. You can reconstruct it almost to a yard until you reach Epsom Downs. There you find it pointing to London Bridge, and remaining as clear as in any other part of its course: much clearer than in most other sections. But try to follow it on from Epsom Racecourse, and you entirely fail. The soil is the same; the conditions of that soil are excellent for its retention; but a year's work has taught me that there is no reconstructing it save by hypothesis and guesswork from this point to the crossing of the Thames.

What happened to all that mass of local documents whereby we ought to be able to build up the territorial scheme and the landed *régime* of old France? Much remains, if you will, in the shape of chance charters and family papers. Even in the archives of Paris you can get enough to whet your curiosity. But not even in one narrow district can you obtain enough to reconstruct the whole truth. There is not a scholar in Europe who can tell you exactly how land was owned and held, even, let us say, on the estates of Rheims or by the family of Condé. And men are ready to quarrel as to how many peasants owned and how much of their present ownership was due to the Revolution, evidence has already become so wholly imperfect in that tiny stretch of historical time.

But, after all, perhaps one ought not to wonder too much that material things should thus capriciously vanish. Time, which has secured Timgad so that it looks like an unroofed city of yesterday, has swept and razed Laimboesis. The two towns were neighbours—one was taken and the other left—and there is no sort of reason any man can give for it. Perhaps one ought not too much to wonder, for a greater wonder still is the sudden evaporation and loss of the great movements of the human soul. That what our ancestors passionately believed or passionately disputed should, by their descendants in one generation or in two, become meaningless, absurd, or false—this is the greatest marvel and the greatest tragedy of all.

THE THACKERAY EXHIBITION AT THE CHARTERHOUSE

THIS being the Thackeray Centenary, nothing more adequate could well have been thought of than an exhibition in which a variety of matter could be displayed with Thackeray as its centre of interest. Certainly a visit to the Charterhouse is more than worth while at the moment. There is, for example, to be seen that perennial source of interest to the enthusiast, whether for or against Thackeray, manuscripts in which the evidence of his genius shines clearly and radiantly to the eye of the lover, and in which the eye of the scornful can discover what it will. For in a day of machines and typewriters and dictaphones we are unfortunately losing that intimate acquaintance with human nature and human character that handwriting alone can supply. Not only are there manuscripts, however. There are sketches and drawings, wrought by the same hand which achieved the cadence of sentence, which are doubly graphic, inasmuch as they give us their author's own pictorial conception of his characters. He had sometimes a quite vivid sense of beauty in curve and outline. A chief matter of interest, however, are the various portraits and busts of Thackeray, noteworthy among them being a water-colour copy of an 1835 miniature, which Mr. Pierpont Morgan has had done for this exhibition, and which, we understand, he has presented to Mr. W. J. Williams. In fact a considerable portion of this exhibition, which is more than well worth while a visit, owes its success to the zeal and industry of Mr. Williams.

LITERATURE AND MORALITY

THE relationship of literature and morality has for long been a vexed question which it appears to be wellnigh impossible to settle. The present essay does not profess to solve the problem, but seeks rather to indicate the lines along which clearer thought of the whole matter may be attained.

It will be necessary to indicate somewhat precisely what is included in the term "literature." Professedly didactic works are of course excluded by their very nature. What we are anxious more especially to deal with is that great borderland in which may be found many writings capable of exerting profound moral influence without being directly ethical in aim or intention. In this debatable realm are to be noted the great mass of fiction of which our age is so prolific, with much modern verse, and a good many of the essays that appear in the periodicals of to-day. The principal controversialists in this debate can be roughly divided into two classes—those, on the one hand, who deny all moral function to literature, the school of "*l'art pour l'art*;" and those, on the other hand, who advocate the novel with a purpose and similar literature. No doubt there are few in England, at any rate, who would take up an extremist position in the first class, though scarcely the same thing could be said of France, where artistic congruity is chiefly aimed at. Of the second class it is to be said that its devotees are not so numerous nor so fervid as they were in the almost oppressively moral period of the mid-Victorian era. Many old-fashioned people who survive from that period must experience pain at the increasingly flippant tone of much modern literature, and must wish that many whose artistic gifts are supreme would spend those gifts on topics less decadent. Many of the writers of to-day seem almost atrophied in their moral sense. What are the causes that

underlie this tendency, which may be described as not so much immoral as non-moral?

Chief among them may be placed the growth of the scientific spirit, which aims at that absolute lack of bias so necessary for scientific inquiry. Such a spirit of entire impartiality is doubtless not completely attainable, human nature being what it is. This tendency towards the unbiassed has infected the artistic temperament. No one can read the unimpassioned description of types of character which abound in modern fiction without feeling that to the writer these types are so many specimens for curious inquiry, but that they can never be the objects of either his enthusiasm or his compassion. There is much that is akin to vivisection in the novel of to-day—a certain heartlessness of description and a studied coldness of tone. Who that has read them can forget the glittering cruelties of John Oliver Hobbes' earlier works? Such writers rarely seem to be in love with their characters. There is a curious and icy detachment about their point of view which *may* be artistic, but is scarcely human. All this seems to be an outgrowth of that scientific spirit which is as far as possible a pure intellectualism and devoid of all emotion. Such an attitude is especially notable in the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, who is, of course, himself a scientist; to him men and women seem chiefly so many curious and beautiful specimens to be patiently observed, accurately described, and carefully classified. Many of the characters in Ibsen's prose dramas seem delineated in this coldly calculating fashion. Where this spirit prevails in a writer, and pervades his work, morality never enters save as a secondary consideration.

Another cause for the non-morality of much modern literature is to be found in the increased sense of artistic congruity and fitness shown by most present-day authors. One reads of Garrick playing Macbeth in Georgian costume and full-bottomed wig, and thrilling his audience even under such unfavourable circumstances. That was a triumph indeed; but it indicates the lack of this sense of artistic fitness which we are now considering. Another illustration might be found in the paintings of the Early Italian Schools, which depicted Scripture events and persons in the circumstances and costumes of contemporary mediævalism. Such conceptions are rendered impossible to-day not only by their artistic incongruity, but also by the growth of the historical sense. The painter of historic subjects is to-day an archæologist as well as an artist; the same thing is also practically true of the writer of historical fiction. We are afraid of perpetrating an anachronism or of blundering in our facts. There must be no discords in the harmony of our narrative. The increase of this spirit is doubtless largely due to the intensely critical atmosphere of our age; and here it may be remarked that a period of criticism like the present rarely produces works of first-rate importance. The masterpieces of literature are produced in periods when the positive and the joyous are in the ascendancy as against the calculating and critical. The sense of the artistically appropriate prevents also the personal views of the author from ever appearing. There is no wedging-in of moral reflections or disquisitions into the story. The utmost we get is a stinging epigram or a neatly turned aphorism. The modern novelist usually tells a plain tale. He has no interest in the moral welfare of his readers. To him it would seem that a question of taste is of far more importance than a matter of ethics. All this is the result, directly or indirectly, of that "art for art's sake" creed to which reference has already been made.

A profoundly modifying influence in modern literature is that which springs from our new knowledge of man's nature through psychology. Before the advent of this knowledge the colours were more distinct, the boundary lines more clearly marked in the inner life of man, and the whole of

that life was the subject of an easy dogmatism. The mental faculties were all neatly parcelled-up and labelled. Men believed that intellect and emotion were separable entities, and that the one could be exercised without affecting the other. Reason, passion, judgment, and curiosity were all plainly mapped out in the older mental science; thus the dramatists and novelists of that time created distinct types, each ruled by one or other of these faculties or emotions. But now the boundaries are all down, the distinctions seem almost removed in that inner realm. The colours melt into one another like rainbow hues; instead of a dividing line there is a "fringe" of consciousness, as the psychologist calls it. Most modern photographers do not value chiefly clearness of outline and perfectly defined detail; they strive after "soft" effects and abhor hardness of detail. The differing shades of the picture must melt into one another, not change abruptly. In like manner, with the coming of the psychologist, has our view of the inner world of man's life been changed. Reason cannot be exercised without emotion, nor can emotion hold supreme sway without some modifying influx from reason. The two merge imperceptibly into each other, so that no one can set an absolute boundary to either. This conception of man is infinitely more complex than the older view, and hence it becomes correspondingly harder to chronicle it. The villain of literature to-day is not completely villainous, nor is the hero entirely heroic. Indeed, some modern novels have neither hero nor villain in the old sense of the words, but only persons slightly differentiated from each other by a minute superiority or an infinitesimal evil. The old well-marked types have practically gone. Instead of them we have subtle blendings, delicate gradations of colour—bad characters with admirable traits, good characters with some fatal flaw. No doubt in all this there is a greater regard for the probabilities of actual life, but one longs at times for a clean, straight, plain, outspoken character, without subtlety and without guile. Many of these novelists and writers seem to imagine that because the inner life of man lacks determinateness and definition, so the ethics of life have become a subtly blended mass—a sort of spiritual cloudland, having neither foreground nor horizon. No doubt morals are more complex and interfused than our fathers imagined, but there are certain great regulative facts which must for ever be clearly defined.

It is perhaps well that in these days there seems to be a stronger sense of the homogeneity of life and morals. Novels might conveniently be divided into two great classes, novels of character and novels of action. The perfect novel would, we might suppose, be a perfect blend of these two classes. Character would be convincingly delineated without the novel's becoming purely psychological, and without robbing it of that vitality of action often so sadly lacking in the novel of character. Perhaps it is too much to expect that this ideal will ever be completely achieved, bearing in mind the frailty of our mortality, but there seems to be a distinct move in this direction. Anyhow, in real life action and character are indubitably intertwined, even as life and morals are one in the great complex of human existence. When our novelists can grasp this more fully they may be able to work out their artistic and ethical salvation. We should then be spared the dreary puppets of the novel with a purpose on the one hand and the shadowy personalities of the psychological novel on the other. The moral is always unmistakable in real life for him who has the eye to see it. It would seem that the artistic temperament is often blind to this particular aspect of life. This, indeed, seems to be the snare of the one who pursues after beauty and artistic congruity. Any true presentation of life by one of balanced artistic temperament will point its own moral with sufficient clearness,

W. D.

THE MAGAZINES

THE most noteworthy feature in the magazines this month must needs be the reply by Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, to Mr. St. Loe Strachey's now famous attack in the *Spectator*. In our editorial attention has already been drawn to this, and therefore it will not be necessary to devote much space to it. It is necessary to say, however, that the line of defence that Mr. Harrison has seen fit to adopt is one so triumphant that it pours complete ridicule on the initial attack. Perhaps, indeed, a reply was scarcely necessary, for the whole Press rose so unanimously in protest against, not alone against the *Spectator's* unhappy prudery, but the violent and unseemly terms in which it was conveyed, that this was in itself the best and most effective reply that could have been desired. Having wished to reply, however, Mr. Harrison could not have done so with better dignity than by giving his list of those who have been responsible for the "garbage dumped upon the nation's doorstep." The indiscrimination in the choice of names only abets the dignity; and Mr. Harrison would almost have been wiser not to have appended any words of his own to them.

In the same magazine Miss May Sinclair has a lengthy story entitled "The Intercessor." It is a powerful and extraordinary tale, but, despite its prodigious length from the standpoint of a magazine, it more than justifies its place. There are other tales by Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. Herbert Shaw. In his article "Substance in Poetry" Mr. J. M. Robertson has made considerable progress on his article last month entitled "Form in Poetry." It is nevertheless perplexing to see him irked by the attempt to place the sanction of poetry, as distinguished from the particular manner in which that sanction may be delivered. Partly the reason is, of course, that Mr. Robertson, from his ethical standpoint, is in war against supernatural sanctions. For an illustration of our meaning we may perhaps say that Mr. Robertson's article is not a short one; yet it never once gets to grips with the thing he is after, but cannot see; whereas Shelley in one sentence struck the very centre of the question, and illuminated the whole matter when he said that "Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." The substance of poetry is in truth divinity, and if, for example, we are fascinated by the *macabre*, it is because we see there divinity in distortion and revolt, which is what we mean when we speak of diabolic beauty in Beardsley's work. It is strange to note how frequently Mr. Robertson comes near to this without seeing or saying it. Mr. Abinger has an article on "The Police and the Public," which arouses more expectations than it fulfils. Its chief burden seems to be an attempt to allay that public disquiet which he himself aroused in the late Stinie Morrison case; and we wonder why. Mr. Darrell Figgis has an article which he entitles "Falstaff's Nose." Taking his argument from little-known biographical documents, he seeks to disprove Dr. Theobald's famous emendation of Falstaff's dying words. We prefer Mr. Figgis in his more purely critical work. Still, he certainly seems to prove his point.

In the *Nineteenth Century* there are two exceedingly interesting articles of literary importance. Priority goes to Mr. Herbert Jenkins' identification of the place of William Blake's grave. For ourselves we do not think that the localisation of tombs is any necessary philippic to the study of literature. As we read Mr. Jenkins' article we could not help passing in mental review the sight of the men we saw attending Milton's Tercentenary Celebration, most of whom had probably only managed once or twice to struggle through some fifty lines of "Paradise Lost." The

perpetual memory of Blake is in the minds of those who read and love him. But on the lower fields of record there seems very little doubt that Mr. Jenkins has indeed identified the location of Blake's grave in the famous "Nonconformist God's Acre" of Bunhill Fields, Robert Southey's "Campo Santo"! And since our other poets have not wanted good headstones in the place of good love and earnest reading, we hope Blake will not do so. The other article is "Elizabethan Drama in the Making" by Sir Edward Sullivan. Its subject is that strange document, so replete with unhappy indications of its author's character, and yet withal so indispensable to all students of Elizabethan Drama, "Henslow's Diary," in its recent edition under the hand of Walter W. Greg. In one or two points Sir Edward Sullivan makes some perplexing errors; as, for instance, his suggestion that Edward Alleyn retired from acting so as to take "a more active partnership with his father-in-law (Henslowe) in the business of theatre proprietor and stage manager." As a point of fact the Diary itself shows quite clearly that Alleyn was always responsible for the directorship of the company that was first under Lord Derby's patronage, and latterly vowed fealty to the Lord Admiral; and his retirement was probably to his wife's estates in Sussex. Nevertheless it draws attention admirably to a somewhat neglected source of information. In view of the present situation in Morocco, accentuated by Germany's latest move, it is exceedingly interesting to read an article by Sir Harry Johnstone on "France in North Africa." An informative article is by Mr. Arthur Robertson on "The Railways of India;" and Mr. Arthur Herbert discusses "Count de Gobineau's Ethnological Theory," a theory, among many, that seeks to establish racial inequality in terms of colour.

The *Fortnightly Review* has not much this month of distinctive merit. It has established the habit of being exceptionally topical, and frequently this is achieved at the expense of real interest. Articles, for instance, such as "Diaz: the Maker of Modern Mexico," or "The Investiture of the Prince of Wales," or "New Imperial Burden-Bearers," or even "The Real Barry Lyndon," fail to strike a very quick interest, altogether apart from the fact that they seem very obviously to be journalistic exercises written round certain specified subjects by writers who have nothing particular to say in them, and who worked up their subject for the occasion. Of quite a different character is Mr. Ernest Newman's equally topical article on "Wagner and his Autobiography." As a writer on Wagner's music Mr. Newman is well known; indeed it might be said that his book (though, unhappily, out of print) is the English classic on the subject. Therefore it is all the more interesting to hear him on the Autobiography. Unfortunately it is true that the Autobiography has been to many of us the destruction of a dream. It is good, of course, to know the truth; but is it good to have "Tristan and Isolde" spoilt for us, and by no less a person than its author? In "Acceptances" Mr. Alfred Noyes seeks to say a thing that has our very hearty sympathy, though he often annoys us by his incoherence and petulance. Yet it is admirable, however it be done, to have a man cry a halt to those who expectorate vilely on the holy things of life.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* the chief article is one by Mr. Havelock Ellis, entitled "The War Against War." Its title explains its scope, and it is characterised by all that well-known writer's perspicuity of thought and style, though we hold ourselves aloof from his assumption that the *instinct* for war is necessarily unwholesome and undesirable. Ruskin's essay on this subject is, among other things, too apt to be neglected. Mr. Ching-Chun Wang is full of interest in his article on "The Abolition of the Queue."

We have neglected dealing with the *Cornhill Magazine*

because it is a Thackeray Centenary number, and next week some space will be devoted to the Thackeray Centenary, into which this will adequately fall. Its chief interest is the lately discovered "Cockney Travels," to which fit appendages are found in "Thackeray and his Father's Family," by Mrs. Warne Cornish, and "Sylhet Thackeray," by F. B. Bradley-Birt.

The third number of *The Moslem World*, a new review, issued quarterly, maintains the high standard of merit with which it commenced. It is published for the Nile Mission Press by the Christian Literary Society for India, established in London. The editor's address is Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf. It is an outcome of the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, and purports to be not a magazine of controversy, much less of compromise. It is avowedly missionary. The editors hope to interpret Islam in all its varied aspects, ancient and modern, and in its deepest needs, ethical and spiritual, to Christians; to point out and press home the true solution of the Moslem problem—namely, the Evangelisation of Moslems; to awaken sympathy, love, and prayer on behalf of the Moslem world. The twelve articles cover a wide field, dealing with Islam in Constantinople, Malaysia (with an excellent map), Morocco, Nigeria, besides literary papers and a survey of recent periodical Literature and Islam. The vitality of Mohammedanism and of missionary efforts is clearly manifested. The review will appeal to all concerned in Mission work and interest many others.

BELIEF AND CONDUCT

"BUT, after all, it doesn't matter what a man believes or doesn't believe; the only thing that's of any consequence is what he does. 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;' you know what Pope said."

I suppose we have all heard this sentence, or something very like this sentence. Or, if we have not heard it, it must be because the principle which it expresses is so widely received that the proposition has become a truism; everybody is so sure that it does not matter a pin's head what a man believes that it is no longer necessary to keep on saying so; the phrase would be treated as a sort of "Mr. F.'s Aunt" commonplace, a variant of her great discovery that there are milestones on the Dover-road. In short, unless we are utter reactionaries, in which case what we say is of no consequence, we are all quite sure that beliefs do not matter. We all know how ridiculous the opposite opinion has long been considered; the climax of absurdity is supposed to have been reached in those early Christian disputes which raged round *ὁμοιούσιος* and *ὁμοούσιος*: there were once people so silly that they made the question of one diphthong rather than another an affair of importance. This diphthong business, as I say, is supposed to indicate the very depth of bigoted and insane folly; though, by the way, there is only the difference of two letters and a comma between "I did" and "I didn't." And one can imagine very considerable issues, even issues of life and death, hanging upon that trifle in the witness-box and in the judgment-seat of the Old Bailey.

But the doctrine that belief and beliefs are of no consequence has been long regarded as axiomatic; and yet, if we examine it, this dogma, like other dogmas, seems to be a little strange to the natural man, to the unregenerate being who has not been purged of his errors at the founts of Liberal thought, who has not been initiated in the sublime mysteries of Modernism. For, if we accept the "belief of no consequence, action of every consequence" ruling in its entirety, we cannot help inquiring as to what are the sources of action; we are forced by our very nature to ask, "Why

does A do this, and B do that?" "Why does Jones go to Marienbad, and Smith to Inverness?" "Why does X smoke cigarettes, and Y a pipe?" When we say that a man does so-and-so we at once lay ourselves open to the question, Why does he do so-and-so? It is not to be avoided. And the answer will have to be that he does this and not that because he believes that this and not that will be the more pleasurable or more beneficial or more righteous. The nature of the reason does not matter to the argument; the point is that there must be a reason. Or if there is a man who acts without any reason, we say that such an one is "irrational:" we put him out of court, we class him somewhere below thistledown and autumn leaves. If a man were asked, "Why did you cut off your horse's head and give it to the pigs?" and answered, "Honestly, I haven't the remotest idea why I performed the act you mention," he would be set down as a madman.

Putting the lunatic asylum on one side, then, every action proceeds from a reason or set of reasons—otherwise beliefs. "I notice you don't speak to A," one man will say to another; "why not?" "Because I believe him to be a treacherous scoundrel, a Papist in disguise, a Mormon missionary." Again the reason does not matter, but there must be some reason, some belief on which the action or avoidance of action is founded. And this being so, how can it possibly be true that what a man believes does not matter? Note that beliefs vary in nature: you may say, "I don't care to associate with the fellow because I saw him cheat at cards, and happen to have read his conviction for a peculiarly detestable crime." There you have a belief founded on logical process. Or your wife may say, "I don't like him because I hate the sight of him;" which is an intuitive process. But in either case there is mental conviction, or belief, as the antecedent to action. You may be right in your belief or wrong in your belief; it may be logical, or super-logical, or infralogical; but belief of some kind or another there must be before you cross the room, or light the fire, or knock a man down; and this being the case, it is surely the height of absurdity to say that while deeds matter, beliefs do not matter. To maintain such a doctrine is equivalent to discharging the man who pulled the trigger without a stain on his character, while you condemn the bullet to be hanged by the neck until it is dead. Clearly, the "beliefs don't matter" doctrine is a declaration that thought is of no consequence; it is an affirmation that the universe, men included, is wholly physical, from which mind and the action of mind is to be excluded. And the odd thing is that this apparent absurdity and falsity is often or always maintained by the disciples of what is called "Free Thought." These people say in effect: "What people think isn't of the faintest consequence, and therefore there is nothing so precious or so necessary as free thought." One may carry the principle all through the scale of things, and maintain analogously that a tiger's savagery is of no consequence, though his teeth and claws are of every consequence; even that cell-formation in a seed is immaterial, the only important things being oaks and daisies.

Theoretically, then, the "truism" of the first paragraph of this article is contradictory nonsense; practically it needs but little skill in history to show its rank absurdity. Torquemada believed that it was his duty to burn heretics, so he burned them; the Puritans believed that it was their duty to hang Quakers, so they hanged them; Robespierre believed that aristocrats and people who differed from him should be guillotined, and consequently he guillotined them. In each of these cases the beliefs of the persons named were very evidently of the greatest importance. And if it be objected that these beliefs were all practical in their nature, and that it is the mere theoretical belief that is insignificant,

it is to be answered that it is impossible to draw any such line of distinction; that a position which is apparently pure theory may at any moment resolve itself into hard practice. The French Revolution began with the most abstract and remote theories about Nature and man—resolutions, as it were, *in vacuo*—and these pale benevolent abstractions soon translated themselves into red scaffolds and red battlefields and action in its acutest forms. Let us say, if we will, that the beliefs of eighteenth-century Deism were right, and the creeds of Catholic Christendom are wrong; there is something, though not very much, to be said for such a position as that. But there is nothing at all to be said for the position that the beliefs of Deists and the creeds of Catholics are of no consequence.

These remarks on an untrue truism have been suggested by a very striking citation in a very striking book: "The Superstition called Socialism," by Mr. G. W. de Tunzelmann.*

The passage quoted is from Mr. Robert Blatchford's "Not Guilty," and runs as follows:—

A tramp has murdered a child on the highway, has robbed her of a few coppers, and has thrown her body into a ditch.

Do you mean to say that tramp could not help doing that? Do you mean to say that he is not to blame? Do you mean to say he is not to be punished?

Yes, I say all those things.

Here, it seems to me, we get to the root of the matter. Is this belief of Mr. Blatchford as to the immunity which, he thinks, ought to be enjoyed by a filthy and murderous scoundrel of no consequence? Let us ask the question of the father and mother of that "child on the highway."

The whole case lies in a nutshell. Mr. Blatchford says that his ruffian should not be punished for his action; presumably Mr. Blatchford, as a practical man, will do his best to get the laws of England altered, so that the tramp may go on his merry way singing—outraging, raping, robbing, murdering as he will, and when he will. And are we to say then that what Mr. Blatchford believes does not matter?

It is a pretty conclusion, is it not, to the liberal thought, to the advanced thought of the past few centuries? It is a fair fruit indeed to be gathered from that freethinking tree that has flourished so long and so bravely. With what specious arguments, with what clear and self-evident reasonings did the apostles of freedom, the enemies of creeds and constraints begin their great mission. We have all heard their brave appeals to trust the people, to believe in human nature, to tear away the veils that priests had woven from our eyes, to look at the world and find it very good. Rabelais said that "do as you please" was the motto by which men might be ruled. Think of all the long and splendid array of arguments: Blessed Reformers, stern Puritans, zealous Whigs, fervent Radicals, red-hot believers in Nature and the Rights of Man, Socialists bubbling over with zeal for poor oppressed humanity; all the host of those who rob Peter to pay Paul, and hope to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall chant to us their great hymn of the race of men liberated from oppression, and going on its sweet and holy way with mirth and gladness. And at the end comes this grand triumphant *ergo*: the crooked shall be straight and the rough places plain, the wilderness shall blossom like the rose, there shall be pools of water in the dry places, and the wandering tramp shall rape and kill and rob upon the People's Holy Mountain.

We have set out to plant a New Heaven on a New Earth, and we have adumbrated a society from which the most bestial savage would fly in horror.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

* George Allen. 5s net.

THE OLYMPIA FLOWER-SHOW, 1911

OLYMPIA and Holland House are as different as chalk from cheese, and at this year's Summer Flower-show one naturally missed the charming surroundings of the latter. However, in our uncertain climate, there is a good deal to be said for holding the show in a place where one can at least keep dry.

It is impossible, having regard to the vastness of the exhibits and the number of exhibitors, to do more than give a few general impressions. Roses, of course, bulked very largely, and were staged in excellent condition. Sweet-peas were also prominent, and received considerable attention. The newer shades of orange and scarlet were especially attractive. Amongst many capital exhibits that of Messrs. Sutton and Sons was greatly admired for its tasteful arrangement. Every conceivable variety of delphinium was to be seen, but, unfortunately, increased vigour does not appear to connote increased beauty, and many of the newer doubles are distinctly coarse. Mr. Amos Perry, the well-known specialist in these flowers, had two immense groups upon either side of the main entrance. Speaking generally, the quality of the hardy flowers displayed was good. A novelty in the way of arrangement was Messrs. Wallace's terrace-garden, with painted background and herbaceous borders. Messrs. Hobbies had a nice little rose garden, but, speaking for ourselves, we do not commend the use of wire or iron arches for climbing-roses. Wooden pergolas, examples of which were to be seen in many parts of the hall, are, to our mind, both artistically and horticulturally preferable.

There were many fine groups of carnations; no flowers can be staged more attractively. We were also struck with the excellence of Messrs. Gunn's phloxes. Rock-gardening was to the fore, as usual, and a careful observer had an opportunity of seeing some of the choicest Alpines. Two magnificent lots of ferns were displayed by Messrs. May and Hill respectively, and their delightful cool greenery suggested a freer use by exhibitors generally of some sort of living foil. Mere masses of gorgeous colour are apt to become oppressive after half an hour's survey, and spoil the eye for daintier beauties. One of the finest features of the exhibition was the beautifully executed Japanese garden of Messrs. Carter and Company. This type of garden is fraught with delightful possibilities for those whose space is limited but whose purse is long.

As is customary at this Show, there was a large collection of horticultural sundries on view in the side galleries.

RAYMOND E. NEGUS.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

If Beaconsfield were alive and in power to-day Germany would doubtless be given forty-eight hours' notice to quit the roadstead of Agadir. The moment is certainly one that calls for prompt and decisive action. Above all it is a moment when the circumstances are peculiarly favourable to a triumph for British diplomacy, providing always there be no faltering. The Government have given a solemn assurance to the nation, and have again and again repeated this solemn assurance, that the British Fleet is supreme and unchallengeable. Naval experts present on the recent occasion of the memorable Coronation Review unanimously endorsed this verdict. Despatches from Paris make it clear that France is leaning upon Great Britain. If we declare

for strong action our partner in the *Entente Cordiale* will be willing to go hand-in-hand with us. The attitude of Russia is plainly defined in the comments of the officially inspired Press. Thus, for example, the *Novoe Vremya* bluntly declares that a Power acting as Germany has done excludes herself from the society of nations; while the *Bourse Gazette* strenuously urges that neither Russia nor England can permit Germany to arrogate to herself the right to decide the fate of the Moroccan question.

Without exaggeration it may be said that the whole world waits on the word of England. Apparently both Russia and France are prepared to follow our lead. It remains for us to revitalise the Triple *Entente*, and through its means to administer to Germany such a rebuff as will once and for all convey to her the knowledge that we stand for the sacredness of the given word and for the common amenities of nations. Let there be no fear on this score. Germany does not want to fight; she is not prepared to go to war with the three Powers of the Triple *Entente*. And finally the diplomatic situation throughout the world was never more unfavourable to her policy than it is at the present moment. Geographically it is a far cry from Northern Africa to the Middle East, but it is manifest throughout the Chancelleries of Europe that Albania and Morocco are, for the time being, very closely associated with each other. Germany, desirous of maintaining her self-imposed rôle as Turkey's only friend among the Powers, has refused to lend countenance to the protest of her ally, Austria-Hungary, concerning the harsh methods employed by the Turks in suppressing the Albanian revolt. In this circumstance it is not difficult to account for the marked coolness existing between Germany and the Dual Monarchy over the Moroccan affair. Before deciding to send a gunboat to Agadir, Berlin did not sound the Vienna Government with a view to gaining its diplomatic support, and the inspired statements of Foreign Office organs render it apparent that had there been any overtures of this kind from the Wilhelmstrasse, they would have been none too well received. The latest announcement that Russia, Austria, and Italy have arrived at a common agreement in regard to the Albanian situation, and that concerted intervention at Constantinople on behalf of the insurgents may be looked for, will cause not a little heartburning in Berlin. Plainly stated, the position of Germany at the present moment is an unenviable one. In the Middle East she stands as the champion of tottering Turkey and the apologist of Turkey's barbarism; while ranged against her on behalf of humanity and Christianity are all the Powers, including, let it be emphasised, her two partners in the Triple Alliance.

And, in spite of bombastic fanfares of her Press, we find on calm survey that her action in Morocco has only tended to add to her discomfort. The Powers of the Triple *Entente* are solidly arrayed against her. Austria and Italy, far from being enthusiastic in her cause as good and faithful allies should be, are distinctly lukewarm in their attitudes. Neither of these Powers possesses any interests worth fighting for in the Shereefian Empire, and they could only give support to Germany's actions on the condition that they received ample compensation elsewhere. Here again we find that Germany is ill-placed and unhappy. For the Balkans are the only part of the world where Austria and Italy could reasonably hope to gain a *quid pro quo*, and, in regard to the Balkans, Germany is already committed to maintaining the *status quo* by virtue of her friendship, or—to speak with a greater degree of accuracy—her commercial and financial arrangements, with the Ottoman Empire. Germany at present is therefore isolated. Surely the moment has arrived for checkmating finally the policy of calculated effrontery which she has pursued during the last twenty years. Who can forget the

Kaiser's congratulatory wire to President Kruger; the occupation of Kiao-chau, which threatened the partition of China, and was one of the principal causes contributory to the Boxer rising; the memorable *Daily Telegraph* interview; the sabre-rattling in support of Austria-Hungary during the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis; the sudden descent of the Kaiser upon Tangier which preceded the Algeiras Conference; the futile attempt at Potsdam to drive a wedge in the Triple *Entente*; and finally the bolstering up of Turkey at the expense of the oppressed Albanians? On former occasions our partners in the Triple *Entente*, Russia and France, have invited us to join them in vigorous action against the cynical aggression of Germany. We did not feel, however, that the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina directly affected our vital interests, and as soon as Germany declared herself to be on the side of Austria we gave way. Over Morocco we struck a bargain with France, our share of the spoils consisting of a free hand in Egypt. Consequently our interests in the Shereefian Empire ceased to be territorial in aim and remained purely commercial in character. It is easy to imagine that, without good cause, a war in connection with Morocco—one, moreover, solely in support of France—would not be popular among the masses of this country. But the high-handed action of Germany has completely changed the situation. If she is allowed to retain Agadir she will possess a coaling station in the Atlantic. A naval base of such strategic location—"round the corner," as it were, from Gibraltar—would completely upset our existing scheme of world strategy.

As a consequence of her latest arrangement with Turkey in connection with the Baghdad Railway, Germany has already secured an outlet in the Mediterranean, and as she now seeks permanently to occupy an Atlantic harbour on the Moroccan coast, surely the day has passed when she can any longer mask her fixed intention to challenge one day British sea supremacy. At last an occasion has arisen which gives the partners of the Triple *Entente* common ground, an occasion when, in other words, a strong and successful protest to Germany will benefit not merely one, but all three, partners. Indications point to the fact that Germany herself is conscious of the weakness of her diplomatic position. While her Press is persuading itself that the Government has acted with courageous initiative, a distinct note of nervousness is evident in the stage-management of the whole incident. The first semi-official announcement declared that the despatch of the gunboat *Panther* to Agadir was merely "a first measure," and reports crept into the inspired Press of the possibility of the landing of troops and an occupation of the hinterland. Apart from the very serious considerations arising from the Balkan situation, the moment of the *coup d'état* was in other respects well chosen. A change of Government had only just taken place in France; and, moreover, the President, accompanied by the newly-appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, was about to pay a visit to Holland—an undertaking which could not be otherwise than distasteful to Germany. Fortunately, however, the French Government have maintained a calm that is positively disconcerting to Berlin. The Minister of Foreign Affairs plainly gave the German Ambassador to understand that his communication was distasteful, and after a further conversation with him at a garden-party, left with the President for Holland. At the same time it was announced from Berlin that "the Emperor William is leaving shortly for his cruise in Northern waters, that the Imperial Chancellor is staying at his country seat, and that the Foreign Secretary is likewise absent from Berlin;" while a Madrid correspondent telegraphed that the facts that Senor Canalejas, the Premier, has left town for Otero, that King Alfonso has not thought fit to suspend his

shooting-party at Gredos, and that Señor Garcia Prieto, Minister of Foreign Affairs, passed the week-end in the country, induce me to believe that the news has not caused a grave impression in official circles." While London, Paris, and St. Petersburg are conducting an interchange of views Germany has decided to replace the gunboat at Agadir by a cruiser, and has issued an official version of the incident, timorously declaring that "the ship will leave the harbour as soon as peace and order in Morocco are restored." There will be no war, for the simple reason that England does not to-day possess a Beaconsfield. And Germany knows full well that her dramatic intrusion in the affairs of Morocco will not be regarded as *casus belli*, because although realising that her own diplomatic position in the world is weak, and therefore acting with some show of caution, she has not been slow to gauge the growth of the peace-at-any-price movement in Great Britain. As a matter of course she will be asked for assurances that it is not her intention permanently to occupy Agadir. And these assurances she will readily give. There the incident will end.

THE AMERICANISATION OF CANADA

FOR a good many years past it has been the custom to bring within the range of serious discussion the possibility or otherwise of Canada's ultimate absorption by the United States. It has been pointed out that there is a natural tendency among the communities of the British Dominion to become more and more receptive to American influences, and that this natural tendency has latterly developed a very positive form of imitation. Not altogether unreasonably is the conclusion drawn that agencies far beyond human control are slowly but surely bringing about the irrevocable marriage of two States and of two peoples. But, unhappily for those who favour the annexation or assimilation theory, there is the undisputed fact of Canada's growing nationalism, a phenomenon which has recently been discussed in the pages of *United Empire*, the official organ of the Royal Colonial Institute. Writing in that journal on the Americanisation of Canada, Mr. Harry S. Gullett, himself an Australian, has some very pertinent and wholly sane things to say in contradiction of the old arguments. "You spend weeks and months," he writes, "in the Western States of America which are in the closest touch with the new Canadian provinces, and in those provinces themselves, and never for a moment are you oppressed by the thought that Canada is becoming Americanised in the national sense. Those people who see, or pretend to see, omens of annexation or absorption miss the first principles of the relative positions of the two peoples. . . . In a quarter of a century Canada will smile at the thought of successful invasion and forceful absorption. And, if we except the force of arms, America has about the same chance of annexing Canada as Germany has of annexing America. It is conceivable that Canada will one day become an independent Republic on the closest of alliance terms with the United States; it is not conceivable that she will become a subordinate part of the Republic of America."

MOTORING

THE great and rapidly-growing inconvenience resulting from the congestion of traffic on the principal London thoroughfares must have forced itself upon the attention of every one who has occasion to get about in the Metropolis, and most people will have wondered what the end of it is to be. Apart from the irritating delays constantly met with by all who utilise the taxi or the motor-'bus as their ordinary means of transit, the actual loss entailed upon the carrying companies by the frequent "holdings up" must be incalculable. Of

course the trouble is essentially due to the mixing up of slow horse-drawn traffic with that of the faster motor, and the real remedy will, no doubt, be ultimately found in the total prohibition of the former on the streets of the Metropolis. Apparently the time for this drastic action is not yet ripe, but in the meantime something might be done to palliate the evil by passing a by-law making it compulsory for slow-moving vehicles to keep to the left (or near) side of the road, and it is gratifying to know that this is likely to be done in the near future—thanks largely to that invaluable institution the A.A. and M.U. For some time past the Secretary of the Association has been in communication with the Home Office and the L.C.C. on the subject, and he has now received a reply to the effect that a Committee of the Council has prepared a draft by-law on the lines indicated, and submitted it to the Home Secretary for his approval. This furnishes another instance of the vigilance and activity of the Automobile Association on behalf both of motorists and the general public.

To the county of Kent, which is already said to possess the best roads in the country, belongs the honour of being the one selected for the carrying out of the first thorough and scientifically organised experiments undertaken to find out the best and most dustless road-making materials and methods. Twenty-three sections of the road between Sidcup and New Eltham, each having a superficial measurement of 800 square yards, have been allotted by the Road Board and the Kent County Council to paving contractors for treatment, and each of the sections is to be subjected to a different process. The rival claims of a score or so of the numerous materials and methods of road-making and surface-treatment will therefore be submitted to a fair test of comparative merit for the first time. Each section will get the same amount and variety of traffic, and every three months the road under treatment—about two miles in all—will be inspected by the surveyors and the amount of wear on the respective sections carefully recorded for the information of the other road authorities in the kingdom. This method of ascertaining the best way to adapt the main roads of the country to the new conditions of traffic and locomotion is a sound and reasonable one, and motorists especially will feel gratified at the prospect of ultimately seeing something tangible for their money.

One of the motor vehicles which is securing a notable degree of popularity this season is the 18·22h.p. six-cylinder Belsize, which made its initial appearance about a couple of years ago and aroused considerable interest by its remarkably low price combined with its up-to-date specification. At that time it was generally assumed that the acquisition of a six-cylinder car, with its flexibility of engine and luxurious ease of running, necessarily involved an outlay of something approximating a thousand pounds; but the Belsize, with quite sufficient power for all ordinary purposes, was listed at under £400, and although improvements suggested by experience have since been embodied from time to time it has not been found necessary to increase that price. The writer is now informed by Mr. J. H. Adams, the able and popular manager of the Belsize Company in the South of England, that further material improvements have recently been made in the specification of the chassis. An additional speed, making four and reverse, with direct drive on top, has been provided, and worm-drive—which is increasing in popularity both amongst motorists and car manufacturers—can now be substituted for live-axle drive, at the option of the purchaser. These innovations will, no doubt, be appreciated by the admirers of the Belsize, and enhance its reputation as

the ideal six-cylinder for the motorist of moderate means—the representative of the class for which the North Country firm has always especially catered.

Motorists will be interested to learn that a new tyre, which makes somewhat sweeping claims to super-excellence in the matters of durability and resilience, has just made its appearance. It is called the "Victor," and emanates from the well-known Challenge Rubber Mills, of Eagle Wharf Road, London, N. Up to the present this firm has confined itself to specialising in the re-treading of tyres, in which it does one of the largest businesses in the country, and in the manufacture of various devices for protecting them from puncture and burst, and securing the longest possible service from them. The most notable of these devices is the Victor Vest, which has been aptly described as a new foundation for an old tyre. This is generally regarded as the most important factor in promoting tyre economy that has made its appearance up to date, and is now so well known that a detailed description is hardly necessary. But it may be said that it is an inner casing, made of Para rubber and specially-woven Egyptian cotton fabric, which completely lines and supports the inside of the cover. Its extended edges are carried over the beading and finish flush with the tyre-walls outside, so that it affords complete protection to the tube at every point, and also effectively reinforces the walls and bead of the cover. Another important point is that, although rendered immovable and friction-free by its attachment to the outside walls of the tyre, the Vest can be easily detached when the cover has been worn to its utmost limit and transferred to another cover. Its price, which ranges from £1 to £3, according to size, is very moderate in view of its practical utility, and there is no doubt that it adds materially to the longevity of any tyre, and enables motorists to secure many hundreds of miles of further running from tyres which would otherwise be relegated to the scrap-heap. If the new Victor tyre prove equally good it will soon be regarded as a formidable competitor by the recognised standard makes.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE gods evidently consider that it is good that the City should be disturbed at regular intervals. We had just recovered from the Coronation when the German Emperor flung down his challenge. The shock was unpleasant. But it did not last long. There is a great deal of common sense in the City, and most of us soon saw that the whole thing had been prearranged. This destroyed its virulency. No doubt the whole thing was timed to synchronise with the visit of the French President to Amsterdam—a polite reminder to the Dutch. Germany is a great nation with an expanding trade. She must be allowed room or she will explode. The disagreeable part of the business was the bear selling of Consols by insiders, who knew what was going to happen. I hope some member of the House of Commons will ask a question upon this point. Leakage of official secrets is disgraceful, and speculation in advance still worse.

We have had a varied supply of new companies, most of which have been coldly received. Perhaps the worst was the Greek Loan, which was taken in Paris and neglected here. The Calico Printers, who have built a building, let it

to themselves, and sold it to the public, and guarantee the interest on both debentures and preference shares, issued the quaintest prospectus we have seen for long time. However, the Coats' people were behind it and would find the money, however the public might view the issue. The Mawchi Tin proposition did not appeal to any one. Boots' made a fresh issue of capital, and the present shareholders no doubt took all they were offered, for the business is well managed. Canadian issues come out almost daily, and the Canadian promoter appears to think that the English will go on finding money for over-capitalised companies. But the end is near.

CONSOLS have recovered a little from their heavy fall. A great many of the bears bought back when the German virus was made public. This proved very conclusively that they had gone short, expecting such news. The Birkbeck officially deny that they have sold any Consols. This also proves that the sales of the past fortnight must have been bear rates. If political people can make up their quarrels I should not be surprised to see a rise in Consols. They fell two points in one account—a serious matter at their present low level.

FOREIGNERS have been weak, and some of the Russian speculative securities more than weak. The St. Petersburg people have had a shock which I hope will give them a lesson. The Russian gamblers have bought far more than they can pay for. They declare that they will turn out the English board in Jena, and make it a purely Russian company. Tintos seem to have recovered quickly. The position here is strong both from the technical point of view and also on the copper side. Peru Prefs have been weak and wobbling. The latest returns are good, but there are many bulls still to unload.

HOME RAILS have had to endure various scares. The shipping strike was a nasty business, and the Coronation traffics showed a loss on seventeen lines of over £117,000—a serious drop. But the half-yearly figures are good all round, and even the conservative North-Eastern directors will have some difficulty in refusing to raise their dividend. But I understand that they consider 6 per cent. quite good enough. The stock at present prices is very cheap. Great Western's increased traffics will allow of a larger distribution than last July, and Lancashire and Yorkshire should also pay more. Brums are cheap in spite of the Coronation loss. All the Southern lines have done well, and South-Easterns might surprise us. But all the figures of the English lines are excellent, and none of the stocks are overvalued.

YANKEES are tabled higher by some of the London houses who have branches in New York, and it is now definitely stated that the Canadian Pacific have acquired the block of shares in the Erie that belonged to the Harriman estate. They are said to have done this under agreement with Morgans, and that they intend to obtain still larger interests. There has been some big buying of options in Eries to the end of the year. If the story be true, then both Eries and Canadian Pacifics must move up—though to an outsider the prices to-day look high. It may be remarked that the C.P.R. strenuously deny the story. During the slump last Monday, when Paris was selling Atchisons as hard as she could, American operators in London were buying. It would therefore seem that the Yankee gambler meant to make an autumn boom. Crop reports vary very much, but on the whole are good. Cotton is looking well, but here the future is also uncertain. Steels are a weak spot, but if the rest of the market rises they must also follow. Rocks are to be boomed, and if talk could give the Americans courage to buy we should see a huge rise. But a long experience of the Yankee Market leads the cynic to doubt mere talk and follow the money.

RUBBER is as dull as the Rubber Exhibition itself, and though the dealers did their best to mark up prices they soon desisted, for they found themselves putting shares on their books. This annoys a rubber-dealer, and he shuts up at the first sign of public selling. It is evident that we shall see a great reduction in dividends, and companies like Perak are acting wisely in conserving their cash and carrying

forward large sums. Had this been done in the boom all the plantations would have been in a splendid position to-day. But almost all the Malay companies divided up to the hilt and are quite unprepared to face a slump.

OIL SHARES have been weak, and it has been almost impossible to sell Maikop shares. Many people complain of the wide prices made and the difficulty in finding out the exact quotation. This is always the case in "one-man" markets. The oil market is composed of a congeries of jobbers, each of whom is willing to sell shares for his own shop but reluctant to buy back again. Shell, Spies, and one or two others are the exceptions. Red Seas, which should have risen on the news that the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum had at last agreed to exploit Gernsah, fell. The market thinks the deal over-capitalised.

KAFFIRS were sold from Paris, but recovered. They are too cheap to-day, and, good as the leaders are, I think no one should buy a mining share unless he can see a clear 10 per cent. after allowing for amortisation. Neither should any one buy Kaffirs that have short lives. The yields on these appear high, but purchasers always forget the life and see their mine gradually dying and the price gradually dwindling. The cheapest shares to-day appear to be Knights, Kleinfontein, Randfontein Central, and Village Deep.

RHODESIANS are being supported. No attempt is made to mark up prices, but the dealers keep things steady. The magnates are preparing for a boom, but it must not be forgotten that the Rhodesian mines are quartz properties, and of necessity patchy. Lonelys are high, but the mine looks well. Giants are trying to find the lost reef. If they succeed, the shares will rise, for the mine has now four years' ore in reserve.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Marconis are the only talk, and bulls here are vastly annoyed at the delay in issuing the report. I hope all my readers got out. Telephone deferred should not be sold. We may find that these shares are worth more than the dealers imagine. Mr. Delyannis, of Atlas Bank fame, is promoting the Mesopotamia Exploration.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"OUR CRITICISMS OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have noticed that lately your paper has contained very strong, in fact, *three-star* articles directed against our Home Secretary, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P. Am I right in assuming that the Cecil Cowper, or "C. C." who signs these articles, is the same person as the Cecil Cowper who is a magistrate for Surrey, and as such should, I presume, pay the utmost respect to the Home Secretary and his wishes, however lightly expressed? If so, some one is at fault—either the Home Secretary or the J.P.; which is it?—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A SHOCKED CITIZEN.

London, July 3rd, 1911.

THE PARLIAMENT BILL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Is a Government, by virtue of its representative power, justified in abusing the constitutional limit of its popular representation?

To answer this most important question, wherein the whole crux of the present political deadlock is contained, it becomes necessary to have a proper understanding as to what is meant by the terms "representative power" and "constitutional limit," for, apart from the pure use or meaning of these terms, all arguments must develop sophisticated forms.

Now the representative power of a Government is that power by which it is freely elected to office. The representative power of a Government can have nothing in common with the representative power which opposes it. Likewise, the constitutional

limit of a Government is that limit by which it is not freely elected to office. The constitutional limit of a Government can have nothing in common with the constitutional limit which elects it.

Thus it is a form of sophistry which must prove representatively or politically disastrous to hold that the "representative power" of a Government is a form of representation which, as far as the Commons is concerned, is free to do as it likes. There is, for instance, a form of the popular will which every Government must respect and listen to, otherwise its "representative power" is tyrannic.

Again it is a form of sophistry which must prove not merely "representatively or politically," but, in a national sense, disastrous to hold that the "constitutional limit" of a Government is a form of constitutionism which, as far as Law or Order itself is concerned, is unrestricted. There is, for instance, a form of constitutionism upon which every Government must be grounded, otherwise its constitutional limit is a myth.

The vital significance of our question, therefore, is made apparent. If a Government, by virtue of its power through which it was freely elected to office, is not justified in abusing the constitutional limit of its popular representation—that is to say, in assuming absolute control of the executive without the "entire" consent of the nation—then such an extreme act of policy as that which would virtually coerce the Monarch (by the proposed creation of 500 peers), can be neither more nor less than an act of a tyrannical Government.

What, then, becomes of our boasted freedom? The Parliament Bill aims at a revival of the very state of affairs which existed in the country before the Great Charter was instituted.

Now, what would the result have been if the Lords and Commons had made concessions, or, in other words, had compromised at Runnymede?

It is for the present so-called Liberal Government to answer this question, for if, in the interests of the whole people, they sympathise with the firm stand made against a peculiar or selfish desires of a monarch, what consistency of national or whole interests leads it to oppose the firm stand (if it may be so called) made by the Lords against the peculiar or selfish desires of a Government majority?

But, apart from such impurity in the profession of government, it is more than doubtful whether even the peculiar desires of the Government are voiced by its entire majority. As a matter of course, it is wholly irrelevant of the question under discussion to make even a suggestion as to what should or should not be Government policy. This letter is simply meant to discover a sheer masquerade of rule—Front Bench comedy. With a classical embodiment there would be, at least, an intellectual stimulus to be gained from such a form of disguise; but when it becomes magnified, by methods of Press publication, into a form of vulgar or mediocre sensationalism, under such blatant headlines as "Further mutilation by the Lords," "Insolent invasion of common rights," "Peers throw down the gauntlet," "Wrecking the Veto Bill," &c., &c., it is surely a sign that we have reached a state of affairs which, but for the rescuing power of a bold, firm, and true leadership, can only end in a national disaster. Experience should surely act as our guide. England was saved from the terrible muddle of the Long Parliament by the popular recall of an exiled monarch. In the present instance she can only be rescued from the muddle of an iniquitous coalition of Parties by a return to her old methods of rule—methods by which Party government was made subject to Party opposition. We are suffering at the present time, not from any act of subjection to Party opposition, but from the evils of Party omnipotence, that is to say, from a form of tyranny created by a coalition of Party sects.

England has never suffered, nor can it suffer, from a Party system which possesses national instead of merely individual interests. Therefore it is imperative for the salvation of the country that the present Government should meet—not merely with Party opposition—but with national opposition. Hence our present need for a national, and not merely a Party, leader. Hence, also, from this the difficult and delicate position of the reigning Sovereign becomes apparent, consequent through the very form of Ministerial tyranny.

True patriotism will be discovered by the help given to the Crown, and it is a sign for congratulation that the Lords appear, at the eleventh hour, to be conscious of the serious nature of the crisis, and of the necessity for giving the nation at large a strong lead.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

Cambridge.

... THE ...

EYE-WITNESS

EDITED BY

HILAIRE BELLOC.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Review of the Week	67	Shorter Reviews	78
The Moth and the Moon...	68	Fiction	79
A Great National Measure?	68	Thackeray	80
Socialists and the Insurance Bill	69	The Theatre	82
Through France in a Motor—IV.	70	Some New French Books	84
Reviews:—		Music	85
Fallacies on Art	72	A Japanese on the Poet Rossetti	86
Stirring Times in Days of Yore	73	Pearl of the Orient	87
The Home University...	74	From the Waste-Basket ...	88
Mahomedan India	75	Imperial & Foreign Affairs	89
The Banda Oriental.....	76	Motoring	91
Vague Verses	77	In the Temple of Mammon	92
		Correspondence	93
		Books Received	94

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THERE is great rejoicing in the Liberal fold over the result of the West Ham election. In Liberal circles it is thought apparently—now that the election is over—that the fate of the Empire hung in the balance attendant on its result. We are really a little sceptical on this point. We think that the electors of West Ham were won over by the glamour of the Insurance Bill, about the benefits of which better-instructed workmen are profoundly nervous, unless the original draft of unsound Mr. Lloyd George can be hammered into a coherent and cohesive legislative act. The electors of West Ham appear to us to have realised that they had a second string to their bow. Failing the Lloyd Georgian panacea, the Hirsch millions might very reasonably be expected to promote re-afforestation in the purlieus of Hainault.

The reformation of Piccadilly Circus from an architectural point of view, and the alteration of it from its present shape to an "oblong square," as one paper humorously puts it, seems hardly necessary. Half the charm of London is due to its irregularity, and surely a rectangular "place" on strictly geometrical lines, with a statue of King Edward VII. in the centre—such is the proposition before the Westminster City Council—would be a poor substitute for the

present Circus, with its charming centrepiece surrounded by vivid flowers. It is one of the spots to which the exiled Englishman looks back with longing: by day or night it brims with life and colour. Straightened up and prim, it is unimaginable. London is in danger of being mauled about too much. We do not cast any aspersions upon the opening of congested districts; this process is part of the necessary growth of a large city, and may be likened to the thinning-out of a sturdy plant; we complain, rather, of alterations such as the one under consideration, which seem to have small reason beyond the restless craze for change. The relief to the traffic which might occur by the addition of a few square yards of space would hardly compensate for the spoiling of a sight which is worth travelling many miles to see. And, since those in authority invariably get into trouble when they erect a new building or give the city a fresh monument—blessings on our inartistic English souls!—let us be careful before we encourage too heedlessly the reconstruction of a quarter so thoroughly effective from a spectacular standpoint as Piccadilly Circus.

As a matter of fact, Piccadilly Circus, and most of the other busy centres of London, would soon change their appearance very pleasantly if we were favoured with a few more degrees of heat or a few more weeks of the present temperature. We should all be revelling in the *café* habit. Little tables, bearing cool drinks, would appear under striped awnings; they would encroach upon the pavements, and the eye of the law would wink at the misdemeanour. Continental visitors would no longer grumble at having to sit in hot, airless rooms when their thirst needed satisfying, or at being compelled to make a pilgrimage to Hyde Park if they desired to take lunch in the open. Compared with the state of affairs in New York, our spells of unusual heat are quite tolerable, but a summer such as the present, which bids fair to prove exceptional, always finds the Englishman unprepared. He can hardly believe his senses when the sun shines fiercely upon him for more than two consecutive days. He goes about town wiping his brow, and remarking sapiently that it is hot; his friends wipe their brows in sympathy, and observe that they think it is hotter than yesterday, and that, in their opinion, it will thunder before long. Here and there a genius dons a suit of white; here and there one, with the fine old sea-dog spirit, will brave the desperate adventure and rush off to take tea in Kensington Gardens; but on the whole enterprise is curiously lacking. It needs, probably, another ten degrees. At eighty in the shade we are merely limp; at ninety we should realise that something must be done; things would happen right speedily; we should deck our streets with embroideries of dainty little tables; we should eat, drink, and be merry in the open air. And then, being England, it would rain.

"The Literary Pageant," a shilling volume of stories, verses, and illustrations somewhat on the lines of "Printer's Pie," is published this week by Mr. T. Werner Laurie in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund of the Middlesex Hospital, and is certainly excellent value, if only for the contributions by W. W. Jacobs, William de Morgan, and W. J. Locke. "The Heart at Twenty," by Mr. Locke, is an acute and amusing little study not without its note of pathos. The list of distinguished names in "The Literary Pageant" is much too long to reproduce, but work by Owen Seaman, H. de Vere Stacpoole, and Arthur Morrison—to mention but three more—is sure of a welcome. The illustrations are highly artistic, some of them, in colour, well worth preserving.

THE MOTH AND THE MOON

The Moth was born by the river's breast,
Born in the sun, with soft, brown wings,
But the sun remembered the ardent West
And sank where the last lark sings.

Shyly the Moon her face unveiled
Fain for the passion and power of night,
And the brave little Moth unsteadily sailed,
So strangely fair was the sight.

But the pale, proud river, whispering, told
Of a Moon deep down in her lucent tide,
And the trembling Moth grew blithe and bold,
Plunged in for a kiss—and died.

Then the Moon forsook her spacious bower,
Dethroned her stately stars, and wept.
On Earth they said "'Tis an evening shower ;"
But the listening river laughed, and crept
By meadows and rushes, until it found
The place where the poor, frail Moth lay drowned ;
Then laughed again, and slept.

A GREAT NATIONAL MEASURE ?

WE desire to extend a cordial welcome to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* under its new direction. In next week's issue we shall notice its contents generally in a manner worthy of their value.

For the moment the article by Sir William Bull, to whom we have deputed the responsibility of editing a series of articles on the National Insurance Bill for THE ACADEMY, arrests our attention. The fairness and weight of the articles which are appearing in this journal have been freely recognised, and these qualities are equally apparent in Sir William Bull's contribution to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. We for our part have observed the utmost reticence in criticism of the National Insurance Scheme.

When the measure was introduced we perceived at once, that it was in effect a draft, but a draft which with patience and goodwill might be moulded into a beneficent enactment. The author of the scheme deserves all possible praise for the labour—and we believe it was a labour of love—which he has bestowed upon it. His conduct of the measure in Parliament has also been correct and courageous, as well as conciliatory. We have been compelled to write so many unpleasant criticisms of the Chancellor, that it gives us unfeigned pleasure to bestow praise where praise is due.

A vast scheme such as that we are considering should in effect be riddled with criticism before it is placed on the Statute Book, and we hope sincerely that no desire for haste will be allowed to mar that which may be a fitting memorial of a courageous statesman seen at his best in his most worthy and responsible guise,

Sir William Bull in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* handles his theme of State Insurance in relation to Unionism with impartiality and justice. It is quite true that Mr. Disraeli foreshadowed the justice and necessity of such a measure, long before Socialism put forward a catalogue of fantastic demands. Sir William Bull quotes Mr. Disraeli's famous speech at the Crystal Palace in 1872 :—

" You know how that effort [the effort of the Tory party to elevate the condition of the people by the reduction of their toil and the mitigation of their labour] was encountered—how these views were met by the triumphant statesmen of Liberalism. They told you that the inevitable consequence of your policy was to diminish capital, and, this again would tend to the lowering of wages, to a great diminution of the employment of the people and ultimately to the impoverishment of the Kingdom."

The ideal of Disraeli—and we know it from his novel "Sybil"—was to improve the condition of the necessitous classes by wise legislation, humane legislation on the leash of solvency. That ideal was scoffed at by a Liberal party of Conservative tendencies, and nothing was done.

The old-age pension scheme—of course on sound contributory lines—was a prominent article of Unionist equipment. Its great champion, Mr. Chamberlain, fought for it through good report and evil report. The Liberals banned the measure, they swore by bell, book and candle they would never touch it. Mr. Chamberlain went on. In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, he was the steadfast adherent of the measure.

The Old Age Pensions system which is now the law is unsatisfactory, it was passed in a hurry to make a legislative show. It is insufficient in amount, and commences too late, the very vices which those who understood the problem from years of labour upon it, predicted. A child could plan a scheme where the entire cost is thrown on the State—the taxpayer. It required the efforts of a statesman and much deliberation to construct a contributory scheme which would provide an adequate pension to commence at a time of life when the recipient might have a prospect of enjoying for some years an adequate provision.

We have dwelt thus on the shortcomings of the Pensions Act, because we do not wish haste and immaturity to be the distinguishing features of the Insurance Scheme.

Sir William Bull writes :—

" My main objection to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is that it professes to insure the uninsurable, and this as a concession to the Socialist idea for symmetry in State action, for identical treatment of all classes," and he proceeds : " It is of vital importance that the principles which should govern the settlement should be those of Conservative Social Reform, and not those of Socialism."

To that statement of the case we heartily subscribe, and we are not without hope that the Chancellor will display the tact, firmness, and balanced judgment which will result in a great and worthy enactment on those lines being placed on the Statute Book.

CECIL COWPER.

SOCIALISTS AND THE INSURANCE BILL

MANY people have formed an impression that Mr. Lloyd George's State Insurance Bill is distinctively a Socialist measure. That the Chancellor of the Exchequer is in sympathy with many of the political ideas commonly called Socialistic is a generally received opinion well warranted by the Chancellor's words and deeds. But vagueness of thought induces many people to regard practically all State regulation of the lives of the working classes which is intended to be beneficial to that class as a form of Socialism. It is manifest, when the subject is considered, that State regulation does not imply a Socialistic conception of the State, and the fact that such regulation mainly concerns the wage-earning class and is beneficent does not alter the distinction between State regulation of action and Socialism.

There is no country in the world where State regulation of the details of the life of the people is carried to a greater extent than in Russia, yet no one would say that Socialism is the guiding principle of the Czardom. In most Continental countries State regulation, most of it with a purpose which is at least ostensibly beneficial, has a wider scope than in this country. Yet generally such State control is independent of any tendency to Socialism, and is regarded with no especial favour by Socialists.

In Britain during the greater part of the nineteenth century the doctrine of *laissez-faire* was more thoroughly accepted than on the Continent. The system which has been described as "anarchy plus the police constable" came to be regarded as natural and even inevitable. The prophets of the system believed in their plenary inspiration, and, what is more remarkable, induced almost the whole nation to accept their wisdom at the valuation of those who expounded it. Every one who is acquainted with the facts knows well that State and municipal regulation, far-reaching and stringent, was the custom of this country for centuries; and those were the centuries in which the foundations of the nation's greatness were laid. It is no doubt true that the control of manners and customs by authority was sometimes excessive, and any one who is interested in noting the quaint thoroughness with which this control was sometimes brought to bear will find an interesting example in the municipal rules governing the once prosperous town of Kenfig on the Bristol Channel. Kenfig has been buried by the encroaching sand, but its historian has rescued its municipal records, and these, which were published a year or two ago, show how carefully the paternal rulers of the place governed the usages of their fellow-townsmen. This is merely one instance of the long-established and well-recognised condition formerly prevalent throughout the country.

The political theorists of the nineteenth century turned their backs upon the wisdom of their fathers. They preached unrestricted competition, and induced the nation to practise it with results that no one can regard as wholly satisfactory. One of the consequences of their success in imposing their authority on British thought was that it became the habit of most English people to regard any kind of State intervention in social or industrial matters as an innovation, and latterly these "innovations" have generally been regarded as prompted by Socialist propaganda and devised according to Socialist principles.

In order to understand the attitude of Socialists to the National Insurance Bill, the essential difference between State regulation and the nationalisation of all wealth must be borne in mind. It seems at a first glance that Socialists should have welcomed Mr. Lloyd George's plan. It must be

owned that the preachers of fraternity à outrance are a carping race and prone to ingratitude. This is an interesting point in Socialist psychology which has not hitherto been explained. But it must also be admitted that Socialists are not really under an obligation to acclaim the Chancellor's Insurance Bill with panegyrics. It does indeed recognise a responsibility on the part of the State towards wage-earners who are sick and workmen who are unemployed, but such a recognition is a reversion to the old British conception of the duties of society and the scope of public authority rather than an admission that private property ought to be socialised.

The oldest Socialist body in the country is the Social Democratic Party, formerly the Social Democratic Federation. Under the leadership of Mr. Hyndman the Social Democratic Party has persistently stood for what may be called the high-and-dry Socialism of the old school. Socialists who have departed from orthodoxy and do not consider themselves bound by the doctrines originally delivered to the disciples of Marx are prone to speak slightly of the S.D.P. as a bigoted and unprogressive sect, but it is only fair to admit that Mr. Hyndman's organisation represents Socialism as it is understood by the great majority of Continental Socialists, and is consistent in its adherence to original Socialist principles which less zealous comrades have prudently abandoned under stress of attack. The organ of the S.D.P. is *Justice*, and the attitude of *Justice* to the National Insurance Bill may be gathered from the following passages in a recent issue:—

Mr. Lloyd George is to be congratulated on the universal chorus of approbation with which his scheme of invalidity and unemployment insurance has been received by all parties. We regret not to be able to join in the chorus; but we regret still more that Labour representatives and Socialists should have done so. That Liberals and Tories—who deplore destitution and misery as much as any one can, and who would do anything to relieve it (at no expense to themselves); who believe in providing everybody with nice omelettes without breaking any eggs, and who profess a "kind of Socialism" which, while it "will make the poor richer, will not make the rich poorer"—that these should hail Mr. George's scheme with delighted approval is easily understood. But that Socialists, who must know that such aims are illusory and unattainable, should join with them is incomprehensible.

At their very best any such schemes of insurance as that now before us have the fatal demerit that they deal with effects and not causes. They are "palliatives" in the worst sense, in that they are designed to palliate and make tolerable the existing social order; they are not stepping-stones to something better, or aids to enable the working class to strive more effectually for something better. On the contrary, they are intended to strengthen, consolidate and perpetuate the system of exploitation by tempering its worst evils, and thereby to make exploitation bearable for the exploited. Briefly, they are not merely not Socialism, they are anti-Socialist in their design and intention, and are characteristic of the difference between social reform and Socialism—or, rather, between the social reform which makes for Socialism and that which makes against it.

The present scheme, as it stands, is a deadly, and probably a deliberate, blow at trade union organisation. It is at once a final surrender of the principles of *laissez-faire* Liberalism, a concession to Socialist agitation, and a deliberate attempt to head back Social Democracy.

The Social Democratic Party stands for Socialism as it first appeared among us. The Fabian Society represents Socialism at the end of the process of evolution to which it has been subjected in this country. The Fabians, as every-

body knows, are not noisy revolutionaries; they use the flexible weapon of statistics and gather proselytes in the class-room rather than at the street-corner. But the Fabian Society is as much opposed to the National Insurance Bill as the Social Democratic Party. At the annual Conference held last week the Society passed a resolution in the following terms:—"That, whilst this Conference would welcome the introduction of a measure dealing rationally with maternity, sickness, and unemployment, it considers the Bill now before Parliament ought to be opposed." The use of the word "rationally" in this connection appears to be an unkindness which Mr. Lloyd George might well regard as wanton.

The Socialism of the Independent Labour Party is neither that of the Social Democratic Party nor that of the Fabians. It is in the main Socialism seen through Trade Union spectacles, and Socialism thus apprehended is a tendency rather than a principle. The Independent Labour Party is politically the most powerful of the Socialist organisations, and it is as critical with regard to the National Insurance Bill as its kindred bodies. The organ of the Independent Labour Party is the *Labour Leader*, and on the first occasion when it had an opportunity of discussing the Bill the paper contained a leading article which damned the Chancellor's scheme with faint praise and certain other articles which condemned it outright. Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., was permitted in this connection to offer observations on Mr. Lloyd George's capacity as a statesman which were exceptionally acrid, even allowing for the acerbity with which Socialists usually write. In subsequent articles the *Labour Leader* continued to publish articles hostile to the Government's plan, and prominent in opposition to it was Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., who represents a large section of Christian Socialists. Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., has also risen to testify against Mr. Lloyd George's scheme. Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., has some encouragement to offer to Mr. Lloyd George, but his approval is tempered by criticism, and he writes significantly: "I was glad to hear the Chancellor say that the measure would help to alleviate the suffering due to poverty 'until the advent of the complete recovery.' I presume he meant Socialism by this." Mr. Hardie, therefore, supports the plan rather because he thinks it is leading towards Socialism than because he accepts it on its merits. Moreover, the Independent Labour Party has formally pledged itself to support a non-contributory scheme, and in relation to Friendly Societies the *Labour Leader* recently gave prominence to the assertion that the Chancellor's Bill "destroys them for ever."

The *Clarion* is the organ by which Mr. Blatchford exerts his still commanding influence on the Socialist movement, and recently Mr. Victor Grayson has been allowed to voice the policy of the *Clarion*. Mr. Grayson abounds in invective, and the Insurance Bill has called forth all his fecundity. Writing on the Bill, he tells us—"The worker is to pay for his own political and economic undoing, half the amount directly and the other half indirectly." It need hardly be said that such a text gives the author of it an excellent opportunity for strong and long denunciation, and the *Clarion*, like the *Labour Leader*, has continued to publish articles vehemently condemning Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, and attributing to the Government an intention to deal fraudulently with the working class. If we turn to the *New Age* we find that the National Insurance Bill has had a similar reception in its pages. The *New Age* is a weekly review written for the Socialist "intellectuals," and it expresses the opinions current among those who pass into the Socialist movement from the world of art, science, and letters. Dealing with the Chancellor's Bill, the *New Age* declares that it is "mainly concerned in seeing the measure die." The Ministerial scheme, according to this organ of Socialism, is likely to

destroy Trade Unionism. The *New Age* further asserts that "no single economist in England has approved" the Bill, and believes that the policy of Mr. Lloyd George will accelerate the progress of the nation towards "the Servile State." With full justification the *New Age* claims that it has done its best "to demonstrate the defects of the most humiliating, improvident, and unstatesmanlike Bill ever presented to Parliament for consideration."

One of the organs of the Socialist extremists—the *Socialist Standard*—describes the Insurance Bill as "the Liberal party's bold bid for popular favour and cunning attempt to beat the Labour party at its own treacherous game." In fact, opinion among all sects of Socialists is practically unanimous in condemning the Government's scheme. One need not pay much heed to the argument that the Insurance Bill tends to reconcile the mass of wage-earners to the Servile State. Socialism, whether it contemplates administration by State officials or by elected Committees, must involve servility for the individual; a slavery none the less crushing and unbearable because those imposing it would claim beneficent motives and ideals; and it is unlikely that Socialists are really alarmed by a menace to freedom.

The strength of the Socialist opposition to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme lies in the resolve which is steadfast throughout the movement that the State shall pay. The workman is not to contribute to benefits which he is to receive; the entire burden is to be thrown upon the community as a whole. It is well that the Socialist attitude should be so clearly defined in this connection. Many people suppose that they can give a vague support to Socialism in the hope that it may be used to ameliorate the conditions of the poorer class without committing the Legislature to the principles of Communism, but that is a mistake. Kindly people who allow themselves to lapse into loose thinking should realise that Socialism means the abolition of private property. If they assist Socialists, they are in fact assisting not such measures as the National Insurance Bill, but the cause of "the Social Revolution."

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—IV.

By FRANK HARRIS

LET us begin to visit the Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy in the kitchen. It was designed and built about the middle of the fifteenth century, and in its spacious, unadorned simplicity affords an excellent image of the time. A great flagged place on the ground floor, fully 40ft. square; this square surrounds a smaller square, which is really a large groined vault, rising from eight columns. The centre runs up 40ft. or 50ft., and is open to the sky to let the smoke out. In each of the four sides is a vast chimney large enough to roast an ox or boil vegetables enough for a regiment. But fine cooking too was known in the fifteenth century, and between these plain fireplaces we see the marks of two great furnaces, no doubt specially adapted for preparing sauces and baking the smaller dishes. The place too can be traced where the great warming-table stood. Here the chief cook sat throned on his *chaîere*, whence he could oversee and command his twenty-five cooks with all their attendant valets—*portiers*, *souffleurs*, and *happe-lopins*, or turnspits—to say nothing of the host of maids and *marmitons* for menial services.

From the kitchen we go up to the great *Salle des Gardes*,

just noticing on the way the splendid staircase, which dates from the early half of the eighteenth century. The guard-room is a superb room, nobly proportioned and well lighted: it is, perhaps, 90ft. long by 35ft. broad and as many high. In the great windows are stone seats where the officers used to sit and amuse their leisure by watching the crowd in the courtyard below. The first thing in the room to catch the eye is the great chimney-piece, which was built in 1504. It is the most magnificent Gothic chimney-piece in the world; it needs a photograph to give an idea of the simplicity of the chimney itself, and the effect of the massive slabs of unadorned stone contrasting with the elaborate richness of the ornamentation above, which runs up nearly to the ceiling. The exquisite curves and spires make one think that the stone itself has blossomed into flower.

But the room is not so extraordinary as what it contains. All these Dukes of Burgundy, from Philip the Bold to Charles the Reckless (*Téméraire*), were of their time, and went about with the constant preoccupation of death. The same obsession which gave birth to the beautiful monuments in the church of Brou came in the tombs of these Burgundian princes to still more magnificent utterance. In 1383 Philip the Bold established the Chartreuse (monastery) de Champmol. The word *chartreuse* comes from *chartre*, which means a prison, or place of confinement, and is therefore intimately, if half-unconsciously, associated with that last prison of the grave. This Chartreuse of Champmol was built by Philip in middle life as a setting for his own tomb, to be used meantime as an oratory, or place of prayer. It has now been turned into a lunatic asylum. But the Gothic gate is still to be seen, and the tower and porch of the oratory, where later the tombs were placed. To give his ideas form Philip brought artists from Flanders—Jean de Marville and others, and, above all, Claus Sluter, who worked for him from 1385 till his death in 1406. Philip's tomb was completed in this period. Half a century later John the Fearless and his wife, Margaret of Bavaria, had a tomb built for themselves on the same pattern, though still more richly decorated. These are the two greatest monuments in the world inspired by death.

Imagine an oblong of black marble some 12ft. long by 8ft. broad and over 5ft. high. On this sarcophagus the white marble effigy of the Duke lies as if he had just died. His feet rest on a lion and his head on a cushion between two angels, who kneel behind him with outspread wings and hold his helmet. All round the sides runs a sort of cloister, with figures in alabaster enclosed in little columned niches. The tomb of John the Fearless and his wife Margaret is a little longer and broader, but not quite so high; the figures of husband and wife are placed side by side. In all other respects the two great monuments are alike. There is a certain honest realism in the presentment of these royal persons. Every detail of the costume is exact. The fingers of John and his wife are covered with rings. Yet, in spite of the realism, there is a great dignity in these marble figures—partly, of course, the dignity of the suggestion of death, partly the dignity which always lies in immobility.

But it is the little statues underneath which form the wonder of these tombs. Here the sculptors have let themselves go and pictured the world of men as they saw them. Side by side are bishops and deacons, monks and knights, fat men and lean, free-livers and students—all sorts and conditions of people. Here you can study not only the faces and occupations of the men who lived five hundred years ago, but the petty details of dress and ornament; the shape and substance of brooches, bracelets, rings; the form too of books and the silver used in Church services down to the big red beads of the rosaries; the figure of the sacristan who is thrusting his book into its leathern bag is a masterpiece of

observation. In fact each tomb is a sculpture-gallery; and they both stand now one after the other in this wonderful *Salle des Gardes* of the ancient palace. I cannot help wishing they were still in the Chartreuse de Champmol; but men are slow to learn that beautiful things should be seen in the place designed for them.

It is sadder still to notice that the tombs have been greatly damaged. Many of the figures were defaced, some broken up, in the Revolution. It was resolved entirely to destroy "these monuments of despots" and convert them into "emblems of liberty and equality." It was only the piety of some art-lovers that rescued these wonderful monuments for our admiration.

There are in this *Salle des Gardes* three other pieces of primitive work which deserve study. They are three enormous Gothic *retables* of carved wood, gilded and painted; two of these are the work of Jacques de Baerze and were executed in 1391 to the order of Philip for the oratory of his great Chartreuse. These *retables* are each about 16ft. long by 6ft. or 7ft. high; the upper part is taken up with Gothic architecture, while the lower part presents scenes from Biblical history. Though much damaged and badly restored, they are probably the finest wood-carvings in existence. On the back of one of them a Dutch artist has painted the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Flight into Egypt. There is still another Gothic *retable*, in five panels, in this room, which was brought from the Abbey of Clairvaux; it belongs to the first half of the fifteenth century and is in excellent condition.

Before leaving the tomb of Philip I ought to have noticed that two of the alabaster figures on it were sculptured by Claus Sluter himself; for he is really the greatest primitive sculptor of whom we have any record. His best works are still to be seen in the Chartreuse of Champmol: the Portal of the church and the Well of Moses, or the Well of the Prophets as it perhaps should be called. The Portal is the earlier work, and shows astounding courage and the astounding reverence for art in that age. On the left side of the great door is a statue of Philip himself kneeling with his patron saint, John the Baptist, behind him; on the right side is the stone presentment of his wife Margaret, escorted by St. Catherine. The Duke's face, with the heavy rudder-nose, strong jaw, and prominent, square chin, is plainly taken from life, and the sculptor has put in the lines and wrinkles with pitiless honesty. No ideal presentment this, but the real man, of dominant, hot passions and purposeful persistence. Sluter has dared more even than this—he has ventured to represent the Duchess, who was renowned for her ugliness, as realistically as the Duke. There she is, the *moult noble et crueuse dame*, with her harsh, coarse features; and right opposite to her, in the middle of the Portal, a lovely Virgin, by way of contrast.

It was an age of faith, if you like, but it was therefore an age of truth, when the artist was encouraged to depict his patrons as they really lived and moved. The modern journalist, on the other hand, who believes in nothing beyond his dinner, endeavours to please the great by flattering them ignobly to their faces as the happy possessors of all the graces and all the virtues.

The statue of the Virgin and Child in this Portal seems to be regarded as Sluter's masterpiece, but I prefer his later work, though this is very fine. I was struck particularly by the naïve realism of the Virgin's pose; the figure thrown back from the hips, as if to balance the weight of the Child. The naturalism of the pose lends a touch of life to the ideal beauty of the Virgin's face.

Near the chapel is the greatest monument of this fourteenth century to be found in the world—the great Well of Moses, which is wholly the work of Claus Sluter. The Well

is some 25ft. in diameter, in the middle of it a pedestal, which was once crowned with a great stone crucifix. The pedestal is still to be seen, decorated with statues of Moses, David, Jeremiah, Zachariah, Daniel, and Isaiah. These figures alone would be sufficient to place Sluter among the great sculptors of the world. He worked before any of the Florentine masters, before Michelangelo or Donatello—without assistance from antique models—yet he reached, I think, a higher form of art and certainly a more modern and intimate form than any of the great Italians. For these prophets of Claus Sluter are living men and something more. He went about for years filled with reverence for their Biblical characteristics and then caught from life features and gestures to express them; again and again he has found a fine artistic symbol for his feeling. For instance, Sluter portrays Moses in all majesty as the prophet who descended from Sinai; the rays of light on his forehead are shown as horns; in his right hand are the Tables of the Law. David, on the other hand, is an Oriental monarch with large face and short beard, and hair standing out underneath his French crown; in his right hand a harp. He has a look of ineffable, self-satisfied content on his fat face. By way of contrast, Jeremiah is presented as a little man without beard or moustache, absorbed in reading a great book held in his right hand. The variety of life in these different figures is amazing, and would do honour to an observer of our own day.

In order to classify Sluter let us measure him with one of the greatest of modern sculptors. We have in this museum of Dijon two studies of the Christ—one by Rude and the other by Sluter. A casual glance shows the superiority of the early master. The Christ of Rude is simply the head of an Adonis with features a little sharpened; the expression is rather of weariness than of pain. Take away the crown of thorns and it would be impossible to divine whom the face was intended to represent.

The Christ of Claus Sluter is a masterpiece. The thorns are treated in so broad a way that they take on the semblance of a real crown, and give an air of breadth and majesty to the upper part of the face. The almost closed eyes, on the other hand, with the raised eyeballs and the half-opened mouth, are the perfect artistic symbol of mortal agony. The contrast between the majesty of the broad brow and crown and the swooning face gives one some idea of Sluter's achievement. There is more than a suggestion of the double nature of Jesus in this masterpiece, and, strangely enough, the complex expression is intensified by the defacements—the chippings and stains—of time. To say that Sluter's work is incomparably better than the work of Rude is still inadequate praise. This head of Christ is in sculpture what the head of Christ by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of St. Mark, is in painting—a thing unique and wonderful, conceived in love and reverence, of an intense emotional appeal.

Henceforth to me Claus Sluter is one of the master-spirits of all time. There is the most sincere realism in his portraits of the people he knew, such as the Duke Philip and his wife; an astonishing knowledge of life and the differences of character in his presentment of Moses and the Prophets; a fine sense of beauty in his Virgin and Child, and in the noble design of his Portal and Well, and, finally, an extraordinary divination and reverence in his Christ. One of the great creative artists was Claus Sluter.

Some day or other, when I have leisure to spend in Dijon, I shall try to find out something more about the man whom Philip the Bold praised for "*les bons et agréables services qu'il lui a fait et lui fait chaque jour.*" This bold, free-living Duke, too, who loved the daring sculptor must have been worth knowing. It takes some greatness in the patron to recognise greatness in the artist.

REVIEWS

FALLACIES ON ART

Latent Impulse in History and Politics. By R. N. BRADLEY, B.A. (Murray and Evenden. 6s. net.)

MR. BRADLEY is puzzled because, as he says, "you can talk Socialism, evolution, criticism with your friend, and he will prove everything and bring to it the best of intelligence, yet in the thing upon which you think he would want to be sure of his ground [religion] he stops you at the first trench." This attitude towards religion strikes the author as very curious. He inquires of himself whether it be "weakness and cowardice," or whether it be due "to the blind spot on the retina." "Here you are," he seems to say, "holding to some religious system or other. You admit that this system is of the most vital importance—according to you it is the one subject of importance—and yet you are unwilling to discuss it, to prove it, and to search it to its very roots at any moment with anybody who likes to put the matter to you."

Well; it seems to me that Mr. Bradley's enigma, when clearly expressed, resolves itself. Religion is of the most vital interest; therefore it is not a matter to be openly and freely discussed at any time with anybody. If Mr. Bradley were to meet a Justice of the High Court who had just sentenced a man to death, or given judgment in a civil cause of the highest consequence, it is highly improbable that the said Judge would welcome open and free discussion of his sentence or of his judgment. The Justice might be lively about lawn-tennis, communicative on cricket, talkative on tactics; but if he were asked some question as to the great case over which he had presided it is likely that he would lapse into determined silence. The matter proposed would affect him too nearly and too vitally to be discussed at all; its very importance banishes it to the regions of silence and reserve.

Mr. Bradley explains his own difficulty by saying that religion is a matter not of the head, but of the heart. This is not true; religion is a matter both of head and of heart; it has employed the whole intelligence of some of the greatest intellects that have ever existed. Still, in the suggestion of "heart" there is a certain grain of truth on which I will presently comment. But the question is a much more complicated one than Mr. Bradley seems to believe. There is in the first place the general principle that has been already stated; the greater the importance of any matter, the less its suitability for off-hand discussion. Patriotism is highly important: so important that men innumerable have confirmed by experiment the dictum that it is sweet and comely to die for country. Soldiers and sailors are the people most nearly interested in this question; but Mr. Bradley, if he be wise, will not go up to captain or to soldier or to sailor and ask them if they think there is any real sense in this fighting business of theirs, or in their archaic profession of being ready to die for King and country. It is probable that such an interrogation would rouse feelings of considerable irritation in the hearts of those addressed. Their *dulce et decorum* dogma is too important to be investigated by them. Then, apart from the importance of a topic, there is the reason of the heart, to which the author has himself pointed. As I should prefer to put it, religion is an age-old instinct; it has represented a craving which is in the very nature of man; it is in the spiritual or ideal world what the gratification of natural desires is in the sensible world. A thirsty man will drink, a cold man will do his best to get warm; it is only persons of the

highest "scientific" education who, parched with thirst, would welcome the suggestion that red pepper was what they really want. No man will gladly suffer his instincts to be opposed; hence another reason for the general dislike of free discussion of religious dogmas. And here it may be remarked by the way that, when Mr. Bradley speaks of discussion, he apparently means one man saying to another, "Your religious beliefs are ridiculous and out of date."

There are still further reasons for the reluctance to admit incredulous and scoffing strangers into the inmost places of one's heart. Firstly, these places are inmost and intimate; unless, under very special circumstances, it is indecent to talk of them with any man. Coventry Patmore, that master of wisdom, has demonstrated the analogies that exist between things above and things below; it is sufficient to say here that all lovers have secrets which are not for free discussion. And, in the last place, a man certainly "wants to be sure of his ground" where the faithfulness of his wife is concerned; but I believe that if Mr. Bradley carry out his own logic, and propose to argue this point with any individual man, and (to use his own phrase) expect that that man will discuss the question "without heat," then Mr. Bradley will find that there is a flaw in his ratiocinative processes.

Turning to another page in the book, I come upon the following passage:—

The tendency of peoples and individuals to busy themselves with arts, plays, games, and music is a strange thing in a world of utility, and much labour has been spent on its explanation.

Mr. Bradley suggests that, in the first place, the survival of the artistic tendency is in itself a proof that it is by no means useless; and secondly, he seems to adopt Schiller's explanation that play is a school for the struggles of life; and thirdly, he affirms that play and art, "the child of play, are the result of a superabundance of energy and motive power."

Now, I should very much like to have Mr. Bradley's definition of the word "utility," as used by him in the phrase "a world of utility." Does he mean that history as a whole shows that the sole aim of humanity is to satisfy its animal instincts either under crude or under refined conditions? Apparently he does mean this; and, if so, he is defining the world in terms which are directly opposed to the whole facts of the case. Either the united vices of gluttony, profligacy, and avarice make up the ideal man or they do not; we know that they do not; we know that a man who devoted his entire being to these three ends would be an unnatural monster; perhaps the worst man that ever lived has done better than this. So the world is not "a world of utility" at all; the phrase is mere nonsense; the man that the author conceives as normal has no existence, and if he could exist he would not be a man, but a sort of impossible *tertium quid* or monster, suspended in a void between the sphere of men and the sphere of the brutes, devoting the human intelligence to the securing of the ends which are of sole importance to the wild hog, the ape, and the mountain goat. This equation of the world with utility being shown to be nonsense, it is hardly worth while discussing the proposition that the arts existing, they must serve utility. I would only observe that I should like to see a demonstration of the suppressed premise—"everything that exists is useful"—and also that I have never seen a more pitiable defence of Art than this: that it helps in the struggle for life; in other words, that the exploiter of his weaker brethren, pacing the National Gallery or reading Homer, goes forth on his daily task of infamy and oppression strengthened and enabled for his work. Taking a milder example, it may be said once for all that the great poets and musicians and painters of the

ages did not execute masterpieces and operate marvels that Tom, Dick, and Harry might earn an honest living and all be able to buy warm great-coats for the cold weather: I dare not justify the Odyssey by saying that Nausicaa has helped baby to get a fortnight at the sea.

Now for this doctrine that art is a superabundance of energy—that is to say, that the material, or merely hoggish and goatish, good having been provided for, a man finds time hang heavy on his hands, and, for want of anything better to do writes, paints, carves masterpieces. Now, if this were true, we should expect to find the artistic graces most strongly developed in the men of action, the men of affairs, the men of politics. But, as a matter of fact, this is not the case; the almost universal rule is that the supreme artist devotes his life to his art. Napoleon did not utilise his between-battle times to the composition of masterpieces of any description, and from his admiration for "Ossian" we may probably deduce an entire absence of even the critical faculty. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that art is the result of superabundance of energy and motive power. It is, doubtless, like everything else, the result of energy; but of an energy of its own order; it is not created by that reserve of force which remains over to a man after his appetite has been satisfied and his back clothed. In fact, Mr. Bradley's theory is the complementary fallacy to the doctrine of the late Professor Lombroso, who held that art was a kind of by-product of disease; an odd growth, as it were, that might sprout from the roots of epilepsy, or flourish in congenial company with the bacillus of tuberculosis.

For the one theory as for the other there is just as much to be said—that is, nothing at all. As for the equation of art with play; that, too, is false. Not wholly false, since at certain points the two spheres of art and play intersect and join together; though there is little that is sportive in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" and "King Lear," each is called a "play;" the word finding its appropriateness in the fact that the action of the drama is thus distinguished from the action of life. But art and play are by no means to be identified on this account, since the object of art is the creation of beauty; and in the majority of cases play aims at nothing of the kind. Sophocles, if you like, was "playing" when he wrote his tremendous drama, and the man who calls for the box of dominoes at the *café* is also "playing," but it is clear that there is nothing to be gained by founding any argument on this one word used to express two things which are utterly different.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

STIRRING TIMES IN DAYS OF YORE

Recollections of a Parisian (Docteur Poumiès de la Siboutie) Under Six Sovereigns, Two Revolutions, and a Republic (1789-1863). Edited by his Daughters, MESDAMES A. BRANCHE and L. DAGOURY. Translated from the French by LADY THEODORA DAVIDSON. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author of "Recollections of a Parisian" must have been a minute observer of the events which happened during his lifetime, and, glancing at the title of his work, one will readily understand what an interest it presents. For in it we find, as described by one who was a witness of the facts alluded to, many curious sidelights thrown on certain phases of French history too well known to be mentioned here. These memoirs, of which Lady Theodora Davidson has given us an English version, are in truth sometimes inexact as to the facts dealt with; but that could hardly have been avoided, as they convey the impression of having been noted by the author without further research to ascertain whether

the renderings of the stories he thus transcribed were correct or not. His book is, in short, an agreeable *bavardage*, brightly written, containing many amusing anecdotes, for Dr. Poumiès certainly possessed the knack of telling "a good story." His profession brought him into contact with the leading personalities of his time, and being by nature—so we gather from his work—an interested spectator of the tragi-comedy called Life, he has thoughtfully recorded the traits or events which he believed might prove particularly entertaining for future generations.

Docteur Poumiès begins by giving a detailed description of his family, and in doing so exposes the situation in France at the eve of the First Revolution; and he thus gives some curious details as to the nature of the effervescence reigning amongst the rural population at that period. He also gives some amusing information as to the ways of living of simple, well-to-do people, and he says: "The food was coarse but abundant. It consisted of rye and maize bread, chestnuts, radishes, and roots; meat was seldom seen, except on special high days and holidays. Butter was so little used that a sister of my grandfather, who died at the age of ninety, told me in 1832 that she had never tasted any!"

When speaking of the execution of Marie-Antoinette, he quotes the words of a lady of rank, who, as he quaintly expresses it, "rose from the lowest rung of the ladder to the high station she afterwards adorned":—

The Queen was quite alone in a market-cart between Sanson and his assistants. Her hands were tied behind her back. She wore a white camisole, and a cap on her head, which had been tied on crooked (!) She reached the Place de la Révolution by way of the Rue Royale, and was driven right round it to the guillotine, which was erected on the spot where the obelisk now stands. She was as white as a sheet, and trembled so that she had to be helped out of the cart. She was lifted rather than assisted on to the scaffold. Sanson tore off her cap, and in a moment all was over.

The Empire furnished Dr. Poumiès with the subject of one of the most interesting chapters of his work, abounding in curious anecdotes and remarks. He describes the climax of Napoleon's popularity, the extraordinary brilliancy of his Court, and the frenzied enthusiasm with which the people welcomed the news of the King of Rome's birth. We soon see, however, thanks to Dr. Poumiès' records, that the favour Napoleon enjoyed with the population of France began to diminish as his insatiable demands for recruits continued to augment, and the author of "Recollections of a Parisian" makes even the following statement:—

A curious characteristic of that epoch was the great number of hunchbacks and cripples to be seen amongst the students. Conscription, the volunteer service, and the military schools monopolised the flower of our young men, leaving behind only the weak and sickly, whose physical disadvantages unfitted them for service. It may be said, in passing, that this influence exercised great influence on the population of France. The sons of those men inherited the disabilities of their fathers, and manly beauty and height suffered perceptible diminution. The standard of the army has several times been lowered.

After having successively dealt with the Restoration and the reign of Louis-Philippe, during which there was a severe epidemic of cholera, of which Dr. Poumiès in his quality of physician gives a striking description; after having retraced the principal events of 1848, our author next turns his attention to the Presidency of Louis-Napoléon. But although giving many anecdotes of the President, he omits to speak of the Coup d'Etat of December 2nd, 1852,

and passes to an account of the entry of the Emperor into Paris. In conclusion he declares—

This day of rejoicing has been one of the gayest Paris has ever seen. . . . I must admit that even the dissentients, who would have preferred a President to an Emperor, were quite ready to agree that the Government of Louis-Napoléon was the only one that offered a fair prospect of peace and comfort.

Alas! the words of Dr. Poumiès were to be brutally contradicted in the near future!

The "Recollections of a Parisian" form a delightful volume which we are sure will meet with as much appreciation from those thoroughly versed in French history as by those who ignore certain details of some political events of the last century. It is all the more captivating because written quite simply, without affectation or search after style or effect. The personality of the author can always be felt in his annotations, and is most sympathetic, for he possessed both wit and humour, if we may be permitted to judge by this short entry in his diary—

March, 1855. I have just published a small volume of poems called "Les Moments Perdus." In a dedication addressed to my friends and colleagues I wrote—"I dispense you from either acknowledging this little work, thanking me for it, reading it, or even discussing it with me."

Shall not these lines be the best witness of the original character of M. Poumiès de la Siboutie, and do they not, indeed, give one a desire of reading the work of such a remarkably modest author?

THE HOME UNIVERSITY

The Opening Up of Africa. By SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.Sc., F.Z.S.

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Health and Disease. By W. LESLIE MACKENZIE, M.D., Local Government Board, Edinburgh.

Introduction to Mathematics. By A. N. WHITEHEAD, Sc.D. F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Author of "Universal Algebra."

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Liberalism. By PROFESSOR L. T. HOBBHOUSE, M.A., Author of "Democracy and Reaction."

Crime and Insanity. By DR. C. A. MERCIER, F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., Author of "Text-book of Insanity," &c.

THERE was never a day in which there was less reason for any man to remain in ignorance of the main matters of interest in the world. In "Every Man" the choice of the world's reading has been made accessible at the modest price of a shilling. A short while ago Messrs. Williams and Norgate issued the first ten volumes in their new venture

of placing original copyright monographs on matters of universal interest by specialist authors at the disposal of readers at that same price. We shall soon begin to look askance at any volume that demands a larger payment, for here, now, is the second ten, which in themselves cover a sufficiently wide scope of interest, but in connection with the earlier ten form the basis of a home university indeed. The choice of that title was bold; but it has been more than indemnified.

In this day of emigration Africa is attracting increasing attention. Canada and Australia are losing some of their glamour; while the interests in Africa are in the ascendant, particularly Rhodesia and Uganda, which, as Sir Harry Johnston says in his volume, "The Opening up of Africa," he, with Sir Alfred Sharpe and Mr. A. J. Swann, supported by the great Cecil Rhodes, endeavoured to link up; but failed in that endeavour owing to the interposition of Germany. No better or more competent man could have been chosen for the subject. He would have been better advised, we think, had he treated it in rather a less recondite way. Still, it is wonderful what he covers. His book sketches from prehistoric times to the present day, where so much of it has been painted red, in accordance with Rhodes' ambition. In the historical field Mr. W. H. Davis' name needs no introduction. He and Professor Oman are probably the two modern Englishmen most fitted to speak of the Middle Ages. In so short a review as this is, it is, of course, impossible to treat his volume on "Mediæval Europe" as fully as it deserves, or as we should have liked to have done. So praise must suffice in the stead of analysis. Those who know the subject will wonder how it could possibly be treated in 60,000 words. Yet it has been done; not only have all the essentials met their due, but the whole atmosphere of the time has been conveyed in a wonderful way. Its value is increased by the fact that there seems to have been no volume on this vital subject accessible at a reasonable price.

One of the features in this library is the fact that each subject is treated by its most competent authority in England. There is no one more fully equipped for a treatment of "Mohammedanism" than Professor Margolionth. He is the Professor of Arabic at Oxford, and is the author of an exemplary, if too unappreciative, book of Mahomet. In his present book he traces the military conquests of Mohammedanism, and analyses carefully and fully its theory, practice, its sects and orders, and its literature and art. In "The Science of Wealth" Mr. Hobson has a subject that many of his readers would desire to speak more competently on from experience; failing which they will turn to Mr. Hobson, and discover that it is not personal wealth he is thinking of at all, but the distribution, structure, and purport of the wealth of a nation. It is, in fact, a study in economics. Within its limits it is an excellent book. Its faults are the faults of its subject, which is at best a chop-logical one. "Health and Disease" is an important theme, and, again, it is in adequate hands. How it avoids the mere platitudes of hygiene, and strikes deeply into the true philosophy of its subject, will appear from the titles of its two opening chapters, which are "What is Health?" and "The Causes of Death." "Overcrowding and the Structure of the Home" he treats of carefully; as also the important subject of "Immunity."

We wonder how many will be able to follow Mr. Whitehead through his "Introduction to Mathematics." It caused us to furbish up the odd corners of our neglected mathematical education, and finally left us gasping. In his "Symbolism of Mathematics" we glowed; as also in his "Trigonometry." But the Conic Sections and the Differential Calculus! And for a shilling! It is amazing. In the "Animal World," by Professor Gamble, and "Evolution,"

by Professors J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes, we touch subjects that are accessible in other cheap editions. Yet neither book is a mere handbook. It is the charm of this series that each volume is touched with individuality. The book on Evolution treats of many matters that are only now receiving detailed attention, such as Mendelism. Moreover, in both books, special subjects are easily turned up; such is the system of arrangement.

"Liberalism" in the hands of Professor Hobhouse forms an interesting subject. His treatment is limited by the fact that he considers his subject as an organisation for all time, instead of regarding it as subject to fluctuation as the Whiggism out of which it grew. He does not wholly avoid necessary criticism; but in treating of Cobden he does seem ever to have canvassed the conception that the logical outcome of his principles would be a brutalised Nietzscheism. To the last volume, that by Dr. Mercier on "Crime and Insanity," we turned with the greatest eagerness, and were not a little disappointed. The sociological aspect of crime he treats fully and completely; but the metaphysical aspect of crime, the only really interesting aspect, and that which is closely allied to certain profound forms of insanity, he altogether neglects. One would never gather from his book that sometimes a sociological crime may happen to be a metaphysical duty. But that is incidental.

If a man were to master all these volumes, what a formidable conversationalist he would be.

MAHOMEDAN INDIA

History of the Rise of the Mahomedan Power in India, till the Year 1612 A.D. Translated from the Original Persian of MAHOMED KASIM FERISHTA by LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN BRIGGS. Four Vols. (R. Cambray, Calcutta; Kegan Paul and Co. 30s. net.)

THIS is a reprint, not an original work; but, as it was first published in London so long ago as 1829, and has been out of print for sixty years and more, it has an appearance of newness, though presumably it has been accessible in reference libraries of any pretension to students of Indian history. The reissue has been brought out by an enterprising Calcutta firm of publishers who had already reproduced similarly the "Seir Mutagherin" (Manners of the Moderns), written in 1780 by Gholam Hossain, a noble courtier, also a valuable though lengthy account of the period between Aurangzib (who died in 1707) and Warren Hastings; it, too, was translated by Briggs. We may hope that the publishers will meet with sufficient response to encourage them to continue the series of reissues in which they have made such a promising commencement.

One object of all history is to get at the truth of the past. The facts must be correctly known before deductions are possible. And of no history is it more important for us to obtain accurate versions than of that of our Indian Empire. There are always before us the questions whether British rule is an improvement on the native governments, whether contemplated measures are antagonistic to native ideas, what lessons can be learnt from the mistakes as well as the successes of our predecessors in power. General Briggs records a warning against misconception of the Indian character, and claims for this history that it will be instructive, "if it be merely to show the certain effects of good and bad government among a people whom our ignorance disposes us to consider as devoid of moral energy, and who are prone to submit without resistance to the grossest oppression." Why was Akbar successful, and Aurangzib a failure? Their religious policies differed. The Portuguese failed in India because they persecuted the natives on

religious grounds. The facts show, for instance, the grave seriousness attaching to religion in a country where it moves the whole population.

No history can be entirely contemporaneous. A writer must depend, as Thucydides avowedly did, on what he can collect from trustworthy sources. The genesis of the history before us is well known, and may be briefly stated. The author, Ferishta, was a Persian, born probably in 1570 on the border of the Caspian, but was taken, while a youth, by his father to Ahmadnagar, in the Indian Deccan. After some vicissitudes he, still being under twenty, reached the Court of Bijapur, one of the five independent kingdoms of the Deccan formed from the dissolution of the Bahmani dynasty. Welcomed by the King and Minister, he spent the remainder of his life there, was sometimes engaged in military expeditions, but devoted himself mainly to the composition of his great work. He mentions the Portuguese factory at Surat in 1611. Whether he died in 1611 or 1623 is uncertain, probably 1623. His history, written in Persian, is divided into twelve chapters, dealing with the events of thirteen independent kingdoms during some centuries, and the Saints of India. His introduction gives a very imperfect view of the Hindu period previous to the Mahomedan invasion, but from that time his work is valuable, beginning with the Ghaznevide dynasty about 977 A.D. He acknowledges his indebtedness to thirty-five original manuscripts consulted by him, which he names, while he quotes from some twenty other authors. In general he avoids prejudice and partiality, but is not entirely exempt from sectarian bitterness. He has been considered the most trustworthy of Oriental historians. In writing of Bijapur he specially denies having misrepresented facts for the purpose of obtaining pecuniary rewards. In the eighteenth century portions of Ferishta's work were translated by Colonel Dow in his "History of Hindustan" (known to Gibbon), and part was utilised by Captain Jonathan Scott in the "History of the Deccan." It remained for General Briggs, at Sir James Mackintosh's instigation, to translate the whole of Ferishta's production, and to add to it considerably by his account of the conquest, by the kings of Hyderabad, of certain territories now included in the Madras Presidency; by including a chronological epitome of the wars of the Portuguese in India as connected with the history of the Deccan; by tables of comparative chronology and genealogical tables of the Royal Families of each dynasty; by an alphabetical list of the proper names, titles, and Oriental words, with explanations attached, a similar list of geographical names, and a number of valuable notes throughout. He has, however, omitted the Saints of India, and, by using an earlier edition to translate from, he has missed some of Ferishta's latest additions. General Briggs (1785-1875) was in the East India Company's Madras Army, served in Persia, Satura, Mysore and Nagpur, and retired in 1838, and was F.R.S. He had intended to write a complete work on the Mahomedan Power in India, but his library was burnt in the sack of the Poona Residency by the Peshwa in 1817. His capacity as a translator may be accepted, though manuscript Persian is very difficult to handle when the diacritical points, which alone render orthography possible, are omitted.

The study of Indian history is hardly to be recommended as an exhilarating occupation; but apart from this it may be perused for instruction and utility. In Indian history particularly the number of names, often uncouth and always unfamiliar, is appalling; not even a Macaulay could retain them in his memory, and we deliberately avoid them as much as possible. But it is useful to understand what Ferishta tells us of the origin, rise, and extent of power of the Indian kingdoms, their internal administration and

policy, and, lastly, the dissolution of all those whose end he lived to witness. Again, the inaccuracy of Indian historians is almost proverbial. They appear to regard their task as affording opportunities for braggadocio, for the glorification of a race, a dynasty, or an individual; they indulge in flowery language and rhodomontade which obscure the sense and possess no substance; their figures and dates often cannot be trusted: for instance, we have the duration of the Brahmanical Yooqs (periods of the world's existence) extending to millions of years, though no explanation of the calculation is offered or possible, as can be afforded in the modern estimates framed on geological facts; the number of soldiers engaged in battles is hopelessly exaggerated; an Oriental has no regard for time. But, while bearing these drawbacks in mind, we must remember that we shall get nothing better in the shape of Indian history than Ferishta has provided, and no one is likely to try to supersede General Briggs as a translator, though we understand that there is a lithographed edition of Ferishta, dated 1831. Our historian has shown great research in consulting authorities, but no chain is stronger than its weakest link; it is impossible now to test the veracity of the primal authorities.

Ferishta's work covers mainly the centuries from about 1,000 A.D. to the death of Akbar in 1605. Thus it narrates the invasion of Tamerlane the Tartar (1398) and his slaughter of 100,000 inhabitants of Delhi. Babar, who founded the Mogul Empire at Delhi after the battle of Panipat in 1526, was fifth in descent from Tamerlane, and Akbar was grandson to Babar. Before Ferishta's death the English had not asserted themselves generally in India. His history therefore treats of the pre-English period, and for that it will always be an indispensable authority. With these handy volumes the work of future historians will be facilitated. The publishers deserve to succeed in their enterprise of making them accessible.

THE BANDA ORIENTAL

Uruguay. By W. H. KOEBEL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

HERE we have another volume of the South American Series, in which the several Republics of that Continent are being separately described. It is well that their amenities and potentialities as fields for the investment of capital should be thoroughly known. Mr. Koebel visited the country in 1910 and studied his subject carefully with local assistance. The State might with advantage be better introduced to the English public than it has been, considering that fifty millions sterling of English money are invested there, and its railways are chiefly under English management. But the South American Republics have not altogether had a good reputation, and they are far away. The history of Uruguay possesses some special features which may be briefly summarised.

Uruguay, on the East Coast of South America, between Brazil and Argentina, was discovered by the Spaniard Juan Diaz de Solis in 1512. The Spaniards were unsuccessful in several attempts to subdue the aboriginal Indians, the Charruas and others, but eventually prevailed at Montevideo, founding it in 1726, and in 1777 expelled the Portuguese who had settled at Colonia. In 1810 the South American War of Independence against the Spaniards commenced, and in 1814 Montevideo fell to the insurgents. The Spanish power in Uruguay was extinguished in 1824. On May 1st, 1829, the Independence of the State was formally acknowledged by Brazil and Argentina, both the Portuguese and Spaniards having been expelled.

But then began the period of internal struggles between rival

competitors for power which have never ceased. It would be tedious to mention even the names of the adventurers, Generals and Presidents, who fought for office with alternating success and failure. Mr. Koebel compiled a list of 120 battles, but fortunately does not publish it. "Indians and Spaniards, Spaniards and Portuguese, Uruguayans and Spaniards, Uruguayans and Portuguese have fought together on countless occasions." The marvel is that, with so much recurring disturbance, civilisation has made so much progress. It speaks volumes for the energy and virility of the people, who are now composed of very mixed elements. The division of political parties into the Blancos and Colorados, the Whites and Reds, starting with the establishment of the Republic eighty years ago, is simple: the parties are divided by no political principle. The Colorados, the urban party, have been in power since 1864, and maintain themselves by controlling both the importation of weapons and the supply of horses to possible insurgents; the Blancos, the rural party, continue the apparently hopeless conflict with unabated ardour.

In spite of the constant revolutions the country is being developed. In his Appendix Mr. Koebel has furnished ample financial and commercial statistics, but a curious omission is noticeable in his book: he has nowhere stated the number of the population or even estimated it, though the area is given at 72,000 square miles. In fact, the Census of 1908 showed the population at 1,043,000—that is under fifteen persons to the square mile throughout. There are but few large towns; the capital, Montevideo, has only 400,000 inhabitants. In short, the Uruguay State, commonly known as the Banda Oriental, is chiefly pastoral, the Campo, or country, forming the greater part. But agriculture, especially the cultivation of wheat, is making progress; viticulture and fruit-growing are in some quarters established industries; seals are caught in numbers, and their skins and oil exported; the minerals are promising, but require working. There are seven railways, with a capital of fourteen millions, and 1,432 miles of line open, paying something over 4 per cent. interest, partly under Government guarantee, and seventy-eight miles under construction. Quite lately a Government loan of three millions for the State construction of 497 miles of light railways was announced. The imports from Great Britain still exceed those from any other country, but the ratio of increase is not proportionally maintained. Great Britain is losing ground, because her merchants do not cater for the Uruguayan trade with the same attention to detail, the same study of the requirements and knowledge of the languages as the Germans, French, and Americans adopt.

In a pastoral country, as Uruguay is, cattle-grazing and breeding naturally constitute the chief wealth; the *estancias*, or farms, abound in the Campo. In 1909 a census of the live stock showed a total of twenty-four million animals, of which the sheep numbered sixteen and the cattle nearly seven millions. The meat, frozen and dried, hides, wool, and by-products form the principal items of the export trade; the dairy industry is developing. At Fray Benton in 1910 more than 179,000 head of cattle were killed to produce Liebig's extract of meat. With its temperate climate, said to be one of the healthiest in the world, and a rainfall of forty-three inches, Uruguay has great natural advantages; the people are manly, sober, unostentatious, and civil, free from sycophancy; the beauty of the women is celebrated. If the senseless revolutions could only be stopped much greater progress would be attained, and capital would flow more freely into the country. Education is highly esteemed and encouraged throughout the State. Mr. Koebel has not painted the whole situation in *couleur de rose*, but has given a very readable description of the country and its affairs, which ought to prove useful to intending colonists and to

add to the number of the English community, already fairly numerous, as British enterprise has asserted itself in the South American States.

VAGUE VERSES

The Crucibles of Time. By DARRELL FIGGIS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. DARRELL FIGGIS has lost nothing of the sincerity or the optimism which he showed in his first book, "A Vision of Life," but he has become much more self-conscious. He seems, as it were, oppressed with the necessity of speaking weightily, and he has developed a taste for subtle discourse and a fondness for such unattractive words as accipitrine, intricate, spilth, soilure, cincture, rondure, discinct, words which, with radiancy, effulgency, lustre, and the ideas they express, seem to represent to Mr. Figgis the Elizabethan spirit which he has been praised for expressing. As a matter of fact we find nothing Elizabethan in Mr. Figgis at present; quite un-Elizabethan is that fierce earnestness which welcomes the reiteration of the commonplace and even overlooks bathos. He sings, for example—

Yet with horror stricken saw we, for it settled, melted, dwindled,
Seeming gradually less;
and

Oh, what is man without investiture!—

both of which remarks might have been fitly found in the pages of a humorous poet. And we seem to see a certain striving after effect in such a version of an old proverb as—

Never did sorrow trail a single course,
But keep the road in congregations, flocks,
And herded teams.

Mr. Figgis's short poems, of which he has a score or so in the present volume, show a rich vocabulary and an earnest outlook on life. In "To a Snowdrop," "Hanger Woods," and "To a Chrysanthemum," he attains more than this—namely, a real dignity and eloquence. The rest are of lesser worth. The "Ode to Music," though clever, and not a thing every one could write, is wordy and too facile, while such trifles as "Ad Intra," "Firelight," and the two triolets are merely album verse. There is a pretty song beginning—

Not cherry ripe nor roses,
Tho' picked from Summer's chalice.

"The Crucibles of Time" is the *pièce de résistance* of the volume, and, if only by reason of its length, calls for most remark. In a slightly artificial preface Mr. Figgis makes a suggestion of apology for treating such an ancient theme as the story of Job, but he evidently considers himself quite justified. Yet, after all, had he anything to say about Job which has not been said before? Had he any original aspect of that more than familiar story to put before us? Could he read any new philosophy into it or erect any deep character study upon it? We confess that we have not found anything of the sort. Mr. Figgis observes the Greek unity of place, he employs three messengers and two choruses, which sing in a manner not without a certain grandeur, but are not very helpful to the story nor fine enough as lyrics to stand by themselves. Mr. Figgis brings in Satan by the name of Mephistopheles, God by the name of The Presence, and invokes a rather vague spirit of the commonplace attitude to life in Job's wife. But there is nothing arresting in all this. Job is not a powerfully-drawn character, nor do any of the persons or personages emerge into great distinct-

ness either of humanity or allegory. The poem has its good lines, but only too often do we find such pure verbiage as the following from a "Chorus of Furies":—

And then its music and song in an echo of rhythms heard
From the voice of a mighty throng, like a single reverberate
word,

Where anger is eaten of sorrow, and hatred whelmed of woe,
And mercy and tenderness borrow a mute soft passionate throe.

We will pay Mr. Figgis the compliment of saying he could go on like this indefinitely; these lines are good verse, such as not every versifier could produce, but they are very far indeed from being poetry. And it is just because we feel sure that Mr. Figgis can give us much better work than anything in "The Crucibles of Time" that we must express a particular regret for the large amount of mediocre matter included in it.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Chalkstream and Moorland: Thoughts on Trout-fishing. By HAROLD RUSSELL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

MODERN angling literature abounds in pleasant books like this, well-written, redolent of the country. The quotation from "Henry VI." on the title-page furnishes the keynote to the pages that follow:

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

Modesty is not unbecoming in an angler, but the author is, if anything, too modest. Were his book more didactic in its aim there would be more truth in the sentence with which his Preface commences:—"It is incumbent upon any one who writes a new book about fishing to open with an apology." But the evident pleasure that Mr. Russell has found in writing these pages will find a ready echo in many of his readers; for when fishing is out of the question anglers delight in reading and talking about their favourite sport, and the imagination of anglers is their most cherished possession. In a book of light essays, such as this, one does not look for much that is new. Merely the headings of the chapters conjure up a series of delightful pictures. "The River Test in Summer and Autumn" is full of suggestion for one; to another "Loch-fishing in Scotland and Ireland" brings back half-forgotten memories of long days spent in pleasant places.

There is always something monotonous about the author who never misses his fish; but Mr. Russell has the courage to miss quite a fair proportion in print. It is evidently a failing of his to strike too hard, and a fly left in the mouth of a fish establishes friendly relations at once with the reader who has done the same at times himself. A genuine lover of the country, the author's wanderings by stream and lake are better reading than his excursions into angling literature, with which he seems to have little but a bowing acquaintance, chiefly through *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*. "Hope in Fishing" is discussed in the last chapter. Without hope who would be an angler? A sanguine disposition is essential to success with the rod. This is especially true of loch-fishing. "The fish are coming short," says the boatman, on days when trout after trout rises at the fly and is missed through no apparent fault of ours. Then the luck changes, every fish is firmly hooked, and memory records a red-letter day where everything promised a blank. *Nil desperandum* should be the motto of every angler.

Butterflies, and How to Identify Them. By the Rev. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A. Illustrated. (Charles H. Kelly 1s. net.)

WITHOUT wishing to "be a butterfly, born in a bower" (as the old song has it), the study of the various species of this beautiful insect will prove of delightful interest. In this little handbook the author describes all the known British species, of which there are said to be seventy-one, some of which are reputed only, while others are very rare. The cycle of life in the butterfly's story is from the egg, through the caterpillar stage, into that of the pupa, or chrysalis, from which the full-grown insect, or imago, emerges finally as the familiar butterfly. The booklet contains some capital illustrations depicting all these stages, while a coloured frontispiece shows the typical differences between butterflies and moths. In an exhaustive list the author gives full particulars of the imago, the larva, the pupa, the food-plant, and the locality where found. The young Nature-student and others will find this little work an excellent and complete guide to the subject with which it deals.

"Chicot" in America. By KERLE HOWARD. With Frontispiece. (Hutchinson and Co. 1s. net.)

MR. KERLE HOWARD, who has been touring through parts of the United States and Canada, writes pleasantly, not to say eulogistically, of all he saw and every one he met. He has even a good word to say for the New York police. "As a body they are kindly gentlemen, of superfine address and appearance. . . . The New York policeman is not only courteous, he will go to infinite pains to help you on your way." A few not very successful attempts at a certain dry humour are scattered through the pages, which originally appeared in *The Sketch* under the heading "Motley Notes." They contain nothing of sufficient interest to warrant their republication in book form.

THE two most noted American monthlies for July, *Harper's* and the *Century*, are excellent numbers. Mr. Richard le Gallienne's article in *Harper's*, "The Philosopher Walks Up-Town," is a discovery of romance in New York, and is charmingly illustrated with drawings by Lester Hornby. Illustrations, in fact, are a very strong feature; Mr. George Harding's pictures explanatory of his own contribution, "Wreckers of the Florida Keys," are really wonderful, and are splendid examples also of artistic printing. Chief in importance from a literary standpoint is "The Knights of Borsellen," a hitherto unpublished romance by Thackeray, with sketches also by him; this also appears in the *Cornhill* by special arrangement. Professor Walsh has a study of Elizabethan speech as represented by its survival in much of the Irish brogue of to-day—a most interesting and valuable article.

"Thackeray's London," by Lewis Melville, and "Thackeray in America," by J. G. Wilson, form the opening topical features of the *Century*. The travel articles, which are always so readable in this magazine, are well sustained by an account of a journey by motor-car beyond the Arctic Circle, and a close examination of "The Struggle for Existence in China," the latter by Professor E. A. Ross. The author gives an appalling description of the terrible fecundity of the Chinese and the manner of life of the teeming lower-class population. Fiction and verse, as usual, reach a high level.

In the "Musings Without Method" of *Blackwood's* this month the principal place is occupied by a very neat appreciation of the art of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert. "Lines-

man" has a capital article dealing with lovely Ceylon, and his account of the way in which the elephants work—and occasionally rebel—makes good reading. In this issue a new serial, entitled "A Safety Match," by Ian Hay, begins well.

The *Empire Review* deals with the Declaration of London in an article by T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.D., and with Australian Naval Defence (Admiral Henderson's recent proposal) in an energetic contribution by F. A. W. Gisborne. Other excellent pages contain "Stories of Indian Art," by Percy Brown; "Here and There in Mashonaland," by E. B. Baker; and a good description of a visit to the Kaieteur Falls of British Guiana, by E. R. Davson.

FICTION

Brother Copas. By "Q." (Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH has not written a novel on conventional lines in his latest volume. "Brother Copas" contains little in the way of plot and very much in the way of quotation. If this easy-going chronicle is not destined to be placed side by side with "Major Vigoureux" it is nevertheless a book of considerable charm. It is whimsical, ironical, humorous, and "Q," with his deft pen, sees to it that when we laugh we do so with a hint of tears in our eyes.

The story deals with the inmates of St. Hospital—the Beauchamps and the Blanchminsters. This College of Noble Poverty provides the author with a variety of types. There is the Pastor of St. Hospital. He is a fine, old-world soul, a lover of the niceties of literary style, benign and courteous in all his doings, just the one to rule a number of old men whose worldly losses, for the most part, have not tended to sweeten their tempers. Then there is Brother Copas, who dearly loves to throw a fly across the Mere; a gay, learned old fellow, full of whims and fancies—a merry Dante. You cannot place him religiously. He appears neither Evangelical nor to favour certain ritualistic practices not strictly Protestant. There is a decided touch of the pagan in his make-up, and yet on account of his inherent goodness—a goodness on broad, manly lines—he is not out of place in a religious community, but rather adorns it with his presence. If Brother Copas sometimes reminds us that his creator compiled "The Oxford Book of English Verse" he makes up for his prolix quotations by being the staunch friend of Brother Bonaday and the charming lover of the little girl Corona.

The chief charm of this book lies in the description of Brother Copas and Corona. Precisely who Corona is must be left to the reader. Suffice it to say that she comes over from America, and takes up her abode in St. Hospital, to the infinite delight of Brother Copas, while to Brother Bonaday her coming awakens old memories. Corona is a precocious child, perhaps not very naturally drawn, but amusing and interesting. She can hunt for babies in a parsley-bed, make her golliwog wear pyjamas at night and a priestly robe in the day-time. All these things strike us as quite possible in a little girl of Corona's age; but when "Q" makes her exclaim, on seeing the brethren for the first time, "Save us! Seems I'd better start straight in by asking what news of the Crusaders," we begin to wonder if the quotation "And a little child shall lead them" is always desirable. But Corona is not invariably wound up by "Q" in this frenzied manner. She thinks like a child when she fancies that Miss Dickinson's canaries are really transformed and imprisoned pupils. She strikes a new note in the life

of Brother Copas—a sweet, strong note, even if a little sad. We see the gulf that divides old age and childhood. Brother Copas tries to span it with many a fairy bridge; but for all that he cannot explain the meaning of the song that wells up into his heart, cannot tell her the meaning of the lines—

Now learn ye to love who loved never, now ye who have loved,
Love anew!

He can only murmur, as he watches Corona deep in buttercups: "God grant that, at the right time, the right Prince may come to her over the meadows and discourse honest music."

The Ascent of the Bostocks. By HAROLD STOREY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THE account which Mr. Storey has to tell of "The Ascent of the Bostocks" is very realistic so far as it deals with the description of life which is led by people who have "got on" in the town of Selbury. Mrs. Bostock is a typical retired tradesman's wife hovering between her true and womanly feelings for the welfare and happiness of her husband and children and her worldly desire to be noticed and patronised by people who are a little higher up the social ladder than she is herself. The betrothal of her daughter Carry to a prospective Member of Parliament gives her great pleasure. Carry, however, merely regards marriage "as a serious and sensible arrangement for the mutual advantage of two persons," and holds the opinion that "feelings are mostly blood, and vary with age, health, and meals." As was to be expected, she soon tires of an engagement entered upon with these notions, and as her fiancé is equally desirous of terminating such an unsatisfactory state of affairs a way is found by which matters are eventually settled to the gratification of all parties concerned, and especially so to Mrs. Lena Webley, a young widow who from the very beginning was desirous of helping the prospective Member of Parliament by presenting to him her fortune, to say nothing of her hand and as much of a heart as she possessed. The story is not particularly exciting; there are one or two attempts at philosophy, and a few humorous passages. On the other hand, it is a book which one could take up during a spare hour and be well amused without having to trouble to think a great deal.

The Legacy. By MARY S. WATTS. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

If the authoress of this novel had compressed within some two hundred pages the story which it has taken her nearly four hundred to tell she might have been congratulated upon her work. Letty Breen, the heroine, is the only daughter of a rather disreputable man, and is brought up by a self-sacrificing mother in the home of a spendthrift and cadging old grandfather. Yet the family of Breen is held in high esteem for the glories of its past, and, though the scene is laid in America, reference is continually being made to ancestral blue blood and other things of a similar nature, which one does not somehow associate with up-to-date democracy as found in a small New England city. The development of Letty Breen's character is the kernel of the book. Accustomed only to needy circumstances, she marries a clerk in a small way of business, and eventually an intrigue with his employer is cut short by her husband's having an accident and becoming permanently weak-minded. After three years of this purgatory death releases her, and, though not in the least in love with him, she marries an impossible person, who is possessed of many dollars, and

whom she knew as a boy. There is something lacking in the book, and the continual use of italics to emphasise conversation should not be necessary and is very irritating.

Other Laws. By JOHN PARKINSON. (John Lane. 6s.)

As a story Mr. Parkinson's latest book is curiously lacking in purpose. It is hard to believe that he has written it simply to show that conventional morality is often at fault, for that demonstration has been made so often in modern fiction as to have become almost a worse convention than the code it attacks. Nor does he give us much more than glimpses of the pioneer work in Central Africa which separates John Hawkins from Caroline Blackwood at the critical period of their love affair, and is the indirect cause of her marrying another man. The result of this lack of definite intention is a certain vagueness and a difficulty in perusal which is, if anything, increased by Mr. Parkinson's carelessness of the furniture of fiction. Nevertheless, he is an earnest writer with a point of view, and he gives us that rare and valuable impression of knowing more than he is able to tell. His characters are true to type, but scarcely more than types. Caroline Blackwood, in particular, fails to fill her important rôle quite satisfactorily. Cross, the journalist, who takes his work with an appalling seriousness, is lifelike; while Angela Philips, the zoologist, is amusing and inspiring; and Mr. Massey, the human vegetable, amusing and uninspiring. With a stronger theme Mr. Parkinson might have written a weighty book; as it is, his performance is a little colourless.

Where Day Begins. By ALFRED BUCHANAN. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

MR. ALFRED BUCHANAN has treated his readers to a strange mixture of melodrama and pessimism. "Where Day Begins" is a synonym for Australia, and the story concerns the career of a headstrong, impulsive ne'er-do-well of the name of Mordaunt. The fact that by birth he is illegitimate leads him to regard himself as a social Ishmael, and undeniable good looks render him a favourite with the women with whom he is brought in contact. He has a long intrigue with one Madeleine Trelvar, who during his absence in South Africa at the time of the Boer War marries his enemy and nominal father—a marriage which only seems to render Mordaunt more passionate and more impossible than before. After a short period of leave from the front, he rejoins his regiment and meets his death at the hands of his own countrymen for having broken the rules of war. The author states that to disarm criticism the latter incident belongs to history and not to fiction, and adds that "in one part of the world at least it created a profound sensation." Those who remember the Boer War will remember the case referred to, and it seems a pity that such a tragedy should have been taken as a peg whereon to hang a story.

THACKERAY*

(JULY 18TH, 1811-1911)

ALL the great Victorians have passed from among us. For in no true sense of the word can Thomas Hardy be called a Victorian. We may sit beside him perhaps in a theatre

* *The Centenary Biographical Edition.* With Biographical Introductions by his daughter, LADY RITCHIE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net each.)

The Cornhill Magazine. Centenary Number. With new Thackeray matter recently discovered.

to-day, and we may notice the hand of age upon him, proclaiming him as one the splendour of whose days fetches back to the time when Browning, Meredith, Tennyson, Dickens, George Eliot, and Thackeray were in their height of fame. But a man's tribe is a matter of ancestry, not the hazard of environment; and by that infallible test Thomas Hardy is discovered to be an alien among those whom we call the Victorians, recognising a certain bond between them that does not bind him. His very choice of an alien form is an outward symbol proclaiming the difference. We think of "Adam Bede," "David Copperfield," and "Pendennis," and in each of them, through their individual distinctions, a certain common spirit is to be discovered uttering itself in various fashion. We go on, and in the infinitely richer, more various work of one but lately gone from us we see the same spirit articulating itself in Evan Harrington and Harry Richmond. But there the semblance arrests itself; and by that token we may know that the Victorian age is finally closed and completed, awaiting yet the final summary of its achievement.

One by one, then, the great names of that age are stepping to the arresting challenge of their centenaries, and among them William Makepeace Thackeray is the first of the novelists who has to undergo this exacting ordeal. In a certain sense it would be just to say that the age was chiefly characterised by the special glory of the novel, in spite of the fact that the names of Tennyson, Browning, and, remotely, Francis Thompson, are to be included in it. Yet it must be remembered that the two first of these names in poetry themselves give witness to the priority of the novel in the fact that they obviously shaped much of their poetry having the novel in mind. It is difficult to imagine "The Ring and the Book" or "Maud" being written in any other age than one chiefly addicted to the novel. Yet the very form of the novel is itself distinctive, and for a wholly different reason. It may be safely said, for instance, that such novels as "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Newcomes" have been seen for the last time. To this result Thomas Hardy has contributed as much as any. Strictly, it is of course true that the novel derives primarily from Bunyan and Cervantes in final indebtedness; but, actually, Dickens and Thackeray, as the chief makers of the nineteenth-century novel, reach back through Scott no further than Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. From them the inspiration came, and from them came too the rambling, formless fashion of the final result. But now the mystic word "architectonic" has been breathed over a disordered, yet somewhat splendid, chaos; and so the parts have begun actively to arrange and fashion themselves, and a final, well-ordered, and, it is to be hoped, not too exclusive a cosmos has begun to loom ahead for the novel. Novelists have already begun to speak, with adequately bated breath, of "mastering their medium;" and with that word we may see at once how far we have travelled since Thackeray and "Vanity Fair."

Thus, save for the one triumphant example of "Esmond," it happens that in celebrating Thackeray's Centenary we are also taking our leave of him as a novelist. That does not mean to say, necessarily, that there shall be no more novels as long as "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis;" it means rather that, however lengthy novels may be, it shall be required of them to proceed with the matter they have undertaken to tell, and that if their author be possessed of the very legitimate desire to tell us the thoughts touching the weighty things of life that his matter has awoken in him he shall convey them preferably in the colour and happenings of his narrative, or at least cause them materially to explain and progress the business in hand. In this it is sometimes hard to keep patience with Thackeray. His prolixity is not the prolixity of an abundant narrative: it is rather the

fault of the showman (and, it must be confessed, too often the impertinent showman) who mingles with his characters, not to laugh with them or weep with them, but to chuckle unhappily at them, with sidelong glance, or sneer openly at them to their faces. Nothing can be imagined more calculated to irritate the mind than this. We can abide the voice in our ear that excitedly explains the course of the action to us. We can even tolerate the showman who seeks to aid our sense of illusion—as moral reflections and subtle expositions and diagnoses may well do. But such a showman as this but excites our impatience and stirs our disgust, because he, even he whose task it is to throw a glamour of desirable illusion about us, is also in league against us to destroy it by his cynicism.

This faculty was ever prevalent in Thackeray's work. It has been said that in none of his novels is there a hero or heroine for whom we are not sometimes stirred to contempt. Harry Esmond (his creator himself said it) is not a little of a prig; Beatrix, Esmond in his most dignified and most manly of moments turned away from himself as heartless and vapid, for all her brilliance of charm; Major Pendennis is of the world worldly, and empty at that; even Colonel Newcome only holds us completely at the moment of his death. To say that the fault of this lay with Thackeray himself will seem to be like announcing the obvious, since it was he who made them. But the statement is true in a subtler way than appears to be the case at first flush. For if ever one of his characters seemed by any chance to be shaping for the noble, at once the showman would step forward and seek to make him or her appear lugubrious by some or other suggestion of mixed motives. This was so when Thackeray was engaged depicting the gay and heroic. When, therefore, he turned to a show of life that was in itself of questionable repute, the result was to immerse the reading mind in an odour and flavour of things that it turned from in distaste. After a continuous and lengthy reading of "Vanity Fair," a fierce, south-easterly gale on hill tops, or a crystal frost, or pinewoods in Spring when young buds are awake, are required to purge and clarify the mind again. There is nothing impure in life or on earth save the minds of some men; and therefore we feel that it is Thackeray chiefly who is responsible for our distaste—not life. That is to say, he has not dealt honestly with life, with his own soul, or by us.

The lamentable pity of all this is that through all his work we are haunted by a sense of his genius. Few could be so lugubrious on occasion as he; yet, even when most lost to a sense of fitness and dignity, through his faults there flash continually on us strange lights in revelation of his genius. It is declared that as he wrote the famous chapter in "Vanity Fair" where Rawdon Crawley discovered Becky's faithlessness (chapter xviii. of the second volume in the present edition) the ejaculation broke from him, "Genius, by God!" Who can help but approve the cause of his exclamation, or fail to think of many other marked instances that could supply a cause not less sufficient? But the fact is, that even when we are least positive of the genius we are most certain that we could not affirm its absence. It is this elusive charm about him that binds us to him even when we are most dissuaded by his unhealthy sidelong glance at life. Where, for example, can one discover a more delicate balance of style, a purer charm of expression, than his? Even when he left it most unchastened one can always divine the inner beauty beyond the excrescences. Where shall one know a more adequate or more natural conveyance of dialogue? Or where may we seek to find a more restrained dignity of deportment in his characters when occasion requires it? Take the scene already mentioned, where Colonel Crawley finds Lord Steyne with Becky, with, by way of instance, such a strangely contained and riveting sentence as "And he struck the peer

twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground." Take Esmond's repudiation of his Jacobite faith, his breaking of his Jacobite sword before the face of the last Jacobite libertine, in the thirteenth chapter of the third book of "Henry Esmond." Or the justly famous death of Colonel Newcome, with the wonderful last paragraph beginning "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll." Their strength is in their restraint. Comparisons are invidious, but one is puzzled to think what Dickens would have made of such scenes.

What, then, is the cause of this dissatisfaction so often stirred in us? Some have said that he is a cynic, others that he is a sentimentalist. Is it possible to discover the central thing in him that shall explain these several, and seemingly contrary, impressions his work leaves on this hand and on that? For one thing, it should never be forgotten the manner of man he was. Objective art or subjective art, no man can write other than the things that are in him, and no man can help but write out the things that are in him. Thackeray was no exception to this. Firstly, he was an Englishman; and, except for the fact that there was very little of the Falstaff in him, he might fitly be called a very typical Englishman—that is to say, all those noble impulsions that go to make the very loftiest art he was not only afraid of, he was half-ashamed of them. Art is compact of nothing so much as the grand passions of the soul, and when these came upon Thackeray he (speaking in the way of symbol) cast his eye hurriedly right and left to see what others thought of the figure he was cutting. He never knew anything of the grand abandon of the soul on fire. As has been said, he was afraid and ashamed of the divine fury the things he handled would awake in him. He sought refuge from it, and he found his refuge in only three possible retreats. He took refuge in a punctilious and meticulous rectitude, when he became a prig. Or he found shelter in a half-faltering scepticism at the expense of the genuineness of the passion awakened, when he promptly took shape as a cynic. Or he sought to baulk the passion of its urgency by turning half of it astray, and letting the lesser half of the stream filter mandolin-fashion down his page, when at once he was a sentimentalist.

Now, at one time or another, Thackeray is all of these things. Nothing can better test such a type of man than to give him poetry to write or to read. A blushing face, a smirking smile, and a stammering demeanour are the inevitable results: and the more genuine and potent the emotion stirred in him by its appeal, the more marked and inevitable are those characteristics. And so it is with Thackeray. Take this verse he gives to his Jeames for the expression of his love:—

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breeze
Bend down the Lily's bells;
When calm and deep, the rosy sleep
Has lapt your soul in dreams,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

How extraordinary it is! He cannot deny himself the impulsion to loveliness and beauty; but it suffuses him with blushes, and so he endeavours to turn it to burlesque. It has been said of him that he even blushed furiously as he penned his love-scenes. That can very well be believed. Probably he imagined himself being watched by some fellow-member of the Garrick Club.

The effect of this was all the more marked since he was possessed of so extraordinarily receptive a mind. Few things that passed him were unperceived by him; and what he perceived he analysed, criticised, and retained. Had he only possessed the godlike faculty of absolute abandon, there

is no telling what he might not have achieved: but this demands the instinct of faith and a pure soul. The man who said "My vanity would be to go through life as a gentleman, as a Major Pendennis" was obviously debarred from it. Not that he meant what he said; though it is evident that he meant a good deal of it. But that he should have said it is quite sufficient: for thereby he sought to deny the best in him.

Yet this very faculty, while it led to the faults that have already been noticed, led also to his one supreme excellence. Truly speaking, the more restrained he is, the more supreme he is. The avoidance of abandon that led to his cynicism, his desire for satire and caricature, his sentimentalism, his priggishness, led also, when instinct guided him aright, to the strength of restraint. In the passages from his works that outstand as the memory's great landmarks this is the virtue that characterises them all. And when he elected, not only to restrain his characters and his manner of narration, but also to restrain himself by the severe ordeal of subduing his hand and mind to the autobiographic narration of one of his own creations—why, then he blossomed to his one perfect flower of achievement in Henry Esmond, and the wholly different, yet not less successful, Barry Lyndon. In both of them the showman is dismissed; and in the first of them, at least, the style has a certain grace of expression not to be outdone in or out of his work. Some have said that the affinity between the styles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was proved in the fact that when Thackeray desired to achieve the earlier manner it was only necessary for him to chasten slightly his ordinary style, and make some slight conversational alterations as, for example, "'tis" for "it's." But this is not so. The chastening of the style was due to the necessity for personal restraint. And, for the rest, he himself in life and spirit was always more attuned to the eighteenth century than to his own age.

Of his life we do not know much. Wisely, perhaps, he ordained that there should be no official biography of him. The completest hints we have yet had are to be found in the biographical introductions his daughter has supplied to this Centenary Edition. Yet these are written with what is, perhaps, a justifiably pious grace, rather than with a desire to let the utmost be known. From them, however, and from the friendly biographies already printed, a very accurate impression of the man and his life can be gathered. And it is even such a man, and even such a life, as one would have expected. It is almost the typical life of a man in the eighteenth century. A haunter of taverns and clubs, he might have been the associate of Steele and Addison, rather than one who lived in the nineteenth century. Thus it was that when he came to write "Henry Esmond" he had only to depict his own desires and emotions to achieve a perfect verisimilitude. Yet it left its brand. Nature never blew through the eighteenth century; Nature never blew through Thackeray's life; Nature never blows through Thackeray's novels. They are of the town, towny; and a little stuffy withal.

THE THEATRE

"ABOVE SUSPICION," AND "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"

MR. HERBERT TRENCH, whose special gift it is and whose *métier* it was only to produce those plays which the public does not want—plays of idea, of temperament, of idealism, in a word plays for a repertory—has gradually fallen into line with the ordinary—very ordinary—theatrical manager. The result is peculiarly paradoxical. When he produced plays which he was perfectly certain the public did not

want, he was amazingly successful; but now that he produces, one after another, the plays which he is perfectly certain they want very much indeed, he meets with absolute failure. For all that, the Haymarket Theatre remains the most interesting theatre in London. Its attempt at unpopularity, "The Blue Bird," brought about an unprecedented bombardment of the box-office, and achieved that unpleasantly commercial event—a record. His various attempts at great popularity have brought about no ordinary kind of failure, no undistinguished half-failure, no ignominious slinking out of the bill, accompanied by an absence of paragraph as undignified as it is untheatrical. Mr. Trench has failed in the grand manner. He has always gone down with flags flying and a "chat" in the Sunday paper which deals mainly in futures. Also, he has given his failures every possible chance to succeed, and, in spite of all temptation, has remained an Irishman.

An old piece, an old and mechanical piece, of Sardou's, which had been seen only at a special *matinée*, was "discovered," translated (and well translated) by a Mr. William Morpeth, given into the hands of an absolutely admirable company, put on to perfection, and called, for no obvious reason, "Above Suspicion." Why Mr. Trench imagined that it contained any of the elements of a popular success it is impossible to understand. It certainly had one very dramatic, very ingenious, and very well constructed Act. In order to arrive there, however, the audience was obliged to sit through three Acts that were dull and boring, and in which there was an amazing number of unintentionally comic moments. It was one of those pieces which the public could not possibly want, especially the sophisticated public of London and the suburbs. The only purpose it served was to give Miss Alexandra Carlisle an opportunity of proving that she is an actress of considerable emotional power. Handicapped as she was with a part marionette-like in its obvious mechanism, Miss Carlisle succeeded in putting into it a good deal of life and humanity. It was an admirable performance, quiet, sincere, interesting, and at times powerful. Mr. Aubrey Smith, as a foolish Judge, had no chance until the last Act, when his dignity and steadiness were altogether invaluable. Mr. C. V. France and Mr. Charles Maude almost persuaded us that they were human beings. They can be awarded no higher praise. Miss Helen Haye and Miss Ellen O'Malley appeared. People are in the habit of saying—it has become almost the thing to say—that such and such plays would not "do" for the Haymarket. One or two more of these translations from the French will inevitably "do" for it. The Haymarket, like all other theatres, has no special public of its own. It attracts playgoers only when its fare is, according to them, worth paying for; otherwise they avoid it. Any attractive play does for the Haymarket just as well and no better than it does for Wyndham's or the Comedy or Prince of Wales's, and then only if it is properly stage-managed, advertised, and cast.

A Scots play, acted by Scots actors, called "Bunt Pulls the Strings," follows upon the heels of "Above Suspicion"—the absolutely natural rises phoenix-like upon the ashes of the utterly mechanical. It is a triumph for Mr. Graham Moffat, author and actor. "Bunt Pulls the Strings" is a simple, homely, fresh, delightful piece, the very glorification of the commonplace. The scene is laid in the village of Lintiehaugh round about 1860, so that the costumes are, as quaint as the dialect; and what plot there is centres round Tammas Biggar, an elder of the Kirk, his money troubles and his matrimonial entanglements. There is however, very little plot. The charm and delightfulness of the play is arrived at by the wonderful excellence of the character-drawing, the spontaneous fun and pathos of the dialogue, and the long series of rich comedy scenes. The

whole thing is of its kind a gem. It is Barrie without any of his fantasy; Barrie in a simple mood. It is Robert Burns—sober. We should be tempted thoughtlessly to call the piece photography accompanied by the gramophone were there not in it an underlying touch of art which raises it to the level of brilliant painting. "Buntty Pulls the Strings" is without argument the best and purest comedy seen in London for many a weary year. Mr. Graham Moffat is not only to be congratulated as an author, but as an actor. His performance of Tammas is a thing of joy; so also is that of Miss Kate Moffat as Buntty, who manages everything so cleverly. Indeed, the acting of the whole company is something of a revelation, and is quite equal to that of the Irish players at their best and simplest. Between Scotland and Ireland, England—or at any rate London—cannot hold up its head. Even in this hot weather, at the fag end of an exhausting season, "Buntty Pulls the Strings" should fill the Haymarket for many weeks. To Mr. Cyril Maude is due the honour of having recognised the gifts of Mr. Moffat and his family.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

"ARIADNE IN NAXOS"

ON Sunday evening the Poets' Club produced "Ariadne in Naxos," which is the second part of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's recently-published trilogy of God and Man, "The Agonists." Mr. Hewlett does not follow the story of the Odyssey, in which Artemis slays Ariadne with the consent of Dionysus (Bacchus) at Dia before she could reach Athens with Theseus. On the contrary, he takes the current legend, and Ariadne does not meet Dionysus until the moment of her despair at being abandoned by Theseus at Naxos. When Theseus slew the Minotaur, that monster with human body and bull's head, and so freed Athens from the yearly tribute exacted by Crete, he sailed for home, taking Ariadne with him for his bride, for she had assisted him to find his way through the labyrinth in which he fought the fearsome creature. On his homeward voyage Theseus rested at Naxos, an island of magic, in which music is heard in the air, and the fumes as of new wine are borne on the breeze. In "Ariadne in Naxos" Mr. Hewlett, through the medium of fiery and rhetorical verse, once more relates the story of the desertion of Ariadne by Theseus, and of her passionate wooing by Bacchus. To Theseus, who is overcome by the magical influence of the island, appears Dionysus. The latent ambition of war and glory within Theseus is readily ignited by the dissolute and drunken god, the very breath issuing from whose nostrils would conquer a hero of much sterner mould. The new-found bride and Naxos are soon left behind. When Ariadne returns from her libations she is quickly disillusioned by the Cretan maidens, who tell how "the Olympian breathed upon him." Music carried on the wind heralds the approach of Dionysus "to make of her heart Love's wild garden." Filled with fear and despair, Ariadne struggles in vain with the magic which already has so successfully worked its spells upon her unfaithful husband. Her fears, her beseechings, and her fidelity fight a losing battle with the lightnings from those sensuous eyes, and her feeble frame is inflamed by a passionate and destroying love for the beautiful and vicious god. The triumph is but short-lived; the realisation of the immortality of the god and the arrival of news from Athens produce a terrible revulsion of feeling and kindle such a sense of shame that death works a hard, but speedy, retribution.

Mr. Hewlett's play is of literary rather than dramatic interest, and the "Ariadne" suffers because of the length and

moralisings of many of the speeches; some of the verse savours of platitude, and other portions lack lucidity owing to their incoherent expression and absence of rhythmic grace. Nor should the scene be continuous: the transitions of Ariadne through love for Theseus, joy, despair, fear of Dionysus, passionate love, infidelity, and shame to death are so arbitrary and so obviously a part of the story that we rebel. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who played the part of Dionysus, was a sensuous and seductive figure, out of whose eyes shone the joy of life, and whose mouth betokened the god's appetite for the souls of men; while the Theseus of Mr. Claude King was a picture of martial dignity. Miss Grace Lane exhibited the changing emotions and passions of the unhappy and unfaithful Ariadne as vividly as could be expected. The chorus of Cretan maidens, who play an important part in the tragedy, have speeches which lend themselves to declamation rather than to the conversational style of diction, and require great stage experience and articulative ability. The weakness of this portion of the cast probably accounted for the occasional tedium and lack of cohesion. Their frenzied dance was thoroughly emblematic of the shameless Bacchus and of his passionate and scorching speeches. The reception of the play was exceedingly cordial.

"THE FANTASTICKS" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE

THE Adelphi Play Society, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Elvey, scored a distinct success on Sunday evening last in their presentation of Edmond Rostand's comedy, "The Fantasticks." Artificial and obviously farcical the situations may be—the same may be said of "The Importance of Being Earnest;" but no ordinary, sensible man can resist, or need wish to resist, the laughter inspired by such clever absurdities. If only the game of cross-purposes, which provides so much material for the stage, were always exploited with so skilful a hand, there would be little reason to complain of lack of amusement in our theatres.

The two old fathers, Bergamin and Pasquin, whose mock opposition to their respective son's and daughter's love-affair incites the young couple to more impassioned declarations than ever—which was precisely the old folks' idea—were made to live before the audience in the persons of Mr. Allan Jeayes and Mr. Cassells Cobb, and the scene where they are caught by the lovers fraternising across the dividing garden-wall, and are therefore compelled suddenly to pretend a violent quarrel, was exceedingly amusing. Mr. Leslie Gordon took the part of Straforel, the bravo hired to carry through an abduction of the lovely Sylvette (Miss Irene Clarke), as to the manner born; he looked every inch a villain, and fairly brought the house down with his recital of the various methods of abduction and the charges for same. He and his minions, beautifully permitting themselves to be "pinked" by Percinet, Sylvette's lover, expired (temporarily) in graceful attitudes in the garden which was the scene of their labours; but Straforel, with his last dying effort, manages to present his account, extended on the point of his rapier, to the two amazed and fatherly plotters. It was extremely funny; and so was Percinet's scene with Sylvette, when he begs permission to recite some verses he has composed, and begins proudly: "The Fathers' Feud: A Poem: Book the First." Mr. Maurice Elvey acted with splendid *verve* as the gallant lover, and Miss Irene Clarke played in the real spirit of comedy, daintily and demurely as the occasion demanded, a part which was by no means easy.

It was perhaps a risky venture to render the play in rhymed couplets, but for once, suggestive as the form is of

the weary pantomime and its puns, it did not irk the nerves of the listeners. This was doubtless due to the capital enunciation of the actors. When the good Bergamin or Pasquin merely muttered, each word was perfectly audible, and not a spark of the very witty dialogue was lost. Quaint and charming as "The Fantasticks" is, it requires a special care and aptitude to render the peculiar quality of its burlesque, and we can congratulate the Adelphi Play Society on its caste. The audience was enthusiastic, and showed its appreciation heartily.

"THE GREEN ELEPHANT"

MR. MAURICE BARING'S comedy deserved a better fate. Charming written, with neat and humorous characterisation and a very ingenious plot, it should not have been entrusted to Miss Gertrude Kingston to throw away at the end of the season, with a mere moderate company and rehearsals which were not sufficient to permit her to master her lines. "The Green Elephant" must be added to the long list of good and even brilliant plays which have been sacrificed at the altar of managerial ineptitude. Lady Warburton was a part altogether beyond Miss Kingston's powers. It needed an actress with a sense of character and sufficient sense of humour to know that the part was killed directly it was not played seriously. Miss Kingston's sense of humour is dangerous to all comedy parts, because she laughs at herself and destroys the meaning and intention of the author. She put an entirely different construction upon her lines by appearing to enjoy them. It is not too much to say that, in our opinion, "The Green Elephant" was not seen as it was written on its first performance, and was wholly misunderstood in consequence. If Lady Warburton had been in the efficient hands of Miss Marie Tempest "The Green Elephant" would have lived to a ripe age.

Then, too, the play was not produced well. Many of the movements of the actors were meaningless. The pace was horribly slow. It was conspicuously miscast. Only one actor—Mr. H. de Lange—seemed to have any knowledge of his work, any finish, any of the spirit of light comedy. Mr. Augustin Duncan, who played the Secretary and was really the thief, had his excellent moments, but he was uninteresting—a word which must be applied to all the other members of the company. Miss Darragh is a melodramatic actress. Her intensity and clutching methods were not right for the well-drawn character of Mrs. Motterway, a well-bred, self-indulgent, very pleasant, very foolish, very ordinary youngish society woman. Miss Darragh would have been admirable in "The Worst Woman in London." Mr. Hubert Harben, as the rather irritating husband, Sir Henry Warburton, bored where he should have amused. Mr. Wilfred Forster did not suggest the Rupert Harvard of Mr. Baring's imagination for a moment. He seemed to have forced his way into the Warburton's house from one of the Oxford-street linendrapers. Mr. Charles Quartermain as the roystering, but wholly pleasant, Anthony Pollitt was too fretful, too jerky, too nervous, and Miss Marjorie Patterson made the crystal-gazer an unsympathetic instead of a charming and interesting young woman.

It will be seen, then, that the play stood no reasonable chance. Scene after scene was muddled. Clever, natural lines, full of quiet satire and delicious humour, were spoken ignorantly. The ingenuity of the plot was misunderstood, and when the train of powder, so carefully laid down by the author, was fired in the last Act the report, which should have surprised the house, was no louder than that of a match held in the flame of a candle. In Mr. Maurice Baring, however, the stage has one of its most promising recruits. He has a very pretty pen. He has also something which the

majority of our recognised dramatists conspicuously lack—a first-hand acquaintance with the people of whom he writes. Beyond these two things he has stagecraft and a sense of the dramatic. It is to be hoped that his next play will fall into more expert hands.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

"L'ART," by Auguste Rodin (Grasset, 6f.), which has just been published, with more than a hundred photographs illustrating the master's finest works and drawings, is of the highest possible interest, as it condenses all Rodin's theories on Art. These pages, collected by the well-known critic Paul Isell, appeared a few months ago serially in *La Revue*, where they attracted much attention, as the elevated thoughts contained in them are expressed in a very pure, concise, and poetic language. Rodin reveals himself not only as an impassioned lover of his art, but also as a very deep and serene thinker.

According to him, Art consists in thought, in dreams, and these being no longer found in modern life, Art has also disappeared. He makes the following fine confession of faith:—

L'Art c'est la contemplation, c'est le plaisir de l'esprit qui pénètre la Nature, et y devine l'esprit dont elle est elle-même animée. C'est la joie de l'intelligence qui voit clair dans l'univers, et qui le recrée en l'illuminant de conscience. L'Art c'est la plus sublime mission de l'homme, puisque c'est l'exercice de la pensée qui cherche à comprendre le monde, et à le faire comprendre. . . . L'Art c'est encore le goût. C'est, sur tous les objets que façonne l'artiste, le reflet de son cœur.

M. Paul Isell describes Rodin's way of working in his great studio of the Rue de l'Université. Contrarily to some artists, who oblige their models to assume some determined and immovable attitude, Rodin pays his simply to live around him, striking any pose they like, whilst he fixes in some rapid sketches the various and fugitive movements. It is thus that he has been able to familiarise himself to such an extent with all the variations of muscle play, and it is this which gives to his statues that semblance of life and movement which distinguishes them from the works of so many other sculptors.

In a series of wonderful chapters Rodin deals successively with various bases of inspiration, and he even asseverates that for an artist all is fine in Nature, for in Art "only that which possesses character is beautiful." He also considers that that which in Nature is esteemed ugly by the majority is in reality beautiful from an artistic point of view, on account of the "interior truth" which is thus seen to greater advantage.

Il n'y a de laid dans l'Art, que ce qui est sans caractère, c'est à dire qui n'offre aucune vérité extérieure ni intérieure. Est laid dans l'Art ce qui est faux, ce qui est artificiel, ce qui cherche à être joli ou beau au lieu d'être expressif, ce qui est mièvre et précieux, ce qui sourit sans motif et se manière sans raison, ce qui se carre et se cambre sans cause, tout ce qui est sans âme et sans vérité, tout ce qui n'est que parade de beauté et de grâce, tout ce qui ment.

As will be seen from the above quotation Rodin deems that a work of art should above all be expressive; and his idea that in all works of art, and especially in sculpture, beauty is composed of the interior signification contained therein, recurs in the several divisions of his book. Particularly interesting are the pages in which he explains the deep psychological knowledge residing in the execution of a fine bust. And Houdon, the great statuary (1741-1828), provokes in Rodin an unlimited admiration. He even

makes the following declaration referring to the marvellous busts of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Franklin, Diderot, executed by his famous predecessor :—

Le regard c'est la moitié de l'expression pour ce statuaire. A travers les yeux il déchiffrait les âmes, et elles ne gardaient pour lui aucun secret. Aussi point n'est besoin de se demander si ses bustes étaient ressemblants.

In the chapter entitled "La Pensée dans l'Art" Rodin says that the purest works of art are those in which one finds no inadequate expression of forms, lines or colours, but in which, on the contrary, all tends towards thought and soul. On being asked whether he is religious, Rodin makes so beautiful an answer that we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it, so noble and elevated does it appear to us :—

A mon avis la religion est autre chose que le balbutiement d'un *credo*. C'est le sentiment de tout ce qui est inexplicable, et sans doute inexplicable dans le monde. C'est l'adoration de la force ignorée qui maintient les lois universelles, et qui conserve le type des êtres ; c'est le soupçon de tout ce qui dans la Nature ne tombe pas sous nos sens, de tout l'immense domaine des choses que ni les yeux de notre corps, ni même ceux de notre esprit ne sont capables de voir ; c'est encore l'élan de notre conscience vers l'infini, l'éternité, vers la science et l'Amour sans limites, promesses peut-être illusoires, mais qui, dès cette vie, font palpiter notre pensée comme si elle se sentait des ailes. . . .

This fine book will certainly win many admirers in England, for it is not only an ardent apology of Art and Beauty, but it also reveals the priceless spiritual treasures with which perfect artists have endowed humanity. It is especially of interest for those who study Art, as it is full of the most precious advice and confidences ; but it also contains for more profane readers a noble lesson of Beauty and Truth.

M. Alfred Bouchinet, who is well known in the literary circles of Paris as the author of a one-Act play in verse, and a delightful comedy written in collaboration with Albert Guinon, both represented at the Odéon, has recently proved himself a novelist whose writings present a real interest. Unlike many other authors who are content to narrate some slight and generally highly improbable episodes, M. Bouchinet devotes himself to unravelling certain important social questions "à l'ordre du jour." Thus, in his latest book, "L'Amour qui Dure" (Louis Conard, 3f. 50c.), he has set himself the task of developing the following thesis :—Conjugal love alone surmounts and overcomes all difficulties, and triumphs over passing sentiments and fancies.

By the opposition of two feminine characters of the most contrary types, M. Bouchinet has been able to draw certain curious psychological deductions. All his personages live, are true, and follow logically the impulses of their different natures. The only reproach one could formulate is that there is too much repetition of scenes, and that the action would have greatly gained in being more condensed. M. Bouchinet has evidently allowed himself to go to that extreme facility of development common to many cultivated Frenchmen ; nevertheless his work is strong and fine.

Louise Gréveaux, the heroine, is perfectly happy with the man she loves, aiding him with his work, and caring for their children ; but her unclouded felicity is soon troubled by the arrival of her school friend, the beautiful Alice Sonnevile, a coquettish *divorcée*, who takes pleasure in turning Gréveaux's head, whilst she in turn conceives a violent passion for him. Thanks to a very minute analysis, the author traces the evolution of Louise's sentiments when she becomes aware of her misfortune. At first in her anger and despair she resolves to apply to her unfaithful husband the *lex talionis*. On the point of doing so, she realises, however, the

utter impossibility of such an act ; she is a thoroughly honest woman, whose whole soul revolts at the idea of losing that self-respect which has always been her most cherished possession. She decides more wisely to take refuge near her godmother. Louise pardons her husband, who, already weary of his sentimental experiences with the fair Alice, returns penitently to the straight path. In doing so, he discovers that the only real love, the love that lasts, is that of one's wife, of the mother of one's children ; for, as the author very truly says, "she is the guardian of the home and the guardian of the race."

"L'Amour qui Dure" is, in short, a very convinced defence of marriage, and more especially of the *bourgeois* marriage, founded on deep affection, from which passionate love is, in general, excluded. The author, moreover, insists throughout all his work on the theory—which can be strongly defended—that man is physiologically a polygamist, and that mere physical attraction on his part, once the novelty is worn off, very rarely survives the worries and troubles of his daily life. The only sentiment which can endure, and even progress and develop with the passing of months and years, is that true affection which coming from the husband is founded on respect and trust, and which proceeding from the wife is often blended with a maternal indulgence and even pity for his passing errors and foibles.

MARC LOGÉ.

MUSIC

THERE exists a class of musicians whose minds are so extremely pure that the mere thought of trifling or coqueting with the maiden simplicity of a piece of music shocks them. The word "arrangement" rouses all the Mrs. Grundy in them, and he who wishes to enjoy the humour of a pedant in a passion may safely be advised to mention to one of these musical purists such a ravisher as Tausig or Liszt, those impudent men who dared to lay unclean hands upon Bach's organ pieces and Schubert's songs. He will be astonished at the zeal displayed by certain of the knights who are vowed to the defence of music's chastity. Up to a certain point we can feel with them ; we prefer, as a general rule, to hear music in the form intended by the composer : Wagner on the pianoforte and Strauss rendered by a gramophone are abominations to us, no doubt. But there are many exceptions to what should be an elastic rule, and amongst them must certainly be reckoned some of the arrangements for that greatest of instruments, the orchestra, of pieces originally written for that little instrument the pianoforte. Some of them, we say, for grievous errors of judgment have been made in adaptations of this kind. Schubert's Fantasia in C, for instance, gains nothing—it loses much, indeed—by its transference from the pianoforte to the orchestra, and Dvorák's little "Humoreske," which Kreisler turned into so effective a violin piece, was never meant for the military band which affronted our ears with it the other day.

But London is now enjoying opportunities of hearing some "arrangements" so perfect that the only possible objection to them is that the success may not improbably give rise to a desire in impulsive minds to arrange all Chopin and all Schumann for an orchestra. If a blind person were carried to Covent Garden when "Les Sylphides" and "Le Carnaval" are being danced by the angels who have flown down to us from the Russian heavens, would he not say that, though unable to see those solemn troops and sweet societies, he had never, perhaps, enjoyed so much or understood so well that music of Chopin and Schumann which guides the light footsteps of the ethereal beings ? We cannot always

be hearing M. Paderewski in those nocturnes and vales which we know too well as they are thumped by the thousand thumbs of British boys and girls; we cannot always get Mr. Bauer to play the "Carnaval" to us. And would it not be better to hear these things interpreted by an excellent orchestra according to the entrancing arrangements of MM. Glazounow, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tcherepnin, and their colleagues than as they are essayed by the pianiste of dimmer insight? The wondrous beauty, the intoxicating charm of the ballets designed by MM. Fokine and Bakst, and translated into poetry by their dancers, which are now astonishing and delighting a breathless London, are so all-engrossing, their praises in everybody's mouth, that the contribution of the musicians to it all may be in some danger of being overlooked. Our hats have long ago been taken off before Chopin and Schumann; let us not forget to make obeisance before these admirable Russians who have dealt so delicately, with such infinite love and skill, with the piano music of the masters. It is unnecessary to speak of the arrangement by Berlioz of Weber used for "Le Spectre de la Rose," for that is not new, nor will we do more than refer to the original music composed for some of the ballets by MM. Tcherepnin, Arensky, Borodin, &c., though M. Tcherepnin's "Pavillon d'Armide" is so clever and pleasant that we should like to think it might enter the ordinary orchestral repertory in the form of a "Suite de Danses." We wish to draw special attention to the arrangements of Chopin and Schumann, and hold them up as models of skill and discretion.

It is difficult to think and speak with becoming moderation of this embassy of beauty which Russia has sent us. We would not harbour ungrateful thoughts of the spectacles and the dancers who, in our untutored days, gave us very real pleasure. But when we are in the presence of a great picture how poor a thing is that canvas which the industrious copyist in front of it is covering with paint! The St. Petersburg Ballet, compared with the imitations to which, with a very few exceptions, we have been brought up, is like the "Gioconda" of Leonardo compared with an oleograph of that picture. We can never forget the charming skill of Mlle. Genée, but one swallow cannot teach us what summer may be.

How ignorant most of us have been! What a great deal there was for these Russians to teach us! We thought so when first they bounded upon the stage of the "Coliseum;" and when we saw the Mazurka danced at the Palace Theatre by the companions of Pavlova and Mordkin some of us exclaimed that we had never until then understood fully the meaning of the word "rhythm;" until we saw the protagonists in their dances we did not know that human beings could really be butterflies, or leaves blown about by autumn gales.

When we who had never been to St. Petersburg first saw the whole *corps*, with its decorations and its discipline, in Paris and at Monte Carlo we learnt that there existed a whole realm of beauty and delight into which we had never been permitted to look. Now that this realm is here, in London, for a moment that is all too brief, we feel that it will be an unforgivable blunder if we do not make the most of it, and learn by heart, if it may be, the lessons of order, harmony, colour, grace which it has to teach.

The beauty of wild, almost savage, energy set in colour, both sombre and flaring—that "Prince Igor" shows; "Armide" is the example of rich tints and fantastic movement; "Cleopatra" teaches us how to tell a story of voluptuousness and tragedy; and if we are allowed to see "L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Scheherazade" London will then know to what lengths magnificence may legitimately be carried on the stage. But the most useful lessons for London are those given by the Chopin and the Schumann ballets.

"Les Sylphides" is the triumph of simplicity. Those exquisite groupings, those aerial movements in that cool, quiet scene! The swooping and shimmering of a flight of swans by a moonlit, wood-fringed pool, with a shepherd by Vandyke looking on, would be a beautiful scene, but "Les Sylphides" is more beautiful still. Even "Armide" seems almost too much like an ordinary ballet after it; almost like "Louise" heard the night after you have been to "Pelléas." "Le Carnaval" is surely the most delicious lesson we have ever had as to the playing of comedy. After that, how shall we bear with the coarse vulgarities to which we are too often treated in the name of "comedy." Will the Russian dancers, by the means of this same "Carnaval," teach London that there is something after all in the ideas which the word "refinement" conveys?

We have heard Russians, *habitués* of the St. Petersburg opera-house, speak critically, and not always approvingly, of the doings of our enchanting visitors. They say we are "losing our heads" over the ballet. Their knowledge and experience enable them to detect flaws which our blissful ignorance hides from us who are as yet new to the delights which the happy dwellers in St. Petersburg have enjoyed since they were children. But, in spite of these *connoisseurs*, we cannot help thinking that our enthusiasm is justified, that our admiration will one day be found to have very well illustrated the saying, "Les étrangers sont la postérité contemporaine." We were strangers once, but now we must be regarded as friends. How can we be critical in presence of what is so new and delightful? What Englishman could have believed he would ever be enthralled by the dancing of a mere man when there were female angels—oh, call them not "coryphées"—to look at? Yet we find it hard to take our eyes away from Nijinsky. Only, as we heard a clever lady say the other day, "Nijinsky, when he is on the stage, is not a man, he is half-boy, half-bird." No, we cannot as yet join in any cold strictures. What! Find fault with the Ballet? "On peut nier Dieu, discuter le Pape, dégueuler sur tout . . . mais 'Les Sylphides,' 'Le Carnaval' . . ."

A JAPANESE ON THE POET ROSSETTI

ROSSETTI had enough philosophy and theory, but what is most interesting in him as a poet, I believe, is not in them but in the very place where they were powerless—I mean the place where, like a light which brings out the shadow, they only appeared to present the other indefinable quality. I am glad his forethought and afterthought did not kill his inspiration. His art tried its utmost to give it the best possible light; and he could not be satisfied, as it seems to me, till he had taken its earthly life and flame out, and made it to be an art perfect after all desires. What we have in him, therefore, is the intensity that has subsided, the ecstasy that has become silent, the hope that has come to its rest. I admire the proud manner with which he soared above the journalism of his own day, which exists, not only to-day but any day, only to trouble the heart of art; however, he made his art, on the other hand, often too uncomfortable to look at simply through over-studied carefulness, and even the saddest sort of zeal, and made us think that the beauty of his song was a confession, not a revelation such as I wish all poetry to be. It was beautiful, of course, when he was right, but in the reverse case he was a lost one, and perfectly unbearable. It is sad that his excessive consciousness turned often to be mere artificiality. I always ask myself, when I read his poems, how long he spent for the distillation of his thought before he finally wrote it; even a poem he wrote on the spot, which was very rare, however, in his case, gives us an impression of great deliberation; this has,

doubtless, some advantage, but often results in weakness. He was one of the most fastidious workers in poetry as he was in painting; it seems to me that he hated nothing more than profusion, and from that great hatred of profusion, made his loam of life asunder to create a simple thing. His simplicity was most beautiful as it had clarified from profusion. However, the life he imagined was not a happy one. He was too absolute in aim; his finding it very hard to satisfy himself is rooted in solitariness. The first thing we feel from reading his work is an uncompromising pride in his art, and the mysterious dash into a world where only a strange intellect knows how to enjoy the material warmth and human softness. It is perfectly outrageous to call him a materialist; he made himself able, through the very virtue of material, to enter straightway into the heart of spirituality; it is more proper to say that he alone found the right meeting ground of spirit and material. He never could think anything spiritual apart from form and colour; the form and colour were divine themselves in his thought. They were at once the symbol of what they represented in spirit; he could not think of them merely as form and colour. He was, in that respect, quite Oriental.

If he had one great fault as a poet, it was that he always knew, too well indeed, what he was going to write; he could never forget himself. I do not think it was from his over consciousness of his critical power; it may be that he could not become so bold to trust only in his impulse, or that his own art, he thought, was not a thing to play with, but to respect with all his heart. His intellect was too noble to forget the imagination; what appeared quite logical and critical in his emotion is not the real part at all.

II.

I have been for many months now studying with my students in college on Rossetti, starting with his lyrics and almost finishing his sonnets. I found that it was more easy in truth for them to understand him (appreciate too), striking enough to say perhaps, than even Longfellow of homespun simplicity. It may be from the reason that they are too old to be content with him at an imaginary fireside, or they are too young yet to really appreciate him as they are in the age when spiritual speculation is more attractive. I think that the acclimatisation of Western art and literature of the modern type which has been encouraged here, though not generally, but among the discerning class, made them feel akin to Rossetti already, even before studying him. And the fact that he had a limitation, which was of an Eastern kind, was doubtless a large reason of this immediate reception; as he never tried to conceal his limitation, it always appeared prominently, but, on the other hand, to delight some people (and us) immensely. He is the poet whom we can only love or hate; and we are glad we love him. It is perfectly singular to say that you can at once understand all his work, as if a single piece of poem, when you have once found how his energy worked, what association he sought for evoking emotion; and you will find in him rarely a surprise when the sound, colour, and form have become in mutual relation with you; in fact, you will get from him what you expect. From such a point of view, he is never a great poet.

However, his attitude as a poet is most admirable; and I should say it is not a question with us whether he was a small poet or a big one. Indeed, his attitude makes us respect and think of him perhaps more than he was in fact; what he lacked we will fill at once with imagination, and when he is too perfect our imagination will make him imperfect to advantage, taking its usual free course, and let us feel his fresh beauty; thus he is a gainer in either case. It goes without saying that he was democratic on the one hand; we see only that cosmopolitan side of beauty and emotion, and

allow ourselves to speculate and connect with him a dear friendship. He is one whom we always find easy to approach and interesting to listen to; while listening, we grow very enthusiastic, and are extremely glad thinking that he wrote most beautifully what we often thought and could not find a voice for.

YONE NOGUCHI.

PEARL OF THE ORIENT

SOME folk observe that the Americans are not poetical. Poets, however, are usually credited with a fine imagination and wealth of language, and these things the average American possesses in abundance. I admire the American for many things—most of all, I think, for his perfect consistency. There is nothing inconsistent about an American man at least. Whether the majority of American women can plead guilty to this frailty of the sex is beyond my knowledge too.

In the small guide-book I had once given to me, containing an elaborate and highly picturesque account of the delights of Manila, there was presented a beautiful picture of a Filipino woman. The frontispiece of the book bears the talisman "Pearl of the Orient." I fancy this term for his beloved island must have been invented by Rizal, the great Filipino martyr and hero. But the Americans have, in their own words, "taken a *cinch* of the name," thereby once again evidencing their appreciation of poetical verbiage.

Pearl of the Orient! If it had not been my business to come to Manila I think that name would have drawn me toward the place. It entices and allures; and we do not deny that everything is done in Manila to entice and allure also.

When I first arrived the town was *en fête* for the Christmas festival. In Manila there must always be something doing, and it must be done to a lively clashing of bands, the flare of trumpets and the roll of big drums. "It is no good doing things quietly and getting overlooked," said an American to me the other day. "We might pass by and you'd not hear us."

They made a blaze of light in the Escolta, where the principal shops are to be found, and they illuminated the bridges; they hung up mottoes, ensigns, and flags, and the result was a pretty Christmassy effect, which was as pleasing, I am sure, to most simple-minded folk as it was to the children—"kids," as the Americans call them.

My first big surprise was when I drove out to the Luneta, the bandstand, promenade, and common ground of meeting in this city. Here were carriages, motor-cars, horsemen and horsewomen—with hardly one exception riding astride—and gaily-dressed men and women on foot. The costumes rather took my breath away at first. After the extreme heat of the day I found the evenings decidedly chilly, but these women apparently felt neither heat nor cold. They walk the street without hats or covering for their heads; they sit about in their carriages or cars in fullest evening dress. In the same costume they walk the streets, or whizz through the air at racing speed on the front seat of trams. I confess I was amazed. Once I asked a Spanish girl if she did not feel the great changes in the temperature trying. She looked at me wonderingly. "No one bothers in Manila," she said, indifferently.

The next thing that struck me on the Luneta was something strange about the carriages. The majority of calesas, rigs, and carromatas were full-sized, and contained full-sized men and women, yet these were drawn in most cases by ponies, or native-bred horses not much bigger than ponies themselves! To see a fairly large carriage drawn by such

Lilliputian steeds is, to say the least of it, curious. Besides, the magnificence of the equipage is considerably lessened. It looks rather like—if I may say so—"playing at horses and carriages." Of course there are American and Australian horses. The latter do very well in the Philippines. And on the Polo Ground there are some fine specimens of animals.

Most people ride or drive in Manila. The roads alone would discourage much walking exercise, but at the different clubs all kinds of games are practised—tennis, cricket, bowling, swimming, baseball, polo, rowing. . . . And last, but certainly not least, there are the cock-fights.

I have never seen a cock-fight, and I have no intention of doing so at present. I have seen the care expended upon these birds—greater in many cases than that lavished on the owner's children—and I remember the torture the birds must undergo; the cruel termination of this fostering—death, or a victory that will probably lead to death. For, most often, death is the lot of both birds, the victor and the vanquished. That the American Government should recognise this form of gambling seems to me a grave mistake. But the amount of money circulated in this way is enormous, adding, I should imagine, considerably to the revenue of the Islands.

Besides the sporting element in Manila, there is the social, or perhaps it would be more correct to say in conjunction with the sporting element runs the social side of life. Dancing is not a lost art in Manila, whatever it may be in England just now. Dances, dinners, receptions, and garden-parties make up the whirl of weekly events. At all these functions the ladies turn out in costumes worthy of Paris, Vienna, or London in the height of the season. Their attention to fashion and style is really remarkable. At a garden-party a week or so back two English girls were pointed out to me with the remark that any one could see they were just out from home by their dress and style. "When they have been out here a little while they will have learned how to make themselves look smart," declared this Manila-wise youth, sententiously. And although I denied his assertion that English women did not know the first thing about making the best of themselves, I am afraid my championship was somewhat enfeebled by the tiresome memory of the coat-and-skirt type of English tourist met on the Continent and elsewhere to our patriotic dismay. There is no harm in a coat-and-skirt, granted its cut is irreproachable, but—always . . . at all seasons! And there is no harm in a plain linen frock; but the difference between those ready-made robes of questionable cut and the neat tailor-made French and American morning-gowns is notable.

But this is not a fashion article, fortunately, and I return with a sigh of thankfulness to the country roads of Manila. They are bad, in the town and outside. The country itself, however, is pretty, and atones for much. The native huts, or nipa shacks, made of the nipa palm, are quaint and picturesque, if scarcely habitable. Within a certain radius, called the fire zone, and for greater safety, a number of these shacks are slowly being demolished by Government ordinance as they fall into disrepair. So lightly are these dwellings flung together that as many as five and six can be pulled down in a few short hours; it may be readily understood that the danger of a fire in the locality of such flimsily-built huts is very great. Perhaps it is not out of place to mention here that the fire-stations in Manila would excite the enthusiasm of the most hardened pessimist, and their system is decidedly one of the best out East or anywhere in the world.

Living in Manila is very dear, most articles of food being at least double or treble the price quoted in the old days of Spanish occupation. American goods are supposed to come into the Islands duty free, but even so their cost can hardly

be called moderate. That the Americans in raising the price of labour and merchandise in the Islands have been seriously mistaken there seems little doubt. It is a matter of general comment at least among the foreigners of this city. Of the policy of the American Government in other matters, of the home life and characteristics of the Spanish and Filipino I make no mention in this paper, but I hope to deal with them under separate headings from time to time.

In concluding, a word of praise must go to the Americans for the many improvements made on the Islands since their occupation: in stamping out disease, in sanitation, in superior lighting, and the fostering of commercial spirit and enterprise. They have had, doubtless, much to contend against, but they have fought through undaunted. Above the watchword of the Spanish—their cry of "*Manana!*" (to-morrow)—we seem to catch the echo of the American "*Right now!*" What an anomaly! What a contrast between the rule of these two peoples! But if the Americans have made mistakes in some directions, in others they have taken giant strides, and all honour is due to them for the good achieved.

SYDNEY M. ENGLISH.

FROM THE WASTE-BASKET

THERE is a curious combination of humour and pathos, of smiles and tears, of the surprising and the incredible, in the daily mail of an editor. His sympathies and his risibles are alike appealed to, and his mail often becomes a weariness to the flesh and the spirit. This is partly because of the fact that so many misguided individuals think that they can write if they cannot do anything else. When fortune plays them false, and all other efforts at gaining a livelihood fail, they turn to literature as something that any one can "engage in." Often the motive to write results from a vaulting desire to see one's name in print, or from a wish to attain something beyond one's powers of achievement. Young writers often labour under the delusion that no training is necessary to success in the world of literature. Indeed, nothing is required but pen, ink, and paper. Some aspirants for literary honour and glory are, it is true, not quite sure as to the kind of paper they should use, and editors are requested to enlighten them on this point. Others are in doubt as to what one beginner called the "miner points" of successful writing for the press, and the editor may receive a letter similar to the one received by a New York editor. This letter of inquiry ran as follows:—

Dear Sir: Being about to engage seriously in literature as my chosen profession I write to ask you for a few miner points in regard to writing for the public eye. I am posted as to the main points having already wrote a good deal for the local papers, both Prose and Poetry, but none for the Metropolitan press. So please let me know is there any set kind of stationery required? If so what is the size and must it be ruled or just bare? Also must the ink be black or will Violet or green ink be exceptable? I do not have a Preference for black ink and I think my thoughts flow more freely in green ink. Also answer back and say what kind of writing is most in demand in the Literary Market, as I am in the Market for almost any kind of writing except on Scientific Subjects or deeply religious ones. Please let me know in a General way what your demands is and I think I can supply them.

The editor to whom this communication was sent might have replied that one of the demands of the literary market is correct spelling, and he might also have added that green or violet ink would be likely to create an unfavourable

impression on the average editor. Editors soon discover that aspiring young writers often base their claims to favour on the fact that their grandfathers or great-uncles were writers, and that the unreliable laws of heredity must therefore have handed down the gifts of these departed grandfathers and great-uncles to their descendants. Others have had confidence in their literary ability established by the fact that their essays at school were always "highly spoken of," or "competent critics" had told them that what they had written was quite superior to anything the editor was publishing in his paper.

Most pathetic of all is the case of some person wholly untrained and inexperienced in the art of writing turning to literature as a means of obtaining a livelihood and sending editors letters like the following:—

Dear Sir: Having been thrown entirely on my own resources by the death of my husband, and having three small children to support, I have decided to take up writing as a means of gaining a living, and one from which I can hope to receive the most immediate and the largest income. I have already had some success in writing, having had a number of poems published in our home paper, and one in the "Christian's Friend," for which the editor sent me the paper free of charge for six months. I have always had a fondness for writing, and my friends have often told me that they thought I would be successful as a writer. I have received a prize of one dollar for the best children's saying sent to a New York paper, and have had other successes in the literary field that encourage me to think that I may be able to support myself and my children with my pen. Enclosed find a story for which I would be glad if you would send me ten dollars as soon as possible.

This letter is too pathetic in its hopelessness for the editor even to smile over, although he might indulge in a half-forced laugh over a letter like the following:—

Respected Sir: This is to inform you that I am in the market for all kind of Storys—speshly animal Storys about fites with Bares, Tiggers, lions and hienays. I have a bare story that is a ripper four thousand words long. It is a Tail that your boy readers would appresheate for the boy in it kills the bare after he has killed two men and et them up. Am also in the market for love Storys of a high order with lots of thrill in them. Am just ending one up called "The Pirate Captain's Bride" that lays over anything I ever see in your paper. Can write Potry if dezired but prefer to stick to the Leggitimate in my writing which is Storys. Could send you two a week if dezired. Have some bully ones on hand so plesse let me know if I shall send them. Yures with Respect.

Needless to say none of this author's cheerful and aspiring "storys" and none of his "potry" were needed by the editor, thrilling as the "tail" of the "bare" would no doubt have been.

Of poets the number is legion, regardless of the fact that poetry is about as unsaleable a thing as one can offer in the literary market. There is really no more pathetic spectacle than that of a misguided young man or woman starting out in life hoping for support on the returns from poetical outbursts. Here is a specimen of a letter with which editors are not unfamiliar:—

Dear Sir: I have a fairly good position that pays me fifteen dollars a week, but the work is uncongenial and I am anxious to give it up and become a writer, and as I have been told by good judges that I have decided talent, particularly along the line of poetry. I have written more than one hundred poems and have several times been asked to write poems of birthdays, golden weddings etc. Writing poetry comes easy and natural to me, as several of my relatives wrote poetry. I am eager to give up my present uncongenial work and go to Boston or New York, or some other literary center and engage entirely in writing poetry!

Enclosed find several specimen poems which I would be glad to have you print and pay me all you can for them. I think I could write better ones if I were differently situated.

Here is a stanza from one of the "specimen poems":—

The day is done, the night is here,
The sky grows black as a funeral bier;
Inky darkness reigns without,
The night has come without a doubt,
No stars are in the inky sky,
The night wind moans with gentle sigh,
No moon to light the darksome way,
At home I think I'd better stay.

The editor might have been pardoned had he quoted the last line of the poem as a reply to the young poet's letter. Another would-be poet sends an editor the following poem "as proof of the fact that I am a genuine poet":—

The spring is here with birds so gay,
I hear them sing their little lay.
The bees and ants so busy are,
Preparing for some glad to-mor'.
The flow'rets bloom in gayest hue,
'Tis Spring! 'Tis Spring for me and you!

Original as "some glad to-mor'" may be as a form of literary expression, the editor is compelled to return this flight of poetic fancy with the usual depressing rejection slip.

Letters like the following may be found in editorial waste-baskets:—"If the story I am sending is found to be simply returnable please state wherein it has no merits."

Editors are often asked to state wherein MSS. have "no merits," but it is not often that an editor is asked to state the exact lack of merit in the way suggested in the following letter:—

If my story is returnable, please, before doing so, mark its good points with a red lead pencil, its weak points with a blue pencil, and all that is superfluous with a green pencil, and I would take it as a favor if you would suggest a different plot if you do not like the one on which the story is now built. Also point out defects in punctuation, and give me any advice that you think would be useful to me as an author.

The request in regard to punctuation suggests a letter received by an editor from a writer who said that he was "just coming out" as an author, and, for that reason, he did not know just where to put in the "decimal points." The editor was asked to put them in "in the right spots."

Truly a delightful volume of humour could be made of the contents of editorial waste-baskets.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

DIPLOMACY AND DAILY JOURNALISM

It will, perhaps, be within recollection that at the beginning of this year, shortly after the meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser at Potsdam, the *Daily Telegraph* published from its St. Petersburg correspondent a series of sensational despatches, boldly announcing that Russia had been won over to the cause of Germany, and that the Triple *Entente* was dead and done for. When a journal possessed of high standing gives prominence to statements of this kind, and when, moreover, as is the case of the *Daily Telegraph*, repeated assurances are given in its leading-article columns and elsewhere that its representative in Russia who is responsible for these statements may be regarded as par-

ticularly well informed, the general public is naturally induced to place implicit reliance upon their accuracy. It was not surprising, therefore, that the St. Petersburg despatches to which I have alluded should have had the effect of creating widespread and critical attention. If the information they pretended to convey had been truthful, then no one could have complained. A timely warning that Russia had cynically deserted the Triple *Entente* would have enabled our diplomacy to re-shape its forces preparatory to meeting a new and dangerous situation. But it is now a matter of undisputable fact that, far from being disloyal to her partners, Russia was acting at Potsdam not only with their knowledge but also with their complete acquiescence. Later events in connection with the Morocco incident have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the Triple *Entente* remains firm and unshaken. It is difficult to imagine what profitable purpose was served by the pessimistic despatches from the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, save that of purely journalistic enterprise. Their publication at the time, however, wrought not a little injury to the interests of Great Britain, for, containing as they did assertions affecting High Policy, they embarrassed to no slight extent our Foreign Office and created a feeling of uneasiness in Russia which was only dispelled after diplomatic assurances had been forthcoming that no credence was attached in authoritative quarters to such alarmist suggestions. In all the circumstances the *Daily Telegraph* cannot escape censure for having lent its columns to the dissemination of questionable statements, and it is sincerely to be hoped that in future the management of that journal will deal in a more responsible spirit with so supremely important a question as the balance of European power.

In order that readers of THE ACADEMY may have an opportunity of judging for themselves in the matter, I propose to present a complete summary of the statements that appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, together with a narration of the facts as they actually existed. The following extracts from the St. Petersburg despatches under discussion will explain themselves:—

1. To-morrow M. Pichon is expected to deliver a statement setting forth France's commanding position in the world of politics, affirming the vitality of the Alliance, and reiterating Russia's undying friendship for the French people. All that is expected and discounted. Those are not the questions that need answering. Moreover, while sympathising with the *Novoye Vremya*, which desires a perpetuation of the harmonious political co-operation of France, Russia, and Great Britain, which was so beneficial to Europe during the Moroccan crisis, one cannot blink the obvious fact that M. Iswolsky's services have been dispensed with in deference to Germany's reiterated desire; that the Tsar's visit to Potsdam, and the various circumstances connected with it were the results of his Majesty's acquiescence in articulate demands, and that although Russia will scrupulously observe all her political covenants with France and Great Britain, she has already consented to emasculate the Triple *Entente*. . . . Russia, while carrying out her treaty obligations towards France and Great Britain, has definitely withdrawn from the diplomatic and military association known as the Triple *Entente*. That is the plain fact we have to face, and it cannot be reasoned away by M. Pichon's assertion that the Franco-Russian *Entente* still subsists, or by Sir Edward Grey's declaration, should he make one, that the Anglo-Russian Agreement will not be departed from. Russia recognises the *Entente* with England and the Alliance with France, but she has killed the Triple *Entente*.

2. The lines of Russia's foreign policy now pass through the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin instead of through the Quai d'Orsay.

3. To the Triple *Entente* the two Emperors have given a quietus. . . . And this arrangement puts an end to the Triple *Entente*. . . . Thus the Russo-German agreement has dealt a deadly blow to the Triple *Entente*. . . . The Mid-Eastern morrow and the passing of the Triple *Entente* should arouse no surprise.

4. But heretofore there existed not only an Anglo-Russian understanding and a Franco-Russian Alliance, but also a third international entity, composed of all three Powers, and known as the Triple *Entente*, which confronted the Triple Alliance in the council chamber, and was believed capable, if necessary, of confronting it also on the battlefield. This is the entity which was killed at Potsdam after it had shown its defective and waning vitality during the ordeal of the Balkan crisis of 1908-9. Henceforward Russia will abstain from membership of any international league the object of which is hostility to Germany, and Germany in return will take no part in any coalition against Russia.

Writing in these columns as far back as March 4th, I mentioned that I had just returned from St. Petersburg, and added that I could say with confidence that the national sentiment of Russia was never more favourable towards Great Britain and France than it was then, and that it was the wish of the statesmen who were in power that this national sentiment should continue to find expression in firm and unwavering adherence to the Triple *Entente*. I went on to make the definite assertion that time alone would show that so far from the Potsdam understanding having dealt a death-blow to the Triple *Entente* it had revealed at once the vitality and the useful elasticity of that important compact. In an article that appeared a month later in THE ACADEMY I again emphasised the vitality of the Triple *Entente*, and after presenting facts in support of my case declared that the suggestion of the alarmists that Russia had acted in a manner inimical to our interests was palpably false, and that those critics who prematurely announced the demise of the Triple *Entente* were effectually rebuked by its very presence, living and robust. Moreover, since then, I have lost no opportunity in reaffirming my belief in the loyalty of Russia towards England and France.

The Morocco incident has finally disposed of all doubts concerning the existence of the Triple *Entente* as a positive force in the world's diplomacy. An authoritative *communiqué* issued in Paris on Monday made significant reference to the "vigorous assistance given by Great Britain to France," and added, "Russia on her part has not been sparing in her support. It is stated that on two occasions she made known her complete concurrence in the French point of view." Immediately on receipt of the news that Germany had sent a gunboat to Agadir an exchange of views took place between St. Petersburg and Paris, with the result that Russia immediately addressed to the Berlin Cabinet a request for explanations. According to the *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg, answers were sought to the following questions: What was the real object of the despatch of a warship to Agadir, where there was no foreign trade, no German subjects, and no disorders? Did Germany contemplate the landing of troops? How did Germany interpret the phrase "as soon as peace and order have been restored in Morocco," used in the Note to define the term of her warship's mission to Agadir? Meanwhile the *Novoye Vremya*, the leading newspaper in the Russian capital, and one, moreover, that is frequently inspired officially, urges that since Germany was alarmed about the situation at Agadir the Powers of the Triple *Entente*—France, Great Britain, and Russia—should each send a warship to help Germany in her self-imposed task. Finally, M. André Mévil, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, declares that "We may rely entirely upon Russia's help. The Tsar's Government, whose standpoint is already well known, has chosen to make

its line of conduct clearer still. Thus, M. Nératoff, the Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, summoned the German Ambassador to his office, and told him that Russia was prepared, in the present circumstances, to back up France with all her might."

In view of all these circumstances, it is interesting once more to recall some of the expressions of opinion and statements of fact contained in the St. Petersburg despatches of the *Daily Telegraph* as recently as the beginning of this year. Thus, for example, we were told that Russia had definitely withdrawn from the diplomatic and military association known as the Triple *Entente*, that the lines of Russia's foreign policy now passed through the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, and that henceforward Russia would abstain from membership of any international league the object of which was hostility to Germany. And all these diplomatic catastrophes, so it was said on different days but in quick succession, were due to the circumstances that the Triple *Entente* had been emasculated, that the Triple *Entente* had been killed, and that the Triple *Entente* had been dealt a deadly blow and given a quietus. Swiftly and pointedly came the rebuke of Mr. Pichon, who then held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in France. "Diplomacy," said this eminent statesman, with justifiable but withering sarcasm, "is not conducted in the public streets."

THE COLONIES AND FOREIGN POLICY

The most interesting event of the week is the announcement that the negotiations for a general Arbitration Treaty between America and Great Britain have been successfully concluded. It is now admitted that the provisions of the Treaty must inevitably clash with those of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the suggestion has been made that the time has arrived for raising the questions of the revision and prolongation of the Alliance. The subject is one in which our Colonies are intensely interested. It would be idle to deny that public opinion in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada is in the main opposed to the Japanese and, therefore, to our alliance with the Japanese. The signing of the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty will, however, tend materially to strengthen the weak spots in our diplomatic armour. Although, of course, not designed for the purpose, it must inevitably consolidate Anglo-Saxon interests in the Pacific and effectually check any aggressive ambitions which the Japanese may entertain. It only remains to be added that, as the Colonial Premiers have recently been taken into the confidences of Downing Street, they will realise that an extension of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, though perhaps in a modified form, is necessary to the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe.

MOTORING

THE membership of the Automobile Association and Motor Union continues to go up by leaps and bounds. At almost every consecutive meeting of the executive committee the number of candidates for election exceeds that of any previous occasion, and, at the present rate of progression, it seems likely that before long a motor-car unadorned with the familiar A.A. badge will be regarded as a curiosity or an anachronism. At the last committee meeting no fewer than 1,006 new car members were elected, in addition to nearly four hundred motor-cyclists, and among the former were the undermentioned distinguished personalities in the motoring world:—Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener, the Earl Desart, Lord Aldenham, Lord Clinton, Baron Anthony de Worms, Lieut.-General Sir R. Wingate, Sir J. W. Hudson,

Bart., Sir A. Thomas, Sir A. Herbert, Sir D. D. Mann, Sir S. Sadler, Sir Ernest C. Cochrane, Bart., Sir E. Lechmere, Bart., Sir F. Mowatt, Sir H. Cunningham, Sir R. Walker, Bart., the Hon. G. H. Morris, the Hon. E. Fowler, the Hon. Cyril A. Ward, Mr. J. H. Hope, M.P., and quite a number of well-known lady-motorists.

On taking a retrospective view of the work of the A.A. since its inception some five or six years ago, and endeavouring to analyse the causes of its phenomenally rapid progress, one is bound to allot a conspicuous place to the Free Legal Defence scheme, inaugurated two or three years ago. When it was first announced that the A.A. committee had determined upon this bold stroke of policy on behalf of its members there were plenty of critics and well-wishers of the Association who confidently prophesied disaster to the organisation if the policy were carried through. It was argued that the possibilities of infringement of the Motor Car Act were so numerous, owing to its multifarious provisions, and the carelessness of a large section of motorists so notorious, that no organisation could undertake free and unlimited legal defence in any part of the country on such a moderate subscription as two guineas a year, which subscription, moreover, was to include very many other advantages and privileges to members. But the critics were wrong. The Free Legal Defence scheme has been consistently adhered to; there has been no necessity to increase the amount of the annual subscription, and the A.A. and M.U. is more prosperous than ever. All of which is a triumphant vindication of the bold and enterprising policy of Stenson Cooke and his *confrères*.

An interesting proof of the practical value of this Free Legal Defence scheme of the A.A. and M.U. was furnished on the occasion of the recent Naval Review, when a large number of motorists returning from Portsmouth were stopped at Petersfield and charged with committing various offences against the Motor-car Act, principally that of driving with the off-side light out. Twenty-eight of the alleged offenders, being members of the A.A., were defended by the Association's solicitor, and in twenty-three cases the summonses were dismissed, although it had to be admitted by the defence that technical offences had been committed. Had these motorists been unable to avail themselves of the free and expert defence provided by the Association there is little doubt that the offenders would have had to make some more or less substantial contributions to the local exchequer.

No doubt owing principally to the paramount interest aroused by the great aviation competitions during the past week or two, the Prince Henry Tour has been all but ignored by the daily Press. Probably this indifference is also due in some measure to the fact that the competition is in no sense a race, but merely a kind of general reliability trial, in which all that is expected is that the competing cars shall maintain a moderate daily mileage with as few breakdowns as possible. So far the "Tour" has proceeded without a hitch, and it may be of some use in assisting to promote an *entente cordiale* in quarters where it is rather badly needed just now.

Referring to recent remarks in these columns on the subject of the new six-cylinder Belsize, it is interesting to note that the opinion of the present writer as to the remarkable cheapness of the car is endorsed by one of the experts on the staff of our technical contemporary the *Motor*, after a 500-mile run through some of the counties north of the Thames Valley and a concluding day's run from London to Man-

chester. Driving the car himself, the expert in question found that it was "absurdly easy of management," and that it possessed all the evenness of torque and sweetness of running associated with the high-class six-cylinder. On top gear the car had a range of speed from about 3 to 45 miles an hour, and gear changes, on the very few occasions when they were found necessary, were made "with great sweetness and in complete silence." Summing up, he remarks that the trial, taken altogether, gave him a very good impression of the sterling quality of Belsize work, and of the excellent behaviour and capabilities of these cars on the road.

The growing partiality of motorists—especially those who may be described as belonging to the better class—for wire wheels instead of those of the artillery type becomes more pronounced year by year. Several of the more important manufacturers now adopt them as the standard fitment for their cars, only fitting the wooden ones when specially ordered, and it is well known that Mr. S. F. Edge, a recognised pioneer in all matters of motor construction, is a firm believer in the all-round superiority of the wire wheel. But while it is now generally recognised that wire wheels are stronger, and therefore safer, than wooden ones, it will surprise many motorists to learn that they have also a very beneficial effect on the life of the tyres. Figures recently published by the Daimler Motor Company appear to establish this fact conclusively. In the hire department of the company referred to experiments have been made with one hundred non-skid covers, half fitted to wire and half to wooden wheels, and careful data have been kept of tyre replacements and repairs. It has been found that the total mileage obtained from the covers taken from the wire wheels was 172,731—an average of 3,454 miles per tyre; from the covers used on the wood wheels, only 102,524 miles were obtained—an average of 2,050. The cars employed in the tests were practically identical, and they were run under exactly similar conditions, so that the case in favour of wire wheels seems to be completely established. If, in addition to being stronger, safer, lighter, and more elegant in appearance than wooden ones, they also effect a material economy in the tyre bill, we may anticipate their general adoption in the near future.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE shock caused by the German diplomatic *coup* has died down, and even the most rabid Teutonophobe sees that the whole thing must have been settled long ago or the Emperor would never have left Berlin. Whether England has received a proper compensation for her forbearance time will show. The Stock Exchange is all the fresher for the little storm, and Paris is certainly in a much saner mood. But there are stories of trouble in the air, caused, of course, by the steady selling of Consols. The Stock Exchange version seems feasible. It runs that a certain insurance company, finding that its weekly revenue had received a serious check, was compelled to sell out its Consols in order to provide cash for its daily expenses. This sounds all right, but it hardly bears close examination, for the Bankers to this concern would gladly loan all the money needed on the vast board of securities held by the company. Still, that is the tale, and it may be that the officers of the concern prefer to get out of stock instead of borrowing. The bears have

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. . THE . .

EYE=WITNESS

EDITED BY

HILAIRE BELLOC.

Among the Contributors are:—

H. G. WELLS	A. C. BENSON
G. BERNARD SHAW	W. B. YEATS
G. K. CHESTERTON	WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT
MAURICE BARING	DESMOND MCCARTHY
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD	CECIL CHESTERTON
HILAIRE BELLOC	H. A. L. FISHER
SOMERS SOMERSET	E. S. P. HAYNES

and others.

6d. Weekly.

*On Sale at all Bookstalls and Newsagents every
Thursday.*

undoubtedly sold short all the way through, and on Tuesday the selling early in the morning was upon quite a large scale.

The new companies that have appeared seem to fare worse each week. The public absolutely declines to have anything to do with any new issue. Nevertheless, the wealthy people who have invested in the Mond Nickel found the money for the debenture issue readily enough. One or two quite amusing promotions have been offered us, notably a concern called Syrolit, which hopes to turn skim-milk into tortoiseshell, non-inflammable. I am always amused when I am in Naples at the itinerant vendors of tortoiseshell, who offer you a match to test their unburnable combs. Perhaps the art of making combs out of milk is as old as the Romans, and those picturesque boys, whose combs are assuredly not genuine, for they cost but a lira, have preserved the art. It would indeed be pleasant if we could divert the skim milk of the London dairy into a more useful channel than the tea-shop. Many of us have been in a mangrove swamp, and potted at alligators. But no one ever thought of turning mangroves into a limited company until last week, when some philanthropist offered us shares in the Tan Bark and Balata Company. This queerly-named affair intends to acquire a few of the mangrove swamps at the mouth of the Orinoco, and promises over a hundred thousand pounds a year profit. When such silly companies can find money to advertise their schemes, surely it stands as a portent. The great Mr. Lampard having acquired during the boom a large estate in Sumatra, having spent much money upon it, and having become undecided whether to grow tobacco or rubber, has finally floated it as the Wampoe Tobacco and Rubber. The California-Idaho seems to have got the Adam group in Paris to find money for its scheme. But I doubt if London will follow suit. The Speyer Brothers Rent Charge gave the sober-minded a sound 4 per cent. investment, well secured but none too cheap.

CONSOLS seem to grow weaker as money grows cheaper. They are quite out of fashion, but will recover unless some strange thing happens in the political world. It is a thousand pities that Lloyd George, who made so excellent a President of the Board of Trade, should prove such an incompetent Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is the curse of our political system, this putting of round pegs into square holes. He could have saved our credit a severe blow had he only popularised Consols as all of us begged him to do. Now they have fallen to the deepest depths.

FOREIGNERS have shown great courage since the German scare died down, and the Parisians have even been buying their Peru prefs back, but the bull account in London has been reduced, and, as the figures for the half-year are good, new buyers have come in. Russians have not been allowed to fall, not even tales of a war in Montenegro, could scare the stout hearts of the Paris bankers.

HOME RAILS.—It is quite incredible that the public does not buy Home Railways. The half-year has ended and the calculators of dividends are busy. The most pessimistic admits an increase of one-half per cent. all round. Brums should yield £4 17s. 6d. per cent. for the year, and the whole of this interest would be received in eight months. Great Westerns will pay one-half per cent. more and yield £4 12s. 5d. The North Eastern yield, without allowing any increase in dividend, will be £4 10s., yet the company has made enough profit to pay an additional 1 per cent. Lancashire and Yorkshire have had a good half-year, and will assuredly pay 5 per cent. on the whole year. Yet they are round par. Midland profits will enable the board to pay one-half per cent. extra, and thus gives a purchaser over 5 per cent. Naturally they are speculative, but very cheap. Great Easterns have had a fine traffic increase, and an increase of one-half per cent. in the dividend might come. They are a good speculation. Great Northern deferred got no distribution this half-year, but they have done well. Great Central will pay in full on the '89 and '91 preferences. I consider these the cheapest purchases on the market. The Southern passenger lines are the favourites of the Stock Exchange. All have done fairly well, especially the South

Eastern and Chatham; Metropolitans and Districts share in the prosperity, and the latter line is especially well managed both financially and from a railway man's point of view.

YANKEES.—There has been more business in the American Market during the past week than in any other section of the House. It almost looks as though the public meant once again to begin to gamble in American Railways. The persistence of the big houses in getting some of their stocks listed in Paris has produced an effect on London, for the Frenchman is notoriously cautious. That Atchisons should be dealt in on the Paris Bourse is a hall-mark of respectability. The crop report was not so bad. Oats are a failure, but cotton, corn, and wheat will make up for this. The great heat in America frightened people, and they imagined that it had had much more effect than has actually turned out to be the case. The Southern lines are being bought, especially Little Southern, for they benefit by the carriage of cotton. It looks as though the whole of the Southern States would have a good year. All the big Yankee houses talk bullish, and although there is nothing more dangerous than to pose as a prophet in the American market I am inclined to think that we shall see a higher level of prices.

RUBBER.—The bears have been scared out of their position by a manipulated rise in the price of rubber. Fine, hard-cured Para was marked up 6d., and the sale-rooms followed suit. Whether these prices will hold is most doubtful. The big buyers decline to come in. They say that they only buy from hand-to-mouth. But the Lane is determined, and has been buying heavily the last few days. The "Arbuthnot Relief" Trust report was a scandalous document. Nearly £200,000 has been lost. The company has been managed with great lack of discretion and the board will have to face some nasty questions at the meeting. The public keeps out of the market, and the dealings resolve themselves into a battle between the Lane and the House.

OIL needs no mention, for the dealings in this market are nil. Shell and Spies both appear weak, notwithstanding a rise in price in Russian oil. Kerns have been as low as 7s., which seems too cheap. But the company is overburdened with capital, and experts are saying nasty things about the field itself.

KAFFIRS.—The squabble between East Rand and the Cinderella does not look pretty. Albus say that East Rand must pump the Angelo ground at their own expense. This the Farrar group declines to do. It is quite possible that the Transvaal Trust might close down Cinderella until it can connect with the Cason shaft. The decision of the Farrar has not helped the Kaffir market.

RHODESIANS have not been bought, but Chartered have nevertheless looked each day as though they might go up. Some of the jobbers talk very wildly about the coming boom. I confess that as a pure gamble I like the look of the Rhodesian market better than any other in the House. There are plenty of bears about, and if the Houses could only combine we should see a rise.

MISCELLANEOUS markets have been amused by the way Marconis have jumped. The report is peculiar, like the company itself. We are told to wait until the meeting. The shares appear over-priced.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE "SPECTATOR" AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I crave permission to endorse the statement of Monsieur Davray, that the fight between the two current ideas of morality is "nothing less than a war between the spirit of emancipation and the spirit of slavery."

The gist of the whole matter is that the *Spectator* makes a fictitious defence of morality, whilst the *English Review's* attitude is a real defence. Why is this?

Fundamentally, immorality does not emanate from the mind

or spirit, but from the body. Humanly speaking, therefore, there is no mental or spiritual ground of morality to construct on, and the *Spectator's* ideal ground of purity is, as I have said, a fictitious or morally untenable ground. This is not the case with the *English Review*. This journal's ground of morality is a natural, and therefore a real ground, and as such its sense of what constitutes immorality is real, not ideal. For instance, Mr. Harris hides nothing because he has nothing to hide. In other words, there is no beauty about Mr. Harris's exposure of our lack of natural purity; otherwise, as every sane mortal must admit, it would not constitute a true indictment of morality. On the other hand, the *Spectator* is so imbued with moral grace as to be practically blind to all other forms of moral wickedness (its own included) except just those forms which its sense of moral grace leads it to discover in the pages of the *English Review*.

Verily, Puritanism is only an English term for Pharisaism. Surely a nation is not to be made morally clean before it has been cleansed of its moral filth. And how on earth is the moral filth to be swept away if it is always to be hidden, as the *Spectator* would have it, under spurious ideas of modern purity?

No, Sir, what is really necessary for us is to get rid of our present damning attitude of cant and hypocrisy, and that which will follow will be so surprising that even the awakening force of the *English Review* (awakening because it has had the courage to expose the Beast) will no longer be required. In fact, every wheel of our national machinery needs attention.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been a reader of, and occasional contributor to, THE ACADEMY since its beginning in 1870. I write now to say how exceedingly sorry I am that the present managing staff seem to abet one of their contributors in his recent deplorable effusion in the *English Review*. Some of the previous editors of THE ACADEMY never failed to castigate literary lubricity, and the disappearance of a scrofulous novel (which I may nickname "The Harness") was mainly owing to a recent editor of THE ACADEMY. Why should not an excellent review that does such service in conserving what is good in politics not join (at least tacitly) with the *Spectator* in this most serious question of public morality?

A SHOCKED CLERGYMAN.

July 11, 1911.

[When a "scrofulous novel" is submitted to us for review, or a "scrofulous" article offered to us, we shall brand the one as it deserves and return the other. Our reasons for condemning the article which appeared in the *Spectator* of June 10th were fully set forth in our Editorial. The correspondence which has since appeared in that review, coupled with the spasmodic, irrelevant, and wholly inconclusive notes by the Editor, have confirmed us in the view that every word of our article was entirely justified.—ED. THE ACADEMY]

PECKSNIFF AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will allow me to quote a letter from Mr. G. W. E. Russell with which the *Spectator*, appropriately enough, ends its controversy with Mr. Harris and the *English Review*. Its spirit throws a white light upon the personality of Mr. Russell and the attitude towards Art of the *Spectator* and its supporters in general, and seems to me therefore to deserve a wider circulation. As an example of unfairness and Pecksniffian pomposity (to say the least of it) the letter would be hard to beat. It runs as follows:—

I have been asked to give my opinion on the controversy between the *Spectator* and the *English Review*, and I should feel that I was shirking a public duty if I refused to comply. Assuming, as I suppose I may, that the quotations given in your issue of June 10th are accurate, I think that your strictures are absolutely justified.—I am, Sir, &c.,
GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

Without further comment, I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

H. SAVAGE.

45, Lambton-road, Wimbledon.

THE NECESSITOUS LADIES' HOLIDAY FUND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You were good enough on previous occasions to allow me space in your valuable paper to appeal for contributions to provide holidays by the sea or country side for necessitous ladies.

Through the generosity of your readers I was enabled to bring rest and refreshment to many.

I appeal again for help to send away governesses, typewriters, hospital nurses, secretaries, musicians, actresses, and ladies engaged in other professions, who, unable to provide holidays for themselves and without the possibility of earning money in the summer months, are left behind in London exposed to the sufferings attendant on poverty.

In this happy Coronation year I plead for those too proud to plead for themselves; for the overworked and unfortunate, and more especially for those broken down in health.

All contributions will be thankfully acknowledged and gratefully distributed by—Your obedient servant,

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

48, Upper Berkeley-street, W.

"THE ONLY WAY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett's article "The Only Way," in your issue of July 8th, with interest and surprise. Presumably the author is associated with the Unionist party, and therefore it is only natural to expect him to show his party's policy in its most favourable light; but from careful reading of his advisory epistle to the Unionist Peers, I find his party possesses no constructive policy save that of Tariff Reform, which he regards as being of little value to his party's cause in the possible autumnal General Election. Later (page 38, lines 12-17) Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett proves to his own satisfaction that the passing of the Parliament Bill will leave the Unionist party complete masters of the situation, while in the last eight lines of his article the writer states that when in this position his party will make the Upper House a business-like and representative Chamber, "free from backwoodsmen," and apparently all other evils.

Now, Sir, I contend that the writer's previous advice to the Unionist Peers to pass the Parliament Bill only on the arrival within the Gilded Chamber of the first horde of "the Radical party hacks" is illogical, for he has conclusively shown that the destruction of the Liberal majority in the House of Commons synchronises with the Parliament Bill becoming law.

In conclusion, Sir, I beg to express the opinion that though brighter days may be in store for the Unionist party, their coming will not be hastened either by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's regrettable admissions or contradictory advice.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
P. LITHERLAND SEED.

Royal School of Mines, London, S.W., July 10th, 1911.

A QUERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What does "intrigue" mean? In "The Severins," by Mrs. A. Sidgwick, p. 156, I read, "It intrigued Mrs. Walsingham."

Does it mean "puzzled"? and if so, why use a French word when we have an English one? When was the word first used in English in this sense? No one out here seems to know it.—I am, &c.,

W. F. HOWLETT.

Estcourt, Tane, Eketahuna, N.Z., June 2, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Notes from India" and "Co-Masonry." By George Fleming Moore, Editor of "The New Age." The Aryan Theosophical Press, Point Loma, California.

Nietzsche et les Théories Biologiques Contemporaines. By Claire Richter. "Mercure de France," Paris. 3f. 50c.

The Master of Mrs. Chilvers. An Improbable Comedy imagined

by Jerome K. Jerome. Portrait Frontispiece. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

Britain On and Beyond the Sea, being a Handbook to the Navy League Map of the World. By Cecil H. Crofts, M.A. W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Napoleon and his Coronation. By Frédéric Masson. Translated by Frederic Cobb. Illustrated by Félicien Myrbach. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

Loretto School, Past and Present. By H. B. Tristram. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

John Dennis, his Life and Criticism. By H. G. Paul, Ph.D. Columbia University Press. \$1.25.

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, with some Notices of his Friends and Contemporaries. By Edward Smith, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

Michel de Montaigne. By Edith Sichel. Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Selections from the Records of the Madras Government. Dutch Records Nos. 13, 14, and 15. Government Press, Madras. 6s., 3s. 9d., 1s. 3d.

VERSE

Ode on the Coronation of King George V. By William Stigand. Kegan Paul and Co. 1s.

Ellan Vannin. By "Cushag." G. and L. Johnson, Douglas, Isle of Man.

The Poetical Works of Henry Rose. Routledge and Sons. 5s. net.

Bertrud, and Other Dramatic Poems. By the Author of "A Hymn to Dionysus." William Brown, Edinburgh. 7s. 6d. net.

Poems of Men and Hours. By John Drinkwater. David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.

Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Sherman, French and Co., Boston, U.S.A. \$1.

Views in Verse of Hampstead's Unappreciated Heath. By "Grammaticus." Myddylton House, Saffron Walden. 3d.

EDUCATIONAL

The Matriculation Directory. No. 58, June 1911. Burlington House, Cambridge. 1s. net.

Talks About Ourselves. By Viscountess Falmouth. George Routledge and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary. By W. H. and F. G. Fowler. The Clarendon Press, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout. By Captain F. S. Brereton. Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.

The Long Roll. By Mary Johnston. Constable and Co. 6s.

Queed. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Constable and Co. 6s.

A Girl with a Heart. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands. Ward Lock and Co. 6s.

The Glory of Clementina Wing. By William J. Locke. John Lane. 6s.

The Desire of Life. By Matilde Serao. Translated from the Italian by William Collinge, M.A. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Clive Lorrimer's Marriage. By E. Everett-Green. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Virginia Perfect. By Peggy Webling. Methuen and Co. 1s. net.

PERIODICALS

The Open Window; Constitution Papers; Good Health; Literary Digest; Le Carnet d'Epicure; Revue Mensuelle des Arts de la Table Littéraire, Philosophique et Gourmande; Cambridge University Reporter; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own; Musical Standard; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Modern Language Teaching; Transactions of the Baptist Historical Society; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Indian Royal Chronicle; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Book Buyer; Revue Bleue; La Grande Revue; Windsor Magazine; Pelican Record; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Educational Times; The Antiquary; The Bibelot; Blackwood's Magazine; Book Monthly; St. Nicholas; The Vineyard; Harper's Magazine; St. George's Magazine; Ulula; The Parsi, Bombay; The Bodleian; The Scottish Historical Review; The Path, a Theosophical Monthly; L'Œuvre.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 99	Reviews (continued)—
The Blue Vase..... 100	The Universities 110
An Incurable Nincom- poop 100	Shorter Reviews 111
Two Specialists on Morals 100	Fiction 113
The Insurance Bill from the Employer's Stand- point 102	The Theatre 114
The Prophets 104	The New Departures in Sea Law 115
Through France in a Motor—V. 105	Sélanik 117
Reviews:—	Music 118
Twenty Years in India 107	The Britain of the West... 119
The Alien Immigrant... 108	Catullus 120
The Evolution of the Novel..... 109	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 121
The Science of Expres- sion 110	Motoring and Aviation ... 123
	In the Temple of Mammon 124
	The "English Review" and the "Spectator" ... 125
	Correspondence 125
	Books Received 127

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FOR the present Wales, rather than Ireland, appears to merit the title of the "distressful country." At Cardiff the strike of seamen, dock labourers, and those engaged in similar occupations, has broken out again violently. It is impossible to say, going to press in the middle of the week as we do, what developments will occur by the time these words are read, but that the situation is regarded as very serious is proved by the fact that several hundred members of the Metropolitan Police have been sent down to reinforce the local authorities. The usual concomitants of labour troubles have not been lacking in this instance. A portion of the crowd, becoming intoxicated with the aid of broached hogsheads of looted stout, proceeded to extremes, even deliberately hindering the firemen in their task of extinguishing a warehouse conflagration which was supposed to have been started by incendiaries; stones were thrown, stores were broken into, and many constables were hurt. As we have before observed in these columns in connection with these lamentable signs of the times, a strike spreads like a disease; one man infects ten, ten carry the rebellious notions and the excitement to a hundred, and the mischief is done. No strong hand is at the helm; only incompetent navigators peer at the charts carefully prepared by the statesmen of old, and decide that their own methods are preferable; and so the trouble grows, and in time of storm and stress the ship veers sadly from her true course.

The Victoria Memorial has just been added to the list of London's monuments, and now we are busied about selecting sculptors and sites for statues commemorative of King Edward. The Committee for London has decided that the Piccadilly end of the Broad Walk in the Green Park will be

the most suitable spot for a statue worthy of the Metropolis, the only other position seriously competing with this being Charing Cross. We understand, and note with pleasure, that among the many schemes originally suggested the Committee has not lost sight of the fact that King Edward's name might be honourably and laudably connected with some less ornamental, more educative work than a mere statue; the project with regard to a building for the University of London is well worth serious consideration. In the matter of public memorials we are a peculiarly unfortunate nation; we are constantly being criticised by others as an "inartistic" people. Some day, perhaps, we shall produce a really exquisite work of art which will satisfy half the critics. The other half, of course, will continue their congenial occupation.

Articles on the heat-wave may be depended upon, as a rule, to bring rain within forty-eight hours, English weather being generally extremely sarcastic in its methods. So far, however, scarcely a shower has varied the sunny monotony of the days, although happily a few breezes, fresh with faint odours of far-away meadows, have mitigated the effects of the sultry temperature. It is curious to see London stealthily, almost shame-facedly, certainly suspiciously, adapting itself to the heat—masculine London, that is, for ladies array themselves in the most tantalisingly cool attire at the first breath of summer; it takes a week of blazing sunshine to make the average Englishman discard his umbrella, and not until a melting month has passed will he don his thinnest wear. Tea on shady lawns, ices of bewitching hues and flavours, cooling salads and beverages are the order of the day. And why not cooling books? It would be eminently reasonable to read, let us say, of Lieutenant Shackleton's freezing exploits in the Antarctic regions when our thermometers are creeping through the eighties, or to refresh our memories of Dr. Kane's plucky endeavours in Northern ice-packs what time the sun is doing his best to remind us of Central Africa. Meanwhile the farmers are grumbling; but we may take consolation from the fact that if it rained for four days they would cry "Enough!" and grumble again.

The allotted span of threescore years and ten has been reached this week by one of our best friends—Mr. *Punch*—but he shows no signs, we are pleased to note, of going down hill to oblivion. In fact, he absolutely ridicules the idea of the sere and yellow leaf, and has the effrontery to flaunt in Time's face a special "Birthday Number" in sheer defiance of any suggestion of old age. What with the Coronation Number and this week's budget, *Punch* will soon be all special issues; but they are all good, and a glance through the present one is an education in the way we have progressed since 1841. It is curious to note one drawing illustrating a dialogue which was then thought very funny, but is now a commonplace occurrence—the "fare" remonstrating with the driver of a "patent mile-index cab" to the effect that he has only gone from St. Paul's to Fleet Street, "yet the dial points to three miles." "Can't help it," retorts the driver, "you must pay according." This, in 1847, was an excruciating joke; but it was more than that—it was an uncommonly intelligent forecast of events that were to happen half a century after. The various "crazes" which afflict the whole population intermittently, the freaks of fashion, the vagaries of politics, are all hit off unerringly by the licensed jester of the Press, and we can only acknowledge gratefully the source of so many hearty laughs, while wishing for *Punch* a second spell of seventy years. Any further good wishes may safely be left to those who at that time are depending on his columns to relieve the tedium of a journey by airship express.

THE BLUE VASE

The little figures on the jar of blue
 Still smile and dance as they did yesterday,
 Though gone the roses and the jasmine spray,
 And nought is left to grace the vase but rue—
 A fitting herb upon my heart to strew,
 And on the grave of my fair hopes to lay;
 For since my lady bright has passed away
 The flowers of my life have vanished too.
 O dainty lass and ever-smiling lad,
 Dancing to some unheard Arcadian strain,
 You little people who are never sad,
 What can you know of sorrow or of pain?
 Each day may bring fresh flowers to make you glad,
 But my delight can never come again.

IRENE M. MAUNDER.

AN INCORRIGIBLE NINCOMPOOP

THERE are two Ministers, as we have before remarked, who have achieved conspicuous success, and who have shed lustre on the party to which they belong. We refer to the Lord Chancellor and Mr. John Burns. Why have these Ministers also deserved well of their country? Surely because they have been fearless, straightforward and—above all—honest. It is well known of course that the qualities which we have enumerated as entitling Lord Loreburn and Mr. Burns to respectful appreciation render them abhorrent to many of the advanced wing of their party. Dissatisfaction is with the majority of their critics confined to "profitless murmurs." There is however one young man, a lieutenant in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry, whose Parliamentary career commenced so long ago as January of last year, who has gone forth with his shepherd's sling to slay the gigantic Philistine. The enterprise is one of supreme interest, and there will be a desire to know something about the previous achievements of the redoubtable Philistine.

"Bob" Reid has been Solicitor and Attorney-General, has earned the distinction of G.C.M.G. for striking services in the British Guiana and Venezuelan Boundary Arbitration, and was a pillar of the extreme Radical party in the House of Commons for twenty-five years. So much of the man against whom the lieutenant is directing his polished pebbles.

Leaving out of view for the moment that the name of Mr. Neil Primrose is still omitted from the Commission of the Peace for any county—except indeed the County of London—what is the head and front of the offending of his doughty antagonist? It is that the Lord Chancellor in selecting men for a judicial office has been honest enough to seek fitness and capacity irrespective of political attachment. A Royal Commission has inquired into the method of appointing Justices, and has made certain recommendations. One of these—the appointment of Committees to assist the Lords-Lieutenant—has been acted on by the Lord Chancellor. A large number of Committees have been appointed, but at present they have not had the opportunity of proving their usefulness.

The action which has been taken will we think be considered as satisfactory—until events have shown it to be otherwise—even by most politicians whose political career has lasted for a full eighteen months.

Not so Mr. Neil Primrose. He views with profound dissatisfaction appointments which have been made, and is of opinion that the appointment of the Committees we have referred to will do little to secure selection of the type of men whom he would like to see adorning the Bench. Indulgence must of course be shown to the "fiery

vehemence of youth," but when a young man to whom can be credited no conspicuous success, in effect condemns Royal Commissioners, a Lord Chancellor, Lords-Lieutenant and Advisory Committees which have not yet acted, we feel inclined and entitled to refer to him as an incorrigible nincompoop.

Mr. Asquith hopes, no doubt by interposing delay, to calm down the blatant folly of this egregious person, and—if he is capable of realising patent facts—to let him perceive the inevitable outcome of his ridiculous censure. This soldier and statesman, if his resolution is ever allowed to consume the time of a Chamber, the value of whose deliberations is variously estimated, will be reduced to a dilemma such as this.

His demand simply is that Radical Lord Chancellors are to view appointments to the Bench as the perquisite of the most active of their political supporters, and that the spirit of the Corrupt Practices legislation shall not apply to judicial preferment.

Discussion on a resolution embodying this standpoint in clear and unmistakable terms, would not involve the charge of wasting the time of the House of Commons, because it would clear the atmosphere as to the type of Chamber which lays claim to unfettered action.

CECIL COWPER.

TWO SPECIALISTS ON MORALS

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

WE have followed with considerable interest, and with not a little amusement, the controversy which has been raging for some weeks past between the *Spectator* and the *English Review*. The subject in dispute—namely, a happy adjustment between the laws of Nature and the laws framed by man for the safeguarding of Society—is a delicate one to handle; but as it has been agitating the world ever since man emerged from a state of primitive barbarism, there is no reason why we should not deal with it in these columns. Mr. Frank Harris, in his article in the *English Review*, defends the demands of Nature against the too strict enforcement of the Moral Code. He maintains that the majority of men must sow a fairly heavy crop of "wild oats," and that it is for the good of their species that they should be allowed in youth reasonable play for these active passions. But he goes still further, and advances the daring theory that women, by reason of their nature and their temperament, have an even greater capacity for sowing "wild oats" than men. From this there follows, in his mind, the natural corollary that a certain licence and tolerance should be extended to them as it is to man. Now this individual expression of a personal view has aroused the righteous ire and indignation of Mr. St. Lo Strachey, the pious editor of the *Spectator*, and in his issue of June 10th he pours a torrent of denunciation on Mr. Frank Harris, describing the latter's views as a "Recipe for making Harlots," and, not content with this, he denounces that original and independent periodical the *English Review*—to which almost all of our best authors have contributed—as "A dumping-ground for garbage." We blame both parties—Mr. Frank Harris for having started a discussion which he must have known can have no final settlement, and therefore had much better be left alone, and Mr. Strachey for having fallen into the trap and thus fanned the flames by his narrow-minded outburst in the *Spectator*.

You can write and talk, talk and write, and heap abuse on one another, but you cannot alter human nature and its infinite variety of mental and physical temperaments, and until you can cast all men and all women into a similar mould discussions on the rules and regulations for governing

their morals must end exactly where they began. No useful purpose is served in stirring up a bog merely to produce a disagreeable odour, amidst the fumes of which respectable public men can call each other bad names.

Men and also women are born with totally different temperaments; the moral atmosphere in which they are brought up differs to an even greater extent, and whole races are affected by different environment and climatic conditions. How can you hope, therefore, to frame the same moral code for the warm-hearted, pleasure-loving, passionate Shakespeare and the cold, austere, Puritanical Mr. Strachey; or for the active, fervent, imaginative Mr. Frank Harris and that abstemious moralist Justinian? There are many men who go from the cradle to the grave without dropping a single "wild oat;" there are others who can hardly see the lights of a great city without at once hunting for suitable soil. Yet the one is not necessarily good and the other necessarily bad. It simply marks the difference in their physical nature. And what is true of man is also true of woman. In individual and domestic matters of this sort each man and woman must be allowed to work out his or her own mode of life. There is a happy medium between the nun and the courtesan, the monk and the *roué*, which the majority of mankind are content to follow, and it would be much better if both Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. St. Loe Strachey let them alone and did not inquire too closely into their habits, for if there ever was a case this is one "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Let us say at once that we do not propose to enter into the merits of the controversy or to display any violent partisanship, but rather to criticise and examine the methods in which it has been conducted. But before doing so we would like to quote one passage from Lecky's "History of European Morals," in which that great thinker and philosopher clearly recognises the courtesan as having a recognised and necessary position in modern society, without which the whole basis of family life would be undermined:

The essentially exclusive nature of marital affection, and the natural desire of every man to be certain of the paternity of the child he supports, render the incursions of irregular passions within the domestic circle a cause of extreme suffering. Yet it would appear as if the excessive force of these passions would render such incursions both frequent and inevitable. Under these circumstances, there has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of the moralist can dwell. That unhappy being whose very name is a shame to speak; who counterfeits with a cold heart the transports of affection, and submits herself as the passive instrument of lust; who is scorned and insulted as the vilest of her sex, and doomed, for the most part, to disease and abject wretchedness and an early death, appears in every age as the perpetual symbol of the degradation and the sinfulness of man. Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. But for her, the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted, and not a few who, in the pride of their untempted chastity, think of her with an indignant shudder would have known the agony of remorse and of despair. On that one degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilisations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people.

For some time the struggle was carried on with due regard to the customary rules of polite society when gentlemen disagree, but now all sense of decency, dignity, and deportment has been ruthlessly cast aside by both parties, the dispute has lost its original significance, and has degenerated into the lowest form of personal vilification and abuse. Let us say at once that the attitude taken up by Mr. Austin

Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, has been dignified throughout. There was no need for him to take any notice whatever of the absurd outbreak of the pious editor of the *Spectator*, which has excited the disgust of the broad-minded and tolerant in this country and the contempt and derision of the French literary world. Mr. Harrison, however, did reply in a short letter, which proved, although proof was totally unnecessary, the excellent lines on which the *English Review* is being conducted. His protests have been backed by almost every well-known author in the land, whilst hardly a voice, except the pathetic wail of a "shocked parson or two," has been raised in defence of the *Spectator*.

But we are forgetting — there is the mighty manifesto of a certain Mr. George Russell, which for sheer nerve and lack of humour beats anything seen in print for many a long day. It is as follows:—

I have been asked to give my opinion on the controversy between the *Spectator* and the *English Review*, and I should feel that I was shirking a public duty if I refused to comply. Assuming, as I suppose I may, that the quotations given in your issue of June 10th are accurate, I think that your strictures are absolutely justified.—I am, Sir,

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

Of course, after this all-important manifesto, which reads more like a Papal Bull of the Middle Ages than a serious contribution to an intellectual discussion, it is useless to argue further. If Mr. George W. E. Russell has made up his mind, surely the rest of the world will accept his judgment as final in a spirit of infinite humility. We must go down on our knees and humbly thank him for not "having shirked a public duty." Supposing this noble-minded man had done so! It is too awful to contemplate! Most of us would have been left in complete darkness as to the right or wrong of the quarrel. Mr. Russell at once raises himself above all the great men who ever lived. Even the Prophets did not expect us to take all for granted; they at least condescended to explain their doctrines and ethics, but Mr. Russell tells us to rely on faith, and faith alone.

We are irresistibly reminded of a story of Disraeli when he was Leader of the House of Commons. A junior member of his own Government was making a speech in rounded periods, replete with self-importance, but throwing little light on the subject under discussion. He sat down amidst the cheers of his supporters, and when these had subsided somewhat the immortal voice of his own leader was heard to mutter, "Pompous ass! Pompous ass!"

Up to last week the author of the article which so shocked the *Spectator* had maintained a dignified silence, and we were hoping that the controversy was about to burn itself out when Mr. Frank Harris, no longer able to contain his injured feelings, rushes into print and addresses a letter to the "Editor of the *Spectator*" the like of which has surely never been seen before, and we sincerely hope will never be seen again. It occupies nearly three columns of close type, and embraces almost every subject from Morals, Editors, Lynch Law, and Piccadilly Circus at Midnight, to the Jameson Raid, Dreadnoughts, and Salome. It is broken at intervals to enable the author to take breath and to heap abuse on his detractor, Mr. St. Loe Strachey; and, not being able to command enough epithets to express his own feelings, he calls in that master of well-chosen vituperation, Mr. Lloyd George, to assist him. We think Mr. Frank Harris has done a bad turn to those who have stood by him and by the *English Review* in this fight for liberty of thought and freedom of expression, because by far the greater part of his outburst is totally irrelevant, and the language of the remainder could only be employed by one gentleman to another in a country where duelling has been abolished by law.

We can only assume that Mr. Frank Harris wrote this

letter in a moment of pique and annoyance, never anticipating that it would find its way into print, and it will surely make him more careful in the future. He should remember that hackneyed, but nevertheless true French phrase, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse." He should also remember that when a man is so hard up to defend his attitude as was the editor of the *Spectator* in this dispute, that he could find no arguments for himself or friends to argue for him, he is only too anxious to take advantage of the mistakes of his opponents, and he must have seized with a malicious joy the opportunity to publish a letter which must necessarily bring him the sympathy of all those who like to see quarrels settled with a due regard to decorum. At the end of Mr. Harris's letter is a short editorial note, which is nothing but a pæan of joy at the opportunity of publishing it.

This appeared in the *Spectator* of July 8th, and the editor of the *Spectator*, having been hopelessly worsted throughout, might well have congratulated himself on having "got a little of his own back" through Mr. Frank Harris's indiscretion. But in the following issue of July 15th he gives himself hopelessly away, and behaves in an even more childish manner than Mr. Frank Harris. He inserts in his columns a dignified protest, signed by almost all the authors of repute in England, protesting against the attitude of the *Spectator* towards the *English Review*. It contains such honoured names as Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Maurice Hewlett, Somerset Maugham, H. G. Wells, Eden Phillpotts, W. B. Yeats, George Moore, and Henry Arthur Jones, besides scores of others too numerous to mention. The editor of the *Spectator* makes no effort to answer this protest, because he knows that he cannot, and therefore, at a loss for argument, he falls back on that weakest and most contemptible of all substitutes, a cheap sneer, and affixes the following:—

We cannot say we find the list impressive.—Ed. *Spectator*.

This comes from the Editor of a paper which professes to be "a weekly review of Politics, Literature, Theology, and Art." Of its politics let us merely say this. The Editor professes to be "inspired." He would have his readers believe that Kings, Cabinet Ministers, and Great Viceroys are hourly thronging his outer office to let him know what is really going to happen, and their views are set forth in the most pompous and sententious language ever seen in print. The net result is that the unfortunate Editor has contradicted himself so often during the past four weeks, and has got tied into such knots that none of his readers can have any idea what his views are, or what is going to be the outcome of the present political crisis. Those interested in literature will surely appraise at its proper value a paper edited by a man who goes out of his way to insult all the best-known authors in the country in the most childish manner we have ever known. Of its theology we know nothing, except that the editor's knowledge of the ethics of Christianity must be absolutely nil if we judge them from his methods of conducting a literary dispute, and the dissemination of his views would do far more harm to humanity than the passage in Mr. Frank Harris's article to which he takes such exception. Of its views on Art we know little, but should rather deduce from the editor's intolerant and stereotyped attitude towards life that he must spend a good part of every twenty-four hours gazing in reverence and rapture at the Victoria Memorial whenever he is able to tear himself away from that erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort.

We must draw a veil over this historic controversy, but, before doing so, we should like to give a word of advice to the *Spectator* and to those who are responsible for its future

management. We live in a tolerant, broad-minded age, and the Papal Bull and the methods of the Inquisition no longer find favour amongst us. There are some forty millions of people in England, of whom possibly ten thousand read the *Spectator* each week, but no responsible journal can afford to disregard the varying views of the other thirty-nine million nine hundred and ninety thousand. Men hold different views on morals as well as on politics, and it is hopeless to expect all to see eye to eye with one another. Each is entitled to the expression of his own views, and there is nothing immoral in holding unorthodox opinions. Imagination and originality must be allowed free play, otherwise we should find ourselves stuck in a hopeless bog of stagnation and ineptitude. If your neighbour differs from you, do not hope to crush him by vulgar abuse or undignified invective, but by argument and logic. It is absurd for any man or any journal to set up as the universal arbiter of the actions and views of his fellow-creatures. The moral Mr. Turveydrop, Master of Department, can find no place in a democratic, enlightened age. "Live and let live" is a good motto, for beyond that narrow circle of befuddled clubmen, passionless curates and political nonentities, who swallow with their dinner the monumental platitudes and portentous prophecies such as are weekly purveyed by the *Spectator*, there is a great human world which, day by day, hour by hour, is working out the problem of life for itself, taking nothing for granted and nothing as final. Let the Editor of the *Spectator* remember that this great world, which only worships "the God of Things as they are," is looking for ideas and for freedom to express them. It is not content to accept as final the judgment of any—

Barren spirited-fellow ; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion.

THE INSURANCE BILL FROM THE EMPLOYER'S STANDPOINT

SINCE the first introduction of the National Insurance Bill newspapers and periodicals representing every shade of political opinion have devoted column upon column of their pages to its discussion and criticism. Yet, amidst this uproar of conflicting opinions, comparatively little attention has been devoted to the probable effect of the Bill upon the employer of labour. He is vitally interested in its operation ; the nation, as a whole, must stand or fall largely according to his prosperity or failure. It therefore behoves us closely to examine how far, and whether beneficially or adversely, his welfare will be affected should the Bill become law.

At the outset it may safely be declared that every employer is entirely in sympathy with the objects which the Bill is intended to secure—namely, the improvement of the conditions under which his employees live. But the employer's approval of the measure stops there, for he examines with growing alarm the proposals by whose means it is intended to attain that end, in itself so desirable. All the conditions and possibilities reviewed, he sees only that he and his fellow-employers are not likely to reap any substantial benefit, while they must certainly lose heavily in many ways as a result of the scheme being enforced.

The disadvantages which the passing of this Bill would entail upon British undertakings would prove a very serious menace to the prosperity of our communities. Every employer, irrespective of the individual profits or productiveness of the enterprise he conducts, would have to pay a poll-tax of 3d. per week for each man he employs at a wage of less than £3 per week. Where the employee's wages

fall below 2s. 6d. per day a higher tax would be imposed; while in certain specified industries it would be further increased to 5½d. per head to provide for benefits during unemployment.

These charges, it must be remembered, form an entirely new and additional expense to the employer of British labour. But his liability does not end there. As a large taxpayer he must inevitably contribute a portion of the sum raised by the State to meet the cost of the scheme; and as local ratepayer he will be mulcted yet a third time in his share of the increased expenses incurred by the local authorities on account of municipal employees' insurance and the discharge of other new duties created under the Bill. In short, every industry in the country, from farm and factory to local store, will be called upon to bear this triple burden. A poll-tax in proportion to the number of employees, and increases in the already heavy taxation for Imperial and local administration.

How can such additional burdens (amounting, in some instances, to a tax of as much as 10 per cent. on income) be borne by the industries in which the employer is engaged? Some, more favourably situated than the rest, protected by natural or local conditions, will certainly succeed in drawing the whole or a large portion of this increased impost out of their customers' pockets. They have no fear of foreign competitors, and their only difficulty will lie in the possibility of an increased cost ultimately reducing the demand for their products.

Certain trade combinations, such as Messrs. Brunner, Mond, and Co., alkali manufacturers, enjoying, as it were, partial monopolies, are in a similarly favoured position; but the less fortunate industries, which are exposed to world-wide competition, cannot adopt the expedient of making the consumer pay the extra cost. This amount, however, must obviously be made up in some way. Deduction from wages is barred by the provisions of the Bill, and still more effectively in many trades by the power of the Trade Unions; increase in the price of products is checked as thoroughly by foreign competition, which, in the present state of our tariff system, even now threatens to throttle many trades.

There remain only two other sources from which this new impost—this increase in production charges—might be met, by a reduction of profits, or by a wholesale introduction of labour-saving machinery.

The former avenue, however, is "no thoroughfare," for the profits made by our manufacturers and employers of labour in general are not sufficiently high to permit such reduction, even if only slight. It has been estimated that the total burden imposed on this country's industries by this measure would amount to about £10,000,000 annually, which represents 5½ per cent. on a total production estimated at £180,000,000.

The vast majority of firms are working on a very low margin, and can devise no means of meeting the additional burden which would be imposed on them. For them shrunken profits will mean dwindling dividends, starved resources, and inadequate funds for maintenance, which in turn will render them unable to tide over periods of depression, to instal up-to-date machinery, or to seize favourable opportunities for expanding their business. Then at last they will find capital scared away and their credit vanished—a crisis that may be temporarily deferred, but, in the absence of any effective remedy, must ultimately overwhelm them.

What, then, of the last resource proposed—the extended use of labour-saving machinery? This, again, affords no solution of the problem. The smaller firms working on a narrow margin of profit would find themselves unable to raise the capital necessary for the introduction of such machinery; while to succeed in installing it the larger undertakings must

strain their borrowing powers to the utmost, and this with a view to discharging many of their employees. Thus, on the one hand, those firms which survived the strain would be gravely handicapped, and, on the other, unemployment would assume alarming proportions, defeating the beneficent intentions underlying the Bill.

The advocates of the Bill may endeavour to brush aside these very grave objections, which render the measure in its present form a monument of folly from the standpoints of individual and national trade. They may suggest, perhaps, that the employer has succeeded in shouldering the burden imposed by the Workmen's Compensation Act without experiencing any results highly disastrous to himself. The employer to-day bears ungrudgingly the expense which the operation of that Act entails upon his purse, because he knows he is morally responsible for the accidents occurring to his workpeople when engaged on his business; but he feels himself in no way more responsible than is the rest of the community at large for the stress and accidents of his artisans' private lives. There is a clear distinction between a workman's incapacity due to his occupation and the ordinary sickness and infirmities which are the common lot of mankind. For the latter the individual employer cannot be considered responsible, as the Bill seeks to make him.

We have now disclosed the main disadvantages employers would suffer under the Bill; the question remains, Would it bring them any compensating benefits?

On this score the chief, and almost the sole, argument is that the employer will derive great benefit from the increased efficiency of his employees. It would be idle to deny that the next generation of workers are likely to be finer craftsmen than their predecessors owing to improved conditions of living being secured for the whole of the labouring community. So far we may allow the justice of the claim. But against this prospective advantage must be offset the danger of "malingering" becoming at once more prevalent.

The practice of "malingering" is, unfortunately, not uncommon to-day, and it is acknowledged that medical supervision is no efficient safeguard against this evil. At a recent meeting of the Walsall Chamber of Commerce convened to devise means for protecting employers against loss from this cause (under workmen's compensation claims) it was stated that "malingering" was "largely on the increase," one speaker urging recognition of the fact "that there are many men who prefer a third of their wages for doing nothing to working hard for the whole." The promise of 10s. per week as sick pay under the Insurance Bill would act as a further incentive to this practice. That it is a serious drawback will be recognised when it is remembered that the sudden absence of men from work in a highly organised industry spells disorganisation until they can be replaced. Each man is an essential link in the chain of such an organisation, and if the chain be broken a temporary dislocation of the system occurs. This, when multiplied, involves serious loss of time, power, and money.

In the United States employers spend considerable sums for the benefit of their workers, and claim that the cost is more than recouped owing to the greater efficiency secured. If "malingering" proves no serious drawback in the States it is because the employer himself distributes his contributions to his employees direct without Government intervention. Under the Insurance Bill the serious sacrifices which such contributions entailed upon the British employer would be overlooked by his workpeople, and the practical value of their moral obligation to him would thus be lost.

The position, in short, resolves itself into this: the employer is asked to consent to a measure which exposes his business to grave risk of extinction through the various

channels of loss already described, in return for the possibility held out to him that his successor of the next generation may find more capable workpeople than those available to-day. From the humanitarian standpoint the final purpose of the Bill cannot be too highly praised; it is the means proposed which are unbusinesslike and inequitable in the extreme.

A point of equity on which the employer condemns the Bill is that it would impose a poll-tax based on the number of persons employed in every concern, instead of being a tax calculated on each undertaking's individual profits. As a provincial Chamber of Commerce recently pointed out, "the wages bill of an employer is no indication of the income of the employer, and the Bill, if passed in its present form will press with great severity on many small manufacturers and others who employ a large amount of labour for a comparatively small return for themselves."

There is another aspect in which the Bill should be viewed. Under its provisions those persons who had invested money in British enterprise would suffer heavy loss, while their more prudent, though less patriotic, fellow-countrymen enjoyed a substantial return on their capital. Let us take a concrete example haphazard. Why should the shareholders of the British firm of, say, Bayliss, Jones, and Bayliss be required to pay a larger contribution than the British shareholders in the Dutch firm of Stokvis and Zonen? During the three years, 1908, 1909, 1910, the former company earned no dividends, whereas the latter has paid dividends on its shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum since its inception in 1908. The shareholders in the former company, who had lent their capital with a view to furthering British enterprise, and had employed British workmen, were less able to meet the demands upon their pockets than the shareholders in the latter concern, whose capital was being applied to the employment of foreigners. Yet, if the Insurance Bill were passed in its present form, the former, as employers of British labour, would be required to meet a heavy additional charge, which the latter, employing foreign workmen, would entirely escape. How can the promoters of the Bill reconcile such inequalities, which must inevitably ensue upon its enactment, with their theory that the Bill as now drafted must operate entirely for the national well-being?

When we propound this query we are generally met with the reply that no doubt it seems rather hard on the shareholders in British firms, but that in Germany also, for example, where a similar insurance scheme is in force, the employer has to pay. In reality, however, the German people as a whole share his burden, for by means of an import duty the German is enabled to distribute the extra cost over his whole country.

In view of the great hardships which, as we have seen, the Bill must necessarily impose upon the majority of the employers of labour throughout this country, and which must inevitably nullify, to some extent, the benefits that the promoters of the Bill seek to secure for the employee class, it would certainly seem the duty of the State to relieve the employers of as much of this burden as possible.

If, then, in our case the State should prove unwilling itself to raise the sums necessary for the adoption of this Insurance scheme by taxing equally the whole community, the least that could be done would be to put all the country's industries upon the same footing as that upon which the manufacture of alcohol has been placed in the past. That is to say, in return for the excise-duty which is to be imposed upon this country's industries let an equivalent duty be charged on imported commodities, the product of foreign industries.

DOUGLAS WALKER (Capt.).

Thames Iron Works, Canning Town, E.

THE PROPHETS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

It is always fascinating to speculate as to what posterity will think of one's own time. Swift did it with bitterness—and failed. But for that matter such speculations commonly fail because it is so difficult to take oneself out of one's own time. I have sometimes thought, however, that by the analogy of history we could get some sort of idea of what posterity would say.

In the first place, throughout all history the most noticeable feature about the state of mind of any particular period and people is what the French call their *donnés*—that is, the things which they take for granted, and which they imagine all the rest of the world to take for granted. These things stand out like big, definite patches of darkness against the more or less decipherable page, and until we know them the meaning of the page is lost to us.

It is sometimes said that the difficulty lies in the fact that a period never tells one what it took for granted, but the trouble is a little more subtle than that. Individual writers often tell us in so many words what their age is taking for granted. The difficulty lies in the fact that they do not tell us why they take such things for granted; how they got to the state of mind. Thus the fourth century is dominantly Christian; but how did it become so?

Let us choose something that is taken for granted in all the thought of our time, and which posterity will certainly seize upon as an extraordinary case of unquestioned belief. It is taken for granted that the habits of existing savages are identical with those of our remote and prehistoric ancestors. Now that is not a *donné* about which modern writers are silent. On the contrary, if anything, they talk too much about it. You will find the principle definitely stated in perhaps three hundred books for the instruction of the young. But what you do not get (and what posterity will want) is the full process of reasoning by which so extraordinary a conviction was brought about.

You will get exactly the same thing in the ninth and early tenth centuries. It is a period in which writers love to mingle the marvellous (and now and then the certainly false) with the plainer statements of reality. I do not mean this in the general sense that an age of religious faith will be less sceptical than an age of religious decay, I mean it in the particular sense. It is not miracles that the writers of the end of the Dark Ages are out for, nor revelations, nor the consciousness of things beyond this narrow world. It is an appetite for and a bias towards the extraordinary, and for that matter the impossible. Such a tone being applied to history does not vitiate history, for it only deals with sporadic facts, and not with a chain of cause and effect; but to the modern reader it is very irritating. For instance, Eginhard's "Life of Charlemagne" is a plain and rather bald statement of fact. Get you well onward into the ninth century, and the monk of St. Gall packs the story of Charlemagne with legend; the more of the atmosphere of dream that he can get in, the happier he is.

Well, these worthy people take it for granted that you want the marvellous, and hunt it out for you, and even invent it for you. What none of them do is to tell you how they got their point of view.

Consider another thing which is characteristic of our time. We take it for granted that there we are engaged in a definite procession from one particular society to another. We have a fairly clear idea of each in our heads. The first idea—the idea of the past—is rather too simple. With that we need not much concern ourselves, because the idea that the past was so and so, plain and square, is common to every period, and to be somewhat wrong about it must be common

to all popular judgments at all times. What is really extraordinary and peculiar to our time is our unconscious conviction that we are proceeding from that erroneously conceived past to a certain definite future of a type that never has existed, and, what is even more extraordinary, of a sort to which the steps we take year by year do not lead. You will hear a public orator say, "In the past nations were separated by difficulties of travel," &c., and then go on to say that in the future they are going to know a great deal more about each other, and that the world is going to form one state with mutual understanding and universal peace, and all the rest of it. That man is acting the part of a wild, irresponsible prophet. He is taking for granted very much more than the man who claims to tell you the name of next year's Derby winner. He is supposing himself acquainted with the whole designs of Providence. But speaking thus at a public dinner he will not impress his audience as a wild seer. They will not think of him as a prophet who is talking about things that he cannot possibly know. They will think of him as a commonplace fellow uttering platitudes.

Now if a regular series of events were proceeding in such a fashion that we could strike a curve, as it were, and determine from the equation of that curve that it was leading towards the goal this gentleman postulates, he would have no reason indeed for his security in prophesying, but at least an excuse. Curves of historical development are not simple, they are exceedingly complex; but if a man can strike a portion of the curve he may be excused for thinking that he has discovered an equation for the whole of it, and one that will bind it in all its evolution. For instance, if a man in 1860 had said that Europe at the present time would be everywhere a gridiron of railways, such as Belgium is, he would have been wrong; but railway development was going on at such a rate that he would have had an excuse for being wrong. What no one has even an excuse for is pretending to have the equation of a curve when they have not got so much as the elements of a section of it. That state of society in which nations know more about each other is not approaching, it is receding—or rather there is a most complicated process of the increase of one kind of knowledge of foreign affairs in one nation, accompanied by the decrease of that sort of knowledge in another sphere in the same nation; and every nation differs from its neighbour in the nature of its growing advantages and disadvantages in this respect.

Thus the French during the last twenty years have enormously increased their knowledge of English literature and social life. The Germans in the last forty or fifty years have spread an elementary knowledge of certain general facts about foreign nations widely among their populace. A group of wealthy Americans have become what Americans never were before—that is, cosmopolitan—and Russia has grown, in her sudden modern development, to be largely managed by Poles and Germans. Again, Germans now travel in Italy much more than they did, and there is a commercial intercommunication between Asia and Europe much larger than anything we have had in the past.

But, on the other hand, the instructed opinion of Great Britain has turned itself more and more to the British Colonies and to the United States, and in general to what is called "The English-speaking World." It knows far less of Europe than it did one hundred years ago. The Italian travels in great numbers to special parts of the world, notably to the United States, and brings back his experiences to instruct his fellows at home; but it is the poor Italian who travels thus, not the well-to-do or educated Italian. The educated part of North Germany knew much more about France fifty years ago than it knows now. Indeed when one travels in North Germany to-day one of

the things that strikes one most is the curious ignorance of responsible people about the military and social condition of their great military rival. German acquaintance with the English language is extraordinary, but the ignorance one meets of English and English-speaking things which are necessary to a comprehension of England is more extraordinary still.

Bismarck said that Gladstone wanted to make himself the President of an English Republic. You cannot imagine Frederick the Great saying that Voltaire wanted to make himself the Pope of a Gallican Church—and yet of the two statements the one is no more ridiculous than the other.

Of that vast and common intercommunication between countries which characterised Europe four hundred years ago, an intercommunication carried on by the best educated and the best-trained men of the time, active, vivacious, and constant, informed by a universal language—not a trace remains; nevertheless, we are still doomed to speakers at public dinners prophesying the universal brotherhood of man, and we must bear with them for some time to come.

Another thing that posterity will surely notice about us is the extraordinary loss of values which we seem to have suffered compared with more orderly periods. You do not need any great research or speculation to convince you of this matter. You have but to look up the files of newspapers in the British Museum. Take any little period you like—the Dreyfus excitement, or the Three Acres and a Cow business of our youth, or even a period in which there was no particular puppet being jerked before the audience. Read what was written and printed. Take half a day at the business and I'll warrant you'll come out singularly instructed and with a proper contempt for your newspaper of to-day. The world in those yellow and cracked pages is always coming to an end. Various cataclysms are perpetually imminent, and, what is comic, real movements, plain indications of things to come, are invariably missed. There is always going to be a great European war in the West. Of a lengthy struggle within the boundaries of the British Empire, of the murderous wrestle between Russia and the new Japan, there is not a hint. While the German Navy is growing it is not the German Navy you hear of, it is the French and the Russian. At one election in the United States you have the sheep all flocking in a herd to prophesy a quarrel between East and West: no one sees in the near future the Spanish-American War.

Now we cannot blame men for failing to prophesy right, but we can blame them for prophesying so perpetually and so continually, and in so rasping and aggressive a tone of voice, during thirty futile years—and perhaps this note of futile, insistent prophecy, of cocksureness before the unknown, and of contempt for reality will most mark for posterity our scientific age. If, indeed, it manages to be recollected at all!

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—V.

By FRANK HARRIS

CURIOUSLY enough, it is seldom the greatest things which strike one most at the moment. A certain perspective is necessary in order to see a masterpiece in its true proportions. On leaving Dijon, the thing most present to me was not the Ducal Palace or the splendid work of Claus Sluter, but a building I've never even mentioned—the Palais de Justice, and in it an astonishing Renaissance-room. It is painted in deep blue all starred with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, and lighted by great bay-windows; the ceiling is divided into deep squares of carved wood. I don't know why, but the

columned porch, too, of this building made a great impression on me, an impression of austere reserve which contrasted finely with the gorgeous room in its robes of blue and gold. This building and the "Hostel Dieu" at Beaune seemed to have imprinted themselves in my blood.

We ran out of Dijon in the early morning resolved to sleep in Paris. To our astonishment every one was in the streets; it was the first stage of the great aeroplane contest, and some airmen had already dropped into the town, which was all agog with curiosity. Our way at first took us past the Chartreuse de Champmol, hidden in its park on the slope of a steep hill, and then out into the country, side by side with the great tree-fringed canal of Burgundy. I did not expect any fine scenery; I did not want any; I had had a glut of natural beauty, and wanted rather to live with the memories of the wonderful art I had seen in Dijon; but I was soon forced to admit that in its own way this country, too, was entrancingly lovely. True, there were no great mountains or awesome gorges in it, no Mont Blancs or Rhone-rifts; but everything is relative, and these wooded hills, with here and there naked ramparts of stone—a couple of hundred feet of sheer cliff—were sufficiently imposing. The landscape varied at every moment; the air was astonishingly clear, vivid, exhilarating, and over all the sunshine of early summer, with the warmth of a kiss.

We had made up our minds to go through Sens and Fontainebleau to Paris; but first of all we meant to see Avallon and Vezelay. How beautiful these French names are—Avallon and Vezelay sing themselves in the ear like Chambord and Chénonceaux on the Loire. The most beautiful English names are nearly all French, like Hurstmonceaux. After running for about thirty-five kilometres we branched off to the left to Avallon. We found it a small town of about five thousand inhabitants, splendidly situated on a great rocky promontory, looking down on the river Cousin. There was nothing else interesting in this "town of apples," and so we hurried on to Vezelay. I wonder how many English readers know of Vezelay; yet it should be of interest to them if they only knew its history. In the twelfth century this little wind-swept village was almost as important to the Christian world as Rome or Jerusalem, and far better known throughout Europe than London or even Paris. It was the centre of the cult of the Magdalene, which was then at its height. It is a village now of seven or eight hundred inhabitants, lying far away from the high roads and thoroughfares of modern life. It stands on a rounded hill thrown up some five hundred feet above the little river, the Cure. It was here that St. Bernard began to preach the second Crusade. Part of the old infirmary is still standing where the boy king lodged at the time, and over the old twelfth-century door is a time-worn statuette said to represent the militant monk who had made himself the conscience of the Christian world. As St. Francis resembled the Master, so St. Bernard resembled St. Paul—of course with many differences. He tells us himself that he left his castle because he was plagued with all the lusts of the flesh (*un homme charnel et vendu au péché*), and perhaps for that reason he distinguished himself by attacking all carnal desires and in especially the gluttony of monks and luxury of abbots:—

"How far have we fallen," he cried, "from the brethren of earlier times who went about with empty bellies and souls filled with love divine! These fat fellows have meals of many courses, and tempt appetite with colours and odours till the poor stomach which has no artistic enjoyment, is overwhelmed and not refreshed. They are not ashamed to drink four glasses of wine at one meal, and their fast days are a farce. Their abbots, too, go about with a retinue of servants and silver plate, like princes of provinces, and

not like curates of souls. . . . The churches are all gorgeous with gold and mosaics and images, but there is nothing for the poor; the houses of God are clothed like queens, but their jewelled hands are empty and the children go naked, crying with hunger."

The saint practised what he preached. He lived for weeks together on beech-mast and leaves and gutter-water, and with "flaming eyes" called sinners everywhere to repentance. He conquered German Emperor and French King, and flogged them all across the seas to war with the infidel.

On the summit of the hill at Vezelay stands the great Abbey Church of St. Madeleine, which was supposed to hold the bones of the repentant sinner. It has been restored by Viollet-le-Duc himself, and for the first time in my life I took pleasure in a restoration. Not only is the work excellently done, with understanding and sympathy, but the second Crusade is a long way off, and I had need of precise data in order to think myself back into the twelfth century, and conjure up again the strange crowd and recall the Psalms chanted in monkish Latin and the sermons which were all in Latin too.

Here in front of this church St. Louis prayed; here Philip Augustus of France and Richard Cœur de Lion of England took up the cross in the summer of 1189: one can see the very place, stand on the self-same stones, where the kings stood that Sunday morning seven hundred years ago when they pledged themselves to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels, and their followers took the same vow—"all kneeling in the dust," amid an immense concourse of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom "who had spent the night on straw in the streets and in the open country for miles round, for the town was not large enough to hold the multitude of them."

The Church itself is of Roman architecture, and goes back to the last half of the eleventh century. The façade has three portals and a square tower; over the central portal the Last Judgment, all the figures in half-relief; higher still a great window richly ornamented with sculptured effigies. St. Bernard used to thunder in favour of "plain, bare churches," but popular wishes were stronger than the admonitions of the great Puritan. Even the cornice here is enlivened with grotesque gargoyles, for the Cathedral of the twelfth century was not only a prayer in stone, but also the comic paper of the period. In front of the church is a narthex, or porch, 60ft. or 70ft. long, which was built from 1130 to 1140. The nave, too, has three doors, the centre one surrounded with sacred statues. Under the choir is a crypt, again with three naves, and under the tower a lovely chapel of still earlier time. I don't know why, but in this cloister the words of Henry V. chanted themselves in my ears:—

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Towards heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. . . ."

Behind the church is an avenue of splendid trees, where one has a superb view over the little town and stream. There is nothing else to see in Vezelay, and yet the mere memory of St. Bernard and the leonine mask of Richard the Crusader are enough for me: the representatives of real life and the life of the soul in visible conflict, and the Saint carries it and makes the King his soldier. . . . That's all; that's the true meaning of the whole twelfth century to me: it is all a great object-lesson in the truth of St. Paul's words—"The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." The great

Richard and the fiery-eyed Bernard, both silent now these hundreds of years; but the same choice presents itself again and again to each of us, and is the crisis of manhood. Do we turn our backs on power and pleasure, and take up the burden; or are we too cunning to be wise? Richard the Lion-hearted made up his mind quickly, and his years of sacrifice and toil and humiliation have given him a place in history which is, perhaps, after all, one of the great objects of life. And St. Bernard?—he is still an inspiration; his speech now familiar, now passionate, “flaming like the pines on a mountain-side;” his name—

An echo and a light
Unto Eternity.

When running out of the little village we had some difficulty in finding our way, and stopped at length in despair at cross-roads where there was an ancient sign, which we tried in vain to read. A hundred yards further on we saw a flock of sheep, and went towards them hoping to find a shepherd and guidance. As we came near a girl rose from the side of the walk with a book in her hand. She had been reading, it appeared, and was startled by our coming. We were equally surprised by her appearance; she was, perhaps, fifteen years of age, tall and slight, but scantily dressed in some blue stuff, her bare feet thrust into wooden sabots. She fronted us bravely, though plainly ill at ease. She might have been a painter's model; her face a triangular oval, with very broad forehead, and wide, brown eyes, both round and long, under straight, black brows; her nose small and well cut; her skin tanned dark brown, masses of black hair falling over her shoulders. “What are you reading?” we asked. “A story-book,” she answered, blushing. “Do you know the way to Auxonne?” we went on. “Oh, yes,” she replied; “it is a straight road, but it's a long way—a whole day's drive.” This peasant-girl stands to me as a sort of genius, the genius of this beautiful, fertile Burgundy, for her eyes were deep as with dim memories.

From Vezelay we had some difficulty in getting into the main road again, and it was late when we ran into Sens. Sens was the scene of a famous victory by Cæsar, and is now a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. It has been the seat of an Archbishopric since the eighth century. It was here that the great Council was held in the twelfth century, in which St. Bernard got Abélard condemned. Little did he dream that the heretic he hated and his mistress would win a higher fame than his own. How he would have thundered had he been told that one of her love-words would become better known than any of his denunciations. “I would rather be your mistress,” Héloïse wrote to Abélard, “than the wife of any Emperor.”

The Church of St. Etienne is the Cathedral of Sens: it was begun in 1124 in the Roman style, and finished about 1168. The Archbishop was that same Guillaume de Sens to whom we owe the choir of Canterbury. There is a wonderful Gothic *retable* on the left hand side of the church, and the treasury contains a piece of the true Cross carefully preserved in a massive gold reliquary of the twelfth century, all encrusted with jewels. Where did the priests get the fragment of the Cross? How did men come to believe in it? Who was the first to proclaim it? All questions which can never be answered with certainty.

Sure it is, however, that they preserve in this treasury the priestly robes of St. Thomas à Becket, who was murdered at Canterbury Cathedral in 1170, for his vestments brought here from the ancient monastery of St. Colombe, two miles to the north-west of Sens, where Becket lived from 1166 to 1170. All this country is full of English memories, showing the close connection between England and France for several centuries after the Conquest.

REVIEWS

TWENTY YEARS IN INDIA

Letters from India. By LADY WILSON. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

Too much must not be expected from this collection of over sixty letters, of an informally personal type, written by the authoress to her family from India, and returned to her by them just before she left the country. They cover a period of twenty years—1889 to 1909—and appear to have been written originally without a view to publication, but they have avowedly been amplified where necessary from recollection, and it would hardly be unkind to presume that their reissue has been supervised by the writer's husband, who was an Indian civilian of some eminence, and has since his retirement taken to enlightening the public with ponderous papers on such attractive subjects as the administration of the Panjab, the Currency Policy, and Indian statistics generally. If the husband took his work in India so seriously as his papers indicate, it is not surprising that the writer of these letters was imbued with the same spirit. But even with the amplification they have received they cannot escape the character of superficiality which inevitably appertains to personal letter-writing; it would be impossible to maintain a correspondence which assumed the form of elaborate essays or aimed at conveying solid information in a condensed shape.

Lady Wilson is a daughter of the late Dr. Norman Macleod (1812-1872), the eminent Scotch divine and eloquent preacher, who was so highly appreciated by the late Queen Victoria. She has inherited a fair share of her father's ability, has travelled and observed, so that with reading and culture and a sense of humour, occasionally exhibited, she has a comprehensive equipment for literary work. Her first publication, fifteen years ago, had its brief day of success; and if she had had a more open field she might on this occasion also have reasonably expected to win similar popularity. But it must be confessed that of late years this field has been fully occupied. In former days, to mention some specimens, there appeared at wide intervals such works as the “*Letters of Mrs. Fay*,” “*Hartley House*,” by Sophia Goldborne, “*Bishop Heber's Journals*,” the Hon. Emily Eden's “*Up the Country*,” and “*Letters from India*.” Within living memory we have had the late Mr. Aberigh-Mackay's inimitable “*Twenty-one Days in India*,” a book by Mrs. Moss King, the works of Mrs. Flora Steel and S. J. Duncan (Mrs. Cotes); more recently we have had the late Lord Lytton's *Letters*, Lady Dufferin's “*Our Viceregal Life in India*,” the *Private Letters of Lord Dalhousie*. There have also issued brochures from the itinerants Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, “*Impressions of Indian Travel*,” by Mr. Oscar Browning, and last, but not least, Mr. Valentine Chirol's reproduction, in “*Indian Unrest*,” of his thirty-seven letters to the *Times*. Lady Wilson is therefore by no means the first lady-writer or the first to collect and reissue letters written in India. It must be remembered, too, that during the last few years India has, under the Morley-Minto régime, been passing through exciting times in politics, when murderous outrages, conspiracies, deeds of violence, State prosecutions, reforms of Councils, Coronation Durbars have filled and fill the public eye on India. It is proverbial that Indian matters must be as highly flavoured as the curries, chutnies, and culinary condiments of that country to appeal to jaded appetites; so that, when Lady Wilson gives us a volume of her personal experiences and reflections, honourably and properly free from any spice of malice or ill-nature, it must fail to compare in public estimation with the older

or more richly-seasoned pabulum to which allusion has been made. There is much in her letters which is devoid of novelty; the Indian bungalow, the servants, the housekeeping, the native crowds have often been described; the charms of camp life and hospitality, given or received, are known to all Anglo-Indians and to many others; the brief glimpses of her husband's official work are judiciously abbreviated, so that they do not repel the reader.

But in one important respect Lady Wilson strikes a new note, which shows how fast India is moving, and that the officials are not behindhand in making greater efforts than formerly to hold more frequent and sympathetic intercourse with the natives of India, and not only with the educated natives, but with the country-folk in their villages, in their zenanas, and under the shady trees. This is as it should be: it is a reversion to the older system prevailing before report-writing and statistical returns had been so multiplied as they have been by the concentration of authority in the Government Secretariats. But it is only possible for the district officers and others like Sir James Wilson, while touring through their charges; in the larger towns social intercourse must follow more formal methods. Lady Wilson, writing to her son of eighteen, mentions casually that "Hindu and Mahomedan gentlemen dine with us sometimes and we dine with them." This in few words indicates the development of social intercourse so far achieved, but it will be noticed that it makes no reference to native ladies, few of whom have hitherto emancipated themselves from the system of female seclusion. She was perfectly aware that "some Europeans of the old school would not allow a lady to accept an Indian gentleman's proffered hospitality. They would not permit her to drive through an Indian town, be a spectator of tent-pegging, or receive an Indian as visitor, far less dine with him. They would, in short, prefer her to be as wholly absent from every kind of Indian society as are the inmates of zenanas. Their argument is that until an Indian gentleman will allow them to meet his wife, they will not allow him to meet an English lady."

Sir James and Lady Wilson took the opposite line; she accompanied him wherever they could go together, and visited the homes to which he was not admitted. Though she made these efforts, she could write, "I know it is only at the framework of this life I am looking, and I have a sad feeling that themselves I shall never understand; that as far as the East is from the West, so far are we removed from one another. I realise that I am face to face with a Sphinx who is not dumb, but who remains an eternal enigma. Perhaps it is because, with universally good manners, these people have an inborn reticence which you can never plumb, hardly confiding to a brother, so they say themselves, the cherished wishes or the secrets of their heart." She found an absorbing interest in India, in "the sense of its beauty, its unfathomable mysteries, its gigantic problems and far-off horizons." She read some Hindu literature, and stumbled on the terse conclusion that the Vedas were "the result of a prevailing endeavour to wed Polytheism to Monotheism, with Pantheism holding both in its embrace"! She gives a very abridged *résumé* of the Vedanta Philosophy, the creed of educated India, but does not know whether she has understood these mystical writings. Nor can she even imagine what any single Hindu feels upon the most indifferent subject, with his mind so curiously elastic that he could give the scientific explanation of an eclipse of the sun, with the gentle addendum "at the same time a demon is eating him up." She is not the first, and will not be the last, to discover that "the veil which falls between them and us is not for a moment lifted." Civilisation can be stimulated, but not forced, by individual efforts.

Lady Wilson spent most of her time in the Panjab,

including Simla and some of the larger towns. Her observations on Calcutta and Hyderabad are altogether inadequate and conventional. On Rajputana and Central India, the frontier, and especially the Canal Colonies—which are so creditable to the British administration—she writes with a fervour which her correspondents must have appreciated; her account of Lord Kitchener as a humorist comes as a surprise. After all, the question remains whether it was worth while to collect and reissue this series of private letters. Can it be said that they advance our knowledge of India and its peoples? They deserve, at any rate, to be introduced to the reading public, who will have their opinion on the point.

THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT

The Alien Problem and its Remedy. By M. J. LANDA.
(P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)

AMONG living political problems that of the alien immigrant has suffered from misunderstanding more than most others. If there be any doubt as to the accuracy of this statement, we need only refer to the Aliens Act at present in force, which, although but a few years old and the child of a Conservative Government, has, as a consequence of the experience gained by its working, but few to defend it and less friends. It is true that some of the advocates of the restriction of alien immigration contend that many of the evils of which they complain could be remedied if the administration of the Act were carried out on different lines. But this is in itself, even if true, a condemnation of the measure from their point of view, for a properly drawn Act would give no opportunities for such unsatisfactory administration. Extreme opponents of alien immigration, such as Mr. Arnold White, Sir William Evans-Gordon, and Mr. E. A. Goulding, would, however, not be satisfied with the Act even if the severest intentions of its framers were carried out. On the other hand, those, apart from the mere politicians, who opposed the legislation most firmly are thoroughly dissatisfied with the frequently harsh manner in which the measure has been administered. As far as the really harmful element among the alien immigrants is concerned, the Act of 1905 appears to have been practically without effect. On the other hand, the harmless element, consisting of those whose principal offence is their friendlessness and their poverty, has in many cases been harassed and worried inordinately. So far as the volume of immigration is concerned, the Act has affected considerable reductions in the number of transmigrants—those who are *en route* for America and South Africa. Formerly these used to pass *via* England, to the advantage of the English shipping trade. Now, discouraged by the difficulties put in their way by the officials who administer the Aliens Act, and also by the exaggerated stories which reach them, these transmigrants prefer to go direct to their destinations from Continental ports to the corresponding loss of English trade.

With two Aliens Bills before Parliament, the appearance of Mr. Landa's volume is to an eminent extent timely. The author has for many years had an intimate acquaintance with the alien in this country, and has occasionally visited him abroad. For the last three years he has attended the sittings of the London Immigration Board of Appeal, and he has studied the organisation of the immense immigration traffic at Bremen and Hamburg. Mr. Landa is thus qualified to deal with the subject which he has taken up, and he sets out, as he puts it, "with the object of presenting the problem in proper perspective and proportion." For the most part he puts the political points of view of alien immi-

gration aside and devotes his pen to the social and economic aspects of the question.

Mr. Landa is right in this, for the subject is essentially a social and economic one into which politics ought never to have entered. A first essential for one who wishes to deal with the problem is a thorough knowledge of all the elements that go to make it up. Unfortunately many of the loudest advocates and opponents of restriction were and are obviously quite uneducated in the science on which they were posing as authorities. Otherwise many of the extraordinary statements which we hear would never be made. The result is shown in the ill-considered legislation which found its way on to the statute-book. Never has prejudice been more naked and unashamed than among many of the leaders of the movement which culminated in the Act of 1905. Facts and figures were disdained by these self-styled economists. Statistics were unnecessary to their case. For their statements proof was equally uncalled for. Thus an atmosphere of prejudice and inaccuracy collected round the Aliens question. To dispel this miasma is the purpose of Mr. Landa's book.

We do not propose to follow him in all his arguments. It is the task of his fellow-expert, or would-be expert. The function of the reviewer is to direct the attention of the members of that class to the work, so that they may have less excuse in the future than they have had in the past for some of the curious statements to which they have given currency. We cannot pass, however, without notice some of the most glaring of the inaccuracies to which the author calls attention. There was one supreme one made by no less a personage than Mr. Akers-Douglas, then Home Secretary. By ignoring the number of aliens who left the country annually, he coolly stated that the foreign population of the Kingdom increased every year by 80,000 or 90,000. The figures of the recent census show that the alien population has increased by about only half that figure during the past decade. As Mr. Landa says, "It would be just as logical to compute increase of population from births alone, ignoring deaths." Another exaggeration of the figures has been manipulated by the omission of "stated to be" from the official statement of the number of aliens "not stated to be *en route*," and although a large proportion of these is or was known to be transmigrants, the whole of this class was repeatedly announced as permanent annual additions to the population. Misstatements of this description cannot have effect for more than ten years. With the census figures comes enlightenment, and the amateur statisticians will have to commence their calculations *de novo* from this year.

Mr. Landa examines all the available statistics very carefully, and he finds that in 1905, the year of the passage of the Act "to protect the English from an invasion of aliens," instead of an increase in the alien population there was actually a decrease on balance of over 16,500. The same statement, to a less extent, held good for the two following years, while last year the net increase amounted to the insignificant number of 3,637. Surely such figures hardly warranted an Act of Parliament! There is much else of value in Mr. Landa's book, which includes in an appendix the text of the Act of 1905, and the different rules and Orders issued under it by the Home Office.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE NOVEL

Two Centuries of the English Novel. By HAROLD WILLIAMS, M.A. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Too many times, perhaps, has the evolution of the English novel been discussed by critics, scrutineers, and craftsmen in literature, so that unless a writer with the progress of fiction as his province can hold a new glass to our eyes, can

set the past in a new focus, or bid us view it from a different position, his efforts at illumination are likely to be neglected in the mingled light of others. The interest of the subject to the literary reader is paramount. He can hardly put down "The Egoist," let us say, or "Tess," or "Clayhanger," without asking how the gap between the solemn moralistic endeavours of Samuel Richardson and these vivid delineations and elaborations of modern life has been bridged. We can appreciate the width of the chasm by imagining Richardson's readers sitting down to one of Hardy's novels, or Fielding's circle wandering and wondering through "The Golden Bowl"—a mental experiment more convincing than the actual one which we can put into practice any day of reading Richardson and Fielding for ourselves. From decade to decade, from mind to mind, the art of telling a more or less probable story has descended, and has gathered to itself at last so many snippets of other arts and sciences that its purity, save in the hands of a master, is in danger of vanishing. We have nowadays plentiful emotional situations, acute analyses of character, clever studies of reactive influences, but not much simple, straightforward story-telling; whereas in the beginning, as the author of this book points out with regard to "Robinson Crusoe," a novel might be read through without the slightest provocation to laughter or tears.

The history of this development is, of course, inseparably the story of human nature, and might lead to interminable ramifications if not severely leashed. Fortunately for the reader, perhaps, steady-going analysis of material rather than brilliant dissection of motives and tendencies is Mr. Williams' strong position. With Defoe he starts his more detailed investigations, and his notes on the author of that joy of boyhood's days, the book to which we have just alluded, are excellent. How is it that a mere narrative of adventure, the sort of thing to which we are to-day almost strangers, can at this distance of years and in these times of cultivated tastes still fascinate nearly all of us? Once satisfactorily answered, this question will illuminate far more than the immediate point; it will indicate the persistent, simple humanity which underlies all ages and survives all changes, the immanent natural beneath the impermanent artificial. In some degree Mr. Williams succeeds, as the following extract will show:—

In Defoe there is something of that inimitable simplicity of manner in telling a story which reminds us of the narratives of the Old Testament. But beyond this, is it possible to name the charm of the book which holds us in boyhood and in age? Like all great things, like all the best things of life, it cannot be completely analysed, explained, or defined. But certainly one great appeal which the book makes is that the hero is a very ordinary person, not a whit cleverer than our poor selves. . . . Anybody could play Crusoe's part without training. He stands for each one of us. The simplicity of the tale carries us over into the pages of the book. To read it is to adopt a special fashion of living for the time being. . . .

Defoe's eye and vision were wholly reserved for movement and action. But his characters live and move; they are not mere puppets. The question whether a novelist is an artist or not turns finally upon the simple question: Do his characters live as men and women, or are they pulled by wires at the author's whim and fancy? A hundred novels, in technique and knowledge far beyond anything Defoe could pretend to, appear every year. We read them, remember the title, the general idea of the book, and forget every character promptly. Taking this as a basis of judgment to the question, Was Defoe more than the mere storyteller? there can be but one answer—Yes.

Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith are treated at some length, and with the intermediate period of Sir Walter Scott

we come to more modern names—Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontë sisters, and George Eliot. The latter is the theme of a very acute little study: "She sometimes thinks of a class when she speaks of a person; and she is inclined to see the world in definitely divided segments or strata"—a clever appreciation both of her faults and of the essential strength of her work.

Mr. Williams has nothing particularly illuminative to say about Meredith or Hardy, although he is always "safe" and nearly always interesting. Such watery sentences as the following, however, should not have been allowed to pass:—" 'Sandra Belloni' pulses with the authentic throb of human life, and often rises to passages of intense and thrilling emotion." Better to have said nothing than to touch "Sandra" with journalese. And what shall we say of the author for dismissing Mr. Henry James in five lines, spread over four different portions of the book—the merest casual allusion in each case, with not a single mention of one novel by name? So fine a study of the clash of hereditary influence with modern commerce as "The American" was enough to give Mr. James an honoured place, to say nothing of "The Ambassadors," "The Golden Bowl," "The Reverberator," half a dozen others, and those magical "short stories" which often are almost novels. Again, Mr. Williams devotes a page to Nathaniel Hawthorne, and omits any mention whatever of the author of "The Increasing Purpose," "The Mettle of the Pasture," and "The Choir Invisible." For him Mr. James Lane Allen simply does not exist; and it would hardly be a valid apology—in case Mr. Williams feels apologetic—to say that Mr. Allen is a contemporary writer, for the novels and novelists dealt with approach in many instances very close to our own time. "The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky" was published, we believe, as far back as 1892; "The Choir Invisible" appeared in 1897. Mr. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" (which is noticed) came out in 1895. Why overlook so great an artist as Mr. Allen?

This, however, is all the serious complaint we find reason to make. The book is a capital summary of the many steps—the many parallel flights, we might almost say—which have led up to the present highly developed art of fiction, and especially excels in its treatment of the earlier English novelists who first felt the impulse to create stories round the men and women of ordinary life.

THE SCIENCE OF EXPRESSION

Significs and Language. By V. WELBY. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

"SIGNIFICS may be briefly and provisionally defined as the study of the nature of Significance in all its forms and relations, and thus of its working in every possible sphere of human interest and purpose." So begins a book whose value and suggestiveness it would be difficult to overestimate; a value out of all proportion to its slim size, a suggestiveness rich indeed to many future workers in this science. Its criticisms and proposals, written in a calm and somewhat scientific style, have nevertheless in them the germ of a great advance for humanity, amounting almost to revolution. Lady Welby has gathered these papers together (for the book does not profess to be a complete treatise) for the purpose of showing us how hopelessly inadequate an instrument language is, in spite of its many glories and achievements. We learn that language, which is a comparatively late acquisition, is one of the slowest things to evolve, weighted as it is with so much traditionalism, and confused with much false and misleading significance. Our author pleads for "the development of an expansive and, so to say,

organic power as yet only in embryo." "Language," we are told, "is Thought in audible activity;" it is therefore necessary that its activity should be as exact and as little liable to misunderstanding as possible.

To those who think that our present command of language makes it an effective and adequate instrument for the exact expression of thought we would commend the following from Lady Welby's book:—

The dementia of our metaphysics, popular and professional, spreads unchecked. Mind and its presumed "states" are internal—inside some nonentity not specified. Matter is all outside this nonentity.

The fact is that ambiguity spreads like a sea-fog over almost every kind of language except the mathematical. Even science has not co-ordinated its vocabulary to give it an unerring precision of significance. Lady Welby shows how utterly misleading to the popular mind is the common expression "the laws of nature." But if the effects of our looseness of meaning are often disastrous to science, they are equally so to our social relationships. Men constantly and hopelessly misunderstand each other, because each attaches his own private meaning to some vital term. Hence, sooner or later, comes "paralysis of thought" through our misuse of the imagery and symbolism of language.

The conclusions to which we are driven by the foregoing considerations are so far-reaching and potent that it is impossible to state them here. We can only hint at what might be the effects of a more exact and ampler language. Purely literary expression might feel itself fettered in certain directions by the greater exactness of the meaning attached to words, but in other ways it would gain immeasurably in force and beauty. "Our noblest eloquence is confessed by the worker, thinker, poet to fall short of a true mark," says the author. In the social world the effects would be perhaps still more wonderful:—

What a new mental world we should enter if we learned to pause in the act of using imagery. . . . We should select the imagery which is to convey our meaning with the same scrupulous discrimination which the jeweller, the surgeon, the electrician uses in selecting the implements for the finest processes of his work.

If all our social relationships were guaranteed against the fear of misunderstanding we should live in a new world, not only mentally, but actually. The final effects of such a regeneration of language would not be merely social, but racial and world-wide. Perhaps it is too much to expect all this of a mortality so frail and prone to error as ours is; but such an ideal is eminently worth striving after.

There remains, then, a mighty work to be done—how, Lady Welby can only give us hints. The forces of tradition in language are so strong, and the powers of innovation so weak, that the task seems almost an impossibility. It would mean the uprooting of many things we hold sacred, and the complete scattering of many of our most cherished associations. This is a book which no worker in any one of the various fields of knowledge can afford to miss.

THE UNIVERSITIES

The Oxford and Cambridge Review. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d.)

"THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW" has established a reputation for sound and well-thought-out articles. In every one of its issues are to be found contributions by men pre-eminently qualified to discuss, and even to lay down, laws on their own particular subject. The July number maintains the reputation of the periodical, and shows a list of writers whose work may not be lightly dismissed. The

Earl of Selborne, K.G., who has given proof that he possesses one of the most able and logical brains of present times in his public speeches on the Veto Bill, heads the list of contents with an admirable paper entitled "The Unionist Party and the Referendum." His article is addressed more particularly to those Unionists to whom the Referendum is anathema, either because they have been rendered timid by Radical or Socialist threats, or because the proposal does not harmonise with their Conservative instincts. Lord Selborne treats this vast subject with the logical and reasoning powers for which he is distinguished. He urges the acceptance of the Referendum upon all his fellow-Unionists, because it is, he says, the only complete and effectual check which can be applied to the present system of log-rolling. The much-discussed question of University Reform, which gives rise invariably to excessive mental irritation and spleen, is again dealt with in this issue of the *Review*. The writer, behind the ambush of the *nom de plume* "Magister Regens," adopts very different tactics to the usual excited and blustering methods of the reformer or the anti-reformer. Quite calmly and dispassionately, strong in the belief that the house is really in order, he holds out his arms to welcome a Commission which shall take cognisance of the entire higher education of England. The petty Commission which conceives its sole object to be the condemnation of the College system and the conversion of Oxford (with or without the sister University) into a glorified Board School is not only inadequate, but dangerous. Instead of doing any good they would resemble the "seven other devils" of Scriptural fame, and the last state of the University should be worse than the first. We agree cordially with "Magister Regens," and would like very much to see this difficult question thrashed out by "a great and monumental Commission, composed of our very best educational experts."

The undergraduate Fabian, Shavian or red-tie wearer, forms the subject of an article by the ex-President of the Cambridge Union, Mr. J. H. Allen. He neither attacks nor praises the undergraduate Socialist, but draws a picture of him in his varying phases. As far as it goes the picture is excellent, true and well-observed. From a careful perusal of Mr. Allen's article, the title of which is "Socialism and the Undergraduate," the impression we received was that the writer, if not himself a Socialist, has a sneaking admiration for Socialists which he is careful not to express. To employ a word more colloquial and expressive than literary, he "hedges." His picture, too, does not go far enough. Mr. Allen omits to point out that the generality of undergraduates remain Socialist just so long as they live within the walls of their Alma Mater. However enthusiastic—we had almost written rabid—their Socialistic views, however consuming their energy in attending Fabian meetings during their undergraduate years, yet as soon as they go down and come face to face with reality their views quickly undergo a radical change. In a word, they drop the pose. "Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment" is the title of a contribution from the pen of the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, D.D. It is very interesting and illuminative and will provide food for discussion to many readers. Of the other contents of this issue the most interesting are "Mediæval Byways. III.—Coronations," by Mr. L. P. Salzmann, F.S.A.; "Conservatism and the Problem of Government," by the Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.; "A Fragment of Greek Music," by the Rev. R. J. Walker; and "The Old System of Education," by the Vice-Principal of Brasenose, the Rev. F. W. Bussell, D.D. To examine all these interesting contributions one by one would be out of place. In addition there are many book reviews which are characterised by a fearlessness and justice which are wholly admirable, and we venture to congratulate the editor of the *Review*, Mr. Richard Johnson Walker, on the excellence of the July issue.

SHORTER REVIEWS

RE-TOLD MASTERPIECES

Dickens and Thackeray Studied in Three Novels. By the HON. A. S. G. CANNING. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this book attempts to disarm the critic by two things: first by an introductory note in which he says, "This work is not intended so much for those well acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray as for general readers, to whom I hope it may be useful;" and next by a quotation from "Pope's Essay on Criticism," which ends with the couplet—

And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause in spite of trivial faults is due.

If it had not been for these the critic might have said that he did not know why such a book should ever have been written, much less published. It consists largely of a retelling of "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Vanity Fair," with the assistance of great masses of quotation. The author's style is not distinguished, save by his remarkable use of the split infinitive, and his weakness for that hall-mark of the literary amateur, "and which." We do not question the sincerity of his aim, or of his affection for the masterpieces he recapitulates for us. The question agitating our breast is whether any one wants such a book when he can obtain the glorious originals themselves for a considerably less expenditure. There is nothing so profound or esoteric in these great novels that they should need the guide-book prose of Mr. Canning.

We should not be so ungrateful to the distinguished author if he had given us any real literary criticism, but this he certainly has not done. Beyond the retelling of the famous and already sufficiently well-known stories we have nothing except an introduction and concluding remarks on Dickens, the principal ideas of which are an insistence on the non-revolutionary style of Dickens, his success in drawing attention to great evils, and his attitude towards religion. The first of these approaches nearest to true criticism, but it is marred by so much repetition that we rather weary of it. There is no appeal to literary principles, nor are there any discriminating or penetrating *aperçus* such as we think we are justified in expecting in a work of this kind. The author's literary experiences apparently do not extend beyond the nineteenth century, for there are no references to twentieth-century authors. Even Mr. G. K. Chesterton never flashes the sword of his paradox. It is precisely some such arresting quality as he would supply that we long for in the perusal of this book. It is all so unprovoking, so eminently respectable.

Evidently much of the book is intended for the very young, for in one place the author gravely adds a footnote explaining the meaning of the word "siren." Yet even the very young might receive a shock as they read on page 161, "At last Mrs. Bute, much the most (*sic*) intelligent of the two," &c. Perhaps it is a weakness on our part to desire literary style in a work of this kind; but we find it difficult to imagine the state of mind and culture of the person who could read the present work with entire pleasure. Certainly the author is a most industrious person, for, besides this book, he has already six other similar works to his credit, which we confess, without contrition, we have never read.

The Jewish Sources of the Sermon on the Mount. By GERALD FRIEDLANDER. (G. Routledge and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

JEWISH Apologetics in England has hitherto been a very empty field, and for this reason, if for no other, Mr. Fried-

lander's work should be welcome as casting a new light on a subject of perennial interest to every thinking man and woman, whether definitely Christian or not. This, however, is not the only title which Mr. Friedlander's book has to favour, for in addition to the novelty of his subject the value of his work is enhanced by the lucid and well-reasoned manner in which he conducts his argument. His book is worthy of far more than mere passing attention. It deserves very careful consideration by Christian theologians, for his statements in the aggregate, if allowed to pass unrefuted, cannot fail of effect, even if at first unnoticed, on the edifice on which a considerable part of Christian theology has been erected. The principal criticism that can rightly be raised against Mr. Friedlander's work is that, instead of devoting himself wholeheartedly to his subject, he has turned aside too frequently to contest the heterodox statements of another Jewish writer in the same field.

Mr. Friedlander states in his preface his intention to be to set forth the relation of Christianity to Judaism, "not only by way of contrast, but also by way of comparison." He has, however, confined his inquiry to the Sermon on the Mount, and proceeded, in order to estimate its religious value at its true worth, "to compare it with the contemporary religious teaching current among the Jews." In this comparison he deals not only with the Old Testament and its Rabbinic glosses, but also with the Jewish Hellenic literature, including the Septuagint, the Apocrypha, Philo, and the Apocalyptic writings. This will show the wide extent of M. Friedlander's treatment of his subject. Without this latter literature, he says, the New Testament could never have been written. To Philo in particular he considers the New Testament narrative especially indebted. "Where, then, did the Gospels find the story of the mock coronation and crucifixion, and also the name of Barabbas? I venture to think that Philo is the source used by the Evangelists. Philo has been a valuable mine whence the writers of the New Testament have drawn some of their best treasures." Mr. Friedlander does not go as far as some writers and deny the possibility of the existence of Jesus, but he cannot ignore the fact—

That it is impossible to extract from the Gospels sufficient incontestable evidence necessary for a biography of the Gospel Hero. In brief, my view is that, probably 1,900 years ago, a teacher and a claimant to the Messiahship, named Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, lived in Galilee. His apocalyptic dreams and his eschatological discourses induced his followers to recognise his Messianic claims, and this led to a conflict with the ruling authorities—i.e., the Roman Procurator. . . . Paul, and not Jesus, was the creator of the New Testament theology. The Gospels were not written by eye-witnesses of the events they narrate. The Evangelists wrote in Greek, which was not the language used by Jesus. The Gospels were not written in the land where the events described occurred. Philo, an earlier contemporary of Jesus, does not mention His name. The famous passage in Josephus . . . is considered by the greatest authorities . . . to be spurious. A contemporary of Josephus, Justus of Tiberias, who wrote at the same period, passes over Jesus in silence. . . .

In this passage is summarised Mr. Friedlander's point of view.

On the East Coast. By PERCY LINDLEY. (G.E.R.)

Tourist Guide to the Continent. Edited by PERCY LINDLEY. (Continental Department, G.E.R. 6d.)

Tours in Norway. (F. Beyer's Tourist Bureau.)

DOUBTLESS urged on by the increasing number of advertisements displayed each year by the authorities of our large northern seaport towns, as well as by those of the Con-

tinents, we are glad to find that the eastern and south-eastern parts of the British Isles are now receiving the attention which many of their pleasure resorts well deserve. A very useful guide is issued by the Great Eastern Railway entitled "On the East Coast," in which a considerable amount of handy information is proffered to visitors to that shore. Prominence is given to some less-known districts in East Anglia, and to the country between the Cromer and Hunstanton coast. A reproduction of Mr. John Hassall's now well-known poster "Still Calling to the East Coast" adorns the frontispiece, while throughout the pages are scattered many pretty glimpses of the various districts to which attention is called.

The same company also issues an illustrated "Tourist Guide to the Continent," which provides many valuable and detailed descriptions of Continental places of interest. Among the principal features are particulars of new tours in North Germany, South Germany, and Belgium. There is a large amount of explanatory letterpress and there are many illustrations as well as a chapter on Tourists' Travel-Talk in English, French, and German, which will probably be of great aid to a traveller whose knowledge of foreign languages is somewhat limited.

From Messrs. Beyer's Tourist Bureau of Bergen and other towns of Norway we have received a handbook entitled "Tours in Norway," the object of which is "to supply the visitor with a few useful hints and to give a brief account of some of the finest and most desirable tours." Some 128 different tours are dealt with, details being given with regard to the cost, conveyance, and time taken for the trip. The book is profusely illustrated, and is presented gratis to any one who cares to apply for it.

Blackie's Little French Classics:—Histoire de Mes Bêtes. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. *Le Foyer Breton.* By EMILE SOUVESTRE. (Blackie and Son. 4d. each.)

Blackie's Longer French Texts:—Le Mensonge d'un Ami. By CHARLES DESLYS. *Le Scarabée d'Or.* By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Translated into French by CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. (Blackie and Son. 8d. each.)

Crispin Rival de Son Maître. By ALAIN-RENÉ LESAGE. (Blackie and Son. 8d.)

French Phrases and Idioms. By W. M. LIGHTBODY, B.A. (Blackie and Son. 6d.)

WITH one or two reservations, we have nothing but praise to bestow on these series of entertaining booklets issued by Messrs. Blackie and Son. With ample explanatory notes, vocabularies, &c., they should prove of great assistance to those desirous of learning the French language. The first volume we take up, however—Dumas' amusing "Histoire de Mes Bêtes"—is disfigured on the first page of the Introduction by such a misprint as "son' Cour." Emile Souvestre was a native of Brittany, who collected the popular traditions and legends of that interesting region, which he published under the general title of "Le Foyer Breton." A couple of typical Breton fairy-tales form the present volume. Deslys was amongst the first to cultivate the short story, and acquired considerable popularity in that line. The amusing "Mensonge d'un Ami" is taken from a work which was crowned by the French Academy. It is sufficient to say of the French version of Poe's famous story "The Gold-Bug," that it contributed in no small degree to Baudelaire's fame as a *littérateur*. Lesage's diverting little comedy, "Crispin Rival de Son Maître," savours somewhat of Molière. It met with a brilliant reception when first produced. The volume of "French Phrases and Idioms" con-

tains unfortunately a number of misprints—"longeur" for "longueur" (p. 15), for instance. Works of this class are quite useless unless letter perfect.

Dieu Merci! Le Couvert est mis. By LÉON GOZLAN. *L'Habit de Mylord.* By SAUVAGE and DE LÉRIS. *Comme Elles sont Toutes.* By CHARLES NARREY. *La Somnambule.* By SCRIBE and DELAVIGNE. Short French Plays edited by F. W. M. DRAPER, B.A. (Alston Rivers. 6d. net each.)

La Petite Institutrice, and other French Dialogues. By GERTRUDE M. IRONSIDE. (A. and C. Black. 6d.)

THE Short French Plays published by Mr. Alston Rivers have been carefully abridged from the French originals by Mr. F. W. M. Draper. The object of the series, which consists of comedies, dramas, and vaudevilles by the best French writers, is to provide a number of French playlets for reading in class, for recitation, and for use on school speech-days, &c. Those contained in the volumes before us are admirably adapted to this purpose, and are characterised by brightness, brevity, and wit.

Miss Ironside's volume contains several short scenes from French life, introducing games, songs, and recitations suitable for children of twelve years and upwards. Dealing with everyday matters, the dialogues are of practical value, and illustrate in an attractive manner grammatical rules and simple idioms of conversation. But why in "*Chez le Médecin*" is the doctor's female servant Marie designated throughout "*le domestique*"? The punctuation and the accents here and there also need seeing to.

FICTION

The Glory of Clementina Wing. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (John Lane. 6s.)

It was found necessary when dealing with "*Simon the Jester*," which was published about a year ago, to bring a charge against Mr. Locke of allowing his brilliance somewhat to overshadow the sympathy that one naturally expects to find extended to the characters created by an author's pen. In the book under review, however, no such accusation can possibly be entertained for a second. *Clementina Wing* is both an extraordinary and an interesting study. The tragic ending to a love-affair in her early youth left her bitter and cynical to a degree. She neither cared to please, nor was in the least affected by the opinions of, other people, devoting herself with all the great energy of her splendid nature to the pursuance of art. At the age of thirty-five, at which time the story opens—

Her coarse black hair straggled perpetually in uncared-for strands between fortuitous hairpins. Her complexion was dark and oily; her nose had never been powdered since its early infancy, and her face, even when she walked abroad, was often disfigured by a smudge of paint. . . . She dressed habitually in any old blouse, any old skirt, any old hat picked up at random in bedroom or studio. . . . Her figure was hidden by a straight, shapeless, colour-smear painting-smock, and all of Clementina as God made her that was visible, save her capable hands, was the swarthy face, with its harsh contours, its high cheek-bones, its unlovely, premature furrows, surmounted by the bedraggled hair that would have disgraced a wigwam.

Such was the outward appearance of one who spent her life not only in giving great beauty to the world by her

marvellous paintings, but who was also a woman to whom no undertaking was too tedious, no inconvenience too great, no sacrifice of her own interests too much in order to alleviate the sufferings and to straighten out the tangled affairs of other people. And it is because of the splendid and high-souled character which is depicted in the book that somehow or other it seems that Mr. Locke has struck a false note when he portrays Clementina as being on the brink of a deep love for Tommy, her artist friend, who is a very young man of twenty-two. Of course we do not mean to suggest that such affairs as this are impossible. Unfortunately similar things have happened and probably will happen many times again. Women of inferior moral natures are at any time apt to turn to illegal or imprudent sources for comfort in trouble or loneliness, but such love as they can give is puny and selfish compared with the deep and tender feeling of a true woman, and quite infinitesimal and insignificant compared with the deep passion which could stir the soul of any one of Clementina's calibre. Our author does not seem clearly to distinguish between the love a woman has for the man to whom she can look up to with respect and almost adoration and the love which comes from the maternal instinct within her, and which is extended to those who need her sympathy and help. The former can only be given to and retained by the man of superior moral and mental qualities; the latter forgives until seventy times seven, and has often inadequately to take the place of and make up for the former, which is frequently starved out of existence.

The other characters of the book include a rather vacillating man named Quixtus, who is compared with Job on account of the very great number of catastrophes which fall upon him one after another, but which he is not able to bear with Job's fortitude; Tommy, a very nice boy, whom we have mentioned above; Etta, his sweetheart; Mrs. Fontaine, a "Society hack;" and three very interesting gentlemen who have seen better days. We must leave Mr. Locke's readers to discover the manner in which they are sorted out, while assuring them that they will not be in the least disappointed in the task they undertake.

Builders of Ships. By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. With Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

LOVE and the female form, both divine and very much otherwise, quite overshadow the prosaic building of ships in this thrilling story. Here is a sample of the very-much-otherwise:—

"Neil—Neil! I love you so—I love you!" In an instant she had flung her arms about his neck, and was kissing his cheek wildly and passionately. He flung her from him and went out.

This ardent creature first appears on the scene with red-gold hair, and throughout the story the reader has occasional glimpses of her with the same hirsute adornment. But as a rule

. . . she had masses of rich black hair, in contrast with which her skin was of an almost startling fairness. She was not very young, . . . but had wonderful fascination. Her large eyes were not black, but of a greenish hue, like the colour of the sea. Her features were fine, but the expression of her face was hard and cruel and evil. Her figure was superb in its rounded elegance and serpentine grace.

No wonder Neil ran away from her *à la* Joseph. We fancy we should have done the same ourselves. But he was no

laggard in love whenever he met his affinity—Gwendoline with the female form divine:—

Then Neil Hardy spoke only two more words—those words that are the sweetest that a man can speak in such a moment to the woman who is more to him than any other woman in the world—"My darling!" And in the next moment his arms stole round her, and in her soft, delicate white dress she was crushed to his breast as they stood there together among the roses.

This was in broad daylight; what happened in the gloaming we leave our lady-readers to find out for themselves. Though Miss Leighton may not know much about ship-building, she is most decidedly an adept in describing the tender passion which "rules the court, the camp, the grove."

The Poet's Curse. By M. Y. HALLIDOM. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

THE protagonist of this book is an American millionaire named Vanderdecken, who tunnels under Stratford Church and steals Shakespeare's bones for his museum at San Francisco. He pays dearly for this thoughtless and irreverent action. Two of his workmen die of fright on the spot, his leg is bitten off by a shark, San Francisco is destroyed by an earthquake, his only son is killed, and he himself goes mad before the bones are restored to the Mayor of Stratford by his spiritualistic daughter. This story is told by the author in slovenly English, but with a seriousness that makes "The Poet's Curse" a decidedly comical book. The nature of the author's unconscious humour may best be illustrated by quotation. The daughter suspects her father of wearing an artificial leg, while hiding the secret from his family:—

With true feminine curiosity she made up her mind to discover the truth. In order to do this she dropped her scissors, and while searching for them under the table, she took the opportunity of pinching the calf of her father's leg as strongly as she could, and found it as hard as wood.

"Just as I imagined," she muttered, "but I will make doubly sure." She took a pin from the front of her dress, nearly two inches long, and thrust it into the leg. Vanderdecken continued his game without giving any sign. "That is conclusive," she said to herself, "but I will try once more." She did so, sticking in many pins with the same result. . . . "Oh, you naughty dad, to try and hide the truth from your family!" cried Electra, whose eyes were brimming over with mischief. "Why didn't you tell us you had a cork leg?"

Grown men have laboured to set this stuff in type, grown men have made the paper on which it is printed, and grown men are expected to read the finished book. But it would be a better joke if "The Poet's Curse" only cost sixpence.

The Jew's House. By FERGUS HUME. Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THE motto of this book appears to be "*Lex talionis*;" but the Mosaic code of vengeance, an eye for an eye, is only enforced by Ben-Ezra, the Jew, against those who had deeply wronged him. He is a remarkable character, and, unlike the usual Jewish villain who is made to figure in so many second-rate novels, he is more often doing good by stealth than spoiling the Christians. "At one moment the Jew was a saint, more saintly indeed than many a Christian, and at another a cold-blooded demon." He is accused of a murder which he did not commit, and the mystery of the crime is so well wrapped up that it is not divulged until the last chapter

but one over two cups of tea poisoned with South American Drops for which there was no antidote.

Mr. Fergus Hume has some curious ideas of English legal procedure. Describing the police-court proceedings with reference to the murder charge, he makes the magistrate adopt the rôle of a prosecuting counsel, cross-examining Ben-Ezra in the same way as a *juge d'instruction* would do in France. And he winds up with this gem:—"The bench retired, and in ten minutes returned to deliver a verdict of wilful murder against Ben-Ezra (!). The prisoner was then formally committed for trial." On page 20 we learn of a certain Mr. Dove—"Then he became Mayor of some Midland town, and was knighted when the King passed through." While on page 76 we are informed of the same individual—"The King came in person to open a new wing of his orphanage, with the result that he knelt a plebeian and rose up a baronet"—Sir Giles Dove. What class of reader is likely to be impressed by such slipshod nonsense? It spoils an otherwise readable story.

THE THEATRE

"POMANDER WALK" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

IN a row of quaint, florid, laughable little houses on the banks of the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, round about the old robust days of Nelson, there lived a small coterie of creatures every bit as quaint, florid, and laughable. There were an Admiral K.C.B. and his heave-ho-my-hearties man, jolly fellows both; the buxom widow of an alderman, whose roguish black eyes were on the look out for a second man to nag and to fondle; an elderly and simple clergyman of the Established Church, a handy man for an amorous corner; a dear little old lady, with a plump and sentimental "gal," who kept a parrot which had been taught to use an uncommonly fine flow of ripe seawords by her sweetheart, drowned but not forgotten; a fine figure of a man, with a fine double-barrelled name, and an invalid wife who never appeared; a beautiful and charming middle-aged lady with a French name, and a daughter as beautiful and as charming as herself. In addition to these people, all closely related to the unforgettable characters of Dickens, there was an earnest young violinist who has lost his heart to the plump and sentimental "gal."

Here, if you like, was a place for gossip, for scandal-mongering, for spying, for petty jealousy, for surreptitious sweethearting. Here, if you like, was a collection of human varieties, to whom a hundred things might happen as the wheel slowly turned; and what else did happen, if you please, but the old sweet story of love and forgiveness! Whose arm was it that stretched itself into Pomander Walk but the old, useful, and much-scoffed-at arm of coincidence which is so long and always, when it is employed by a kindly and wise man, so pleasant and so refreshing? The daily routine of the work was broken by the sudden advent of a curly-headed young Naval lieutenant appropriately called Sayle, Jack Sayle, the Hon. John Sayle, son of one of the Lords so dear to all hearts, especially that insularly snobbish little heart of Cupid to whom the Veto Bill is anathema. He rowed up one fine day from Chelsea to pay a call upon the Admiral, on whose ship he had served as a middy. He pined for beer and was given wine by the flower-like daughter of Madame, and, as always happens in the best-regulated stories, these two young things fell in love at first sight. How daringly original, how exquisitely refreshing in these days of sordid realism and cheap cynicism, the two ingredients which go to

make up the mixture which should be called Shag, but which is known to the elect as Shaw! All could not, of course, go smoothly with the young lovers. That would never have done. Lord Oxford, the lad's father, naturally enough, desired that he should marry a fine lady of an old family and many acres, and when he discovered that his son had left his heart in Pomander Walk he forbade him to return for a week, believing, unimaginative man, that a week was a long enough period for a boy to forget. But once again the right thing happened, the boy returned, more truly in love than ever, and the convenient parson was prevailed upon to procure a special licence.

In the meantime the beautiful middle-aged lady found out not only that her one ewe lamb had lost her heart, but that she had given it to the son of the man whom she herself had loved long years ago, but never forgotten. The Jack Sayle of her own youth had kissed and sailed away; he had married, so had she, and both were alone again. Ah, Cupid, here's another chance for you, you rogue! String another arrow, boy. Wedding-bells grow rusty. But again there must be obstacles to overcome. They are part and parcel of the best of all games. Madame will not have her own sad story acted all over again by her sweet child, who has not yet burst into the full bloom of womanhood, so she urges forgetfulness. No good can come of such a love. But when the boy comes again the girl goes into his arms and is ready to follow him wheresoever he may lead. And then Lord Oxford, who discovers easily enough that his orders have been disobeyed, comes to see the mother of the baggage who has broken all his plans. They meet as the sun is setting, and his lordship is cold until the lady turns, when all the past comes back to him with a look. Hurrah! there are to be two weddings; old sweethearts and young sweethearts are to stand before the altar. Two? No, no. Cupid had been busy in Pomander Walk. The young violinist has found his mate in the plump "gal," and the Admiral has succumbed to the ripe charms of the Alderman's widow; and when a little maid asks from her bedroom window that every one may live happily ever after, we echo her wish with all our heart. We do more than that, for we have been greatly amused, charmed, and entertained by these good people. We hope that Pomander Walk may not fall beneath the pick of the housebreaker for at least a year, because now that we have found our way there we intend to become the most frequent of its visitors.

If we filled this journal in praise of this delightful little play we should fail to do it justice. It is the most delicious thing of its kind that we have seen. It is not a diamond—cold and flashing and brilliant. It is a beautifully set ruby, full of warmth and mellowness and colour. Mr. Louis N' Parker is to be thanked as well as congratulated for his latest effort. No man who is not a villain should miss Pomander Walk. It is good to be able to say, for once, that the acting is perfect. Miss Winifred Emery brings all her art and sweetness to the part of Madame. Mr. Frederick Volpé as the uppish Brook-Hoskyns, who turns out to be an ex-butler and toast-master, steps right out of the drawings of "Phiz." Mr. Rudge Harding is the kind old clergyman to the life. Mr. Norman Forbes has never played so well or so sincerely. Mr. Reginald Owen must surely really be Young Jack Sayle, and Mr. Cyril Maude almost surely the Admiral. There would be no need for "almost" if Mr. Maude were not quite so managerially anxious to make things go. In make-up he suggests rather the barge-captain of Mr. W. W. Jacobs than the Admiral K.C.B., and when he presses less he will give more tone and crust to his part. There remains Miss Maude, who takes her place at the head of all the young actresses on the stage. A more charming and delightful performance it would be impossible to find. Miss Maude has art, restraint, imagination,

sincerity, beauty, and grace—all the gifts and much of the experience and training that go to the making of a leading lady. We wish her well.

THE NEW DEPARTURES IN SEA LAW

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

THOSE who have followed the national discussion on the Declaration of London will remember that prior to the debate on the speech in the House of Commons at the commencement of the present month, the Chambers of Commerce and other bodies who persisted in protesting against Sir Edward Grey's policy had been severely snubbed by Sir Edward, and that he had informed correspondents whom his arguments did not convince that it was useless for him to discuss the matter with them further. As Sir Edward, and those who advise him, had certainly not succeeded in demolishing the arguments of their opponents in the course of the correspondence, it was generally supposed that Sir Edward was reserving his most effective material for his speech in Parliament.

As a matter of fact the speech delivered by the Foreign Secretary was by no means so convincing as to silence the objections to the Declaration raised by business men and by a great majority of the experienced sailors who are in a position to discuss the subject. But Sir Edward Grey did much to divert attention from the points which had previously formed the staple of the arguments on both sides to a new issue. Little had been said about the agreement on the Naval Law of blockade which the negotiating Powers had embodied in the Declaration. The Foreign Secretary laid great stress upon the importance of this agreement and gave his hearers the impression that we had, by means of it, gained advantages which should be held to outweigh the disadvantages which had alarmed commercial bodies and naval men. It is worth while to recall Sir Edward's words:—

What is the particular weapon which we wish to retain unimpaired and with which we wish neutrals not to interfere in time of war? It is blockade. I suppose our first object in maritime war is to sink the enemy's fleet. I put that beyond everything else. Supposing the enemy's fleet is in port, and we cannot get at it; next in importance comes the pressure upon the enemy by the right of blockade. As the world's fleets have been growing it has become more and more important to us, if we wish not to be crippled when we are a belligerent, to be sure that neutrals will not interfere with what we may regard as the essential and effective right of blockade. Now perhaps hon. members will begin to realise why our two naval delegates at the Conference of London signed the report.

This phrase certainly seemed designed to convey that the naval delegates might have scrupled to signify their approval of the Declaration unless they had believed that they were gaining in the matter of blockade concessions which more than compensated this country for whatsoever it lost in other directions.

Sir Edward Grey, as his speech proceeded, emphasised the point which he had made. "What we have got under the Declaration is an agreement that the right of blockade shall be an elastic and not a fixed right." Again, "What we have done in this Declaration is to avoid the risk when we are belligerent of having set up against us by one or more neutrals the hitherto maintained doctrine in case of blockade, which would make blockade under modern conditions useless for our purpose." Sir Edward quoted the British Naval Delegates who attended the Conference of London in support of his case. They had reported "It is a

matter for congratulation that in respect of the important subject of blockade we have been able to secure the recognition of the principles on which you directed us to lay stress." It should be noted that the delegates do not here refer to principles which on their own initiative they regarded as paramount, but to principles which they had been directed by the Foreign Office to uphold.

It is probable that the diversion thus caused by Sir Edward Grey has led the public to consider the Declaration of London a much more profitable document to this country than it had formerly appeared. It is a matter of urgency that this impression should be corrected, and for the purpose no book could be more opportune than "*Britain and Sea Law*" (1) written by Dr. T. Baty, and just issued from the Press. Dr. Baty was lately Civil Law Fellow of University College, Oxford. He is Honorary Joint General Secretary of the International Law Association, and one of our leading authorities on the subject with which he has dealt. Dr. Baty opens his discussion of the subject of blockade with the following statement:—"Blockade has played a great part in the past, but it is rapidly becoming obsolete."

Prior to the Conference at which the Declaration of London was drawn up there had been prolonged conflict among maritime Powers as to what one may call the right doctrine of blockade. As Dr. Baty says, "there was absolute disagreement here—disagreement secular, prolonged and evidenced in act. It was well to settle it." And then Dr. Baty discloses the significance of the settlement. The difference of opinion was adjusted because blockade will never in the future be an important operation if the Declaration is adopted. "The belligerent will obtain all the benefits of blockade—except the exclusion of raw materials—by a free use of the novel and exceptional principles of contraband. He will say that goods are intended for his enemy's army or navy or Government departments, or that they are going to *commerçants* or bases of supply, and if verdicts eventually (years ahead) go against him, he need not mind. The neutral will pay the costs while his menace stops the traffic." And Dr. Baty points out that a belligerent may even stop the traffic in raw materials, "the so-called 'free list,' " if he is prepared to pay for it or make his adversary pay for it.

It may be said that if blockade is thus facilitated by the new regulations as to contraband this country benefits by the facilities; but that is not in fact the case. The arrangement to which the Declaration of London commits its signatories in fact adds nothing to the power which our fleet could exercise apart from the Declaration, while it enables a rival Power at war with this country to establish a more or less operative blockade of every British port without any corresponding display or absorption of naval strength.

Dr. Baty explains this point very clearly and asks—

Why have the Continental Powers, which almost without exception stood out for two centuries against our very limited claim to capture food as contraband, suddenly asserted a far more expansive claim to treat food as contraband upon suspicion? Can it be because these islands were not dependent on overseas supplies for their food in those days and are absolutely dependent on foreign food now?

Dr. Baty proceeds to show that the Continental delegates who engineered the Declaration of London carried out their diplomatic victory in the most thorough manner. He demonstrates in his pages that the penalty hitherto enforced upon capturers of contraband has not been severe. It has been "merely a confiscation of the contraband goods." In order to render more efficacious the "paper blockade" which Continental jurists have forged anew as a weapon against

this country, it is important that the penalty imposed upon the carriage of contraband should be equalised with the penalty for breach of blockade:—

The authors of the Declaration proceed to assimilate the penalty of contraband trading to that of breach of blockade. They make the ship confiscable. Certainly they impose a decent limit; the contraband must be more than half the cargo, reckoned by weight or value. But in the great majority of cases this condition will be fulfilled. A collier, for instance, carries nothing but coal. A corn-ship is usually freighted with corn alone.

We see, then, that Sir Edward Grey's jubilant utterance about blockade was ill-grounded. He sought further to reassure the House of Commons with regard to the danger arising from the right claimed by Powers that may be hostile to us to convert merchantmen into ships of war upon the high seas, and he told his hearers that by a Hague Convention already ratified neutrals would be under an obligation to prevent merchantmen destined for this revived form of privateering from fitting out in any neutral port or departing from such a port on a raiding cruise. He declared that "vessels suited for this purpose are all known. They are a very limited number. They are fast merchant vessels prepared so that they can be converted readily. It is because they are all known that this is not so important to belligerents as one might suppose. We shall always know what they are and where they are." This is a point which the naval officers who have protested against the Declaration of London must have borne in mind. They know to what extent our trade routes are protected by British warships, and they are able to judge from a practical standpoint whether the menace which Sir Edward Grey treats lightly is in reality serious or not. It seems to me unwise in the highest degree that this country should commit itself to a position in which it will have to rely upon diplomatic means to safeguard its interests during war, when experienced and patriotic sailors believe that the peril with which it would have to contend must be met otherwise than by manœuvres in diplomacy.

Sir Edward Grey, in his speech, sought to meet one of the principal objections to the Declaration of London by an argument which bears the marks of an exercise in sophistry. He said, "I lay down the broad proposition that if we can keep the sea free for the British flag in time of war, we can keep it free for neutrals in time of war. If the British flag is driven from the sea we cannot save ourselves from starvation by dependence upon neutrals even if the bulk of the food required could be brought under neutral flags. The rise in price of freights would be prohibitive. Therefore, the question of starvation in time of war does not depend primarily on the neutral flag, and it would be most dangerous to suppose that we could depend upon the neutral's flag. The efforts of the enemy will be devoted, in the first place, not to attacking neutral vessels, but British vessels. If we have got command of the sea to that extent that we can deal with British vessels coming to this country, the question of neutrals is comparatively unimportant." One of the main contentions of those who object to the Declaration of London is that we have to contemplate a time of transitory crisis during which the supplies of food to be obtained from neutrals would be of vital importance to this country. There might be a phase in a naval war in which Britain had suffered a temporary reverse in some part of the world, or when one part of the ocean trade routes would be insufficiently protected by British cruisers. If we could weather this time of stress our fortunes might be restored, whereas if after a brief period of starvation we were reduced to making terms we should have been ruined by circumstances that had no element of permanence. It is to guard against

(1) *Britain and Sea Law*. By T. Baty. (G. Bell and Sons.)

such a possibility that opponents of the Declaration of London desire to see the freedom of food transit, which, as Dr. Baty shows, has been hitherto maintained in naval war, preserved on the traditional lines.

The Government has declared that the Declaration of London has been the subject of its anxious thought and searching examination. It is hardly possible to accept this statement. In the English version of the Declaration which was officially submitted to Parliament there was the glaring mistranslation of the simple French word *commerçant*. During the early phases of the discussion it was evident that the defenders of the Declaration were under a misapprehension as to the meaning of the word *ennemi* in the French text. The important question whether the Renault commentary was or was not as binding on the signatories of the Declaration as the Declaration itself had been left surrounded by uncertainty. These facts show that the consideration given by the Government to the import and effect of the Declaration was neither penetrating nor sufficient.

It is the more necessary to call attention to this remissness because the Government is bringing forward another measure to give effect to undertakings which it has contracted at The Hague. It has laid before Parliament the Second Peace Conference (Conventions) Bill. At the time when these lines are written this Bill awaits its second reading in the House of Commons, and there is only too much reason to fear that the Government will hurry the measure through its stages in the Lower House while public attention is diverted, and that the Bill will ultimately be passed over the heads of the Peers by an exercise of the autocratic power with which the Cabinet is investing itself by means of the Parliament Bill. The Second Peace Conference Bill not only imposes most onerous conditions upon British subjects in their prospective obedience to the International Tribunal which the Declaration of London establishes, but it also imposes upon British seamen an obligation to surrender foreign sailors whom they may have rescued during or after action to the enemies of these combatants. In fact, it makes British seamen the gaolers of those whom they have saved, and if the provisions of the measure had been in operation at the time of the war between Russia and Japan, Japanese sailors in distress picked up by a British vessel would have been compulsorily handed over to Russian captors by the officers of a ship flying the British flag. But the Bill now under discussion contains a far more humiliating clause than that which affects the delivery of foreign sailors to their enemies. It actually provides that wounded British sailors on a British hospital ship shall be surrendered from that ship to a hostile warship on demand. I am convinced that the country has not yet realised that Parliament is being asked to sanction this monstrous disgrace—an outrage upon our naval traditions and our self-respect which is almost inconceivable. Are we to suppose that the Second Peace Conference (Conventions) Bill is another measure to which the Government has given anxious and thorough consideration?

I think there may be Liberals who have the welfare of their country at heart and who believe that Sir Edward Grey effectively vindicated the Declaration of London in the House of Commons. To such supporters of the Government I earnestly recommend a careful perusal of "Britain and Sea Law," and I implore every patriotic Englishman to satisfy himself as to the truth about the Second Peace Conference Bill and to bring home the facts to every elector whom he can influence. It is only by a great movement of national protest that the danger and shame which now threaten this country from The Hague can be averted in spite of the Government's blind obstinacy and self-satisfaction.

SÉLANIK

THOUGH few will be disposed to waste much sympathy on the Imperial captive of Salonika, one can but find a certain pathetic humour in the appeal made recently by ex-Sultan Hamid that the walls and gardens of his villa prison should be illuminated in honour of his successor's presence, as be seemed so memorable an occasion. Himself, be it said, had never in all his reign seen any city of his country lit up to welcome him, and the memory of those sinister torches fired by his orders from time to time in all parts of his stricken dominions can scarce be of comfort to him in his present extremity. Yet, even so, he knows more of Salonika—the second city of his lost Empire—than of any other of his late possessions. It is true that this knowledge is not extensive; but in the intervals of his labours as an upholsterer Abdul Hamid may gaze at will—if the Allatini roof be not out of bounds—at the stately Genoese tower on the quay, the famous Bâaz Koulé where countless *committadjis* have been incarcerated; he may feast his eyes on much of his private property, for all the wealthiest quarters of Salonika belong to him, and every Consul-General pays him rent; or he may turn to the radiant bay where lately the *Barbarossa* and the *Erthogruhl* rode proudly on the sunlit waters whose many natural beauties have caused Sélanik to be known as the "Jewel of the Ægean."

The Jewel has other claims to distinction—one that it is a city of gardens. Blessed with a climate that is almost ideal, it has a soil that will produce in richest profusion and luxuriance practically every sub-tropical tree and flower and shrub known to the botanist. As a result, the gardens of the city are famous throughout the Middle East, and are the pride and boast of her citizens. Another distinction enjoyed by this favoured town is probably unique. It is perhaps the only city in the universe where, admittedly and without challenge, the dominant section of the community in wealth, in power, and in numbers, are of the Jewish race. It is true that they are not all Jews by religion. A great majority of them, indeed, are Mohamedans, and are known as Deunmeh, or Verts—from the Turkish word *deunmék*, to turn. But these, although they embraced Islam nigh three hundred years ago, have not lost cohesion with their nationals but have remained, in essentials, Jews in all save creed, worshipping in their own mosques, intermarrying with their own kinsfolk, and still using in speech the mixed Portuguese and Hebrew dialect imported by their forebears.

Numbering as they do some two hundred thousand souls, or nearly two-thirds of the population, the Jews and Deunmehs, as may be supposed, hold all the trumps and most of the court cards in the local game of life. They fill, indeed, every profession, trade, occupation, or calling that makes for the existence of a community. For a long time, to be sure, they held aloof from the fascinations of political conspiracy, and were never prominent as *committadjis*. Yet in the great revolution that gave them Abdul Hamid as an unobtrusive guest they abandoned their position of reserve, and came forward generously with the needed material assistance.

They are early folk, the people of this handsome seaport on the Ægean. At the first grey glimmer of the dawn the whole town is astir. The doors of the *cafés*, the iron shutters of the shops and booths, are flung open with a mighty clang and clatter. Sleepy-eyed tousle-headed waiters rush out into the streets dragging forth the little iron or marble-topped tables, which they range in rows on the sidewalk, and dash back for more, flinging chairs about and tearing back again—all with such frenzied haste as might lead one to suppose that their very lives depended on their using the utmost speed and making

the utmost noise. And in a moment the streets are filled. There seems to be no dreamy awakening, no extra forty winks—as “Fascination Fledgeby” put it—to turn over the general question in the mind. No, these people do not permit themselves as much as a yawn or a stretch; they seem to leap straight from their beds and into the streets. In a moment you hear the bells of the milkman as he drives his flock of goats down the road, each with its udder tied up in sacking, while the tiny, staggering kids follow, bleating for forbidden breakfast. The boatmen rush to the quay, fall into their boats, hastily unmoor and put out—to go nowhere; but because, I must suppose, it is a habit and they cannot help it. The turbaned fishermen hurry to the port with hanks of lines on their shoulders—fishermen who seemed just to have stepped out of the “Arabian Nights”—while the prawn-catchers take up their nets and make for the shore, to bring their catch to you later squirming on a flat basket—weird creatures in life, well-nigh as big as lobsters, and of a transparency that is almost indelicate.

The lemonade seller has his bottle in hand, stoppered with a rose, and his glasses in a brass-bound waistbelt; the peanut merchant bears his tripod and his tray heaped with pistacio nuts and almonds and melon-seeds and squashed dates. The greengrocer is here, creel on back; the jam-seller, with his glass jars and his spade-spoons (you buy your jam by the spoonful here, and eat it while you wait); the butcher, driving his horse heaped high with joints dangling from a wooden saddle; and the flower-seller and the bootlace man and the photographer, with his pictorial postcards and his stereopticon—aye, and how many more?—for all trades are represented here in the open air, and they are all before you at once, grouped like the “supers” in a set-scene, “discovered,” according to stage directions, as the curtain goes up. Soon the tram, heralded by its squeaking horn, comes whisking round the corner, and lorry-men, standing upright on their long, narrow carts, rattle by at a gallop, balancing themselves in marvellous manner. You look towards the port, and there too, all is animation. From the foreign warships (some are always here) the “cook” boats are coming ashore, and steam-pinnaces skimming between ships, and barges plied by a dozen flashing oars, sweep smoothly across the placid harbour. A vessel is being careened close off the quay—a queer, quaint craft, a sort of cross between a dhow, a dug-out, and a Dutch canal-boat, painted a vivid green with crimson trimmings. The men have not been at her for five minutes, and how they have done it with no appliances other than their hands, who shall say? But they have hauled her over until her gunwale lies in the water, and they are scraping and hammering and tinkering, as busy as gnomes in a fairy-tale.

And then you turn to the street again, and there are the children. They seem to come out at daybreak, as do the birds, and are as easy and unconscious as they. Abroad in bands here all through the hours they run about bare-footed, with snooded heads and long striped cotton gowns. Gangs of them range the roads, twenty abreast maybe, their arms round each other's necks, dirty and happy, loving life, eating always—who knows what? picked up, heaven knows where. A row of them are seated down beneath the quay on a mud-bank, in what the fastidious might deem a place of evil odours—not that they mind that—and are kicking their little heels in the water, throwing seaweed at each other, and chaffing the boatmen rocking on their keels hard by—joyous, careless, and content.

It is not for the humble alone and the toiling poor, this life of the street. Open-air, out-of-windows intercommunication is the keynote even of polite existence in Salonika. There is, I will venture to say, far more business transacted at these little marble tables than in the darkened offices of the Hans. We know also that more conspiracies—including

that great plot which brought Hamid to the Villa Allatini—have been blandly agreed on outside these smiling *cafés*, amid the bustling of the perspiring waiters and under the observing eyes of police officials, than have been breathlessly plotted in secret and suspect lurking-places. It is but natural that it should be so. Where every one is in the habit of foregathering in this public manner the fact that half a dozen persons should lay their heads together across a table littered with beer-glasses or coffee-cups excites assuredly no suspicion. At every one of a couple of hundred tables in the same street the like is being enacted. They may be talking business, or of love, or even only legitimately arranging to swindle their best friend; but, on the other hand, some clue to the secret of Macedonia's unrest, the future of the turbulent warriors of the Drin Cliffs, might not wholly without reason be sought in the dregs of the “Seidl” and the grounds of the Finjans of the “Cafenets” of Sélanik.

FRANK SCUDAMORE.

MUSIC

WHAT a delightful thing is good humour! Yet it is none too common in real life, and it is none too common, either, on the stage. Playwrights and managers, of course, have to study the tastes of their patrons, and it is unfortunately true that for every person who likes to go to a play to be amused and put into a good humour there are two who say, “We like to have our heart-strings torn when we are at the theatre.” So we have an abundance of plays that are passionate and very few that are frankly good humoured. On the operatic stage it is just the same. We know that it is easier, or is supposed to be easier, to write tragedy than good comedy, and it would seem to be much easier to write serious music than that which, while gay, is good. Your prima donna, too, thinks that people will judge her to be a much finer singer if she pours forth her high notes in an agony of terror or despair than if she warbled cheerfully like a lark. Though, as to this, the prima donna may be mistaken. Good-natured little Zerlina is a much more popular character in “Don Giovanni” than the desponding Elvira or the tragic Anna, and we have heard it said that even at the present day there is no surer “draw” at any opera-house than the “Barbiere.” People in operas are apt to be angry, fussy, pompous, injured, even when they are not heartbroken, vengeful, or cynical. Take them as a whole, operatic characters are not people we should much like to live with. Good-humoured folk are certainly the pleasantest, and good-humoured music is exceedingly refreshing when we are lucky enough to come across it.

For this reason we were entirely delighted with the little one-act opera “Il Segreto di Susanna,” by Signor Wolf Ferrari, which has recently been produced at Covent Garden. It is a triumph of innocent good humour, and to see it would be a capital remedy for any one who has had an attack of the spleen. No doubt the hero gets very angry when indulging his absurd suspicion that a lover has been smoking in his bride's boudoir. But we only laugh at him, for we are in Susan's secret, and know that all will come right in the end. Susan and her young Count Gil are such natural, friendly people that we find ourselves in sympathy with them at once, and as for their old butler Sante, we should be willing to pay John Thomas his month's wages at once if we could get rid of him and replace him by Sante. So that here we have a good-humoured story to make us cheerful. It is based upon a French tale, the author of which should be mentioned in the programme, but is not. We are only told that the adaptation for the stage is by a

Signor Golisciani. It is all such an innocent "Let's pretend" that the little anachronisms so dear to the hearts of stage-managers do not irritate us in the least. Susan and her Count are apparently a French couple, in the days of Louis Philippe, and Susan smokes cigarettes and lights them with wax matches. She has a very modern lamp-shade, over what looks uncommonly like a standard electric-lamp, and she brings in a bunch of roses, some of which are certainly "Mme. Abel Chatenay." Now no one west of Russia smoked cigarettes when Louis Philippe was King; if you had a lamp at all, it was a "Moderator," and did not need a shade, while "Mme. Chatenay" and wax-matches are both modern luxuries. However, as we have said, these little things do not matter in the very least. Long may pretty Mlle. Lipkovska and manly Signor Sammarco and admirable Signor Ambrosiny continue to amuse us in their old-fashioned costumes! And they may surround themselves with all the modern paraphernalia that they choose; we shall not mind.

Now the music which Signor Ferrari has imagined for this dear little trifle of a piece is as light and airy, and tuneful and good-humoured, as any one could wish. That is to say it is as suitable as possible. And in the *genre* of light music it is of a very high class. It does not belong to the school in which the elder Strauss and Herr Lehar are conspicuous masters; it has nothing to do with the School of French musical fun which counts Offenbach, Planquette, and Audran among its chief jesters; it has this much in common with the music of Sullivan—it is witty and it is scholarly, but there the resemblance ends. It really belongs to the class of comic opera, which begins—does it not?—with "La Serva Padrona" and continues its career with the "Matrimonio Segreto" and "La Prova d'un Opera Sera;" we do not mention "Le Nozze" and the "Barbiere," for they, in their different ways, stand alone.

Signor Ferrari is certainly a scholar as well as a composer of wit and good humour. He exhibits himself as a serious musician, learned even, yet with how light a touch in the overture (which is a little masterpiece) and on almost every page of his score! We never catch him labouring his effects, or writing a note as if it had bothered him and he had had to think about it. Among musical *soufflés* it is as light as the best of them, with never a lump in it, or a drop too much of flavouring. He makes allusions to other composers' work in the prettiest manner; he bids his orchestra rage and storm while the Count is knocking the furniture about, and the instruments fret and fume and are indignant with finest mockery. All London should soon be humming the charmingly old-fashioned tune which is utilised as an *inter-mezzo* with happiest effect while Sante is picking up the scattered teacups and chairs. It is a tune which reminds us at the same time of a nocturne by Field, of a well-known strain by Chopin, and of an aria by Donizetti, so that we hardly know to what source to attribute it. Then there is a delicious song for Susan while she is enjoying the naughty cigarette, and the exit of the pair to the merry ending of the overture puts on the finishing touch in the gayest possible way. Mlle. Lipkovska played her part as Susan in a very natural and taking manner, and Signor Sammarco acted almost as well as he sang, while Signor Ambrosiny did the voiceless old butler's part with a quiet humour that made everybody laugh. So that Signor Ferrari was fortunate in his interpreters on the stage, though the orchestra might have played with greater *finesse*. We English know only too well what a mistake it is when a composer who was definitely intended by Nature to write cheerful operas takes to the line of high seriousness. We must hope that if Signor Ferrari's muse inclines him to attempt tragic opera, or an oratorio, or a symphonic Threnody on such a subject as Bon Gaultier's "Death of Space," he will succeed therein as well as he has done in

"Il Segreto di Susanna." That he is scholar enough for the highest flights we are convinced. But we rather hope he will stick to the line which suits him so perfectly. How well, surely, would he set "The Rose and the Ring"! We wish he would try.

THE BRITAIN OF THE WEST

CANADA—that land of immense distances, of tremendous possibilities, and of great historical associations—has always appealed not only to the imagination, but to the pockets of the people of the Mother Country. Confined in its early days to its eastern limits, notably to the Province of Quebec, capital and population, as in the case of the American States, have rapidly rolled westwards, until, thanks to the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Great Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, the most remote portions of the Dominion are now linked up not only with the Eastern Provinces, but by magnificent lines of steamships with the Homeland.

Of all the Provinces of the great Dominion, British Columbia, at the end of the chain, stands out as the most attractive to the inhabitants of these islands, and for several reasons. With a long and varied seaboard, well sheltered from the rollers of the Pacific by Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands, as well as by its numerous inlets, the Britisher at once feels at home. In his own country he can never be very far from the sea, in whose traditions he has been bred. The moist and temperate climate of the coast recalls the vagaries of the English summer, and incidentally effectually prevents forest fires. So far as British Columbia is concerned, our Lady of the Snows abdicates except on special occasions. The warm wind of the Pacific soon dissipates the fleecy mantle, and here, unlike in the colder Provinces of the East and North-west, the worker may labour all the year round, which state of things is also quite British. Victoria, the chief city of Vancouver Island, is more English than London. Curiously enough, the staple industries of the Province are those of England. The fisheries are world-famed. The salmon of the Fraser and Skeena Rivers is unrivalled, and gives employment to thousands of men in the canneries. The finest halibut is caught on the coast, where shoals of whales and dogfish are annually converted into oil.

Again, huge tracts of the country, notably on Vancouver Island, are coal-bearing, and the mines of Comox and Nanaimo are yearly increasing their already large output of excellent coal. Many valuable deposits of iron ore abound. Smelting works on an important scale are about to be erected on the Pitt River. In combination with cheap coal, a rapidly increasing market at home, and the Orient within fifteen days' sail, the prospects of the iron industry are particularly bright. In British Columbia full scope may be given to wheat-growing on the plains of the Peace River, while Kentish fruit-orchards are reproduced in the Okanagan district.

England, in the old days, denuded her oak forests to build her wooden walls. Here, in the Britain of the West, Nature has made full amends for mankind's utilisation of the Motherland's resources. Of all the potential wealth of the Province, perhaps none is so great, and certainly none leaps to the eye so impressively, as her vast timber reserves. Leaving aside her underground riches in gold, silver, lead, and other minerals, British Columbia has been recently more in the public eye in regard to timber than to any other asset. On this subject, in view of certain propositions which have

been placed before the British public, a few words may not be unwelcome.

There can be no question that it is to this corner of the globe the building and construction world must look for the bulk of its supplies. The forests of the United States, both East and West, and those of the Eastern Provinces of Canada, are rapidly becoming depleted, and the attention of lumbermen is being concentrated on British Columbia, where, up till recently, little impression had been made upon the vast tracts of cedar, spruce, fir, and hemlock bordering the numerous deep-water inlets of the coast. In the early days, in the absence of any inland demand, British Columbian timber was chiefly resorted to for sticks of exceptional length and straightness. Now that the cities are growing daily, and towns springing up all over the prairie, the demand has become such that the existing mills are hard put to it to execute the orders flowing in from all sides. One has to remember that east of the ranges for more than a thousand miles there is no timber grown. So here we have on the one hand, thanks to the stream of immigration and the spread of the railways, a daily increasing demand for all sorts of building and railway timber, and on the other, the markets of the world served by vessels which can load right alongside the source of supply. Under such ideal conditions the value of British Columbian timber-lands must be obvious, but in selecting same for investment care must be taken that the timber is available for one or the other (preferably both) of those markets.

Much excellent timber is so placed as to be inaccessible unless at a prohibitive cost. In looking into the merits of timber limits, therefore, one of the first questions to be asked is—"Can it be cheaply and conveniently logged to the holding ground or saw-mill?" Comparatively few of the rivers, while suitable for driving the logs, afford natural facilities for booming them prior to their being towed to the mill, with the result that, owing to the powerful current, many logs are driven out to sea and lost. An important consideration, therefore, is a good holding ground. Given such, an ideal timber proposition is one where the timber grows sufficiently close to the shore or river bank, on not too precipitous ground, to enable the whole area to be overtaken by the powerful donkey-engine or log-hauler.

Timber any considerable distance from the water involves a forest tram-line or expensive handling. Of course inland propositions adjoining a railway and in proximity to a market are on a different basis, and while on the coast a logging cost of $5\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per 1,000ft. would be deemed fairly high, there are mills now working inland which show an excellent profit on a logging cost of double that amount. It must not be assumed that all British Columbian timber is profitable to work. In some cases it may be too scattered to handle economically; 25,000ft. to the acre is considered ample, and compares favourably with some areas in the United States, where 5,000ft. to 10,000ft. is appreciated. Nor does it follow that even where the growth is thick the quality is good. The desideratum in spruce, cedar, or fir is a high percentage of "clear," that is to say wood free from knots and shakes, only to be obtained when the trees grow to a great height straight and without branches; "clear" spruce is always in demand and will command a high price.

These are some of the considerations to which attention must be directed if a satisfactory result is to be obtained; and to ensure such conditions being obtained the services of an efficient cruiser ought to be enlisted—a cruiser who has proved the correctness of his former estimates by the quantity of lumber put through the mill from the limits he has surveyed. By observing such conditions and by simply "sitting" on their standing timber the Ottawa has produced

many multi-millionaires. There is no reason to doubt that similar results will be obtained in British Columbia.

For some time past, and while prices were low, the American lumberman has been quietly buying up large tracts of British Columbian timber-land. Two things are certain to enhance stumpage values—the passage of the reciprocity agreement with the United States, and the recent reservation by the British Columbian Government of all the unappropriated timber-lands. The former will give a great impetus to the lumber trade, the latter for the moment restricts the area which can be taken up by the outsider under the usual timber licence—as beyond existing licences no fresh permits can be granted by the Government. Combined, the effect will be to bring increased prosperity to that portion of the Dominion which we have ventured to term "The Britain of the West," and which, under the brilliant leadership of its Premier, the Hon. Richard McBride, now stands so high among the Provinces of the Dominion.

CATULLUS

FROM the *Hawke's Bay Herald* (N.Z.) of May 12th, 1911, we quote the following article on Catullus, and a reply which it evoked in the issue dated May 15th. We invite any students of Catullus among our readers to contribute their opinions:—

The following is an attempt to show my younger readers who do not know any Latin why Catullus is so dear to those who love poetry.

His appeal is universal. I am no Latin scholar myself, and shall just take one complete poem of two lines and try to explain how it must have affected a Roman reader. The actual words are so few and simple that you may as well print them:—

Odi et amo, quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
Nescio; sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

Now that is one of the

jewels five words long
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever.

First I give a literal translation:—"I hate and I love. Perhaps you ask why I do this. I do not know, but I feel it is so and I agonise."

Next I omit the padding and retain the four salient words:—"Hate—Love—Bewilderment—Torture."

Next I expand, giving what I take to be the full meaning of the poet's lyric cry:—"I am drawn to you by a spell I cannot resist, I am repelled because I know it is the lower part of my nature that desires you. I cannot understand why the two courses co-exist and do not neutralise each other. The resultant in consciousness is mental torture as of one torn apart by wild horses."

To help a little we may note that Catullus—young, beautiful, noble, reckless—loved the alluring and unscrupulous wife of the great Consul Metellus. She responded, and a bosom friend of Catullus allowed them to meet in his house. Catullus, whose unlimited powers of self-acquittal remind us of Shelley, seems to have been unable to see anything wrong in this; and as for us, the white heat of his passion imparts a look of purity to a relation which even then must have been regarded as vicious. The poet was also unable to see what any man about town could have told him, that Clodia would inevitably change. Political jealousies obliged her to relinquish Catullus, and Catullus was forced to regard

Clodia as a mere light-o'-love. When she deserted him he saw clearly enough that she was neither chaste nor honest.

I now attempt a sort of paraphrase just to show how difficult it is to reproduce even the bare meaning; and novices had better understand that in poetry the bare meaning alone avails little; it is essential, but not sufficient. To make poetry you must have accurate metrical form and also the "glamour," the "light that never was on sea or land:"—

Fatally drawn by your spell,
Struggling in vain to be free,
How can the same soul hate
Just the same girl that it loved?
Torn by divided aims,
Tortured too much to reply!

I think I have set out very fully the claims of these two lines to their position. They have lived down the centuries, always in their own shrine in the hearts of the elect. Who will now succeed in taking up the task which I have advanced one step? Who will reduce my version to coherent form, and make it rhyme and scan? Who will next impart the "glamour," the "inimitable felicity" which true poetry must have? This is possible in a translation. Take Rossetti's lines, "Beauty (a combination from Sappho)."

I.

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
A-top of the topmost twig—which the pluckers forgot, somehow.—

Forgot it not, nay, but got it not, for none could get it till now.

II.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hill is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound
Until the purple blossom is trodden into the ground.

These are almost literally from Sappho. The words are so beautiful that had they been Rossetti's original work they would have been delightful. Some one must do for Catullus what Rossetti did for Sappho. It has never been done; the task is not for me. Is it possible that in the far-off summers some young New Zealander may succeed?

A few more words may be added. Why, you ask, are such exceedingly private matters exposed in print? The answer is simple. All we know of Catullus as a poet is contained in a single manuscript found at Verona in the fourteenth century. It may be guessed to be a collection of his lyrics made by a Roman gentleman for his private solace, and in no way authorised by Catullus. There is no doubt that it contains the best things Catullus wrote; we may conjecture that some of its contents were privately circulated, and only among men who could be trusted not to make them common property. Modern parallels could easily be found. What became of the manuscript at the death of its compiler; how it was lost for four centuries, during which no scholar knew that any work of Catullus existed; how it got to Verona—I suppose nobody will ever know.

W. F. H.

Str—In Friday's issue of your paper "W. F. H." contributed some remarks on Catullus, in which he was principally concerned in endeavouring to overtake the meaning of this epigram:—

Odi et amo, quare id faciam fortasse requiris,
Nescio; sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

He did it literally and then diffusely into English, driving the poet rather further than he will go. But "W. F. H." said of doing Catullus into English: "It has never been done; the

task is not for me. Is it possible that in the far-off summers some young New Zealander may succeed?"

Here in this immediate autumn, being a New Zealander and young, I submit this very free rendering of the amorous Roman, and ask "W. F. H." to hand me the parsley crown:—

Strong hate, strong love; these twain have hold of me.

Hate speeds desire, and love is long distress,

And all my thought is keen, sweet bitterness,

Hither and thither blown bewilderingly.

Strong love, strong hate; how should these foes agree?

Nay, ask me not . . . I know not. . . . But I know

Desire is great for that I hate her so

For all the evil love has wrought in me.

Of love and hate a cross is built for me,

Self-sacrificed—and captive doubly tied;

Loving and loathing, I, the crucified,

Strive to escape . . . and wish not to be free.

That, as I said, is a very free version—there is no translation; what seems so is transition. This is a more literal rendering:—

I love her and I hate her.

If you ask me why I do it, how I do it, if I rue it,

Well, I simply have to state a

Fact that feeling power is greater

Than the power to analyse, synthesise, or moralise.

But I feel it and reveal it

In my dour and dismal guise,

And I tell you plain and straight a

Man is subject to surprise

Should he love a girl and hate her.

It's a mix, and I'm refraining

From the trouble of explaining

As I sit and agonise.

The reader can take his choice of versions.—Yours &c.,

TOUGH RAG.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

ANGLO-JAPANESE RELATIONS.—I.

IN THE ACADEMY last week I foreshadowed the early revision and extension of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Since then the negotiations that were in progress with the Tokyo Government have been concluded, and the Treaty of Alliance in its new form has been signed and made public. In regard to this amended instrument, if perhaps we exclude expressions of disappointment somewhat natural in Japan, there is only one verdict throughout the world—that it constitutes a diplomatic triumph of first magnitude for Great Britain. It has been generally assumed that the revision of the contract became necessary in consequence of the fact that its original terms conflicted with the letter, no less than with the spirit, of the comprehensive Treaty of Arbitration which has just been concluded between Great Britain and the United States. To a large extent this assumption is correct; but in the case of international agreements more than in any other kind of document it is necessary to read attentively between the lines in order to detect their true significance.

A careful study of the new Treaty makes it at once evident that an instrument has been created of supreme importance from the Imperial as well as from the purely international point of view. Expressions of opinion received by telegraph from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand afford welcome indication that it has tended in an

appreciable measure to bring our foreign policy into line with Colonial sentiment. Thus the greatest service that the mind of statesman could possibly conceive has been rendered to the cause of Imperial unity—a cause which until now had been perceptibly on the wane. It is pleasing to reflect that all peoples and all parties within the Empire have joined ungrudgingly in offering their congratulations to Sir Edward Grey and the Government whom he represents in that they were not slow to recognize the remarkable series of changes which have come over the world since the Russo-Japanese war, and did not flinch at the unpleasant task of persuading our ally to consent to a moderation of the terms of the Alliance so as to meet the new conditions which, strangely enough, its original provisions were mainly responsible for creating.

A comparison of the Treaty in its present form with the covenant it has superseded, together with a brief history of events during the last few years, will serve to show that the relations between East and West have entered upon an entirely new phase. Reduced to its proper proportions, the Alliance as it stands to-day is nothing more or less than a mere record of a platonic friendship between two nations. No longer are the contracting parties compelled without reservation to combine in war for the defence of their mutual interests. This obligation is removed from application to Powers with whom general arbitration treaties have been concluded. The United States therefore is entirely outside the operation of the agreement. Before very long other Powers will also have the advantage of what might be termed the "saving clause" in the Alliance. Both Russia and France have already intimated that at as early a date as possible they wish to arrange general arbitration treaties with Great Britain and the United States; and Japan, by reason of the irresistible force of circumstance, has initiated preliminary negotiations at Washington with the object of taking advantage of the international movement in favour of arbitration.

Not many months have elapsed since Sir Edward Grey made his memorable announcement in the House of Commons that, in principle, Great Britain and the United States had arrived at a decision to submit to arbitration all issues that might arise between them affecting not only disputes relating to territory, but also questions of honour. That this principle should already have been translated into the rigid text of a Treaty; that, in turn, the satisfactory conclusion of this Treaty should have led to a revision of the terms of an Alliance which, in its original form, threatened Anglo-Saxon unity, inasmuch as it was regarded with disfavour by the United States no less than by our Colonies; and that the splendid example set by the Anglo-Saxon peoples in the direction of finding a sane alternative to the mad resort of war should have been followed by not one but at least three of the greatest nations of the earth, marks the beginning of a new era in the world's history—an era when it may with truth be said that civilisation has so far progressed as to have recognised that common sense is mightier than slaughter, and when many statesmen are agreed that peace is no longer a vision of the angels, but an aim inseparable from practical politics.

If four great Powers of the earth—Great Britain, the United States, France, and Russia—are determined that among themselves they will never go to war, but in all cases of disagreement will submit to the arbitrament of a Supreme Court of International Justice, then it cannot be denied that the tranquillity of the world is to a large extent assured; for, having accepted so high a principle as applied to each other, it is not likely that any one of these Powers will lightly enter upon a war with a nation that has chosen to remain outside the ring of international arbitration. But even if we suppose an occasion when, after all the resources

of patient diplomacy had been exhausted, hostilities became inevitable, it may safely be assumed that any Power involved would have the moral, if not the material, support of those Powers with whom it had concluded arbitration treaties.

We cannot forget, however, that under ordinary circumstances the Alliance would not have terminated until four years hence, and consequently before the two great nations of Anglo-Saxon origin could pursue in common a policy of peace, it became necessary to reshape our relations with Japan. I have already pointed out that in attaining this end we have at the same time strengthened the foundations of Empire. But even more than this, much as it implies, has been accomplished. By the omission of Article IV., which appeared in the former Treaty, our friendship with Russia has been placed upon a firm and lasting basis, and the sentiment of Anglo-Indians once more brought into accord with the diplomacy of Downing Street. This article, it will be recalled, stipulated that "Great Britain having a special interest in all that concerns the security of the Indian frontier, Japan recognises her right to take such measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions." Whatever may have been in the minds of statesmen who were responsible for the insertion of this unhappy provision, there could not be the slightest doubt that its appearance in a Treaty with an Oriental race had a disastrous effect upon British rule in India. It looked as though Great Britain had been forced to realise that in the event of a war with Russia she could not single-handed defend her Indian Empire, and malcontents among the natives were not slow to conjure up, for the education of the untutored masses, visions of battalion after battalion of Japanese troops being transported to the north-west frontier for the purpose of assisting the English to hold their own against the invaders.

As a matter of fact, in justice to British statesmanship, it must be said that at no time was it ever contemplated, even as a remote possibility, that the Japanese should be called upon to take the field in India. Had war broken out with Russia, they would have been expected to help Great Britain by making a counter-move against the Russian forces in the Far East. Apart, however, from the consideration that at first glance Article IV. was open to misinterpretation on this score, its inclusion at all was sufficient to create an uneasy feeling throughout India, and to keep alive an unfriendly sentiment towards Russia. It is little wonder, therefore, that the old treaty met with the marked disapproval of Anglo-Indians, more especially when we bear in mind that the Russo-Japanese campaign had resulted, for the first time in modern history, in the triumph of an Oriental race over a white one, and that it was followed by the widespread dissemination of seditious literature from Japan throughout the length and breadth of India.

The omission of the objectionable clause in the revised version recalls the whole circumstance that led to the alliance with Japan. Until recently British diplomacy has been obsessed with the fear that Russia contemplated a swift and sudden descent upon India. In Russia this idea was looked upon as nothing more or less than an absurd hallucination, but nevertheless there were not wanting sinister evidence of Russian activity in the neighbourhood of Afghanistan and Thibet. Nor did Russia stop at coveting India. She sought to found for herself at the expense of China and, what was of still greater importance, at the expense of Powers having serious interests in China, a vast Far Eastern Empire. Thirteen years ago, after she had actually entered upon military occupation of Manchuria, Great Britain endeavoured to induce her to define clearly her position. An exchange of Notes, known as the "Yangtze Agreement," was the result. Great Britain on her side promised that as far as railway concessions north of the

Great Wall were concerned she would give Russia a free hand; while in return Russia recognised the Yangtze Valley as Great Britain's sphere of influence.

The measures taken to suppress the Boxer rising, which followed two years later, only intensified the jealousy existing among the Powers. From that time all the international covenants relating to the integrity of China were torn to shreds and scattered to the four winds. While Russia herself abstained from open interference, she exerted in the Yangtze region an underhand influence through the medium of Belgian capitalists. Moreover she pressed the Chinese for a concession for a railway from the north to the capital itself. These activities, coupled with Russian intrigues in Korea, gave rise to alarm in Japan.

The Tokyo Government, however, wisely realised that unaided Japan could accomplish nothing. Their natural inclinations led them to turn to England. They did not forget that after the Sino-Japanese War we had refused to join the three Powers—Russia, France, and Germany—in robbing their country of the legitimate spoils of victory. What finally decided Japanese statesmen in favour of the Alliance, however, was the knowledge that Great Britain possessed superfluous wealth, some of which might be spared to finance a campaign against Russia. On our part we were inclined towards an Alliance, because we feared that if we failed, then Russia would step into the breach. As a matter of fact, Prince Ito did actually visit St. Petersburg at the time in order to sound the Russian Government on the subject. In the meantime the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was signed. Russians declare to this day that they had no intention of entering into a binding engagement with Japan, and they contend, quite seriously, that we were the victims of a diplomatic ruse.

Succeeding events will be described in a future article. It is sufficient to say here that Great Britain's support of Japan has entailed great sacrifices in the Far East. For our reward we must look elsewhere—in the direction of the Indian Frontier, where the tension has been relieved, and in Europe, where Russia has declared herself to be on the side of England and France, as against the Triple Alliance.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

THE one engrossing topic of general interest at the moment is undoubtedly the great air race round Great Britain for the second £10,000 prize offered to aviators by the *Daily Mail*, and it is safe to prophesy that the crowd which will assemble at Brooklands by three o'clock this afternoon to witness the start of the race will be a record one so far as aviation meetings in this country are concerned. During the last week or two the daily papers have favoured us, in exhaustive detail and with somewhat painful reiteration, with the personal history and records of the competing aviators, so that it is not necessary to repeat them here. But it may be said that the contest is unique in several important respects, and its results should prove of greater value than those of any previous flying competition in the annals of aviation. For the first time it will be possible for the outside public to form an opinion as to the relative reliability of the various types and makes of machines, as no aviator will be allowed to use more than one during the whole of the contest. And it is reliability, rather than speed, that the aeroplane of the future will have to show if it is ever to become the popular sport some enthusiasts anticipate. Whether it ever can, by any possibility, become a popular sport, or commend itself to the man in the street as a safe mode of locomotion, is a very debateable question. Whatever advances in construction may eventually be made

there seems no possibility of eliminating the one serious drawback of the heavier-than-air machine—namely, the certainty that it will fall when the engine stops; and it will take a lot to convince the ordinary individual that the absolutely perfect engine has been, or ever will be, made.

However, whatever opinion one may hold as to the likelihood of universal flying in the future, there is no gainsaying the fact that the art or science of aviation has made phenomenally rapid advances. It is only five years since Santos Dumont flew 235 yards—the first officially recorded flight in the history of the world. Last year, Tabuteau, one of the competitors in the race which starts to-day, flew 365 miles without an intermediate stop. Only four years ago the highest recorded flight was one of 8ft. from the ground by Farman. Last year a French aviator attained an altitude of 10,746ft., and even this is reported to have been recently beaten. In the matter of speed also similar remarkable advances have been made, the record of twenty-five miles an hour made by Santos Dumont having been replaced by one of seventy-eight miles an hour accomplished by the American aviator Weymann only a week or two ago. It must be admitted, therefore, in view of this astonishing progress, that the future of aviation is an unsafe thing to prophesy about.

There are no indications at present of any disposition on the part of the standard tyre manufacturers to respond to the suggestion, made recently by the introducers of a new tyre—the "Victor"—that a general long-distance reliability and durability tyre test should be carried out under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club. This is a pity, for, after all, such a trial would furnish an invaluable means of enabling the motorist to secure data, from an absolutely reliable source, for his guidance in tyre selection. It is not disputed that, as things are at present, he has no such data. He must either rely upon reputation, or commence a series of experiments. The former process is not satisfactory, for reputation may be, and often is, the result of lavish advertising rather than of intrinsic merit. Another point to be borne in mind is that lavish advertising adds materially to the cost of production, and this additional cost has to be borne, either in the form of increased price or decreased quality, by the buyer. Other things being equal, the logical presumption is that the manufacturer who spends least upon sources of expense other than those of actual production is in a position to give the best value for money. There are still two other considerations worthy of attention in this connection. One is, that once a reputation is definitely acquired, whether by superlative merit or otherwise, there is sometimes a tendency to trade upon it by offering an inferior article for the sake of a bigger profit. The other is, that a tyre which may be indisputably the best in one year may be quite inferior in the next. The best motor tyre in existence is far removed from perfection, and the efforts of inventors and experimenters in tyre-construction are unceasing. There is no reason whatever for assuming that finality has been reached. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that a new tyre, the "Victor" or any other, has solid grounds for claiming superiority to those already on the market, how is it to demonstrate the validity of its claims? Obviously, by being pitted in fair competition against its competitors. And this is also the only way by which the motorist, who is the one primarily concerned, can satisfy himself as to which tyre is the best without embarking upon a course of troublesome and costly experiments. It would be well, therefore, if the premier club would organise such a general tyre-trial as is suggested. It

would then be for motorists to place what construction they chose upon the motives of those makers who declined to participate.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Cophall Avenue, E.C.

WITHOUT doubt business is gradually improving, not perhaps amongst those members of the Stock Exchange who rely upon the gamblers in Mines, but amongst those who do a steady, all-round trade. Everybody is becoming more optimistic. This may be accounted for by the fact that trade throughout the country is good, that the weather is bright and cheerful, and disposes people to think cheerfully and act boldly. The savings of the country have to be reinvested in something, and the savings of Great Britain are enormous. Trade demands a large proportion of these savings. But the Stock Exchange must benefit. It is curious to note the great disinclination the public has to invest in new issues. If we take a list of the latest promotions, we find the San Antonio Lands quoted at 6 discount, the Greek Loan at $1\frac{1}{2}$; the Persian Loan has been about $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount, but is a shade better now. The Norwegian Loan is $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount, whilst nearly all the Canadian issues have been failures. Underwriters have been left in almost every instance. The Mond Nickel debentures are 4 premium, and the Cordoba second debentures are $2\frac{1}{2}$ premium, whilst the Chilean 5 per cent. Loan is no less than 3 premium and the Central London $4\frac{1}{2}$ prefs 14 premium. The Lampard Rubber Trust report was not at all liked, and it does not look as though Mr. Lampard would have much success with the five companies he has prepared for the public. This Rubber Trust has made money, which is more than can be said of most of the others. But I should advise shareholders to get out, which they now can at a profit. At last the Woldsea Land Company has had the pluck to go to the public. This concern, in which I understand Messrs. Curtis, Gardner and Company are interested, has made many attempts to get its shares underwritten. The prospectus is a curious document, and is not taken seriously by anybody in the City. Therefore I could not under any circumstances recommend any one to apply. Woldsea may be the most healthy place on earth, and the most picturesque; but it is quite clear that those behind the land scheme are not strong enough to carry it through, and unless a land company has unlimited capital it cannot hope to make a success. A Water Softener Company has been asking for subscriptions, but such speculations should be left severely alone. The Bajoe Kidoel appears to me very much over-capitalised, and I am beginning to grow afraid of Java. The rubber does not grow as quickly as it does in either Sumatra or the Malay. The native rubber-tree of the island is the Rambong; but the tree covers such a large amount of ground, and is so difficult to tap, that it is apparently not suitable for an over-capitalised limited company. Nevertheless, the quality of the rubber from old Rambong latex is extremely good.

MONEY.—The Money Market is very easy, and we shall certainly have a plentiful supply throughout the whole of the summer. The cotton crop does not require to be financed before November, and the big banking houses will have plenty of opportunity before then for making their usual arrangements. A 14-million bale crop will call for a very large amount of money. The other crops in the United States will be about the average and will not disturb our markets. India may require more gold, but unless we have some important political crisis cheap money will remain with us right through to the end of the autumn.

FOREIGNERS.—Foreigners have been steady all through the week, but with very little business, and the movements in the market are hardly worth noticing. Occasionally a slight

spurt occurs in the preference stock of the Peruvian Corporation, but every rise is seized upon by the bears as an opportunity to unload. There is now a stale bull account here.

HOME RAILS.—The Stock Exchange is always so impatient. It cannot wait for the dividend declarations, but it makes the excuse of labour troubles to sell everything. The Metropolitan dividend was as much as anybody could possibly hope for and better by $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. than some of us expected. Yet Metropolitans dropped a point. North Easterns have also been sold, but here it is quite possible that the speculator is right, for it is not certain that the North Eastern will increase its dividend, although its traffic returns are good. All the heavy lines have been firmer than more speculative issues, and I again point out to the serious investor what a splendid opportunity he has during the present recession of prices. He may not get such a chance again for some years. Indeed the man who buys London and North-Western ordinary stock to-day and holds it for only eight months will obtain a return of 5 per cent. on his money, and a possible chance of a five or ten point rise in his capital expenditure, and he will all the time have the satisfaction of feeling that he has invested his money in a gilt-edged security. Very much the same may be said of the Great Westerns or Lancashire and Yorkshire. It should never be forgotten that a purchase to-day carries with it an almost immediate dividend, and there is then only six months to wait for another dividend. Great Central are still written up in all the newspapers, but as the junior stocks are speculative, and cannot hope for a dividend for two or three years, there may be a chance of buying in lower down later on. The senior preference stocks are, however, very much undervalued in the market, and form an admirable lock-up.

YANKEES.—The United States is full of optimism. Nothing can stop the progress of this great country, and, in view of the fact that the harvest will be as good as last year, whilst the cotton crop may beat the record, I cannot see that people can go wrong in buying Little Southernns. There is no railway in the United States that will benefit so much by a large cotton crop, and there is no railway that has a better chance of improving its position. The line is in the hands of Morgan, and is much better managed than it used to be. I hesitate to advise Missouri Pacifics, for since Gould made his arrangements with Speyer I am doubtful whether the line is being run in economical fashion. Speyers are good people, but Gould is very shifty, and Bush is a Gould man and not a Speyer man. Union Pacifics are cheap. Indeed, if the preference stockholders could be settled with and that stock withdrawn, there is no reason why Union Pacifics should not distribute their huge savings. How far the line will be affected by the opening of the Panama Canal is, perhaps, doubtful. The Hill stocks are not over-valued, for the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty is certain to go through, and all the little branch-lines that Hill built years ago and now runs at a loss will immediately become profit-earning extensions.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—Canadian Pacifics are now at a record price, and look like going higher. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that stockholders should take their huge profit. I know that the directors still continue to buy stock, but the manipulation comes from New York and from Berlin. The big houses in the United States have very little to do with Canadian Pacifics, and the Levy group are the only manipulators in Wall Street. There is some talk of Canadian Pacifics issuing fresh shares at 175. It is possible that this may be done, for the line is so prosperous that this is the only way to disguise its prosperity. Were it to pay more than 10 per cent. dividend the Canadians would at once complain that they were being robbed.

RUBBER.—The newly-made rubber boom never attracted the public at all, and was a purely manipulated Mincing-lane production. Raw rubber can hardly rise, for the Para stocks must be liquidated; therefore, were I a holder of rubber shares I should sell out with the certain chance of being able to buy in at lower levels later on. It is impossible that any of the companies can make more than half the

profits they made during the past year. The Straits Bertam report was an astounding document, especially after all the boom talk we have heard about this company's contracts. Sir West Ridgway should explain what has become of the two ton a month contract at 11s. a pound. This share is very much over-valued.

OIL.—There is nothing new to report of the Oil Market. It remains completely dead. The story that the Gates crowd intend to purchase Mexican Eagles, paying the preference shareholders debentures, appears to be true, and the shares are not dear to-day. It also seems probable that an end will be made of the war in the East, in which case Shells are worth buying. Spies should have a good year, for the price of oil in Russia has risen. But no other oil shares are worth touching at the moment.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir Market see-saws backwards and forwards a sixteenth and an eighth at a time. Neither in Paris nor in London does the speculator gamble in mines. The General Mining and Finance Report was satisfactory, and Messrs. Albus may be congratulated, for they have not the richest mines on the Rand, and they have made the most of what they have. It is difficult to advise any one to go into Kaffirs to-day, for although the shares are not too high, they are certainly not low enough to tempt the average speculator. There is nothing to go for.

RHODESIANS.—Everybody feels that the Rhodesian Market ought to move. But it does not. If an arrangement could be come to between the big houses, and a holding syndicate established, this would be the best solution to the difficulty. All the finance houses have great blocks of shares which they are anxious to market, but each one is afraid of the other, and as a result nothing is done. Rhodesia is moving very fast, and perhaps one day the public will realise this and come in and buy, regardless of the fact that they are buying from the shop. But at the present moment they decline to do it.

EGYPT.—Lord Kitchener has now been officially appointed our Consul-General, and undoubtedly there is a good time coming in the Egyptian market. A new Governor will be appointed to the National Bank, and both this share and the Agricultural Bank shares will be worth buying, but probably the cheapest share in the whole Egyptian Market is the preference share of the Khedivial Mail. The ordinary shares in this company are also a good speculation. United Lands is the best of the cheap land companies, and Aboukir and Behera are the best of the good ones. Bank of Athens shares are an excellent investment, for this Bank is gradually building up a very large business in Egypt, and is doing it upon strong lines. It should pay 10 per cent. dividend, and the £4 shares are quoted about 5½.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Marconis are the only share dealt in in this market with any freedom, for the market in 'bus stock, Cements, Hudson Bays is very limited, and a very small transaction has a very great effect. We await the speech of the Marconi Chairman, and until the meeting is over it is useless to do anything.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

THE "ENGLISH REVIEW" AND THE "SPECTATOR"

* * We have received the following letter, with a request that it should appear in our columns, and we accede with pleasure :—

WE, the undersigned, have read the article in the *Spectator* of June 10th attacking the *English Review*. We can see nothing in the article but a simple act of persecution. A well-known writer in the *English Review* has expressed, not editorially, but over his own signature and on his own responsibility, an opinion which is beyond all question a very widespread opinion, not only among so-called men of the world, but among medical men and serious moralists. It is

an opinion which shocked some of us precisely as some of the *Spectator's* opinions shock others of us and shock the editor of the *English Review*. But its suppression can be justified only by arguments which would equally justify the suppression of every organ of advanced or reactionary thought in Europe, and could easily be pushed for party or sectarian purposes to the destruction of the liberty of the Press. Under these circumstances, without in any way committing themselves as to the merits of the two journals, or the validity of the views with which they are identified, we feel bound to protest against the attempt of the *Spectator* to annul the compact of tolerance upon which the maintenance of the highest literature and the best journalism depends for its very existence.

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E. S. P. HAYNES

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

* Mr. Maurice Hewlett signs the Protest with the following reserving clause :—I agree with and join in the protest against the *Spectator's* article with this modification of its terms, that I do not suppose it to have been an act of persecution. I regard it as having been inspired by that smug confidence in one's own opinion and conviction of its importance to the world at large, which are still, as they have always been, common to all vulgar natures. The *Spectator* is not malevolent ; it is a prig.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE "SPECTATOR" AND THE "ENGLISH REVIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The many persons of rank and nobility who wait upon my slightest nod for the shaping of their opinions and the manufacture of their morals have become importunate in their desire to know my attitude in regard to the controversy between the *Spectator* and the *English Review*.

Now that the correspondence is closed to lesser persons I am pleased to allow it to become known that I consider the woman Godiva (about whom report, as ever, undoubtedly speaks with truth) a lamentable example of modern effrontery.

Assuming that his eyesight was perfect, the courageous attitude assumed by my friend Peeping Tom over this reprehensible performance is worthy of my commendation, and I congratulate my colleague upon his good fortune in being the only *Spectator*.—I am, Sir, yours portentously,

GEORGE E. W. MUZZLE.

Lochinyar, Bycullah Park, Enfield, July 13th, 1911.

[We print this effusion, but we are inclined to think that the

Editor of the *Spectator* and Mr. Russell will not be "much impressed" by Mr. Muzzle's personality, and will agree with us that he ought to undergo a further disability—namely, hand-cuffing.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

THE SOVEREIGN'S RIGHTS OF FREEDOM AND THE CREATION OF PEERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There seems to be a grievous form of general ignorance with respect to the Sovereign's rights of freedom, which must never be misconstrued with Crown privileges. In other words, the fact appears to be entirely overlooked that the Sovereign is a rational as well as a constitutional, economic, or physical factor in the life of a nation. For instance, the Sovereign possesses, just as the most ordinary individual possesses, rights of private indulgence, and to rob him of these rights would be an act on the part of the other estates of the realm contrary to common law—that is to say, contrary to the very formulas of liberty upon which our House of Commons is founded.

As a constitutional, economic, or physical factor in the life of a nation, the Sovereign is, of course, like every other unit, a subject of law; but as a rational factor he possesses as much liberty of mind and spirit as the greatest and meanest of his subjects. It is, therefore, an extraordinary present-day weakness which misconstrues the free heritage of our King into forms of mere Crown privileges or prerogatives.

Now, from the common or privy forms of the Sovereign's rights—not by any means from a point of view relevant of mere privilege—the predisposition of the existing Government to create a breach of common law (that is to say, to abuse the supreme or national ground of freedom by seeking to overrule, by its own privy or common rights, the privy or common rights of others) is an answer in itself to the political deadlock of the moment.

A few suppositions will do much to explain.

Suppose the House of Lords, irrespective of all amendments or compromise, elect to make a firm stand against the passage of the Parliament Bill. What do they actually maintain by such a stand? Why, the rights of personal freedom. In fact, by such a stand the Peers discover to the Commons their own basis of freedom.

And the Government? What is its intention in attempting to pass such a Bill? Why, to make mere private convictions common law. In other words, this Bill simply seeks to make private individuals, in the shape of Cabinet Ministers, omnipotent. The gain, therefore, to the nation at large by such a real act of nobility on the part of the Lords goes without question. Likewise the fictitious nature of the loss to the nation on account of the Veto of the Lords goes without question.

But suppose, as the Government leads us to think, a correspondingly bold objection is made to the Lords' attitude towards the Bill, for we must not forget that the Commons have as much right to personal liberty as the Lords themselves. What course is to be taken by the ruling heads of the Commons? Obviously the same recourse as the Lords have—a negative recourse and nothing more. The Government is at liberty (and this is the limit of its freedom) to persist in sending the Bill to the Lords until the two Houses agree or come to terms upon it. So long as personal liberty remains to us the rejection of any Bill, no matter what Government introduces it, can never be assumed to be an act which destroys the ground of personal liberty. A Bill which is repeatedly repulsed must in some form be detrimental to the interests of free government. This, of course, is not saying that because a Bill is passed by the Lords it is necessarily not detrimental to the interests of free government; it may or may not be so.

But the great thing I have at heart is the emancipation of the Sovereign from a form of illegal procedure. This constitutional battle, for instance, is at present being waged upon equal ground between the Government and the Lords; but, in the event of the basis of our personal freedom becoming endangered, that the supreme representative of it—namely, the Sovereign—is to be called upon to surrender his own rights; it is surely time for free Englishmen to be up and doing, for, with the destruction of the Sovereign's rights of freedom, all personal liberty becomes destroyed.

It is not merely a question of whether a certain Bill shall or shall not become law, but whether a political privilege or prerogative (that of creating Peers) is to be used to subvert political

freedom. As I have previously pointed out in these columns, the situation is an alarming one, and calls for a national and not merely a party protest. This foolish idea that a Prime Minister is within his constitutional rights even to approach the Monarch with a view to over-ruling the Veto of the Lords should no longer be countenanced, since such a procedure would be a breach of common law—that is to say, it would be a gross subversion of the Oath of the House of which the Prime Minister is the head. If, therefore, the nation allows the passing of this Bill, a Prime Minister will no longer be a subject, but a despotic ruler.

That such a breach of common law has previously occurred is no argument for a repetition. The legal course to pursue is a negative course—that is to say, the two Houses must continue to act independently of all other free powers (the free power of the Sovereign included) until an agreement takes place between the said Houses. Failing this free agreement, the only course open is one of Opposition policy. An appeal to the nation as a whole is only legal as an extreme form of settling political differences, and, as an extreme form, it can only be held to deal with matters beyond the limits of common or national law, and not, as the present Government imagines, with matters which are to be settled by common law.

Thus the constitutional or legal rights of the House of Peers to free action in matters of legislative policy is not a question which calls for an appeal to the Electorate. The Oath of the Commons justifies such rights.

Likewise the constitutional or legal rights of the Sovereign to free action in matters of legislative policy is not a question which calls for an appeal to the electorate. The Oath of the Commons again justifies such rights.

The constitutional or legal rights of both the House of Peers and of the Sovereign to free action in matters which are not relative of legislative policy is wholly a different affair, since, in this sense, they simply possess not free, but restricted rights. But then the same must be said to be the case with the Commons. In a constitutional sense, therefore, there can be said to be no political crisis or deadlock, but merely a Ministerial muddle or checkmate to Ministerial rule. The Opposition can well afford to treat such a situation with an assured, and therefore a quiet, attitude of protestation or negation.

Finally—and I think I have earned the right to ask such a question—what is to be said of the value of the authoritative prestige of such leading Opposition journals as the *Times*, that such spurious ideas as the present Government possesses of English justice, English law, and English freedom should have been countenanced in the least degree? I make bold to say that when such leading journals fail to lead others worthier of the name should, with all honour, be allowed to precede them. Apart from this, all national progression must rest in abeyance.—Yours obediently,

Cambridge.

H. C. D.

[We invite discussion on this matter.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

"THE CRUCIBLES OF TIME"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is, I think, rightly considered unwise for an author to make any comment on a review of his book. The earth is big, and it takes all kinds to fill it. Therefore a robust difference of opinion is both healthy and wise. It is even desirable, since there is no tuition so admirable as the tuition of a resolute opposition, however severe that opposition be. But your anonymous reviewer's article last week on my recent volume of poems is so grossly unfair that it seems to call for comment. For instance, he mentions one poem and cites one passage as, apparently, marked instances of "pure verbiage," and he appends to them both the remark that, with all their vices, they are "such as not every versifier could produce." Well, then, on his own showing, one would be inclined to wonder of what extraordinary metal the good things in the volume were hammered if the chosen bad things won this tribute. But throughout the article he fails to give one instance of the good things. It is true he says of certain poems that they attain "a real dignity and eloquence;" but he takes excellent good care not to quote from them. The only one poem he quotes from, and likes, he dismisses (and I agree with him in dismissing) as but a light and passing fancy.

Surely, Sir, you must agree that such biased quotation is both undesirable and unfair. But it does not suffice your reviewer. He even drags lines from their contexts for the purpose of holding

them up to folly. It is not for me to speak in praise or blame of my own work. But in the interests of fair criticism I may point out so smug a travesty as this. He quotes these lines:—

"Yet with stricken horror saw we, for it settled, melted, dwindled,
Seeming gradually less."

He says that they "might have been fitly found in the pages of a humorous poet." Well, that very largely depends on what it was that did this "settling, melting, dwindling," whether universes or abdomens. It happens to apply to a heap of gold, and those who have seen a heaped mass of metal in pieces, under the influence of heat, may judge themselves of the appropriateness of the picture used. But who could judge from your reviewer's method of citation? He adds the complacent remark that the lines are not Elizabethan. Whoever said they were? It is very kind of him to say that he is sure that I "can give him much better work than anything in" the volume; but, in view of his article, he can scarcely blame me for characterising this as mere sentimental wish-wash to tail off an unfairness.—Yours, &c.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

[Mr. Darrell Figgis was the writer of the article on "Thackeray" in our last week's issue.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 131	Reviews (continued)—
Love's Requiem 132	Fiction 143
The Wages of Weakness 132	The Theatre 144
Why Die?..... 133	Through France in a
"The Academy" Dinner 133	Motor—VI. 144
Flight and Fortune..... 134	Some Old Theatres of
State Insurance 135	Paris—I. 146
Reviews:—	Music 147
The Sister of Sir	Lost Kingdoms of the Sea 148
William Temple 138	Homeward Bound: a New
A Handbook of Gothic	Zealand Sketch 149
Art 139	Sophocles in Rhyme 151
Style, Supermen, Canni-	Street-Organs 152
balism, and a Philo-	Tokyo 153
sopher 139	Art..... 154
Absolute Criticism and	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 154
Edmund Spenser..... 140	Motoring and Aviation ... 155
Historical Novels..... 141	In the Temple of Mammon 156
Shorter Reviews 142	Correspondence 158
	Books Received 159

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE *Spectator* is—unconsciously—too funny for words. Its Editor has formed himself into a sort of universal information bureau. All the information disseminated is, moreover, inspired, and is quite as lucid and authoritative as that vouchsafed by the oracle of Delphi. For instance, in last week's issue the question of the Crisis is succinctly dealt with by the Editor in notes, leading article, and sniping comments on correspondence in rather over four columns—the whole of this space being needed to explain that Mr. Strachey having spoken the controversy is at an end. As was to be expected, the policy of running away has received his sanction. There are one or two delightful tributes to the Editor's omniscience:—

We may note that on Thursday evening the Press Association issued a statement to the effect that the Government had already obtained the King's consent to the creation of Peers . . . The Association's information will hardly be called news by the readers of the "*Spectator*."

In the odd moments of compiling four columns, the Editor is needed, it seems, on the telephone to give authoritative enlightenment to the editors of other papers. The *Evening News* prints the following telephonic message received from Mr. Strachey:—

I have never wavered in the opinion that the duty of the House of Lords was to pass the Bill, bad as it is, and so

prevent the creation of peers and the consequent ruin of the peerage.

The ruin of the peerage would be bad enough, but it would also mean something like the ruin of the Unionist Party, for after the creation of peers there would be nothing to prevent the immediate crisis of a Home Rule Bill, Plural Voting, and other legislative projects equally injurious to the nation.

I feel certain that in the present circumstances the wisdom, statesmanship, and high qualities of leadership belonging to Lord Lansdowne may be relied upon to prevent the creation of peers.

Steele, in No. 562 of the *Spectator*, refers to Wolsey's "Ego et rex meus" as "the most violent egotism I have met with in the course of my reading." If he could only read the *Spectator* commencing with No. 4,300, he would, we think, see cause to modify that opinion. The one indispensable man has been found, but alas! he is not exempt from human fate. We shudder to think what will become of the Empire, and indeed of the world, when in the nature of things this great and sapient personality is no longer available to pronounce definitely on human problems.

There are no fresh developments in the situation in Morocco, and a better atmosphere hangs over the conversations in Berlin, which are likely to be somewhat protracted. The *Daily Mail* published a few days ago what purported to be the German demands of France in return for permission to establish a protectorate over Morocco, but these were of such an extravagant nature that the French Press made it unofficially clear that they could not for a moment be entertained. They included a large stretch of the French Congo including the sea coast and the port of Liberville; and also a port in Morocco and special trading rights over the Sus. These demands are equally unacceptable to ourselves as well as to the French, for they would doubly threaten our lines of sea communication to South Africa and also to India, for the Suez Canal could be so easily "accidentally" blocked in time of war that we should have to fall back on the old route round the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Lloyd George came out with a timely little speech, stating our determination to stand by France, and containing a veiled warning to Germany of the serious consequences which may result from pressing any impossible demands on our ally. This has done much to clear the air, for we must convince the German Government that they have little to hope from internecine party strife in this country, and that both sides are equally united to maintain the *status quo* in Morocco and to keep our binding engagements with France.

The issue of the *Parsi* for July 2nd contains the concluding instalment of a very interesting article on Edgar Allan Poe by Mr. Khandalavala; but one sentence in it reads rather cryptically. Referring to "The Raven," the author writes:—"The poet passes through successive gradations of despair, the natural and prophetic refrain of which is 'Never More,' than which there is not a happier word in the English language." This is not particularly happily expressed, and we had been under the impression that there were many "happier words" in our language than the refrain of "The Raven." The rest of the essay is excellent. We note also in the *Parsi* a reproduction of Mr. Hubert J. Norman's paper in the *Westminster Review* on the poet Cowper; and the *Wednesday Review* reprints an article which appeared in THE ACADEMY some weeks back, entitled "A Reminiscence of Forty Years Ago," by "An Eye-Witness," who passed through the terrors of the Commune.

LOVE'S REQUIEM

Love is dead !
 On bed of roses
 Now his lifeless form reposes ;
 Heap the lilies round his head,
 Tell them softly, " Love is dead."
 Let sweet song
 Bemoan his dying,
 Strew late violets, softly sighing,—
 And, lest Love should be forgot,
 Twine the blue forget-me-not.
 Let your prayers
 Like incense rise
 Winged with dolorous harmonies ;
 Let four tapers star the gloom
 Like tall lily-wands in bloom.
 No black pall
 Shall drape his bier,
 Lay no yew nor cypress here,
 But, since Summer dies without him,
 Strew her choicest blooms about him.
 Through the glory
 Of his hair
 Wreath white roses, pure as fair ;
 O'er his heart, now still and dead,
 Lay this rose of deepest red.
 Lo ! he rises
 From the flowers !
 Petals fall in very showers ;
 " I am living ! " hear him cry,
 " Think ye Love can ever die ? "

WINIFRED SUTCLIFFE GREAVES.

THE WAGES OF WEAKNESS —

MR. BALFOUR and Lord Lansdowne have written on the crisis at home, but they have advanced no new arguments in favour of the Peers submissively passing under the yoke.

Lord Lansdowne offers his personal opinion and advice, which is, of course, entitled to consideration ; Mr. Balfour hints not obscurely at effacing himself as leader of the Conservative Party if Lord Lansdowne's advice is disregarded. It is possible that Mr. Balfour attaches exaggerated weight to his continuance in his present position. All admire his Parliamentary dexterity and his devotion to the Unionist cause. Since, however, he has spoken plainly himself, he cannot complain if others who have worked for the cause as long as he, and who are equally devoted to it as he is to-day, speak plainly also. I am prepared to do so, and to give chapter and verse for what I advance. I refrain, however, on this occasion because the European situation is such, that no man who occupies a position of authority should be the

object of criticism which might tend in any degree to diminish the influence which centres in him. For the same reason it is incumbent to reserve criticism of Lord Lansdowne, the late Foreign Secretary.

Writing with all reserve, I hold strongly that, unless the foreign situation demands it, no concession should be made to the arbitrary attitude which the Government has adopted. If the situation of Europe is such that internal dissension must be composed, it is not for the Peers alone to offer concessions.

I am not writing with the freedom I desired, and I shall therefore adhere to essentials. The indisputable fact is that the Parliament Bill is not the Bill which was mentioned to the constituencies at the last General Election. The position which was taken up at that time by the Government candidates was that the House of Lords—as we know it—is indefensible and that its powers are in need of restriction. Reform and limitation were to march hand in hand. An old Chamber with traditional powers was to give place to a new one with a written constitution and circumscribed powers.

Many who are qualified to judge agree with my opinion that the House of Lords should have declined to read an incomplete measure a second time. Their position in that case would have been impregnable, and the Crown would have been justified in refusing guarantees until the Bill, which was foreshadowed at the General Election, was presented to the House of Lords, and either rejected by the House, or altered by it in essentials which the constituencies may have been thought to have sanctioned by a general mandate. That proceeding would have been a courageous, and at the same time a perfectly defensible, course to adopt.

The House of Lords under Lord Lansdowne's guidance gave a second reading to a partial measure, with no popular mandate behind it, and having accepted the principle trusted—as is now seen vainly—to the Government being conciliatory and accepting reasonable amendments. One might perhaps put the case thus : Lord Lansdowne finessed against the knave and the cards, and lost the trick.

Assuming that external affairs do not claim an overriding influence, I think that the Peers should resist overweening extortion to the last. If running away were a profitable policy, the Conservative party would now be in a very strong position. I believe that the party will never improve its prospects until it is strongly led, and ready to give battle against the oppression of a hybrid majority.

It is seen how much can be effected by comparatively small minorities which are strongly and resolutely led. The compact Conservative host is almost negligible, because its leaders always have specious arguments for sounding a retreat. It is opposed to all teaching of history and all instincts of mankind to argue that enthusiasm can be kindled for that which is invertebrate and complaisant under injury.

I admire Mr. Redmond not only for his loyalty to Parnell in his dark days, but also for the dogged determination with which he has imposed his will on the Liberal majority ; I shall have no admiration for the Peers if they accept from the Government a short lease of life bereft of all which makes life worth living. Viewing the domestic crisis by itself, enthusiasm for the Unionist cause can only be called forth by forcing the Government to carry out their at once tyrannical and ludicrous threat of a wholesale

creation of peers. The constituencies will thus be able to perceive that they are being governed internally by a despotism of a degrading kind, because the ultimate power of fashioning the destinies of the country resides in a group which is avowedly utterly indifferent to its Constitution or legislative welfare.

CECIL COWPER.

WHY DIE?

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

THE political world has been in a turmoil during the past week. When Mr. Asquith announced in a formal letter to Mr. Balfour that he had obtained his guarantees, all the pent-up passions of both parties broke loose. Lord Halsbury, in an impassioned speech in the House of Lords, declared that he would never yield. He has been supported by a large number of peers and by many of the Commons, who are to give him a dinner at the Hotel Cecil to-night (Wednesday). The leaders of this demonstration are Lords Selborne and Salisbury, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. F. E. Smith. They form the "Die in the Last Ditch Party," but they will not die after all, because saner counsels will happily prevail at the eleventh hour. They will eat a good dinner in the last ditch; they will emit panegyrics on themselves in the last ditch, but in the end they will stand by the decision of their leaders—Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne. One by one the leaders of the Unionist party have stated their views. Lord Lansdowne's were already known. On Monday Lord Curzon set his forth in a masterly letter to the Press, and on Wednesday Mr. Balfour announced his intention of standing or falling by Lord Lansdowne in a letter which is a masterpiece of logic and tactics. There are many who criticise Mr. Balfour's leadership, but no one can beat him when it comes to a subtle display of Parliamentary tactics. His letter has completely taken the wind out of the sails of the Halsbury demonstration. With delightfully cynical and remorseless logic he shows how totally out of place military metaphor is at the present crisis, and with polite and mild irony raises a laugh against those who indulge in these mock heroics. He mildly points out that the Constitutional struggle is but just commencing, and gently hints that it is the duty of all true Unionists to prepare for the struggle, and not rashly to commit harri-karri at this early stage of the game. In Japan a man commits harri-karri if he feels he has disgraced himself, and has incurred the ill-will of his Emperor. He never does it because he has been beaten in the first stage of the battle. He would be considered a coward if he did so. He will fight to the end, and when all is lost, why then, if he sees no other means of saving his honour, he may stick his two-handed sword in his bowels, and pass into the keeping of the spirits of his ancestors.

The political situation has developed exactly as I foresaw it would in these columns in our issue of July 8th. I then advocated that the Lords should yield rather than have their vote swamped by the Hireling Batch. That is what they are going to do, and it is the only sane and proper course. We must be left in a position to meet Home Rule with a decisive majority in the Upper House. Thus no Home Rule

measure can become law until after two years, and by that time the coalition will have torn itself to pieces and split into its natural component parts—namely, Liberals, Socialists, and Nationalists—all quarrelling with one another. There only remains one step for the Lords to take, and that is to pass by resolution a solemn protest firmly placing on record that we only yield to *force majeure*, and do not accept the Veto Bill as a final settlement of their powers and prerogatives.

No settlement can be final until we have a Redistribution Bill and a reform of the Constitution of the Upper House. When these two all-important questions have been settled it will be time to adjust the final balance of the powers of the two Houses of Parliament. That day is not far distant. It may come at any time within the next two years. Let the Unionist party face the task of convincing the electorate as a united party. Let the threatened split be buried in oblivion. Let us close our ranks and march on the divided hosts of the enemy in one solid phalanx until we have split and scattered them like chaff to the winds. The country will not mistake or misconstrue the attitude of the party leaders at the present crisis. It is not weakness which causes them to yield—it is a wise choice of two evils. The electorate will not judge ill of those who sacrificed a little pride to preserve their liberties. So black is Mr. Asquith's record that his day of retribution cannot be far distant. He has sold the Constitution for eighty Irish votes; he has dragged the King's name into party strife rather than ask the people for their support; he has offered peerages to party parasites in return for cash down and promises to support any measure the Dollar Dictator may order him to pass; he has substituted a bureaucratic mandate for the vote of the people, and he has brought Parliamentary institutions to the verge of ruin and into public contempt. Nine-twentieths of the total electorate voted for the Unionists at the last General Election. There are many more of the remaining eleven-twentieths who will vote for Unionism at the next. Never were the prospects of the party brighter than at the present time, provided no internal schisms divide our counsels and our attack. Our leaders may not fulfil all our requirements. There have doubtless been greater battle-chiefs in the past; but let us not forget those words of Abraham Lincoln, "It is dangerous to swap horses whilst crossing a stream."

"THE ACADEMY" DINNER

It is just a year since the present management took over THE ACADEMY. There were many pessimists at that time who looked askance at the great task we had undertaken, and who prophesied, with the unfailing wisdom of their class, that in less than six months the paper would have ceased to exist or would have passed into other hands. Those who professed to be our best friends warned us against wasting our efforts to revive the fading fortunes of a journal which had gone through so many vicissitudes and which had fallen to such a low ebb. It is true we have gone through some anxious moments, but we have remained steadfastly confident that our readers would support our efforts, and that in the end they would meet with success. Our trust has not been misplaced, and to-day THE ACADEMY stands in a far stronger position than even the most optimistic believed it would a year ago. We have had great

difficulties to face in the past, and we shall have troubles to meet in the future. In the first place, we desire to appeal to the impartial and to the intellectual, not to the strict partisan and to the sensation-lover. We indulge in none of the favourite schemes for increasing our circulation; we offer no prizes and organise no competitions; we make no effort to give our readers weekly thrills or special sensations; we wish the paper to succeed simply on its merits as a literary production run on original lines. Every one is entitled to a hearing in our columns. In the same number may be found totally different views on the same subject. We wish to give both sides on any question a fair and impartial discussion, and no considerations of mere profit can turn us from this course. We made a confident appeal to our readers a year ago; we make a still more confident appeal to them now, and we trust that all will continue their support and secure their friends' support throughout the coming year.

The anniversary of the new management assuming the control of THE ACADEMY was celebrated on Wednesday last by a dinner at Claridge's, which it is proposed to make an annual function. A distinguished company of thirty guests—all good friends and many of them contributors to our columns—attended the dinner. Earl Fitzwilliam presided, and the general company included Lord Howard de Walden, the Uruguayan, Brazilian, and Argentine Ministers, Sir Charles Walpole, Major Kingsley Foster, Sir William Bull, M.P., Sir Edward Ward, Mr. W. Keswick, M.P., Mr. Cecil Cowper (Editor), Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, the Hon. Arthur Hill Trevor, Messrs. Wilfrid L. Randell, R. B. Turner, A. E. Hall, R. C. G. Richards, Arthur Machen, W. Negus, W. H. Koebel, Lancelot Lawton, Senhor J. Sanceau and Señor de Campilo.

The following sent letters of regret for being unable to attend: Sir Maxwell Aitken, Major Norton Griffiths, Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Waldorf Astor, M.P., Sir Owen Philipps, Captain Morrison, Dr. Sampaio, and Mr. George Cave, M.P.

Earl Fitzwilliam proposed the loyal toasts in a felicitous speech. Sir Charles Walpole proposed "The Two Houses of Parliament," which was responded to by Lord Howard de Walden in a most witty speech, and also by Sir William Bull, M.P. "Success to THE ACADEMY" was proposed by Mr. Negus, and responded to by Mr. Cecil Cowper, who briefly sketched the progress made by the paper during the past year, and who took the opportunity to thank those who had rendered their support. Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett proposed "The Distinguished Visitors," which was responded to by Sir Edward Ward and his Excellency the Uruguayan Minister, Senhor Regis de Oliveira.

FLIGHT AND FORTUNE

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

"Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
Cut shorter many a league."

AN innate, eternal desire for change, a certain irresistible, divine unrest which takes possession of healthy men and women from the cradle to the grave, is part of the secret of all human progress, and to this is allied the delightful virtue of curiosity, inquisitiveness—the wish to discover fresh lands, to find out new sensations, to peer into the crystal with the eyes of faith, to see visions and to dream dreams. Emula-

tion then steps in; the craving to do what other men have never yet done, to succeed where others have failed, to rise, it may be stormily, above the tranquil, commonplace waters of mediocrity. A dozen other attributes, strong and weak, commendable and reprehensible, add their quota to the gathering impulsion—the longing for fame, for money, for the applauding crowd and the exultation of victory, for a woman's adoring glance, or an enemy's envious frown. So, driven by many complex forces intersecting and interacting beyond all possibility of precise computation, we explore equatorial swamps, we search and suffer in Arctic snows; we devise in huge laboratories schemes for the healing of the nations; we contrive machines that shall carry men on business or pleasure to the four points of the compass round the rolling world, and, at last, we fly through the air with the speed of a swallow and the ease of a seagull.

The past week is a memorable one in the history of human flight, and those of us who watched the spectacle at Brooklands on last Saturday afternoon have a memory which may easily be eclipsed by more notable scenes during the next year or two, but which at any rate will not be obliterated. To see the flimsy-looking monoplanes wheeled slowly from their sheds, rocking awkwardly as they traversed the rough ground; to catch a sudden spurt of blue vapour; to hear the quick, impetuous rattle as of a distant rifle-volley, and to behold the dead things spring to life one by one and soar into the hot sunshine, murmuring and muttering in the teeth of the treacherous wind; to hear them settle into a definite purring, musical note as they swerved, ever ascending, and flew arrow-like past us, the light glinting from their whirling propellers, on the first stage of the thousand-mile journey—these were new sensations indeed, even though we had seen flying of sorts before. The experience had the cumulative force of numbers. It had, too, its terribly thrilling moment, when Lieutenant Porte's smart little Deperdussin came to grief. "Beaumont" had sloped up steeply and surely; Astley had wavered, but cleared the dangerous eddies; Paterson had become a speck in the sky, and then, with a sickening feeling that something was going wrong, we gazed fascinated at the hazardous swoops which Porte's machine made when he had ascended fifty or sixty feet. In another moment a gasp of horror, of irrepressible sympathy and sudden fear came from the crowd, for the Deperdussin simply turned half over, dived fiercely, and crashed to the earth a wreck. The silence that enveloped us for one interminable pause was deadly—it could almost be felt. And then from the cloud of dust stepped a man unhurt, waving his arms, and we clapped and cheered him, partly because we were heartily sorry for his ill-luck, partly because the hand of death had missed its grip for once, and the terror had vanished.

After that the slow, solemn biplanes varied the story, and nothing very serious happened. A big "Bristol" careered twice round the oval, lifting herself a few feet now and then, reminding one of the story of the tug that described erratic circles in the river and drew profane comments from the rest of the traffic because her engineer had jumped overboard and nobody knew how to stop the machinery; one or two others had to alight and make fresh starts, but the majority were safe at their destination long before. The crowd lessened, seeking hotels and refreshment; and as we sat at tea in a cosy cottage-garden, high over our heads boomed the three last competitors, shapely as dragon-flies, speeding away from the sunset towards the goal.

So at last we fly in companies, and fairly safely, and by the time these words are being read doubtless some of the gallant adventurers of the air will have completed their thousand miles of danger and sought the less risky arm-

chair, whence to expatiate on winds and weather. What will come of it all? When man has securely appropriated his three dimensions, will some patient mathematician unearth that long-sought fourth dimension from his store of bewildering figures, and teach us how it may be conquered? Probably not; long before then we shall be so bothered by problems arising from the development of the art of flight that three measures of space will be ample for us.

For ages past men have envied the birds and striven vainly to wrest from Nature the secret of feathers and wings. The swallow darts across our path tantalisingly; the seagull floats, circles, progresses subtly on outspread pinions with scarcely a quiver; the lark soars twinkling into the blue until it vanishes. How has man rivalled these graceful, ethereal creatures? He has taken a contrivance of iron and steel and brass, fed it with explosive vapours, built round it surfaces of canvas, pleasantly called "wings," and by the deafening heartbeats of that engine has forced the tilted planes against the air until they pull and rise, taking the engine and himself with them. Unpoetic, unnatural, indefatigable, ingenious Man! Still, it is a triumph for the featherless, wingless creature who has hitherto roamed a kind of Flatland, and a wondering uncertainty must greet those who demand what future there may be for the sport which is developing so rapidly into a science. "Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward?" "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

And as to fortune—who would not strive to fly a thousand miles for ten thousand pounds? We seek fortune in various ways, from the artless methods of Moses Primrose with his "gross of green spectacles" to the keen and complicated operations of the commercial magnate. There is something poetic in the idea of flying for money—much more so than in the idea of writing a poem for money. Poetry, as Richard le Gallienne continues to emphasise, should be paid for in roses, not in such sordid things as cheques and coins of the realm. We are not aware that the experiment has ever been tried on any living rhymester, but we should like to be present when the rose arrived, if only to hear the deep and rhythmic language which even the most imperturbable poet would probably use. He, however, does not risk his life in writing his sonnet or his rondeau—he merely risks slight casualties to his readers who may not be in dithyrambic mood. The aviator, on the contrary, takes his life and all its possibilities in his hands every time he ascends—a fact which was very vividly proved at Brooklands on Saturday last; and no one would blame him for requiring in return a handsome addition to his bank account. The uncertainty of the result is illustrated by the number of entries for this present competition; slow machines are pitted against swift ones, "Cody's Cathedral"—all honour to Cody the plucky and persevering!—against the speedy little monoplanes, every one well aware that a rebellious motor or a snapped wire may alter the whole order of things, may allow the stately biplane to sail home to victory, and leave the leader helpless in some wayside meadow.

As we go to press, the news comes to hand that Lieutenant Conneau ("Beaumont"), of the French Navy, has arrived at Brooklands, completing his flight after a journey that was at times really terrible, and winning the prize. Well within twenty-four hours of actual travelling he has covered the thousand and ten miles, with his compatriot, Védérines, not very far behind him. It was an astonishingly close race between the two Frenchmen, and heartily must the brave Lieutenant be congratulated, in spite of the drooping flag of hope that one of our own countrymen might this time have succeeded. Of Hamel, young and hopeful and energetic, we had strong expectations, but unfortunate delays

have been his portion; many of the other competitors are still farther in the rear. And so the great race ends. What will come next? Who will be the first hero, I wonder, to fly round the world, and how will his necessary food and drink and fuel be supplied as he crosses the great expanses of ocean? It can hardly be doubted that some day the feat will be attempted, since airmen have started from and "landed" easily on the deck of a battleship. But such speculations, for the present, are profitless; the suggestive fact remains that two men have flown over a thousand miles, through rough weather, thunderstorms, hot sunshine and freezing hail, since we watched their winged engines lift sweetly off the turf into the brilliant sky last Saturday afternoon.

Fortune, then, to whom it is due; and let complaining tongues for a while be silent. In a gallant company, compact of courage, skill, and daring, the airmen have departed good-humouredly, and like true sportsmen the vanquished will be ready to give honour to the victor.

STATE INSURANCE

FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

It is proposed by the Government that compulsory provision against sickness shall be enforced upon 14,600,000 people, and that the wage-earners comprising this total shall pay £11,000,000 yearly towards that end. That provision against sickness and invalidity is in itself a desirable thing few men will be prepared to dispute. But whether the scheme now submitted by the Government is either economical, sound, or likely to benefit permanently those in whose special interests it is framed is a very different question. It is of immense importance to the workers of this country that the benefits obtained should be in proportion to the cost, and a careful eye should be kept upon any scheme which involves twice the cost in the providing of benefits that can be obtained by any workman under existing Sick and Benefit Societies. A careful examination of the figures of Sick Insurance Funds reveals the outstanding fact that unless there is anticipated an alarming increase of sickness after the Bill becomes law the total amount contributed under the Bill by all concerned will be out of proportion to the benefit to be received.

This can best be seen by taking the case of a firm employing 1,355 men and boys, having a scheme of sickness insurance in operation under which 15s. per week is paid to all men earning over 20s. per week and 7s. 6d. per week to boys earning under 20s. per week until return to work is possible. Taking the average amount paid by this firm for the last three years, it works out at £382 18s. 8d. per annum, with an average staff of 1,355 men and boys employed, and the cost, calculated on the basis of 4d. per head from each worker, 3d. from employer, and 2d. from the State, would during this time have cost the workers, master, and State a total sum of £2,642 5s. per annum. Even allowing for provision for maternity allowance and medical attendance, a sum amounting to from £120 to £150 per annum would cover the former, and if we add 6s. per head (actual cost according to Friendly Societies' returns) for medical attendance we get an additional cost of £406 10s. per year. By adding these figures together—£382 18s. 8d. paid out of funds for sick benefit, £150 estimated cost of maternity benefit to wives, £406 10s. for medical attendance; total, £939 8s.—we find that far greater benefits can be had for £939 8s., as against a cost of £2,642 4s. under the Government Bill, with the added advantage to the worker of 15s. and 7s. 6d. respectively per

week as against 10s. per week all round under Mr. Lloyd George's proposal.

The very obvious deduction from this is that those firms which are already providing benefits equal to those proposed under the Bill could easily establish insurance funds of their own, under a system of State regulation which would be far more advantageous to the workmen concerned—more economical, alike both to employer and taxpayer, stimulating all concerned in the direction of promoting physical efficiency where—judging from the experience of France and Germany—State Insurance tends in the opposite direction. Apart from this important aspect of the scheme, does this Insurance Bill really reach that class of workman we are anxious to help? Let us carefully and impartially examine its proposals.

The Lancashire cotton operative may fairly be taken as representative of all other trades, both in point of numbers and wages earned. From four loom-weaver to mill-owner is a common experience. The operative of to-day is the employer of to-morrow under the system of hiring "room and power," a system upon which a gigantic business has been built in Lancashire, and one that is severely threatened under this Bill. Thousands of cotton operatives are in receipt of fairly steady employment and wages as a result of the enterprise of two or three of their own fellow-operatives hiring "room and power," pooling their savings together, and embarking on a manufacturing business on their own. Surely this type of man should be encouraged? This enterprise is the very foundation of the Lancashire trade, upon its maintenance depend the wages and well-being of half the cotton population of Lancashire. Increasing competitive conditions, combined with narrower margins and restricted markets, are taxing the resources of Lancashire to their utmost, and now it is threatened by a scheme which will undoubtedly make it increasingly difficult for the operative to rise, and will preclude from the realm of possibility the successful continuance of the small but thrifty working-man employer without the compensation of even touching the fringe of the really deserving poor; and where benefit does accrue we are asked to pay 9d. per week for that which, under individual management, can be gained for 4d.

The sum demanded from the cotton trade is equal to 40 per cent. of the total profit taken upon a basis of 5 per cent., an increase in the cost of production that cannot be borne, entailing grievous unemployment and hardship upon a trade and its workers, to whom a margin of 1 per cent. often makes all the difference between full employment and none. To prove this, it is only necessary to take the case of 1,000 looms. These looms will employ on an average 400 adults, entailing a cost of 3d. each per week, amounting to £260 per year. These 1,000 looms under the "room and power" system will involve a capital outlay of £16,000. Five per cent. on this sum is £800. £260 for contributions and at least £60 a year for clerical work, auditing, and collecting gives us a total of £320 a year, or 40 per cent. of the total of £800. The same process of reasoning applies throughout the whole of the country in thousands of cases, and is bound to be reflected in increased unemployment and the squeezing out of the "little man." Examination reveals this Bill as essentially plutocratic; it saves the "big man" while the "tryer" and the wage-earner are specially penalised.

How is it going to affect the really deserving poor? A poor man as defined by the Bill is one in receipt of less than £160 per annum, but Lancashire cotton operatives cannot be thus classified—the whole thing is a farce. It is rather the rule than the exception for a family working in the mill to be in receipt of over this annual sum, yet they will join in any benefits.

These people are not to be classified as the "deserving

poor" any more than the newly married couple, without any family, earning between them £150 per annum. You must not tell these people they are poor; it is not true, and would be deeply resented as a great insult. Yet these, for the purposes of the Bill, are the "deserving poor."

The poor widow under seventy who takes in the washing of the above couple is classed under the head of "Casual Labourers," and as such is not entitled to any benefit.

The man of no trade, who must needs get a living by odd jobs or anything he can catch, forming the host of casual men hanging around our stations and docks, is likewise barred unless he pays a sum of 7d. per week to get that which 4d. would assure to him from outside sources.

Just exactly how Lancashire will be affected can best be shown by taking the daily routine of a cotton operative's life. And what applies in his case will incidentally apply throughout industrial England. Let us assume he marries at twenty-four a young woman working in the same mill. Quite naturally there are no incumbrances for a beginning. He is running six looms, his wife running four, from which an average of £3 per week is being made. Out of this something can, and is, as a rule, saved, say £50 the first year. Then she falls out of the wage-earning line sick. Recognised as a worker, she receives 10s. a week and a doctor. My point is, Does she need it, as compared with the casual labourer's wife? Is the former really to be considered poor, needy, and necessitous compared with the latter? The answer under Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is, Yes. This is the particular person who is to benefit—for what? So that she can as speedily as possible return to work. If it be a case of her becoming a mother, 30s. allowance, and back again to work at the expiration of four weeks. Following this same couple as typical, what do we expect to find in ten or twelve years' time? Family increased to four or five, woman stops at home, circumstances demand she should; the savings of their early married life are now gone, she is now in the class called "Casual Labourers," who can be insured providing she pays the whole amount herself. This, with her family and only her husband's wage, she cannot afford to do. Many, many sacrifices she makes in order to dress her family neatly. Much-needed rest and comfort are now denied; result, she becomes ill. Now, when State assistance is really needed, both the 10s. per week and the free doctor are missing. The poor husband and father is now told that State assistance is only for workers, still he goes on paying by his labour his proportion to the revenue which provides the twopenny dole of State assistance. Yet now, when he and his wife and family are actually placed in the position of the deserving and necessitous poor, no hand is extended to him.

It is no affair of the State to help these people, whose only crime consists of having bravely shouldered their responsibilities as citizens. It is now that care and attention are needed. This is the time for State aid. An emergency which the Chancellor meets by the vague and ambiguous promise that "if" a surplus fund should be created possibly the members of a worker's family may be allowed to share the benefit.

Having passed through this trying period of his family history, what is the man's position later on in life when the family have become self-supporting? The four children running sixteen looms among them are earning an average of 6s. per loom per week, and the father is occupying the position of an overlooker in the mill with 50s. per week—a total weekly income of £7 10s. Now we find that State aid is forced upon them. Both children and father are entitled to benefit as workers—with a joint income of £390 per year they have advantages which were denied them on an income consisting of the father's wage alone.

It will hardly be contended that these people are belonging

to the "deserving poor," or that the Government's scheme at all adequately deals with that section of the State to which every one is desirous of rendering assistance

The poor and ill-paid casual labourer class are placed at a great disadvantage; involved in an expense they cannot afford to pay, yet needing more than any other class the help of the State. A Friendly Society can give sick benefits of 7s. 6d. per week and an average of £12 at death for 3d. per week. Why should a worker in the "Casual Labourer Class" be called upon to pay 7d. per week for 10s. a week and no benefit at death under the Government scheme?

It is the custom of people to enter Sick and Burial Societies quite early in life, and it appears to be the policy of the Government to destroy these institutions without giving the members any real advantage in return.

It cannot be held that people, and especially the rising generation, are going to join two clubs; one consisting of their Friendly Society, the other a compulsory State Insurance scheme, with an increased cost of commodities forced upon them, following upon increased cost of production. In addition to this their trades organisation will call for maintenance. No increased security of employment can possibly arise from this scheme; advance in wages will be more difficult of achievement, and competitive power is bound to be curtailed. When bad trade comes along, and the workman is earning half wages under short time, he will be compelled to pay his full contribution of 4d. and the employer 3d. This lends itself to the discharging of half the men, and running the concern on full time with the remainder in order to cut down the contribution. If the price of commodities is increased, then the worker will pay the employer's subscription in addition to his own, with his share of the State contribution as well. Therefore, it appears in this light that the workers are to be called upon under the State to pay a far greater sum for just the same benefit they can now obtain as individuals under Friendly Society management. The deserving poor are not reached. They are outside Mr. Lloyd George's scheme; he knows them not.

However attractive the proposal may seem at first sight, examination reveals the lack of accurate knowledge of the actual economic conditions governing our industrial workers which is responsible for such a loosely-constructed system, under which the workers are asked to believe that poverty and want shall vanish from our land. The multiplicity of inspectors and officials will all fall as a charge upon the worker. Smart dodges will be introduced into the mills and workshops calculated to confound the Government official, which will render the efficient working of the Bill well-nigh impossible; and while the operative will be called upon to find the money for these men's wages, they will have nothing whatever to do with appointing them to their positions. Evidently the Government thinks the parties concerned are not capable of providing them, and very considerably undertakes this duty from them.

Let us turn our attention to the question of Unemployed Insurance. This part of the Government's scheme again fails utterly to grip the problem it purports to solve.

Unemployment chronic and long standing is not to be remedied by Government paying a sum of 6s. to 8s. for a period not exceeding fifteen weeks. Every unemployed man is a charge upon his employed brother; and the robbing of the employed to maintain the unemployed is no solution of the problem, as all concerned are poorer in the end. It is only by the introduction of a scheme whereby the root-causes of this social cancer can be reached, that the good of the whole industrial population at large can be made the best insurance of the individual interests of all. Some relief, it is true, may be gained in cases of temporary unemployment such as is inseparable from change in seasons and other like

circumstances for which the workman himself is in no way responsible. Still, much as this may be desired, the real economic problem remains in the main untouched by these palliative proposals. One cannot very well stand still and accept the theory of Sir Charles Wright Macara, who says, "Unemployment is an act of God." To accept this would be to admit that finality has been reached, and that Government is an impotent factor in dealing with that which lack of direction and regulation has undoubtedly produced. To create an evil—which has been born of the changing channels of our industry from skilled to sweated trades—and then propose as a remedy the Government's measure, is unsound national economy, and at best a mere tinkering with the symptoms, while the cause is left untouched. What sort of consolation is it to the young man, who has at great cost to his parents and the nation been through our technical schools, learned a trade, been reared to the position of a skilled workman willing and anxious to shoulder the responsibility of citizenship, and who through lack of employment is driven to emigrate, that, if he will hang on, a benign Administration will grant him from 6s. to 8s. for fifteen weeks until he can find employment? This after £200—at least—has been spent in training him to earn an honest living. What sort of political economy can it be that involves this nation in the expense of training and educating boys up to men and then perforce must either make a present of them to the United States of America, or dole out to them a pittance in lieu of the legitimate employment which our money has been spent in fitting them to follow? It appears to me that the best form of unemployment insurance would be the adoption of a policy which would *obviate* unemployment. To safeguard employment and wages is surely better than this feeble attempt at the protection of the unemployed, whereby the Government tax and penalise the hard-working, steady man, and drive armies of our most desirable workers out of the country, in the interest not of the legitimate tradesman, the skilled artisan, but rather that of the indifferent, inefficient, and incompetent. By all means let us assist the honest, industrious workman; let us so direct the trade policy that the fullest measure of regular employment comes his way. To claim that the life and property of every man should be safeguarded as being the first duty of Government, and then to leave out the means of obtaining a continuance of that life and property, is a mockery that the Chancellor's proposals cannot hide. It is simply playing with the existence of every worker. Every Trades Unionist knows it. The whole policy of their movement is based upon the very principle of trade defence I am contending for. The system of "out-of-work pay" is one of the sources of their strength.

The Chancellor knows this and his proposal is directed against their movement. Workmen cannot pay their Trade Union contributions, special levies, sick and burial contributions, and at the same time contribute to the Chancellor's scheme. No man can object to voluntary contributions; freedom and full liberty of action are the sovereign blessings we enjoy. To be compelled to pay without any option is not democratic, is not just, more especially when it is remembered that we are to pay very much more under a State scheme for benefits we now obtain under our own management, with full control over all that is done. It means a great weakening of the individual liberty of the subject, and the destruction of those very characteristics which have built our commercial supremacy and made the British workman the best in the world.

TOM SMITH, Organising Agent Lancashire and Cheshire Junior Unionists' Association, and Unionist Candidate for the Hyde Division of Cheshire.

REVIEWS

THE SISTER OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

Martha, Lady Giffard: Her Life and Correspondence (1664-1722). A Sequel to the Letters of Dorothy Osborne.
 Edited by JULIA G. LONGE. With Preface by his
 Honour JUDGE PARRY. Illustrated. (George Allen
 and Sons. 15s. net.)

It is long since the perusal of a volume of memories has given so much pleasure or proved so enjoyable as those of Martha, Lady Giffard. The subject of the memories herself was no well-known historical personage who took a prominent part in the life of her day, nor was she one whose name has of itself persisted during the two centuries that have elapsed since her death. She lived a simple private life, devoting herself to the interests, first, of her brother and his family, and, secondly, of her friends. The picture which stands out from this volume of letters is that of a sister for whom any brother would be grateful, and of a friend who should have been to those who had the good fortune to possess her the most treasured of all possessions. Merely as the diary of an unknown lady of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the light it throws on the domestic life of the country gentlemen and women of that period, the book deserves a warm welcome, for what might otherwise have appeared merely as a dry and little interesting record has been vivified and warmed by the glow of life which the editor has breathed into it. Apart from these more general considerations, however, the book will prove invaluable to a large circle for the charming picture it gives of the *vie intime* of Sir William Temple, the diplomatist and author, and of his wife, Dorothy Osborne, the brother and sister-in-law of the nominal heroine of the volume.

Lady Giffard was left a widow a few months after her marriage. From the death of her husband she went to live with her brother, and remained with him until his death. Thus a considerable portion of the book consists not only of the life of Lady Giffard, but also of the private life of Sir William Temple and of Dorothy Osborne. Under the same roof lived for a long period Jonathan Swift and "Stella," and others, and of these interesting personages also we get, not occasional glimpses, but long-sustained accounts.

Lady Giffard's letters possess a special charm of their own, and this charm is increased by the setting, for which the editor is responsible. Miss Longe has given herself full rein in her task. The connecting narrative far exceeds the space occupied by the letters themselves. Her narrative, it is true, is often a little disordered and wandering. We may best describe the editor's method as feminine. But it must not be thought that this arrangement, or want of arrangement, diminishes the charm or the interest of the pages. The book is not one for serious study: to pass a pleasant afternoon, or series of afternoons, few if any recent volumes would prove more valuable.

From a work of this description quotation, if kept within limits, is difficult. Once embarked upon that pursuit it is very hard to know when to cease. Satisfactory selection of passages is also impossible, yet no notice of this volume can be considered complete, no matter what limits may be laid down by the reviewer, unless it gives at least one passage in the words of the writer and another in those of her editor. The account of the Great Plague as it affected the Temple household, early in the book, calls for attention. Temple had gone abroad on diplomatic business, leaving his household at home at Sheen. The plague soon spread there, and one of the servants was attacked. Thereupon Lady Temple and

her sister-in-law resolved to remove to London. In London, of course, the condition of affairs was far worse:—

They found a dismal scene there, soe many houses shut up with crosses upon the doors, as they passed into the town, the people in them crying and wringing their hands at the windows, the bells all day tolling, the streets almost empty of everything but funerals, that were perpetually passing by, the difficulty of finding a lodging from the fright everybody was in of receiving the infection with them, few going thither on any other occasion but flying from it at home, people coming in like Job's messengers all day, with one sad story before another was ended. Yt. after two dayes spent in this dismal place they ventured to go home and trust with God's Almighty's blessing what the use of care and cordialls could do to preserve them at home. Above all the great one of resolving whatever happened never to leave one another, and with this and God Almighty's blessing on the family, they recovered ye servant and continued all the rest of them in perfect health, and though I hope nothing so dreadful will ever again befall my country it may not be thought wholly impertinent to set down the methods wch under God I thought they owed their preservation to wch I think a greate part was the cordiall of Sir Walter Raleighs found in most Recipe Books a soveraigne (remedy) . . . against the Plague, which they made and gave a spoonful or two of it round the house every morning, burnt Burgamot Spirit, and made as many servants as they could after ye smoke was gone take tobacco for a great part of ye day, strew'd rue in ye windows and held myrrh in their mouths when they came anywhere that they apprehended infection.

Miss Longe in her comment on this passage emphasises Lady Giffard's modesty, which sinks her personality in the "we" or the "they" of her narrative.

In another passage Miss Longe draws a moral illustrating the character of her heroine. The occasion to which she refers is that immediately following the death of that brother to whose welfare Lady Giffard had devoted practically the whole of her life. Dorothy and all their children had predeceased him, and the sister was now left alone:—

So in the dead of a chill January night Lady Giffard found herself alone. The chief object of her life was over; the man who had been the centre of her existence—practically all her life—was gone. His suffering life was ended, but she had long to live and much to suffer.

Miss Longe quotes from the letters which were written to her in her bereavement, and comments:—

Such letters are not written to exacting and self-seeking people. . . . Busy men in high position, and with full lives themselves, thought of her, and for her, and made plans for her advantage.

In the course of these pages many an interesting sidelight is thrown on public life in the days to which they relate. Temple was more than once offered office in the Ministry, but on accepting it he would have had to buy out his predecessor in office. On one occasion his friends offered to lend him £6,000, the price asked by Arlington for the vacation of the office. Apart from other reasons, however, Temple objected strongly to such a method of appointment, and he refused both offers. Many are the good anecdotes with which this volume abounds. It is related of the poet Waller, who had written an ode to the Protector, that after the Restoration he wrote another extolling the happiness which must necessarily follow that event. The King, who was well aware of Waller's previous connections, after reading the verses, said: "These verses are extremely good, but I think some of those you wrote to Cromwell were better." Waller was wanting in neither presence of mind nor wit, Bowing low, he replied: "Oh, may it please your Majesty,

we poets always write better on fiction than on truth." He kept and deserved the King's favour.

From another page we learn that the rent of a house of Sir William's had had to be reduced as "the value of the house is decreased owing to the Duchess of Marlborough having a house at the bottom of the garden." The Duchess was the great Sarah, and her influence on Sir William Temple's rent must give rise to many a well or ill founded suspicion. There are other passages touching on the great Duchess. One of the most pleasing is the following extract from a letter from the Duchess of Somerset, her rival, written after the death of the great Duke:—

I don't wonder she is in great affliction for him, for she married him for love, and he has always made her see good a return as to deserve a continuance of her kindness, and tho' his ill health had very much affected his understanding, yet he had still enough to make him sensible of the care she had of him, and there is nothing titchese so neere as the parting with an old friend.

The book is embellished with many good portraits. A genealogical tree showing the connection between Sir William Temple and Lord Palmerston closes the volume, with which one is sincerely sorry to part.

A HANDBOOK OF GOTHIC ART

Gothic Architecture in England and France. By the REV. G. H. WEST. (G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.)

IN the preface this book is described as a handbook rather than an encyclopædia. Its author is a clergyman, and also an architect. Its essential feature is an appreciation of the historic parallelism of Gothic methods in England and France, including a comparison of the divergencies in design and detail of Gothic structures in the allied countries. The introduction contains an interesting discussion of the problem of church building from the point of view of the material locally available. Owing to the difficulties and cost of transport, the early architect was, of course, largely dependent on the district of his labours for the raw material to be used in construction. In cases in which these obstacles were overcome, and exotic stone, &c., were employed we have evidence of growing wealth and enterprise. The present writer has at the moment to deal with the problem of constructing a railway in close vicinity to a noble Gothic cathedral. His first glance at Mr. West's book was therefore to see if the word "foundations" occurred in the Index. It does not, and the author is silent on this branch of his subject. It may perhaps be argued that the design of typical structures does not necessarily involve a discussion of the varying conditions of platform on which such structures are intended to rest. Part I. of the book consists of four admirable chapters devoted to details of design. In Part II. the author attacks his subject from the historical side. With great skill he draws the moral of the inbred idealism of the Latin race type, as reflected in French Gothic architecture, comparing this with the inveterate makeshift of the Teuton, as illustrated by corresponding church work on this side of the Channel. The author's nearest approach to a definition of the principles of Gothic art is given on page 199, where he states four canons of construction, in which he says the race characteristics of the Norman builder are enshrined. Few will agree with A. H. Clough:—

Come, leave your Gothic worn-out story,
San Giorgio and the Redentore,
I from no building gay or solemn
Can spare the shapely Grecian column.

He must indeed be dull of soul who is not stirred by the ethereal loveliness of a high-soaring poem in stone such as a great Gothic cathedral. All architectural work unconsciously reflects the character of the ideals of its designers. It is probable that the men who reared the stately cathedrals, which are the delight not of an age but for all time, and which were centres of refuge against tyranny, in turn helped to plan feudal castles and their oubliettes. They were men to whom personal liberty, in the modern sense of the word, was anathema. The author's field of observation is largely technical and detailed. Here and there the voice of the clergyman predominates, but the scope of his inquiry hardly brings into prominence a sense of that mysterious spirit-call, in the strength of which the monkish creator and his master-builder or lay-associate strove to materialise their dreams and visions of a temple not made with hands. To them and to the mason who worked at their side the labour was of love and high ideal. The maker of architectural handbooks is apt to treat his subject as if the distinctive features of building construction were parts of a puzzle to be fitted together, rather than as the creation of an imperative inspiration.

A particularly interesting historical sidelight is that (pp. 51-2) in which the author shows how the funds for building English cathedrals and churches were obtained from the stream of pilgrims to the relics and shrines of saints, whereas the great works of France were largely due to the efforts of organised guilds of artificers. The mediæval guild was the lineal descendant of the Roman *collegium*, and, as the City Stone of Chichester demonstrates, that institution had an English home as early as the first century. The author traces primitive church architecture back to Roman domestic buildings. In view of recent investigations of the planning of temples, such as Stonehenge, and the theories to which these have given rise, the domestic basis of church architecture must be regarded as a secondary solution of the matter. Its root idea is lost in the mists that hang about the lichen-grown stones left by unknown races of men. Mr. West describes in an interesting way the refinement and skill of the poise of French thirteenth-century Gothic, as illustrated in the "supreme but splendid folly" of Beauvais Cathedral. This book may be commended to the thousands of visitors who will this summer be spending a rambling holiday in England and France. Its more technical portions will not appeal to them, but for purposes of comparative study the book will be of much service to the architectural amateur. To professional architects its value lies in the condensed information it affords. It is largely a compilation, in which detailed observation is focussed. It compresses much matter into small compass. The parallel lists of English and French Gothic buildings, with their respective dates of construction, are a very happy idea. The book is profusely illustrated, and the illustrations are admirable and excellently reproduced, but it is a pity that they are not printed on better paper.

STYLE, SUPERMEN, CANNIBALISM, AND A PHILOSOPHER

The Philosophy of a Don. By G. F. ABBOTT. (Stephen Swift. 5s. net.)

IN the "Philosophy of a Don" Mr. G. F. Abbott has achieved the impossible. Posing as an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar, he compares himself with the highly sophisticated, slightly attired, contemplative cow, ruminating at leisure over the boundless pastures of creation; and further, he describes himself thus in his preliminary essay entitled "Heretics." "I am not great enough to be

careless, nor small enough to be reckless, of public opinion. I have a certain reputation for respectability to maintain, and I cannot afford the luxury of individuality. I am a Don." This being so, as we implicitly believe, from the first word to the last of this pyrotechnical book, Mr. Abbott has achieved the impossible in that he has provided us with several hours of immense enjoyment, of great laughter, and given us enough quotations to last us for a year.

A born essayist, a keen observer, and a writer endowed with a witty and epigrammatic pen, Mr. G. F. Abbott, who is palpably Oxford and, we should think, unobtrusively Balliol, has thrown his essays into a quite original form. By conducting a series of intimate conversations with two typical great men whom he has taken infinite care that we shall not recognise by calling them Shav and Chestnuton, he has strung his pearls together on a sort of rope, and has given to a volume which might otherwise have been dry the flavour of fiction. His readers get to know the two poseurs Shav and Chestnuton, and take a keen delight in the way in which Mr. Abbott, in his self-abdicating rôle of Don, pours common sense upon their swollen heads. "You are," says Shav to his apparently humble admirer, "and always will be, one of the semi-colours of life—a piece of conventional mediocrity with a blameless record, a spotless collar, a prosperous banking account and a stiff outlook." This is the way in which Boanerges Shav always talks. Ordinary people would call it excessively rude, but when we remember that Shav is an Irishman and a man who throws most of his journalism into dramatic form, and who, in addition to these things, is a vegetarian, it is foolish to call him rude. The word is eccentric. His own word would be great. Mr. Abbott, anticipating Nemesis, kills and buries Mr. B. Shav, and in these epoch-making lines sums him up:—

A turbulent humourist, an intellectual anarchist, an ego maniac of the first magnitude—a man who considered the centrifugal caprices of the individual the supreme test of virtue and the quest of his own good a sufficient excuse for making other people uncomfortable—a unique anomaly of whom no counterfeit can even be attempted with any shadow or hope of success.

Where did Shav derive his singular perversity from? Was it an inherent or an inherited infirmity? Most people declare that it was an outcome of his Irish birth. But I, who knew him better than most people, could never accept that explanation. For if Shav was Irish for England, he was also too English for Ireland. He was an alien in this, an outcast from John Bull's other island, an undesirable in both. He was, as one might say, a man of no country, no creed, no age. He was just Shav—a monadic nomad, or a nomadic monad; a unit of discontent unattached, unlabelled, unappreciated, and unprofitable, disporting itself in a social vacuum; a naughty ghost, noisily wandering in a Hades of its own creation, and there pursuing in a restless, erratic, superior fashion a cult that it considered higher than any culture. He was immensely popular in Peckham Rye, and I have no doubt he would have been equally popular at Westminster. There all his peculiar powers might have found a congenial field for fruition; his lightning rapidity of thought, his unhesitating readiness in repartee, his superb command of invective, his bitterness, his truculence, his colossal confidence in himself, real or apparent, and his total contempt for everybody else—all these gifts would probably have stood him in good stead, provided, of course, he remained in perpetual opposition. His fatal mischoice of a field of activity robbed English politics of an entertaining figure and endowed English letters of an irritating solecism. Oh, the pity and the pathos of it!

Mr. Abbott's witty and satirical analysis of his other purely imaginary character, who writes thousands upon thousands of easy paradoxes for many of the weekly papers and for all the first numbers of papers which one seems

to read, all the while drinking port wine and deploring the death of poetry, must be read to be appreciated. The conversations with these two people upon life in Boeotia, upon a plea for plagiarism, in praise of poverty, on degeneracy, the stage, Imperial ideals, the British oak, arms and the superman, and a hundred other things, make most excellent reading. It is not difficult to imagine that "The Philosophy of a Don," while causing Homeric laughter in the Savile Club, will bring down upon it the virulent abuse of Adelphi Terrace and Peckham Rye. Mr. Stephen Swift is to be congratulated upon having given it to the world.

ABSOLUTE CRITICISM AND EDMUND SPENSER

The Critics of Edmund Spenser. By HERBERT E. CORY.
(University of California Publications in Modern Philology. Berkeley, U.S.A. The University Press. \$1.)

MR. CORY, avowedly in quest of the "absolute method of criticism," provides us with an illuminating experiment. He attempts to put before us the true estimate of Spenser by a comparative study of the judgments that literary criticism has produced during the three centuries since the poet's time. He is of course fortunate in his example, for few of the great English writers have endured the whole history of English Literary Criticism, or have weathered the changing climates of so many eras and thought-movements. We stand now at a very convenient remove from Spenser's day, and it would be a much more difficult, if equally fascinating, task to determine in like manner the quality, say, of Browning, or even of Shelley. Nevertheless, that the method is instructive and valuable appears abundantly in the course of Mr. Cory's present study.

Criticism is apt to be biassed not only by the individual taste of the critic, but also by that indefinable *zeitgeist* which works so subtly in all ages. The very qualities which are the worship of one age are often the execration of the next. Spenser's poetry was born in what the essayist calls the Age of Enthusiasm. It was the dawn of a National Literature, when anything English was greeted with whole-hearted praise. There is scarcely a dissonant note, therefore, in all the chorus of adulation which characterises the period immediately succeeding Spenser's own time. It is extravagant with a unanimity that is nowadays rare. One admirer places him forthright with Theocritus and Virgil, while another pits him bravely against the world; even shrewd Drayton couples him with Homer.

Then, as a natural reaction, comes an Age of Reason, when the real spirit of criticism awakes. Rugged Ben Jonson leads the way, and Spenser's archaisms, his disregard of the cæsura, his didactic tone, and his allegorical method, all come in for adverse discussion. The break-up of the old ideals follows with what Mr. Cory distinguishes as the Age of Literary Anarchy. He makes the chaos of this period the subject of a piquant parallel:—

It is a breach of decorum now to try to believe less than five conflicting theories at once. . . . Science has destroyed religion, we wail. But never was the world so full of creeds, innumerable variations of Christianity, the worship of mankind, the worship of the superman, the worship of the Unknown God, neo-paganism, the religion of a literary man, the religion of an undergraduate, the religion of the free-thinking proprietor of a country grocery store. We have a magnificent choice. We preach democracy and practise oligarchy. . . . Never was the human mind in a more active and a more healthy state. So

it was at the close of the seventeenth century. "Hallelujah!" shouted the Elizabethans. "But hold," murmured the rationalists. After that the deluge.

Many distinct schools began to form, and between them all Spenser's importance begins to wane; with the emergence of Dryden, however, comes a more distinct note. He blames Spenser's lack of unity, and the "ill choice of his stanzas;" but judges him "established in" his "reputation," though here again the queer distortion of contemporary criticism appears in his naming Waller as superior to Spenser.

The interest of the subject deepens with the rise of the Neo-Classicism. Mr. Cory claims that Spenser exercised a greater influence on the Augustans than he afterwards did on the Romanticists; in reality each age took only a partial view of the poet—that, of course, which best suited it—and it is curious to compare the respective judgments. The Neo-Classics emphasised beauties in Spenser that were lost on the Romanticists. The former loved his fidelity to Virgil, and deplored his "debauchery" by Ariosto; while the latter, when their day came, praised him for his debt to the Italians, and regretted his Latin "blemishes." His didactic tone and his allegorical method are his chief excellences to the Augustans. But when the Romantic Revival came, the boot was on the other leg. He is now sought "rather as a poet of ardent emotion and sensuous glow than as a poet of vast moral visions"; his appeal is to the "feelings of the heart rather than the cold approbation of the head." He is even conceived as a true Romanticist blushing for his enthusiasm, and cloaking his romance in morals to hide his shame.

There is no attempt at a conclusive summary or final statement on the part of the essayist; he leaves the reader to form his own judgment. His own leanings, however, are sufficiently apparent. He has no sympathies with the modern cult of *l'Art pour l'Art*: indeed, he often pauses to launch a bolt at the doctrine.

Our present-day romanticists sometimes look upon Spenser askance because of his idealism, and sum it up with the accusation that he has no human interest. They think this because present-day romanticism often means the reverse of idealism. . . . It is certainly true that contemporary romanticists need a revival of sentimentalism as badly as the eighteenth century, though for a different reason. The Augustans were hard because they believed in repression and glittering reason. Present-day romanticists are hard because they are jaded and do not respond to normal emotions. And better for us than sentimentalism would be the beautiful idealism of Edmund Spenser. His sweet leisureliness would cure us of our literary dyspepsia induced by our breathless short-story technique which we admire with such blind exclusiveness. His profound moral consciousness would impress us again with the high function of poetry and make us laugh at Art for Art's sake.

We are occasionally startled by a queer Americanism, such as "disgruntled" (!) and "nearby." There are misprints on pp. 125, 133, and 134—where Allan Ramsay hides under the alias of "Aamsay;" but these are small flaws, and the essay is well worth reading to all who are interested in literary criticism.

HISTORICAL NOVELS

A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales. By JONATHAN NIELD. (Elkin Mathews. 8s. net.)

PERHAPS the most favourable criticism that can be passed upon a book of this description is to call attention to the fact that it is now in a fourth edition, having first been published nine years ago. This survival, coupled with the announcement that the work is now in its sixth thousand,

shows that, in the first place, Mr. Nield has supplied a real need, and, secondly, has satisfied it adequately. If there were no desire for a bibliography of this description, which must needs be caviare to the general, the book would never have passed beyond a first edition if it had ever been published at all. Unless Mr. Nield had dealt with his subject adequately, the second edition at best would certainly have been the last.

Beyond a practical criticism of the character of the foregoing, it is hardly possible to give an adequate notice of a work of this description. No matter how exhaustive the author may be, or how careful and judicious in his selection, he can at the best represent but his own opinion, which inevitably in many respects differs from those of others. The critic on his part also has views as to which works should be included in and which omitted from a list such as this, and if the views of both author and critic coincide, the coincidence would indeed be astonishing. To indicate the books which should, in the opinion of the present writer, have found place in a list of the principal historical novels of the English language would therefore be a useless task, for his selection must inevitably differ from the choice of his readers, and would be little likely to prove more satisfactory to them than is Mr. Nield's list, which, moreover, holds the field. Concerning this list, however, a few details are in place. First, it may be stated that the book has grown in the course of its four editions from 132 pages to 540. The stories noticed in it are grouped in chronological sequence. First come those dealing with the Pre-Christian era; then the first century, second century, &c. Previous to the thirteenth century historical events have given but little inspiration to the novelist, but from that period onwards it would appear that the writer of fiction has made far greater use of the muse of history. Other features of the volume are a list of semi-historical novels, an index of authors and another of titles, a bibliography of books and articles on the subject of the historical novel, a list of fifty "Representative Historical Novels," a long list of selected historical novels for children, supplemented by notes on juvenile literature.

The task of Mr. Nield and other bibliographers in this field is in many respects a difficult one, for at some periods there is a plethora of works, out of which the compiler must needs make only a selection, while at others historical novels are so few and scanty as to make the period almost a desert, and historical novels thrice-welcome oases. Even in these bald patches Mr. Nield has, however, exercised a wise and careful discretion, and has rigorously excluded all works which fall short of the standard which he has set. The difficulty of defining the historical novel, of course, often arises, and Mr. Nield offers the following solution. He includes in that category works which respond to the following definition:—"A novel is rendered historical by the introduction of dates, personages, or events to which identification can be readily given." Novels which give merely the general atmosphere of a period, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," or Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," he relegates to a supplementary list of "Semi-Historical Novels." Mr. Nield puts well the case for the historical novel as a means of educating the young:—

Where the text-book fails in arousing interest the tale may succeed, and, once the spirit of inquiry has been stimulated, half the battle is gained. In saying this I am far from wishing to imply that the reading of romances can ever take the place of genuine historical study. I know well that such a book as Green's "Short History of the English People" may prove to some more fascinating than any novel. There are, however, cases in which recourse may be had to a high-class work of fiction for the attainment of a truer historic sense; while taken only as *supplement* to more strictly academic reading, such a work may prove to have its uses.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A CONFERENCE OF CRANKS

Nationalities and Subject Races. Report of Conference held in Caxton Hall, Westminster, June 28th-30th, 1910. (P. S. King and Son. 3s. 6d. net)

It is, after all, a charitable view to term this conference, a report of the proceedings of which is before us, a Conference of Cranks, for it is to be regretted that many who took a prominent part in the discussions are far more dangerous than cranks, and our principal object in noticing this report is to warn readers against the harmful doctrines advocated by many of the speakers. To be patient with them is often difficult. With all the effort in the world to sympathise with the self-appointed spokesmen of "oppressed" nationalities one can find nothing in common with, for instance, the Hon. William Gibson, who, we believe, is the son and heir of Lord Ashbourne. Speaking on "Ireland's Greatest Need," which, judging by his remarks, is himself, he is reported to have said—after addressing the gathering in Irish, "my national language," and French "as a protest against the idea that English is the language of international relations"—that the conditions in which he found himself forced him to have recourse to the English language, "the tongue of the stranger . . . much as I dislike the language. But I must remind my hearers that there is only one use an Irishman could have for this tongue, and that is to lay it about the back of the stranger himself." Mr. Gibson is, however, not satisfied with this balderdash. He continues, "There is one language which has been a persecution to me ever since my childhood. It has done serious damage to my mouth, tongue, throat, and organs of respiration." Presumably the organisers of the Conference, once they had saddled themselves with Mr. Gibson, could not prevent him from giving utterance to this nonsense from their platform; but it is surprising that they troubled to print the rubbish which, according to their report, composed practically the whole of his address. In our turn we must remind our readers that Mr. Gibson is not a boy of sixteen, but a man of middle age.

Mr. Gibson's speech is, after all, but harmless nonsense. The same cannot, however, be said, for instance, of that of Mohamed Bey Farid, the Egyptian Nationalist, who was subsequently committed to prison on account of his seditious writings. We do not propose to follow this individual in his diatribe against English rule in Egypt with which he regaled the Conference. It will be sufficient to indicate his attitude by pointing out his reference to the foul murder of the Egyptian Premier as "the unfortunate act of Wardani."

Egypt, India, Morocco, Finland, Persia, Georgia, Ireland, and Poland are the countries with which the various papers read before the Conference, and reprinted here, deal. England and Russia are the two principal States which are held up to the opprobrium of the world. The bracketing of these two Empires by itself shows how far removed from the realities of life are the organisers of this precious Conference.

The Coast Scenery of North Devon. Being an Account of the Geological Features of the Coast-line Extending from Porlock in Somerset to Boscastle in North Cornwall. By E. A. NEWELL ARBER, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ARBER is the most companionable of geologists. He makes the earth's crust digestible for the most dyspeptic of intellects. The reason of this is that he is an artist, with an

eye no less for the wood than for the trees; if we have permitted ourselves a rather loose description of the *materia geologica*, we may console ourselves with the reflection that geology is as special in its use of terms as Humpty-Dumpty. Turning to the Appendix of this book we find, for instance, that the word "rock," of whose proverbial connotation hardness is the chief member, denotes, among other things, so soft a substance as clay. Mr. Arber has written avowedly for a double public, for the layman and for the savant, with all the intermediate shades, the tyro, the *dilettante*, and the merely curious. We would recommend, however, to the extreme parties divergent methods of approaching the subject; the initiated may begin at the beginning, and will probably skip the more elementary parts; the less instructed would do well to begin at the end, where he will find the groundwork of the whole edifice, and a catalogue of the obscurities. Better still, he will look through the excellent and original photographs, which are sown through the book with no unsparing hand, before turning to the concise information of the final chapters and appendices. But this counsel is almost too obvious to be worth the making; the pictures would attract, even if they had no scientific message to give. The later chapters, with their more general point of view, contain important and original work on the evolution of coastal waterfalls, the marine denudation of inclined and folded rocks, and other interesting and difficult points. To each of the earlier chapters, where the various districts are discussed in detail, is appended a very useful itinerary in the Baedeker style, with indications of routes and means of accommodation. The only feature of the book to which we are inclined to take exception is the system of referring to plates and diagrams by their numbers, without indicating the page. As Lector says to the gifted Auctor of "The Path to Rome," "It is not easy to watch the book in two places at once." Here it is inevitable, and we admit it; but we should like a little of the weathering processes, of which the work is so full, called into action to make the rough places smooth for us. Plate xlv. we found particularly elusive.

Medical Revolution: A Plea for National Preservation of Health based upon the Natural Interpretation of Disease. By SYDNEY W. MACILWAINE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Retired). (P. S. King and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

WE do not think that the author's views expressed in this book will attract any more attention or cause more upheaval in the medical profession than they appear to have effected in the past. Mr. MacIlwaine wishes to classify disease according to its ultimate causation and not by any one conspicuous pathological process; the former depends on a multitude of factors, and the result of his efforts would therefore be chaos. Any improvement in treatment would be absent, for the intelligent practitioner seeks a cause whatever be the name of a disease, while the unintelligent medical man—for whose benefit the reform is presumably intended—is under any circumstances futile. There do not seem to be any definite reforms proposed in regard to the relations of the general practitioner and the specialist, and advancement in preventive medicine is not brought into consideration, for there appear to be no suggestions as to how to advise humanity with regard to avoiding illness.

Gasc's Little Gem Dictionary of the French and English Languages. Edited by MARC CEPPI. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)

As its name implies, this is the smallest of the various forms in which Gasc's well-known French and English

Dictionary is issued by the publishers. Consisting of nearly three hundred pages, it is handy in size, and will take up but little room in a breast-pocket. It is necessarily very concise, and the choice of words is thereby limited; but nevertheless they are extremely well chosen, and the booklet should prove a useful pocket-companion. We note a mistake that has crept in on page 14, where "bluet, s.m. (bot.)" is translated as "blue-bottle." It should, of course, be "cornflower," in the botanical sense. We have always found Gasc well up to date, and during the many years we have used the parent work we have seldom found it fail us.

FICTION

Tabloid Tales. By LOUISE HEILGERS. With Preface by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P., and Portrait Frontispiece. (Odhams, Ltd. 1s. net.)

THE astute Mr. Bottomley announces in his "word of Preface" that Miss Heilgers "is the only female writer of short stories at the present day." As this collection of sixty-four "Tabloid Tales" is dedicated to the "considerate editor" of *John Bull* himself, it might be thought that he was unduly prepossessed in the fair authoress's favour when making this sweeping assertion. Without agreeing with it *in toto*, we may, however, unhesitatingly go so far as to admit that this little volume places Miss Heilgers in the front rank of English short-story writers. These homœopathic doses of fiction, which have previously helped to fill a column or two in various publications, deal cunningly with life in its multifarious phases, and display a remarkable knowledge of the complexity of human nature. Miss Heilgers does not mince her words; her language is always plain and to the point. Hence the pictures she draws of frail humanity are delineated with no uncertain hand, and appear vividly before the reader. Mr. Bottomley singles out for special mention the short story "Albert George," and it is certainly deserving of all his commendation. It is curious that a young lady of culture should have acquired such an insight into the low life of this vast metropolis. "A Few Hours" is a powerful story of quite another kind; and so is "Anna of the White Hands," in which we learn that "to dream of heaven when one is in hell does not bring heaven nearer, but only adds to the torture of the damned." A creepy ghost-story is "The House with the Crimson Creeper." And, though somewhat unequal, the majority of the other "Tabloid Tales" are sure to find many appreciative readers.

Alistair. By MARIE STAR. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

WHEN we say that Mrs. Star has written a pretty and descriptive little story round her hero we think that we have said as much as it is possible to say in praise of "Alistair." Of plot there is next to none, the main aim of the book apparently being the putting forward of several Buddhist tenets. For instance, Gismonda, who acts as a sort of foster-mother to Alistair, teaches him that if during this life he attains "the power to suffer with resignation and to rise above misfortune by self-renunciation" he "may not have to undergo another incarnation on this unhappy planet." She herself lived in the hope that she had attained to this great height, but Alistair's grief moves her so deeply on her death-bed that she promises to offer a prayer to be reincarnated for his benefit. Many years later Alistair meets her again in the person of Gladys, who suddenly turns pale, opens her eyes wide, and would have fallen into a trance had not Alistair blown "lightly upon her eyes" and otherwise

endeavoured to dispel the dream, much to Gladys's dismay. After a few meetings and partings Alistair and Gladys are eventually married and live permanently in Gismonda's castle in Italy. Let us hope that they will suffer all their trials with resignation, and so not be forced again to dwell "on this unhappy planet," especially as Alistair promises on page 103 "another translation later on of the works of Omar Khayyám."

The Ninth Duchess. By GURNER GILLMAN. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

IN a foreword the author tells us that he has written "The Ninth Duchess" in obedience to the wishes of his public, who, following the publication of "Her Suburban Highness," wrote asking him to take them to Garstein again—Garstein being a Grand Duchy in Germany. We have not had the advantage of reading "Her Suburban Highness," but the present volume deals with an English duke of the early Georgian period, the Grand Duke of Garstein, and a prince and princess, his son and daughter. It is another version of the "Taming of the Shrew," and is full of life throughout.

Gentlemen are killed by the hero without any questions being asked or coroners' inquests. The age of chivalry, however, had not quite passed away as the hero, after a terrific sword-fight, killed his man, and with courtly grace soothed his dying moments by telling him he had fought like a gentleman; and then, folding his arms on his breast and laying his sword by his side, left him. It is a very well-written book of its kind, and we hope the author's readers will be as equally satisfied with it as they appear to have been with his former work.

For a Woman's Honour. By CHRISTOPHER WILSON. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

To relate anything of the actual plot of this story, which is a detective one of somewhat uncommon type, would be impossible without telling the tale in full, for almost with every page there is some fresh incident, which complicates the solution of the problem. Perhaps in dealing with such a book it may be considered hypercritical to cavil at any lack of plausibility; the reading public who wish to while away an hour or two really do not care whether the characters in a novel are according to life or purely fiction. At the same time, to read of a distinguished physician who calmly takes the law into his own hands and poisons any patient he considers undesirable, and to be told of a Cabinet Minister who is ready to plunge his country into war in order that he may rid himself of a military leader whose wife he covets—well, perhaps it is as well that such people dwell only in the realms of romance. One thing is certain, Mr. Wilson is never dull.

The Soul of the Moor. By STRATFORD D. JOLLY. (W. Rider and Son. 2s. net.)

THERE really is not much to be said about a book like this. It is a kind of spiritualistic "shocker" written for the benefit of those who are interested in hypnotism, clairvoyance, transmission of souls, and the occult in general. The author displays no literary skill, and it is difficult for the ordinary sceptic to find his story anything but a little mad and extremely tiresome. The elect will probably object to his sensational treatment of the mysteries that occupy their terrestrial minds.

THE THEATRE

"THE FATHER" AT THE REHEARSAL
THEATRE

IN selecting this difficult play of Strindberg's for exposition on Sunday evening last the Adelphi Play Society showed considerable courage. Psychological discussion carried to extremes, at times approaching the ponderosity of a medical treatise when the questions of fatherhood and motherhood are concerned, make for boredom in the listener unless the exponents are true artists; and when insanity is added to the bill, to convey the necessary sense of horror and fear and despair across the footlights requires unusual nicety of acting. Overdo it, and the tragedy becomes a farce at once; under-act it, and the effect is as dull as though the words were read by emotionless amateurs.

Fortunately the talent of the Adelphi Players was equal to the task—if only just equal. We prefer Mr. Maurice Elvey in lighter parts, such as his delightful interpretation of Percinet; but, despite the disadvantage of having been compelled to take the leading rôle of Adolf, the cavalry captain, at short notice, he fairly well expressed the harassed mind, the desperate fears, of the father horribly uncertain of the love of wife and child. Mrs. Alice Chapin as Laura was calm and cutting; once or twice during the evening a little more energy in her retorts would have doubled their effect. Miss Hilda Honiss as Bertha, the daughter, showed hardly a fault; it was a pleasure to watch her apparently spontaneous movements and glances. Dr. Ostermark, who has to listen to both sides, and to judge between the wife's story and the husband's—a very trying part—was represented with dignity and discretion by Mr. Harold Chapin. His keen looks at the man he suspected of insanity, his fine scene with the irritating wife, his general demeanour, were all in thorough correspondence with the theme. Miss Marion Sterling, Mr. Townley Searle, and Mr. Leslie Gordon adequately portrayed Margaret, the nurse, Jonas, the pastor, and Nöjd, a trooper. Incidentally, when so fine an *artiste* as Miss Phyllis Emanuel renders the music of Chopin and Debussy in the intervals, why do nine-tenths of the audience immediately talk furiously and spoil completely the pleasure of the courteous tenth who desire to listen?

"The Father" may be ranked with those plays of Brioux which invariably force the stream of criticism into two diverse channels. To our mind, as we have pointed out in previous articles, questions and problems which verge on the province of the physician are better dealt with by other means than the art of the stage. There is a strong dramatic situation, of course, and in its presentment there is plenty of room for all the resources of capable and refined acting; but, when all is said, why should any audience be sent from the theatre with a sense of awful depression—a feeling that the most severe, most brutal aspect of human relationships has been carefully worked up, dissected, and exploited before their eyes in the name of art? A good many modern dramatists are busy at present turning up the mire, hunting for the ugly side of life, searching for material that shall show the withering of love, the fading of everything that is beautiful, the collapse of youthful dreams. Ibsen was a great man and a great artist, but his methods can be carried too far, his lessons can be learnt too well. In the name of art, let us have a little more sweetness and fragrance and harmony on our stage, a little leaven of the gracious and hopeful before the spirit of scientific investigation takes entire possession of the world.

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR—VI.

By FRANK HARRIS

THOSE last exultant centuries of Christian faith have a singular appeal in them, an unearthly attraction. "Leave everything," cried Bernard, "fight the infidel, redeem the Sepulchre, and life beyond the grave, an eternity of bliss shall be your exceeding great reward." The world was quickened, thrilled with the Great Hope. That life of the Middle Ages which is regarded as so barren, so tedious, so dull, possessed nearly every interest that our life possesses, and was, besides, illumined, so to speak, by a sun which never set. The partition dividing this visible world from the world beyond the grave was so thin that the warm light of Paradise shone through and glorified all the squalid details of the earthly pilgrimage. There is to me an inexpressible pathos in a life all illumined by the beauty of a mirage. A sigh of the night wind and the vision vanishes, the pictured Paradise dislimns and fades and darkness covers the earth.

The spirit of man is unconquerable; the chief interest taken away, the sun gone out, so to speak; one finds new meaning in what is left, new glory in the stars. All through these ages, so-called, of Faith the ordinary business of man's life went on as usual; as usual he worked and ate and loved and died. And as the Heavenly Kingdom faded out of his thought and grew dim the real world became more beautiful and more wonderful to him and all the interests of life more absorbing, especially the chief interest—love.

Sainte-Beuve sees that sexual love has a larger place in modern life than it ever had before; he cannot understand why literature is becoming more sensual; this is the explanation. To us moderns love is the central sun of life; the fount of all art, all beauty, all delight; the soul of all our singing; the heart of all our hope.

The Middle Ages, too, had songs of war and love; the *trouvères* stirred the blood with Roland's death at Roncesvalles and brought tears to the eyes with the piteous tragedy of the *Châtelaine de Vergy*.

This romance of the *Châtelaine* told in Old French verse is one of the most charming love-stories in the world.

I should like to go back to the beginning and tell the whole of it, tell how that wise Alix of Burgundy, wife of Eude III., played Regent for eleven years (1218-29) during the minority of her son Hugue. She was thirty-five years of age when she took the helm of State in her firm white hands. There were debts to meet on all sides, debts for wars never completed, debts for crusades hardly contemplated. Alix began by swearing fidelity to the King of France, and, in order to set Philip's mind completely at rest, she even swore she would not contract a second marriage without his consent, and having thus ensured peace she set herself to clear off the debts. In four years she had paid every penny, and then she began to buy lordships and counties and lands to increase her son's estate. When Hugue came of age she retired to her own property at Prenois to live out her life quietly among her own people.

Hugue IV., her son, was a hot-tempered, passionate man, who, as the most powerful feudal chief in France, fought up and down the land till Pope Gregory himself was compelled to interfere and warn him "to cease disturbing the peace of a happy kingdom."

Amid all his wars he found time to marry twice and became hopelessly enamoured of his second wife, Beatrice of Champagne, as your hot-blooded men often do when they marry young women, in later middle life.

At this time Laure de Lorraine was *Châtelaine* of Vergy. The story goes that Laure fell passionately in love with a

young knight of the Court of Burgundy, but as she was married and compelled to prudence she had to find some way of meeting her lover without exciting suspicion. She showed feminine ingenuity in strategem: she trained her little dog to find her knight at a word, and when her husband went abroad the lovers used to meet in all security, and according to the old chronicler "took great delight in each other's beauty."

It soon got talked about at Court that this knight cared nothing for any woman, and his unwonted austere reserve excited curiosity: some said he was under a vow, others hinted at a shameful secret. Hearing the gossip, the Duchess Beatrice began to pay attention to him, and finding him "very noble and of splendid presence," she too presently fell in love with him and took occasion to declare her passion. But the knight sheltered himself under his duty to the Duke and declared flatly that nothing would induce him to betray so honest and kindly a lord. Thus scorned, the Duchess fell to hatred of the knight, and resolved to destroy him. She set about the work with womanly cunning:—

La nuit, quan ele fut couchie
Jouste le duc, à souspirer
Commença et puis à plorer,
Et li dus errant li demande
Que c'est qu'ele a, et li commande
Qu'ele li die maintenant.

Which, being translated, means that when in bed with the Duke she began to sigh and then to sob, and when the Duke asked her what was the matter she replied that she had been insulted by the knight, who was sick with love of her and pursued her continually.

The Duke at once got up and called the knight to him, and charged him with the offence. The knight denied it. But the Duke told him roundly that his life witnessed against him. He reminded him that he never paid court to any one, and never carried any woman's favour, and declared that it had already been whispered about that his aloofness was due to some unhappy passion. Having thus convinced himself, he concluded angrily that unless the knight could free himself from the charge he would banish and outlaw him, so that any one might do him to death. The knight, seeing that in that case he must lose his love absolutely, resolved to tell the Duke the truth:—

Ses venues et ses alées
Et la convenance première,
Et du petit chien la manière.

He related the whole story of his passion and described the little dog as go-between. He told it all under the condition of the strictest secrecy. The Duke, however, insisted that seeing was believing, and so on the following night he hid himself behind some trees and witnessed the meeting of the two lovers, who had been brought together as usual by the little dog.

When the Duchess Beatrice learned that the Duke was not going to revenge himself and her on the knight, she made up her mind to find out the reason, and at length by dint of contemptuous sneers at his weak credulity, varied with tears and promises, she got him to tell her everything.

It was then near the feast of Pentecost, when all the Court assembled after Communion to pay homage to the Duke and Duchess. At the great reception the Duchess waited for her rival, and when the Châtelaine of Vergy came in with her husband, the Duchess received her with extravagant

courtesy, and told her that she might well be satisfied, for she had indeed won a splendid and noble lover:—

Chastelaine, soiez bien cointe,
Quar bel et preu avez acointe.
Et cele respont simplement:
Je ne sai quel acointement
Vous pensez, madame, por voir,
Que talent n'ai d'ami avoir
Qui ne soit del tout a l'onor
Et de moi et de mon signcr.
"Je l'otroi bien," dit la duchesse,
"Mais vous estes bone mestresse,
Qui avez apris le metier
Du petit chienet afetier."

The verses tell how Laure replied simply that she did not know what the Duchess meant, for the only talent she possessed was fidelity to her lord and master. "I would like to believe it," retorted the Duchess, "but you are a very clever quean and can even teach a little dog to play strange tricks."

Struck to the heart by what she thought was the manifest traitorism of her lover, the impetuous Châtelaine immediately left the hall and went to her own room and flung herself on her bed in bitter grief and misery and there died presently of a broken heart.

Seeing her in her room alone the little dog immediately set off to find the knight, and a few minutes later the knight entered and found his dear mistress dead upon the bed. Without being told a word he guessed the truth, and not being able to live without his sweet lady he stabbed himself then and there with his own sword and died beside his mistress.

As soon as the news of the double tragedy spread abroad the Duke and Duchess hurried to the scene. There the Duke was told by the waiting woman how his wife had insulted the Châtelaine, and suddenly understanding all her vileness and how she had brought two lovers to death out of base envy and jealousy, he snatched the sword from the body of the knight and thrust it into the throat of his wife. So the romance of the Châtelaine of Vergy and her lover ends with the death of the wicked Duchess.

A few weeks later, filled with remorse at his own action and mourning continually for her whom he had loved, Hugue took up the Cross and became a Templar, and led a crusade to the Holy Land in company with his ancient enemies, the Counts of Nevers and Montfort. In a desperate battle near Gaza the Crusaders were beaten and Hugue of Burgundy retreated and built the great fortress at Ascalon. Later still, he embarked with St. Louis at Aigues-Mortes and took part in the campaign in Egypt, fighting bravely at Damietta and Manzourah. When quite an old man he went as a pilgrim to the shrine of Saint-Jacques de Compostelle, hoping at last to be freed of his mortal sin.

The story so affected me that I tried to discover the scene of the tragedy; I motored through the country between Beaune and Nuits where the great castle of Vergy once stood. It has disappeared many years ago, but I found the place, I think, where it must have been:

The castle was built (the old historian tells us) in the form of a great ship, and was surrounded on all sides by high rocks and cliffs so that it could only be come at by one narrow way leading to the portal. And this way was so arduous and difficult that it could only be reached on foot, and it wound about so that those who pressed forward to the attack were separated, so to speak, from their companions and exposed to wounds and death from the enemies hidden above them.

In fact Vergy was so strong that it was attacked again and again by the Princes of Burgundy in vain.

But if the castle has disappeared and the very place

where it once stood has been forgotten the story remains, and the noble devotion of Laure, the *Châtelaine of Vergy* and her lover, still quickens all our sympathies.

We were so loth to leave this storied land of Burgundy that we reached Fontainebleau too late to visit the Château of Francis I., which was added to by Henry IV., and is full of memories of Louis XIV. and of the great Condé and the greater Napoleon. Here is the vast Cour des Adieux where Napoleon, after his abdication, in 1814, said farewell to the Grenadiers of the Guard. It is curious to notice that the Napoleonic legend still lives in France and is certain to show fresh life if ever the two lost provinces are regained.

Half an hour later we ran through Melun, with its memories of Bertrand du Guesclin and its capture by the English in 1420, and by Henry IV. in 1590, and so to Paris and its crowded streets just before midnight.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE AMBIGU-COMIQUE—I.

BY MARC LOGÉ

THE love of melodrama seems to be one of the fundamental instincts of humanity, or rather of the lower classes. Perhaps one reason is that their more simple temperaments, from which, in most cases, intellectuality is excluded, experience, in the heartrending vicissitudes of the heroine, or in the sinister schemes of the villain, a relaxation from the sorrows and worries of their daily life. Whilst some persons find diversion for their thoughts in comedies, or even in farces, the amateurs of melodrama forget momentarily their own troubles in sympathising with those of the fictitious personages parading on the stage.

The Ambigu-Comique has, for more than a century and a half, been consecrated to melodrama. Since its foundation this theatre has been the cradle of most of the celebrated dramas which later have electrified emotional audiences in both hemispheres.

In 1769 an actor named Audinot, belonging to the troop of the Théâtre Italien, settled at the Foire St. Germain—which at that period was, with the Foire St. Laurent, one of the popular Parisian centres of amusement—and opened a puppet-show, a spectacle which in those days was in great favour with the population of the capital. Audinot's *marionnettes* had a considerable success, for they characteristically impersonated some famous actors of the Comédie Italienne by humorously mimicking or ridiculing their particular traits or foibles. Audinot soon found it possible to establish the third playhouse opened on the Boulevard du Temple, and he named his small theatre the Ambigu-Comique; but the critical and satirical remarks expressed on his stage concerning the other Parisian theatres drew the attention of the police. The restraint subsequently imposed upon him by the authorities became at length so contrary to his interests and enterprise that he substituted children in the stead of the puppets, and resolved to abandon the style of spectacle which had brought him such success. Two other actors, Moliné and Planchesne, discharged like himself from the Comédie Italienne, undertook to furnish him with the plays he desired. The Ambigu-Comique soon saw itself the rendezvous of both courtiers and townfolk, and was more appreciated than the theatre run by Nicolet—even when the latter possessed as usher his famous monkey, who, dressed in astounding attire, imitated the acting of many of the leading stars of the Comédie Française, with, it is said, great talent.

The officers of the Gardes Françaises decided, in 1771, to

give a public representation on Audinot's stage; but the performance was of so licentious and gross a character that the Duc de Choiseul, then Minister of War, revolted by the cynicism and obscenity thus paraded before the public, ordered all the officers who had taken part in it to be placed under arrest at Fort l'Evêque. This punishment, however, was never executed, as it transpired that amongst those who had most enjoyed the jests and plot of the spectacle was Monseigneur le Duc de Chartres! Silence fell upon the incident, and the officers were left unmolested.

Audinot's troop of children attracted all the theatre-going public of Paris; but certain kind, well-meaning souls often wondered what would be the future morality of those little ones, who were already acting parts of which they ought to have ignored the nature for many years to come. Bachaumont (1700-1771), who belonged to the celebrated coterie formed by Mme. Doublet (1), and who wrote for it a remarkable literary and historical diary (2), in which were entered day by day the most interesting or curious events of the period, says in the same:—

Les amateurs de théâtre sont enchantés de voir la foule se porter à l'Ambigu-Comique, pour y applaudir une troupe d'enfants qui y fait fureur. Ils espèrent que cette troupe deviendra une espèce de séminaire, où se formeront des sujets d'autant meilleurs qu'ils annoncent déjà des dispositions décidées, et donnent les plus grandes espérances. Mais les partisans des mœurs gémissent sincèrement sur cette invention, qui va les corrompre jusque dans leur source, et qui, par la licence introduite sur la scène, en forme autant une école de libertinage que de talents dramatiques.

One of the plays which most attracted the attention of the public was "Le Triomphe de l'Amour et de l'Amitié," which in fact was nothing else than the opera of "Alceste," arranged to suit the Ambigu. This provoked an indignant protest from the Archbishop of Paris, because a chorus of priests appeared at a certain moment on the stage. The authorities did not, however, think fit to inquire into the matter, and the "Triumph of Love and Friendship" continued to draw a full house each night. It is amusing to note that although before the Revolution all the plays represented by the theatres of the Boulevards were submitted to the censorship of the "comédiens français" and the "comédiens italiens," the smaller shows, or "spectacles forains," as they were then called, were allowed extreme liberty as to the morality of the plays enacted: they were only asked not to encroach on the privileges of the Royal theatres.

Audinot's playhouse could not, of course, escape the hatred and jealousy of the more important Paris theatres, and for a few months its vogue seemed on the point of waning under the repeated attacks directed against it. But a happy circumstance recorded by Bachaumont in his delightful memoirs helped to consolidate its reputation:—

En 1772, Mme. Dubarry qui cherchait tous les moyens de distraire le roi, que l'ennui gagnait, avait eu l'idée de faire venir Audinot jouer à Choisy avec ses petits enfants. C'était la première fois que ce directeur forain paraissait devant Sa Majesté. On a donné d'abord "Il n'y a plus d'Enfants," petite comédie de prose d'un sieur de Nougaret, où il y a de la naïveté, mais des scènes d'une morale peu épurée; "La Guingette," ambigu-comique de M. Planchesne, c'est une image riante et spirituelle de ce qui se passe dans

(1) Mme. Doublet (1677-1771) acquired a certain celebrity by gathering round her in the Couvent des Filles St. Thomas, where she lived, a circle of well-known literary men, such as Chauvelin, Voisenon, Piron, Bachaumont, Ste. Palaye, &c.

(2) Published after his death under the title of "Mémoires secrets pour servir à la République des Lettres."

les tavernes: un joli Téniers. On a fini par "Le Chat Botté," ballet-pantomime par le sieur Arnould. On n'a pas même oublié la "fricassée," contre-danse très polissonne. Mme. Dubarry s'amusait infiniment, et riait à gorge déployée. Le roi souriait quelquefois: en général le divertissement n'a pas paru l'affecter beaucoup.

It is, however, to be hoped that Audinot soon showed himself more careful in choosing the plays represented on his stage, as amongst the young actresses of his troop was to be found his own daughter, Eulalie, who, when only a child of eight, was noted for her fine voice and astonishing intelligence. An amusing anecdote of the time records that the director of the Ambigu-Comique had the following inscription written on the drop-scene:—"Sicut infantes Audinus," which phrase was gravely translated by a jester to mean, "*Ci-gît les enfants d'Audinot*" (Here lie Audinot's children!).

The vogue of the Ambigu-Comique became so great after its actors had had the privilege of playing before the King that the opera saw itself deserted, and in 1771 the administration of that theatre, being exceedingly powerful and feeling anxious as to the lessening popularity of its playhouse, obtained a decree ordaining that the Ambigu-Comique should henceforth be ranked amongst the theatres of the last class. Its orchestra was reduced to the absurd number of *four* musicians, and songs and dances were prohibited. This ordinance provoked public discontent, which took so menacing a form that it was deemed wise to come to a more amicable arrangement. The Ambigu recovered permission for songs and dances on the condition of paying an annual contribution of 12,000 livres to the "Académie Royale de Musique."

Gradually, however, the style of the spectacle forming the daily programme of the Ambigu changed—young men and women replaced the children, and some of the celebrities of the Comédie-Française, such as Damas and Varenne, starred there in their youth. Great historical and romantic pantomimes replaced the mixed shows which had formerly attracted the public. One of them, "Le Maréchal des Logis," had a colossal success, being founded on a real incident. The actual hero of the adventure thus dramatised assisted at the play several nights, to the great delight of the audience, and from a box witnessed complacently his own exploits immortalised on the stage. In 1792, at the eve of the most fearful of tragedies, in which were to take part nearly all the citizens of Paris, a great pantomime called "Dorothée" was produced at the Ambigu-Comique, in one Act of which appeared a grand religious procession, headed by priests, white-surplined choirboys, acolytes bearing reliquaries, crosses, and many other emblems of the Roman Catholic faith. Brazier says in his amusing chronicles:—

This procession passed down the stage in the midst of the cries and plaudits of a multitude which was already beginning to feel the pangs of a wound which later was to engender so many excesses. And then we saw processions of another kind: the churches sacked and wrecked, the sacred vases submitted to horrible profanations, bourgeois comedians attired as priests and abandoning themselves to the most infamous of sacrileges. I myself have seen, as a child, a miserable scoundrel who, dressed in sacerdotal garments, and in a state of complete inebriety, run down the Faubourg St. Martin, carrying some false consecrated bread in a ciborium, and feigning to administer the Holy Communion to the passers-by, thus mocking the most holy and saintly possessions of mankind—God and His Symbols.

Many of the actors of the Ambigu-Comique took part in the Revolution, either as spectators or victims of the great movement; one of them, Bordier, had the misfortune of incurring popular wrath, and was hanged in 1789, charged

with having participated in a riot. It is affirmed that this comedian faced death serenely, and even gaily. When belonging to the Ambigu company, he had taken a part in a play called "Le Ramoneur" (The Chimney-Sweep), in which, just as he was about to enter the chimney, he used to hesitate a moment and say: "Y monterai-je? Y monterai-je pas?" ("Shall I climb up? Shan't I climb up?") At the foot of the gibbet, on the point of ascending the fatal steps, Bordier is said to have stopped and interrogated, laughingly, the executioner: "Y monterai-je? Y monterai-je pas?" He finally climbed the steps, bowing gaily to the crowd, which was hooting him furiously.

MUSIC

THE musical season, which began while the primroses were out, has lasted till the geraniums are at their hottest blaze and the dahlias are telling us that autumn is close at hand. Those who are in the secret tell us, and our own observation confirms the truth of the tale, that it has not been an entirely successful season. London's mind has been too much occupied with the doings of those who bear rule over us with sceptre and crown to remember the homage due to the princes of Art, whose sway is exercised by liquid voice or nimble finger. Many of these, both native and foreign, have summoned us to their court—from the mighty rulers of international influence to the collaterals of the house of Pumpernickel and the Transparencies whose power is only makebelieve. But they have not been so numerous as in other years, and their reception, in most cases, has been polite rather than enthusiastic. Empty seats and meagrely filled money-bags have been the portion of almost all—even of some of the real potentates. What a disappointing history of indifference could be told by the organisers of the splendidly attractive programmes of the "London Musical Festival"!

What are we to think of the preoccupation of the amateurs when a new symphony by Sir Edward Elgar could be passed by almost without notice? It would appear that the only providers of music who can be jubilant over the state of these affairs are those who direct the fortunes of Covent Garden. Until the arrival of the Russian Ballet they saw their house filled every night, though, with a single exception, they presented operas whose spring has long ago departed, and artistes whose radiance will soon be as autumnal as that of the operas. Latterly the heroines of opera have had to lament a sadly-diminished interest in their joys and sorrows, for their former patrons have saved their sovereigns for the Russian performances. We are glad to think that, although the powerful Fairy Fashion has no doubt helped to collect the crowds which besiege the doors of Covent Garden when the Russians are to dance, these crowds do certainly give evidence that Londoners can appreciate what is good. And it speaks well for their perseverance in well-doing that, in spite of the torrid atmosphere, they have neglected no opportunity to attend the ballet—perspiring, yet praising; boiling, yet blissful. We must do the dancers the justice to say that, be their evolutions never so intricate, they are the least hot-looking people in the theatre. How they manage to look so "airy" is one of the greatest mysteries of their art, and "Les Sylphides" is probably the most cooling sight now to be witnessed in London, cooler than the Serpentine bathers, cooler than Ministerialists at tea on the Terrace. But when the thermometer began to play its gridiron tricks in earnest, why did not Mr. Forsyth and M. Fokine obtain permission from the Ranger

to give their ballets under the trees of Kensington-gardens, or by the waterside in St. James's Park?

We ourselves have long held the opinion that music is worthy to be heard in comfort; that it is even disrespectful to the divine art to give concerts, &c., in stuffy, disagreeable rooms, except perhaps in winter. And, as regards the ballet, we are of the same opinion. On one of the hottest of the recent dog-days we were privileged to be of a small company which sat under the dense shade of immemorial limes and beeches, on a lawn that was still emerald, washed by the gentle waves of Father Thames. In a natural grotto at the foot of the wooded cliff a young Greek maiden lay stretched on a magnificent tiger-skin. Presently she arose, and, taking up an amphora, danced languidly and gracefully round the statue of a cymbal-player which stood in the midst of the green, while unseen flutes and violins made music from within the thicket. Her pretty glidings ended, she lay down again; the bushes rustled, and a sylphide bounded on to the grass, there to go through one of Pavlova's lightest dances for our delight, a green thought in a green shade. So, refreshed in spirit by the movements of these nymphs, we wandered to an impenetrably shaded terrace where the flavour of fruit sat upon its thousand thrones, and wondrous beverages that might have been concocted for one of Theodora's evenings at Belmont, invited us to pour them into icy goblets, to be touched by beautiful lips. We thought of that lady's vision of the "Good time coming," when all banquets would be refined into "only fruit on a green bank with music," for the distant strains of the flutes and violins followed us to where the cooling fountains played.

It had all been very simple, yet it was a very perfect entertainment. Bilitis and the Sylph were students only; they will never, perhaps, dance as elegantly as Mmes. Will and Karsavina, but we are not sure that we did not receive as much pure pleasure from their innocent efforts in the open air as we have received from the ballet itself, enjoyed at Covent Garden as far as it is possible to enjoy anything when one is sitting in an oven. We quitted the groves and the river more than ever convinced that we are right in maintaining that music and dancing can be better appreciated (in hot weather at all events) when they are enjoyed in garden, wood, or park.

For a brief fortnight, until Queen's Hall begins its beneficent weeks of "Promenade Concerts" (for beneficent they are, though given indoors), the only music offered us is that made by the bands in the parks, and it is music by no means to be despised, especially when it is an evening performance. Heard from a discreet distance, the Hyde Park Band soothed our parched spirit the other evening much more than Massenet's opera "Thais" had done at Covent Garden. It is hard to understand why the directors should have selected that feeble, joyless opera; why they thought that it might succeed in pleasing London, when even Manon, played by such an artist as Miss Mary Garden, failed here as it did a few years since. We have heard "Thais" in France, and Italy, and Austria, and have only met one person who liked it. The dull, insipid music might be endured for the sake of seeing so witching a performance as that of Miss Garden's "Thais," but at Covent Garden the part was essayed by Mme. Edvina, an excellent singer whose powers as an actress are only moderate. Now if Thais cannot by her charm make Athanaëls of all the audience, there is no hope for the opera—its reason for existence is gone. But what a fine subject for an opera it is! Anatole France was magician enough to give life and glow to the old legend of the Thebaids: and though we believe the truth is that the monk (who was no lusty neophyte, but an old Anthony with one foot in the grave) converted Thais from her wicked ways by the simple expedient of locking her up in a cell and starving her into repentance, M. France's version is

much more interesting, and in stronger hands than those of Massenet it might have inspired some noble music.

But if the Opera Syndicate has miscalculated the effect of "Thais," it has made up for it by permitting the Russians to show us their wonderful "Scheherazade," which some good judges regard as the very flower and crown of the art of St. Petersburg. We cannot help complaining, however, that Covent Garden Theatre (even were the weather more temperate) is not a place where "Scheherazade" can be fully appreciated unless the spectator is fortunate enough to have a front seat in one of the best boxes, or at least be in the front row of the stalls. It is absolutely of the first importance that one should see all the movements and the groupings of "Scheherazade" without let or hindrance. But the stalls at Covent Garden being on the same level, one can only see parts of the stage, never all of it at once, owing to the eager heads and shoulders in front. From the balcony and the amphitheatre stalls a complete view of the stage is certainly possible, but owing to the great size of the theatre the dancers, as seen from those parts of the house, look no more than marionettes. The theatre at Monte Carlo is the best known to the writer in which to appreciate "Scheherazade." Of course the stage is not so large, but one can see it all, and that is the great point. M. Rimsky-Korsakov's music to "Scheherazade" is both brilliant and moving, and the Covent Garden orchestra does not play it badly, but it might play it a good deal better.

LOST KINGDOMS OF THE SEA

THERE is fascination in looking across a waste of waters as we try in imagination to recreate old lands which lie engulfed beneath. Unconsciously such a scene typifies kingdoms and dynasties which have gone under. We are reminded of the vast hordes of extinct forms of life which "have had their day and ceased to be." Could some traveller but hap upon an unexplored continent where the colossal brutes of the Jurassic Period still roamed his experience would be worth thousands of miles of "personally conducted" travel in those lands in which men's engrossing ideal is but to copy conditions grown commonplace elsewhere. One walks through a picture-gallery wherein is work done by artists of some particular school—men whose art is standardised. In an obscure corner hangs a tiny canvas from whence the soul of the painter looks forth fearlessly on those who have eyes to see. That little scrap of autobiography, past which the stream of average men and women flows unheeding, holds us like a magnet. "There was a ship," says the artist. His poem in colour whispers in our ear—"The place is haunted." We feel the conviction that beneath phenomena abide those spiritual forces in which all outward shows live and have their being.

Could we thus repeople the scenes of our imaginary continent with the vast brutes who had half-forgotten to be reptiles and not yet learnt to be birds, we should wander in a dreamland Zoo, strange and uncouth perhaps, but still subject to the physical conditions of to-day. On such an earth, if the fauna and flora belonged to a region of nightmare, the soil and the sky, and day and night, and the hosts of Heaven would be familiar objects to us. Was all that intolerably drawn-out drama of evolution, were those hecatombs of living creatures pacing in a "seeming-random" procession to violent death, merely designed as a curtain-raiser to usher in the advent of Man? By infinite gradation he was destined to escape from his brutal surroundings, to climb with halting feet the slow ascent, gaining at each step nimbler intellect and keener conscience. From uplands of his existence he would be free "to look before and

after," to store past records, to predict the flux of things to come. "Sufferance was the badge of all his tribe."

Thoughts like these flow in upon the man who broods and muses on the lost kingdoms of the sea. Let him start with the severance of Great Britain from the Continent as accomplished, and there still remain the sunken lands of the North Sea, which we now call the Dogger Bank, the legend-shrouded land of Atlantis, and, on the near horizon, the drowned "Park" of Selsea, the reefs and rock-strewn gulfs which lie around the Channel Islands.

St. Brandan, so they say, sailed away from a fierce world, peopled with wild men, to the blessed island of Atlantis, which lay dreaming before his strife-worn eyes in the lap of the sunset. There the birds and the fishes flocked to listen to him, and the human drama faded from his vision and his thoughts. Ill for St. Brandan, for he to whom the human interest ceases to appeal ceases to be human, and begins to slip back into the brute. But to leave behind the clamour and nonsense-noises of the world, and, in converse with choice spirits, to rediscover forgotten lore, is surely to live a new existence.

Atlantis, embalmed in the works of Plato and other classical writers, has been generally held to be mere historical mirage. The grandfather of Critias had heard from Solon, who in turn had it from the Egyptian priests at Sais, who again repeated ancient history, how a vast continent once lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The Mediterranean Sea was but the inner basin of a land-locked ocean, round the shores of which flourished the vast empire of Atlantis. Egypt and Hellas, so the story went, waged successful war against this swaggering empire of the West. Then came a world-shaking earthquake, and Atlantis and its warrior race sank beneath the salt waves of the great ocean which men now call the Atlantic. Is not this a parable which our modern "Admiral of the Atlantic" might to advantage take to heart and ponder?

Atlantis may be myth, but the engulfing of the "Park" over which the Selsea fishermen now catch lobsters is historic. The waters closed over it only some 400 years ago. England, which has already see-sawed up and down so often, may yet re-emerge her tracts of shallow subsidence. The shell of the earth holds in check the fierce throes of her inner forces. Let them give way but a few feet and we should see the lost lands back again. On that wrecked seabed at Selsea lies the bell of old Bosham church; in punishment for carrying off this bell the Danish rovers were supposed to have suffered shipwreck. Poetic justice was thus done, and the story rounded off to fit in with the equities of things. The fisher-folk will tell you that its warning note may be heard on still nights even at the present time.

When the receding tide leaves them bare, a wilderness of rocks clustering to the west of Cap de la Hague is revealed, and even to the tyro in geological evolution this plateau has been obviously an age-long battlefield of Titanic forces. How did that fretwork of reef and shoal, pinnacled and sculptured by the ceaseless play of "roosts" and races, torn by the tremendous currents which for ever ebb and flow about it, first come into being? That the embroidered fringe of the mainland was once linked to it is obvious; in fact, a mediæval chart shows a sweep in the coast line jutting out into what are now the islands. Perhaps the ancient artist sketched a scene which existed but in his own mind's eye. We want a new word to describe the man who is the complement of the prophet—the fore-speaker. Such an one—he who speaks of days and scenes that are no more—would imagine in his backward glance Great Britain and Ireland linked to the Continent of Europe, and a huge—sometime tropical but now semi-arctic—river, gathering to itself the overflow of inland waters, and sluggishly pouring

from the neighbourhood of the Solent of to-day to the *embouchure* of the Seine, thence to the basin where Paris lies, and so into the ocean. That was a condition of things which persisted for untold æons; and then the shadow of change crept on. Owing to the melting of part of the ice-cap of Northern Europe the escaping waters, for a while penned in the upper reaches of the North Sea estuary, burst their bounds. By them the chalk dam which lay between Dover and Calais was breached, and the eroding torrent ploughed its way westward. Under the stress of that force the English Channel came into being, and thus also, after passing Cap de la Hague, by the action of the gigantic whirlpool so created, the Bay of Cancale was carved out and the superficies of the land area to the north of it torn away, our Channel Islands and their rocky frontiers being left to tell the tale. How terrific must have been that whirlpool force is evidenced by the fact that in St. Malo Bay to-day the tidal rise is over 50ft. Truly the cutting-tool of the whirlpool current bit deep.

About land which the sea has partially swallowed up eternally flits the seamew of Romance. Each jutting frieze and bastion headland which dreams over the waste of waters has some legend to tell or quaint name to recall. The human inhabitants of the rocky islets are a race apart. On every few yards along the coast-line of Sark, for instance, he who has ears to hear may listen to the story of days that are no more. Who that loves that little island, its history and associations, but will hail "the light that never was on sea or land" stealing across its waters of Mediterranean blue and around its "chapel of the gulls"? In its hardy and close-grained Norman tillers of the land and toilers of the sea he will meet the descendants of the Norse rovers. Feudalism walks like a mummy restored to life about its ferny lanes and rock-bound ramparts, up and down its coombes and dells. The blue-eyed Normans who inhabit there have the blend of independence and repression which marks the meeting of the old world and the new. Even the Hanoverian rat has never gained a foothold on the island; the British black rat still holds the field. The Seigneur is sovereign lord, with rights and privileges which go back to days before the Conquest. The island has two Houses of Parliament. These meet under the presidency of the Seigneur in a building, in size perhaps 30ft. by 20ft., which also serves as school-room. Their discussions turn mainly on such questions as whether the harbour buoy shall be repainted, or if some derelict boat or cask is rightly the property of the Seigneur, under the law of "flotsam, jetsam, and lagan." The islanders have no "constitutional crisis" foisted upon them. Happy islanders!

HOMeward BOUND: A NEW ZEALAND SKETCH

By W. H. KOEBEL

THE last song has been sung, and the final trick has been taken on the green-covered table, where the cards now lie in a heap. The lamps glow softly on the flowers, the pictures on the wall, the deep carpets, and the thousand and one objects that make a really pleasant room out of four wide walls. Through the open French windows come the scent of verbena and orange-blossom, and the mingled odours of a hundred other flowers.

It is time to say good-night.

The wide verandah is in part lit up from within, in part lost in deep shadow. Where the beams of light strike upon the supporting posts hang great clusters and festoons of

roses, their blossoms pricked out in tender brilliance from the inky blackness of their background. There are other flowers beyond that, caught up in some chance shaft of illumination, seem to float in mid-air, stars of passion-flower and clematis, and the hazy wreaths of the jasmine.

Beyond the verandah and out into the unbroken darkness. The way is through an invisible garden that yet sends its messages across the night. Soft branches stretch out their sprays of leaf and blossom, each giving up its own odour as it fans the passer-by. Now and again sounds the rustle of heavier leaves, and the cool, silky body of a weighty magnolia bud bumps against the shoulder of the intruder.

A blind man's holiday, this! Here is the gate by the feel of it, and here is the wooden bar that slides back with a rattling of timber. Presently the feet are treading upon turf; the scent of the blossoms has grown fainter, and the airs blow in free and unimpeded breaths. This is the paddock, sure enough. Somewhere quite near by are the slip-rails in which wait the horses. Here they are, found by the touch rather than by the eye, and by the same sense it becomes clear that they are as empty as charity!

The poles that guarded the entrance are on the ground. Thrown into their sockets with a censurably impatient haste, they have been shaken from their places by the restless steeds. As for the latter, they are somewhere in the paddock, somewhere in the midst of the dense velvet black of the night. What a situation! Not a star in the sky! The clouds must have rolled up in volumes, which means that there is rain to come.

From where a faint light shines somewhere at the back of the invisible tree comes a distant hail. "All right?" There is a moment's hesitation out here in the paddock. But why should those within be made to share the discomfort of a mistake of others? The onus of rectifying our own carelessness lies with us alone. And so the call goes back: "All right! Good night!" It is not true. But the lie is pardonable.

I have never been in a collision on the high seas. But the abrupt transition from the broad decks and halls, the electric light, and the music to the small open boat tossing alone in the night is surely one of the most dramatic in life. Our case just now is mainly farcical, but it has an element or two in common with one of those great tragedies of the waves. A rider without his horse on a night such as this is as helpless as any shipwrecked mariner. Five minutes ago we were in a brilliant place of light, where the dresses of the ladies rustled graciously to and fro, and where the perfume of the after-dinner coffee rose, giving out a delightful sense of an assured and eternal comfort. Now we are in the outer darkness: I should say we must have travelled a thousand miles since then!

And now for the horses. Thank heaven that the paddock is a miniature one that can boast no more than a couple of acres! Across the night comes a welcome sound—the rasping of torn grass as the blades are snapped off by the massive teeth. If ever you went with care, grope cautiously in the direction of the noise! Only a few paces, and the sound has ceased. Two heads have been raised, and two pairs of ears are pricked acutely forward. This you know as well as though your eyes had pierced the night and had seen it for themselves. A step or two more is ventured in the agonising certainty of what is to come. There it is! A rumbling and thudding of hoofs that passes close to the left, and dies away to the rear. Then, very faintly now, the cropping of grass sounds again.

There is nothing for it but to turn about and to follow the champing music. The result is the same as before. If there was ever an audible and invisible will-o'-the-wisp it is present here, materialised in the horses' hoofs. Futility is annoying at the best of times: at midnight the

state becomes unbearable. How infinitely irritating, moreover, is the reflection that the homeward way is not to be won until those elusive thuddings have been brought into subjection directly beneath one's own person!

The black of the sky above is tinged by a faint, shadowy pool of light. As the pool spreads into a small, starry lake, the world near by seems to roll forward from out of space. The dark silhouettes of the trees swell out of a sudden against the horizon; the level stretch of the paddock leaps upward from the depths, and there in the corner are the dim forms of two horses. A few moments later the reins rest securely in the hand. Never was an object more comfortable to the touch than this leather! A grasp of the mane, a pleasant creak from the saddle—and the night may do its worst!

The sky, indeed, is already repenting its moment of generosity. As the horses pass through the paddock-gate the twinkling lake above shrinks into nothingness, blotted out by an advancing curtain of black. When the outlines of the trees have died away in sympathy, the faint paint of light no longer gleams from their rear. The hospitable station is asleep. The ever-vigilant dogs alone suspect the presence of belated guests. As the horses' hoofs leave the turf to strike upon the bare soil of the track, there is a distant rattle of chains and a chorus of protesting barks—a crude godspeed, but a welcome one, since it heralds the start on the homeward way.

Our part is done with. All that is necessary now is to keep in sociable touch with the horses' mouths, and they will do the rest. Not once do they hesitate, although from time to time they come to an abrupt halt in the midst of their walk or canter. Then you may stretch out your hand with certainty and feel for the bars of a gate. And then, when you have latched it again with the dutiful care that is part of the sheep-farmer's daily creed, you may go thudding onwards once more along the invisible track.

There are times when, if your mood chanced to be in tune for such a feat of the imagination, you might imagine that you were careering along a level turnpike road set between the hedges of England. In which case the land will not permit the mental picture for long. To the front sounds the ripple of water, musical and clear, through the still air. The movements of the horse have grown cautious and tentative. He has gathered himself together for an effort, and the next moment one is sinking in a sheer downward glide to the accompaniment of the grinding and rattle of loose earth and stones. With a lurch and a jerk the sensation of falling ends. The noises of the descent have ceased; we have shot down the face of the river bank.

Nothing is audible now but the rush of the waters. The ripple has swollen of a sudden to a deep cascade of sound that overwhelms the ear with its fullness, and that brings with it a strange sensation of giddiness. As to the horse, his nerves are on the rack. If you would remain dryshod draw up your feet as he paws the water and plunges into the invisible stream with the staccato leaps of the anxious-minded.

The deep swirling of the passage has given way to a tumultuous splashing that covers the face and body of the rider with spray. Then the great frame of the steed halts to crouch for a spring. One knows full well what he is demanding on the part of his rider—a hand in the mane, and the body drawn high up in the stirrups from the saddle. Now he is springing upwards in a paroxysm of bounds, and in a moment he is pacing the level ground, while the song of the river dies away to the rear.

When the pace has settled down once more to a steady canter you may do one of various things. You may converse with the companion who is thudding along sometimes at your side, at others elsewhere, according as the way is broad

or narrow; you may yield to the drowsy influence of the night and fall into the guarded doze of the man in the saddle: or, again, it is just possible that you may become reflective, and may think of many matters.

You may wonder, for instance, why you are ploughing onwards through the lonely night when all other folk are in bed. There is another ford ahead, and half a dozen more miles ere the journey will be done. It has been a fairly long ride this, in search of—what? A meal, coffee, cards, a little music, a glimpse of tasteful rooms, and the sound of women's voices! Was it worth the trouble? Elsewhere, scarcely, perhaps; but here in the wide airs of the bush there is room for neither cynicism nor doubt. These visits are vital things; periodical rubbings and furbishings that keep bright the machinery of the mental horizon. Were the distance twenty miles—

The horse shies violently and plunges to the left as a sudden scurry and a rapid trampling sounds from the neighbourhood of his hoofs. It is evident that some sheep sleeping by the side of the track have aroused themselves only just in time. They are bolting away with a flurry that resembles to the ear the rising of a covey of pheasants. Steady now! So much for philosophy in the saddle! The business of the hour is to get home.

All rides have an end. One had almost forgotten that in the song of the beating hoofs that bade fair to go on for ever. Beneath its influence one had grown drowsy again, when the noise of distant barkings rings out from the front. As the sound is approached it swells to a fierce chorus of threats hurled across the gloom. Then of a sudden the angry notes turn to joyous canine bays of welcome. The homestead is at hand.

SOPHOCLES IN RHYME*

THERE is a kind of poetry which demands rhyme, even as there is a kind of poetry to which rhyme is in the nature of an insult. It is impossible, for example, to imagine Dryden without rhyme. On the other hand, it is impossible to imagine "Paradise Lost" in rhyme—even so dogmatic an enthusiast for the rhymed couplet as Johnson had to confess that his imagination failed to conceive it other than it was. To Dryden the clipping sounds at the end of the line were necessary to swell out his somewhat slender music, and to give form and coherence to his meaning. It may perhaps justly be said that the *matter* of poetry despises the pretty adjuncts of verse, being its own sufficiency, whereas the *matter* of prose can only be given the appearance of poetry when it is duly decked out with the superficial appearances of that high rhythm that great poetry must needs choose to speak through. However that be, Euripides not only takes his proper stride in the habiliments of English rhyming couplets; he makes his gestures so aptly in them that they seem to be his natural vesture. It is impossible to say why; these are things that the instinct divines, and must needs trust. There is a fitness in a rhymed "Medea" that is past all thought. Similarly there is an unfitness in a rhymed Sophocles that almost defies explanation. It violates immaculateness of conception, even as the attempt to conjure up a "Paradise Lost" in French rhymed Alexandrines.

Yet it is worth explanation. To bring it home to an English thought one would need to adduce English examples, and unfortunately there is nothing distinctively Sophoclean in English literature. King Lear, for example, is Aeschylean.

* *Oedipus, King of Thebes*. By Sophocles. Translated into English Rhyming Verse, with Explanatory Notes, by Gilbert Murray. (George Allen. 2s. net.)

Aeschylus, in rugged splendour of soul, reached sometimes almost over to the Gothic, whereas Sophocles is always marmoreal. Aeschylus was always somewhat of an anomaly, while Sophocles was always the perfect exemplar. The Dionysean broke through Aeschylus with its vintage revelry and high suggestion; while with Sophocles the Apollyan was ever supreme, though it reached heights in him it has never aspired to elsewhere. Despite this fault, however, imagine "King Lear" in rhyme! Or, better still—for we have this very process already exemplified in English—read the splendour of "Antony and Cleopatra" in Shakespeare and then compare the same subject in Dryden.

It may be that the difficulty is somewhat deeper than this. It may be that the difficulty is in Professor Murray himself, not less than in the manner of verse. Reading his verse carefully over, one is surprised to note how unsure he is on his metrical feet. This is marked over and over again in his translations of Euripides. Take a passage chosen quite at random from his translation of the "Medea":

When first I stood in Corinth, clogged with ill
From many a desperate mischance, what bliss
Could I have dreamed of like to this,
To wed with a king's daughter, I exiled
And beggared?

Imagine it without the supports that the clipping rhymes give to its faulty sense of form! And then conceive how superbly Milton hews out his paragraphs of music to progress forward with! In other words, it would appear that Professor Gilbert Murray had to brace Sophocles down to his measure by the artificialities of verse. He had to put Sophocles cheek by jowl with Euripides before he could undertake his rendering. As an example of this one may recall with what terrible majesty Oedipus receives the stupendous revelation that he is indeed the son of his own wife, the murderer of his own father, and the bringer of trouble on Corinth, and how through all mischances and obstructing human agencies the prophecies are working themselves out for his downfall with almost fiendish malignity. The majesty in it is knit to terror. But this certainly fails to appear in the following passage:—

Enough!
And will come true . . . Thou Light, never again
May I behold thee, I in the eyes of men
Made naked, how from sin my being grew,
In sin I wedded and in sin I slew.

It totally fails to convey the requisite majesty. Yet, though it is a matter to be perceived, not to be explained, lying past the logical consciousness, some of the causes of its failure can be made patent. For example, no better indictment of rhyme for Sophocles could be more damaging than the "jingling round of like endings" in the last two lines; and Milton's other charge that "Rime" is in "invention" to "set off . . . lame Meeter" is justified by the metrical insecurity of the whole passage. So also the inversion in the second line, and the vowel elision in the third line, tend to destroy that simplicity that is essential to all dignity, but particularly to the dignity of pain. Compare it with:

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

The whole question raises problems that one would much like to discuss, since they deal with the vital matter of verse-form, but several things forbid. Space forbids, occasion forbids, and Professor Gilbert Murray himself forbids. To find fault with a work is not necessarily to decry it. If he has sought to strap and harness Sophocles, Sophocles is yet often himself breaking away these

unnatural fetters and striding forth into the light of the sun. There are also excellences in which Dr. Murray lends the great tragedian music of a later day than his, such as in the choros that succeeds the exit of Oedipus in the passage criticised :

Nothingness, nothingness,
Ye Children of Man, and less
I count you, waking or dreaming!
And none among mortals, none,
Seeking to live, hath won
More than to seem, and to cease
Again from his seeming.

While ever before mine eyes
One fate, one ensample, lies;
Thine, thine, O Oedipus, sore
Of God oppressèd—
What thing that is human more
Dare I call blessèd ?

For all that it owes something of its music to Swinburne, this is quite excellent. It is also in the fit tragic vein.

Moreover, this very suggestion of debt awakes a criticism. If there was one thing Swinburne excelled in more than another, it was *speed* in verse. In a sense he very largely introduced it to English verse; but since he introduced it into verse, and since he was the latest of the great poets, this speed has come to usurp all the virtues. Professor Murray endeavours to get speed into his translation, notwithstanding the fact that speed and dignity are but rarely compatible. It is an incidental fact that we sadly need a slower, mightier movement in all modern English verse, but such a movement is absolutely essential to a right rendering of Sophocles. Many of the passages in the present translation read almost as if they had been made in a violent hurry to catch a train. This is symptomatic of the time, truly enough; but it is a considerable matter for praise that Sophocles is not symptomatic of the time. A half-hour's contemplation before the bust of the mighty dramatist surely would have set this right.

Such criticisms are necessary. Professor Murray himself, in his very self-denying ordinance of translation, asks attention not for himself but for his author. In other words, he asks us to complain if he should fail to convey to us all that his author is. He does fail in this, but he nevertheless has given us what we have not had hitherto, and that is a readable translation of "Oedipus." Other renderings, in seeking to give us the might and marmoreal power of the original, have given us merely ponderousness—a likeness much unlike! So that if the vivacity of the present rendering fails to give us the severe and terrible might, it has at least that inalienable property of all vivacity, companionableness, and charm, both qualities that win to affection. And for this much we render our very substantial thanks. It would be very splendid to see "Oedipus" acted.

STREET-ORGANS

It is very true, as Mr. Chesterton must have remarked somewhere, that the cult of simplicity is one of the most complex inventions of civilisation. To eat nuts in a meadow when you can eat a beef-steak in a restaurant is neither simple nor primitive; it is merely perverse, in the same way that the art of Gauguin is perverse. A shepherd-boy piping to his flock in Arcady and a poet playing the penny whistle in a Soho garret may make the same kind of noise; but whereas the shepherd-boy knows no better, the poet has to pretend that he knows no better. So I reject scornfully the support of those amateurs who profess to like street-organs because they are the direct descendants of the itinerant ballad-singers of

the romantic past; or because they represent the simple musical tastes of the majority to-day. I refuse to believe that in appreciating the sound of the complex modern instruments dragged across London by Cockneys disguised as Italians, the soul of the primitive man who lurks in some dim oubliette of everybody's consciousness is in any way comforted. I should imagine that that poor prisoner, if civilisation's cruelty has not deprived him of the faculty of hearing, is best pleased by such barbaric music as the howling of the wind or the sound of railway-engines suffering in the night; and indeed every one must have noticed that sometimes certain sounds unmusical in themselves can arouse the same emotions as the greatest music.

But it is not on this score that street-organs escape our condemnation; their music has certain defects that even distance cannot diminish, and they invariably give us the impression of a man speaking through his nose in a high-pitched voice, without ever pausing to take breath. If, in spite of this, we have a kindness for them, it is because of their association with the gladdest moments of childhood. To the adult ear they bring only desolation and distraction, but to the children the organ-man, with his curly black hair and his glittering earrings seems to be trailing clouds of glory. For them the barrel-organ combines the merits of Wagner, Beethoven, Strauss, and Debussy, and Orpheus would have to imitate its eloquent strains on his lute if he wished to captivate the hearts of London children.

When I was a child the piano-organ and that terrible variant that reproduces the characteristic stutter of the mandoline with deadly fidelity were hardly dreamed of, but the ordinary barrel-organ and the prehistoric hurdy-gurdy, whose quavering notes suggested senile decay, satisfied our natural craving for melody. It is true that they did not make so much noise as the modern instruments, but in revenge they were almost invariably accompanied by a monkey in a little red coat or a performing bear. I always had a secret desire to turn the handle of the organ myself; and when—too late in life to enjoy the full savour of the feat—I persuaded a wandering musician to let me make the experiment, I was surprised to find that it is not so easy as it looks to turn the handle without jerking it, and that the arm of the amateur is weary long before the repertoire of the organ is exhausted. It is told of Mascagni that he once taught an organ-man how to play his notorious Intermezzo to the fullest effect, but I fancy that in professional circles the story would be discredited, for the arm of the practised musician acquires by force of habit a uniform rate of revolution, and in endeavouring to modify that rate he would lose all control over his instrument.

Personally, I do not like hearing excerpts from Italian opera on the street-organs, because that is not the kind of music that children can dance to, and it is, after all, in supplying an orchestra for the ball-room of the street that they best justify their existence. The spectacle of little ragged children dancing to the music of the organ is the prettiest and merriest and saddest thing in the world. In France and Belgium they waltz; in England they have invented a curious compound of the reel, the gavotte, and the cakewalk. The best dancers in London are always little Jewesses, and it is worth anybody's while to go to White-chapel at midday to see Myriam dancing on the cobbles of Stoney-lane. There is not, as I once thought, a thwarted enchanter shut up inside street-organs, who cries out when the handle turns in the small of his back. But why is it that I feel instinctively that magicians have drooping moustaches and insinuating smiles, if it is not that my mind as a child founded its conception of magicians on itinerant musicians? And they weave powerful spells, strong enough to make these poor little atomies forget their birthright of want, and foot it like princesses. Children approach their

amusements with a gravity beside which the work of a man's life seems deplorably flippant. A baby toddling round a band-stand is a far more impressive sight than a grown man circumnavigating the world, and children do not smile when they dance. All the laughter is in their feet.

When from time to time "brain-workers" write to the newspapers to suggest that street-musicians should be suppressed, I feel that the hour has almost come to start a movement in favour of Votes for Children. It is disgraceful, ladies and gentlemen, that this important section of the community, on whom the whole future of the nation depends, should have no voice in the forming of the nation's laws! This question of street-organs cannot be solved by banishing them to the slums without depriving many children of a legitimate pleasure. For, *sub rosa*, the children of Park-lane—if there are any children in Park-lane—and even the children of brain-workers, appreciate the music of street-organs quite as much as their humble contemporaries. While father buries his head under the sofa-cushions and composes furious letters to the *Times* in that stuffy hermitage, little noses are pressed against the window-pane, little hands applaud and little feet beat time on the nursery floor upstairs. This is one of those situations where it is permissible to sympathise with all parties, and unless father can achieve an almost inhuman spirit of tolerance I see no satisfactory solution.

For children must have music. They must have tunes to think to and laugh to and live to. Funeral marches to the grave are all very well for the elderly and disillusioned, but youth must tread a more lively measure. And this music should come like the sunshine in winter, surprisingly, at no fixed hour, as though it were a natural consequence of life. One of the gladdest things about the organ-man in our childhood was the unexpectedness of his coming. Life would be dragging a little in schoolroom circles, when suddenly we would hear the organ clearing its throat as it were; we would all run to the window to wave our hands to the smiling musician, and shout affectionate messages to his intelligent monkey, who caught our pennies in his little pointed cap. In those days we had all made up our minds that when we grew up we would have an organ and a monkey of our own. I think it is rather a pity that with age we forget these lofty resolutions of our childhood. I have formed a conception of the ideal street-organist that would only be fulfilled by some one who had realised the romance of that calling in their youth.

How often, when the children have been happiest and the dance has been at its gayest, I have seen the organ-man fold music's wings and move on to another pitch in search of pennies! I should like to think that it is a revolt against this degraded commercialism that inspires the protests of the critics of street-music. The itinerant musician who believed in art for art's sake would never move on so long as he had an appreciative audience; and sometimes, though I am afraid this would be the last straw to the brain-workers, he would arrive at two o'clock in the morning, and the children, roused from their sleep, would hear Pan piping to his moon-lit flocks, and would believe that they were still in the pleasant country of dreams.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

TOKYO

PSYCHOLOGICALLY speaking, the city of Tokyo, like the Japanese civilisation, which is often unmoral, if not immoral, is a wanton growth, not a true development from the inner force of impulse; its immensity in size, and perhaps in humanity too, is not the consciousness of sure development, but more or less in the nature of an accidental phenomenon.

It appeared like a mushroom without any particular reason; the wonder is that it has stayed, and grown bigger and bigger. It fairly well represents the Japanese mind in its incapacity for spiritual concentration; if it has any charm (it has, in fact, many and many charms, often fantastic and always bewildering) it should lie in its ignoring of definite purpose, or its utter lack of purpose. It is almost too free to be called democratic; it has no discrimination. (My friend critic, that unique N. Y., scorns Tokyo as the human beehive of mobbishness.) Many millions of Japanese, dark in skin, short in stature, live here looking as if the increasing summer clouds had fallen on the ground, now parting and anon gathering again with a sort of mystery of Oriental fatalism; the first and last impression is a weariness not altogether unpleasant, ghostly at the beginning and tantalisingly human afterward. That weariness originates in the confusion, physical and spiritual, to speak symbolically, the strange mess of red, blue, yellow, green, and what not. (Fame be eternal of Utamaro, Hokusai, and Hiroshige, those colour magicians of art, the true exponents of Japanese life!)

This Tokyo was at the first the town of *samurai* of two swords, of mind more bent on learning how to die than how to live, proper to say, founded by Iyeyasu Tokugawa, the mighty prince of the Tokugawa feudalism, four hundred years ago, whose want of artistic education made it quite natural for him not to see the poetical side of city-building; he allowed every whim and imagination of the people to take their own free course. This neglect, more fortunate than otherwise, produced a great variety in colour and humanity that system and wisdom never could create, that were at once paradoxical, but highly interesting. It is for ever the man's city, if we can call Kyoto the city of women for the sake of comparison; in consequence, it is apt to be naked, *bizarre*, and often arrogant, but there is no other city like Tokyo, which is honest and simple. As a piece of art the city is sadly unfinished; in its unfinishedness we feel a charm, as I said before, the charm of weariness that rather breaks, in spite of itself, an artistic unity. Consciousness of perfection is unknown to the city; while it is quick and bright on the one hand, it is, on the other, verily lazy and uncivilised, like the Japanese temperament itself. I can count, on the spot, many a street which raises an apologetic look, as if they did not approve their own existence even themselves; it is quite natural, I say, as it is the city as a whole, without a definite purpose.

I think that "New Japan" (what a skeptic, shallow sound it has!) has little to do with the real Japan of human beauty, because it was created largely by the advertisement, for which we paid the most exorbitant price to get the mere name of that; in short, we bought it with ready cash. Therefore it is no wonder that it is so perfectly strange to many of us. I hear a whisper too often at some street corner: "Is it really our Japan?" I know that old, true Japan, every inch of it, was the very handiwork of the people in general, while "New Japan," "the rising country first class in the world," as it was proudly written by a newspaper man, as I can imagine, who wears a single eyeglass straight from London, was created by a few hundred men, we might say; the Westerners born in Japan, whose hopeless ignorance of the old civilisation of their old country, strange to say, helped them up to fill the highest place in the public estimate. They were almost reckless to bring everything from abroad, good or bad; we did not mind trying it under one condition, that we might change it for another if it was not fitting. We discovered profitably Shakespeare and even Ibsen lately; and it seems to me that a copy, doubtless, of the American edition of "How to Build a City" fell one day in the hands of the Mayor of Tokyo, who proclaimed in the voice of a prophet that the city should be rebuilt in the very fashion nobody, at least in the Orient,

ever dreamed. Figuratively speaking, we were changing our *kimono* of old brocade, precious with tradition, for a plain sack-coat, perhaps made in Chicago. The municipality has been for the last two or three years spending an enormous amount of money for the sudden enlarging of the streets, and the hasty building of houses of brick or stone, of white or red; but I wonder why our Japanese city should be one and the same with that of the West. And again I wonder if it was her weakness or strength that she accepted the foreign things so easily. It makes me reflect what right she has, however, to object to the foreign invasion, as she had no definite purpose as a city originally. And is it the only way to put the Western morality in the old heart of the city? Can she ever become really civilised?

YONE NOGUCHI.

ART

MINIATURES

WE once heard a young lady make a gentle little speech against Woman's Suffrage. "Let us keep to the drawing-room of life," she said. The Royal Society of Miniature Painters does that, and a certain number of its members have succeeded in making the drawing-room very attractive, and that no doubt is just what is intended, and what the miniatures themselves will do when they are in the Sheraton cabinets, to which they already seem to belong. The artists have said no more than their sisters would be likely to say in their social life; it is all very orderly and smooth and polite. But there are flashes of individuality here and there. There are, for instance, Miss Emily Gertrude Thomson's "Madame Vera Figner," Mr. Edwin Ernest Morgan's "Miss Macnamara" and "Mlle. Sorel," Mr. S. Arthur Lindsey's "Miss E. S. Jacob," Miss Edith Grace Wolfe's "Le Bien-Aimé," and Miss Maud M. Wear's "Blue Veil." But a drawing-room may be a very pleasant place, and there is surely life in such a one as will welcome Mme. G. Debillemont Chardon's "Mère Mélie," Miss Bess Norriss's woman and baby—called "Bon jour"—and the beautiful little bronzes and plasters by Miss Phoebe Stahler, of which we have spoken before.

SOME MODERN ETCHINGS

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL are exhibiting at their Gallery in Bond Street an exceptionally interesting collection of modern etchings. There is some fine, strong work by the Hon. Walter James—always vastness and ruggedness and angry weather. There are the "Duddon Sands" of Mr. Oliver Hale, and Mr. Percy Robertson's "Plough"—both examples of free, fine work—and Mr. Albany E. Howarth's and Mr. Hamilton Mackenzie's strong, clear-cut impressions. There is also work by Mr. Francis Sidney Unwin, Mr. Randolph Schwabe, and Mr. Hedley Fitton. But among much that is interesting and in several cases really fine an etching by Mr. Ernest S. Lumsden—"The Pier"—remains one of the most exquisite things of its kind which we have seen. Equal to Whistler in delicacy and suggestion, in the management of values; and yet not like Whistler, but full of individual beauty.

WE have received a volume of excellent reproductions of the pictures of Johannes Bosboom and William Maris, issued by Messrs. Wallis and Son at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall. The art of Bosboom is not by any means familiar to Londoners, nor is Maris a very well-known name,

but both painters are worth close study, and a more lengthy appreciation of their work will be found in *THE ACADEMY* for May 27th last. The prints are charming in their quality of line and clearness of tone; all Bosboom's lovely "interiors" come out well, and the landscapes of Maris are extraordinarily faithful to the originals.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

ABOVE ALL ISSUES

AT the present moment, when party feelings are passionately excited, it must be a source of deep pain to all serious-minded individuals who, looking beyond the narrow sphere of domestic strife, survey the world's affairs, that the country, in face of its enemies abroad, is split into petty, warring factions. The solemn and statesman-like words spoken by Mr. Lloyd George at the Mansion House as recently as last week have been drowned amid the vulgar din of political warfare. Lest in the columns of *THE ACADEMY* an opportunity should be lost of appreciating to the full their crucial significance, it would be as well here to reproduce the most striking passage:—

I can conceive of nothing (said Mr. Lloyd George) that could justify the disturbance of international goodwill except questions of the greatest national moment; but if a situation were to be forced upon us, in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position which Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated, where her interests were vitally affected, as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure. National honour is no party question.

The weighty utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer reveal at once the gravity of the international situation. It is plain that they were addressed with a profound sense of responsibility to the statesmen of the Wilhelmstrasse; and that this fact is clearly recognised in Germany is evident from the laboured efforts of the semi-official Press in Berlin and Cologne to explain them away by declaring that they were merely in the nature of platitudinous expressions having no particular application to any single Power. In Paris, in St. Petersburg, and in Vienna the contrary view is held. For diplomatic reasons which are apparent, Germany is anxious to create the impression that under no circumstances would it be just to regard her in the light of a disturber of the world's peace. She wishes it to be accepted without question that her *coup d'état* in Morocco entitles her to some substantial compensation, and therefore professes to be at a complete loss to understand why Great Britain or any other Power should find in her conduct grounds for diplomatic warning.

No doubt can exist in the minds of astute observers of the international situation that Germany, with masterly deliberation, chose the moment for intruding herself into affairs with which she had no legitimate concern. Her motive was obviously to wreck irretrievably the Triple Entente. By the most perverted and dangerous of all processes of delusion, that of self-deception, she had led herself to believe that the memorable Potsdam tête-à-tête had actually resulted in the deflection of Russia. The French Ministry had just fallen, and the Berlin Government doubtless counted upon domestic chaos in France to assist its aims.

And finally the astute wire-pullers of the Wilhelmstrasse timed their *coup* to take place when the statesmen of Great Britain would also be preoccupied in a crisis at home. So far German machinations have been defeated all along the line. Instead of breaking up the Triple *Entente*, these machinations have produced an entirely opposite result. For at last an incident has occurred which has enabled the three Powers composing that eminently practical compact to declare in unequivocal terms that their interests throughout the world are common, and that, should occasion arise, they will be prepared in defence of those interests to draw the sword in common. In face of this bold and united front Germany has wisely paused to reflect. It is not sufficient, however, that the Powers of the Triple *Entente* should merely set forth in the language of diplomacy, no matter how strong its terms may be, that they are ready for eventualities even to the dread point of war. It is not sufficient that they should show that among themselves they are united. They must give unmistakable proof of determination. Viewed from this aspect all parties will be in agreement that the deeply significant words of Mr. Lloyd George are uttered at an opportune moment.

In the passage from his speech quoted above the concluding sentence has particular application to political conditions as they exist in Great Britain to-day. "National honour is no party question." If we continue to show to our foes abroad that we have lost that self-restraint which has ever been our pride, and with it much of that self-respect which is the real foundation of patriotism, then they will not be slow to take advantage of our declining greatness, and will seize upon the occasion to impose upon us a humiliation that will dim the history of our times, and will bring down upon our heads the curse of posterity. In a weekly article dealing with Foreign Affairs as they occur from week to week the writer is not concerned with the merits or otherwise of party issues. It is, however, clearly his conscientious obligation to point out—and here the warning may with equal benefit be addressed not to one but to all parties—that in view of the extreme gravity of the international situation a very serious responsibility rests upon those statesmen, and upon their followers, who are guilty of setting Britain against herself, instead of, as loyalty and duty should dictate, serving with disinterested motive and whole-hearted energy the cause of simple patriotism. Were it possible for the country to learn all that is known in the Chancellories of Europe with regard to the critical state of our diplomatic relations, then it would make its voice heard in no uncertain tones. It may without exaggeration be said that at no time in history were we nearer to a European conflagration than we are at present. Instead of showing in the face of our enemies, to use the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "that national honour is no party question," we are wilfully blinding ourselves to the realisation that our national honour is at stake.

From the bitter way in which we are rending ourselves a detached observer would imagine that we were an insular people of narrow limitations—in other words, islanders without Imperial responsibilities, without world-wide commerce, without the glorious heritage handed down from the founders of an Empire upon which it is our unceasing boast that the sun never sets. If ever there was a time when Great Britain should be true to herself, that time is now. Germany, as I have already said, has chosen a moment when the embarrassment of our own affairs has led her to believe that she could strike with success at the very foundations of our existence. She seeks to inflict upon us a humiliation that would kill our diplomatic prestige abroad; nay, more, she aims at a concrete gain in the form of territorial aggrandisement in a part of the world from which she will be able to cut the very threads of our strategic

web. She will only be balked in her aggression when tangible evidences are forthcoming that the whole nation, irrespective of political differences, is determined that national honour shall be no party question. It is idle to say, it is in fact too late to say, that so soon as we are tested these evidences will not be lacking. The hour of the test is nigh. We have reached the crisis.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

At the time of writing the air race round Great Britain is still in progress, but sufficient has actually been accomplished to convince the most sceptical that aviation is destined to fulfil a part of vast importance in the future history of the world. That two men should cover a distance of nearly four hundred miles by air in seven hours, and accurately estimate almost to a minute the time of arrival at their destination, cannot fail to impress the least imaginative with a sense of the enormous potentialities of the newest form of locomotion. That the majority of the competing machines should have been disabled at an early stage of the contest is of little consequence. Nor is it of vital importance that many of the aviators have had to confess themselves beaten and unable to complete the course. The outstanding fact is that a distance of some hundreds of miles has been traversed with the precision, and with more than the speed, of an express train, and what has been done by one machine and one man can obviously be repeated. It is merely a question of getting the right type of machine and the right type of man, with the necessary experience on the part of the latter, and this is obviously a matter of time only. It is a little disappointing, of course, to find the British competitors so completely outclassed in the matter of skill by the French aviators; but it is to be remembered that the experience of the latter is much greater than that of the Englishmen, and evidently experience is of the first importance in the mastering of the science of aviation. And similarly with regard to the machines. One would have liked to see the British productions take a more prominent part in the contest; but this is also a matter which will be remedied at no distant date. It is only a few years since the efforts of the British motor manufacturers were regarded with amusement or contempt by the Continental makers; but to-day the British-made car is universally admitted to be second to none, and there is every reason to believe that history will repeat itself in the case of the aeroplane.

It is now definitely announced that motorists in France will not in future be restricted by any arbitrary speed-limit whatever, experience having "finally demonstrated that such restrictions cannot be enforced in practice, and only give rise to unjustifiable prosecutions and annoyance to motorists." Hitherto the general speed-limit in that country has been a fraction under nineteen miles an hour, but for a number of years there has been little attempt to enforce it, except in some of the remoter country districts, so that its removal from the statute-book does not possess anything like the importance that would attach to a similar step in this country. Broadly speaking, the only speed offence of which the motorist in France can now be convicted is that of driving at such a pace as to prevent him from keeping his car under perfect control—in other words, driving to the common danger. As might have been anticipated, this step on the part of the French authorities has led to an immediate revival of the agitation for the repeal of the speed-limit in this

country, and there is little doubt that a determined and concerted effort will be made to secure the removal of what is unquestionably a source of perpetual irritation to the vast majority of motorists in this country. It cannot be denied that the fact of the French authorities, after a considerably longer experience of the motor-car and its problems than we possess, having finally and deliberately abandoned even the pretence of imposing an arbitrary speed-limit constitutes a powerful argument in support of the "no limit" advocates here. As a matter of fact it is not possible to enforce a speed-limit. In spite of the diversion of a considerable section of the police from their ordinary functions, and the infliction of multitudinous fines, there is probably not a single motorist who has not exceeded, and does not on occasion exceed, the limit; and so it will always be as long as the legal restriction exists. It is argued, and rightly, that speed in itself is not, or ought not to be, an offence, and that dangerous driving depends entirely upon the particular circumstances, whether the car be travelling at six miles or sixty miles an hour. In France, under the new regulations, any chauffeur convicted twice within a year for driving at an excessive speed will have his licence withdrawn or cancelled, and this course would no doubt be found efficacious if adopted over here.

A point of some interest and importance to the motoring community is dealt with in the R.A.C. official journal—namely, the question as to whether a motorist driving at the legal speed-limit of twenty miles an hour is justified in refusing to give way to a faster vehicle. Those who hold the affirmative view base their contention upon the argument that, by refusing to make way, they are preventing others from breaking the law. The pronouncement of the legal department of the R.A.C. is to the effect that, whilst a motorist might be within his rights in so doing, he would himself be committing the offence of wilful obstruction, the law taking no account of speed-limits in dealing with cases of obstruction of the free passage of the highway, whether committed by motorists or anybody else. This is a somewhat ambiguous decision, which may leave the motorist in some doubt as to what he can or cannot do if he wishes to keep strictly within his legal rights. It would seem a simpler thing to say that it is not the business of any private individual, motorist or otherwise, to prevent another from committing a technical infringement of the law if he chooses to do so. This is palpably the common-sense view of the matter, but, as many motorists have been in doubt as to whether they would have a right of action for obstruction in such circumstances, it is satisfactory to have an authoritative statement on the subject.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

As I write the whole City is suffering from an attack of nerves, and prices are tumbling in all directions. The scare began with what for Mr. Lloyd George must be considered an extremely moderate speech. Unfortunately, it caught the fancy of the French, and on Sunday the French Press began to scream with delight. This annoyed the German officials, who thought it necessary to counteract the Franco-British enthusiasm by the usual blustering articles. Thus a complete scare was created out of really nothing at all. Does any sane person imagine that the German bankers would

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have lent ten millions sterling to the Russian Government for the purpose of railway construction if there had been the remotest probability of a war breaking out between France and Germany? If any one is so foolish, he can have very little knowledge of the immense power exerted in Europe by the international financier. The great banks of Europe are informed each day with the most meticulous accuracy of everything that occurs in all the Foreign Offices. It would be impossible for any Government to carry on its business unless it kept in touch with the great bankers. There is not the smallest sign of uneasiness among the great credit houses of Paris, the big bankers of Germany, or the finance houses in London. Naturally they are not averse to a shake-out, for it is the big house with its unlimited credit that makes money in times like the present.

A very simple explanation of the fall in prices is this. In Berlin they have been gambling rather heavily in Canadian Pacifics. In Paris there is a fairly large bull account in Tintos, Perus, and De Beers; Paris has also been gambling very heavily in Russian industrial stocks. The bankers who finance these bulls thought that the political scare gave them a good opportunity of calling in loans; they therefore shook out all the weak people. Nevertheless, although selling was persistent on Monday and Tuesday, the actual amount of stock that changed hands was comparatively small.

The Birkbeck meeting showed everybody that the creditors here would not get more than 15s. in the pound, and that they would only get this by keeping very quiet and nursing the securities with great care. Certain newspapers pretended that it would be possible to distribute 17s. 6d. and probably 20s. But there is no hope of so much. This gave us a disagreeable taste in the mouth.

There has been very little doing among the promoters. The General Accident made an offer of 5 per cent. preference shares, and as these shares are really well secured they form an excellent investment, and would no doubt be readily subscribed. The Central Carpathian Oil Company, which is promoted by the Oil Trust, has been attempting to get itself underwritten for some time past, and it is said (we do not know with what truth) that the underwriters have been let in on varying terms. If this is the case, the Oil Trust is not managing its affairs with much tact, for underwriters, above all things, like to be in on the ground floor. The issue was not advertised in a very businesslike manner, for on Monday morning some copies of the *Financial News* contained a half-page prospectus, while other copies lacked this interesting document, which did not make its bow to the public until Tuesday morning. This shows considerable lack of intelligence on the advertising side. Everything to do with the promotion of a company, especially such a company as the Central Carpathian Oil, should be done in the most thoroughly businesslike manner. The prospectus states that the production from the properties is about 550 tons daily, and that the profits should be £177,800. But although the properties are producing, there is no proof that they are being run at a profit. As far as one can make out, the promotion profit is £145,000—a huge sum. The company starts with this burden, and also that of the underwriting. It will be lucky if it gets out with less than £175,000 tied round its neck as dead weight.

CONSOLS.—Consols appear weaker than ever, and on Wednesday were done at 77½. The story that there were still some large blocks to be disposed of in connection with the Birkbeck Bank liquidation has probably very little truth in it, but the Stock Exchange is so ardently political, and so extremely excited over the crisis at Westminster, that probably a good many rash people sold small lots of Consols as a sort of safety-valve for their over-wrought feelings. A very little selling has a very great effect on this market. Large numbers of gilt-edged securities have been created during the past few years, and it is so much more profitable for members of the House to job in securities out of which they can make some money than out of Consols. The market is quite incapable of standing any strain at all. The Government declines to support the Consol market; in this

they are quite right. The Government broker has to buy for the Sinking Fund, but he has not a free hand, and no attempt is made to manipulate Consols on behalf of the Government. Russia and Japan and the consortium of bankers in Berlin handle their respective Government stocks with a view to market loans, but this is not done in either France or England. It is a pity, of course, that Mr. Lloyd George cannot see his way to promote a small Bill to facilitate the buying and selling of Consols, but, as no votes are to be obtained through such a Bill, and as the modern politician never does anything unless he can get something out of it, it is hopeless to expect such a simple thing as the issuing of Consols to bearer would be. The Conservatives used to sneer at Mr. Gladstone and his policies, but, at any rate, he was a great financial genius and was never influenced in his finance by political considerations. Neither, for that matter, was Lord Goschen. But of late years Chancellors of the Exchequer have never done anything without a political object, and the Treasury is now only a part of the wire-pulling machinery. It is a matter of the saddest regret to those who desire the welfare of the nation.

FOREIGNERS.—As might have been expected from the political situation, foreigners have been absurdly weak, and the bulls of Peru Prefs have been thoroughly shaken out. Tintos could not lift their heads, and there was even a certain amount of selling of Russians, but, curiously enough, some good orders came into the market for Egyptian Unifed. These could not, however, be filled; there was no stock about. Until the foreign policies of France and Germany have been settled to the satisfaction of the different Bourses we can hardly expect any rise in this market. London is not largely interested, and indeed only acts as a sort of clearing-house for foreigners.

HOME RAILS.—There must have been a very much larger bull account in Home Rails than any one expected, and it is probable that the banks decided to strengthen their positions and refuse to lend any longer to some of their weak clients. Owing to the excessive contangoes charged by the Stock Exchange most of the speculation in the Home Railway market is carried on through the banks. The clients buy the stock with the bank's money and hand it over to them as security. The banks do a very profitable business in this, but they are careful not to allow their clients to become too deeply involved, and they shake them out ruthlessly when they see the smallest sign of weakness. All the dividends declared up to the present have been better than was expected. Even if the dividend itself has not been higher the carry-forward has been larger. Lancashire and Yorkshire did splendidly, and the stock is remarkably cheap to-day. Great Central was good, and although the '94 preference got nothing they are certain to participate at the end of the year, when it is quite on the cards that they will be paid in full. The speculative element went for Great Central A and B and suffered severely in the slump, for these stocks were the first to feel the fall. They are now approaching a reasonable figure and should be bought. South Western deferred fell heavily, but the figures are good and there is nothing to alarm holders. Great Easterns are moving along the right lines, and the yield here is tempting, but there is a bull account open and I am afraid to advise a purchase. Really the worst figures of the week have been the Metropolitan, who increased their dividend at the expense of the renewals fund. This was not good policy. I write for those who have money to invest and desire a sound security yielding a reasonable rate of interest. I do not write for the gambler or the greedy person who thinks that he can get 6 or 7 per cent. without risk. I repeat that London and North Westerns, Great Westerns, North Easterns, Lancashire and Yorkshire, the '89, '91, and '94 preference of the Great Central are admirable securities for those who can afford to pay for the stocks and take them up. Now is the moment to buy.

YANKERS.—All through the gloom, all through the rumours of Continental wars and the horror of seeing the British Constitution smashed by the backwoodsman peers or Mr.

Lloyd George—I forget which—the Yankee market has preserved its air of optimism. It is, indeed, the only market in which any real business has been done. The fact that the United States will have a very fine crop is in itself sufficient to justify almost any optimism. The States live upon their harvest. It is impossible for an inhabitant of that huge territory to be anything but an optimist. He sees growing round him huge towns where a few years ago was nothing but prairie. He sees railways, like the B. and O., which were once railways to laugh at, becoming magnificent, well-organised systems. He sees a man like Harriman drag the Union Pacific out of bankruptcy and turn it into one of the most magnificent roads in the world. He reads in his paper that Erie, which was once a byword, means to double-track the whole of its system. How can he help being an optimist? Nothing can stop the United States. Its financiers are even becoming honest, at least honest from their point of view. The big bankers of America now realise that if they are to secure the financial support of London and Paris they must play the game according to the rules of those cities. We may therefore expect a good market in all Americans for some months. It will probably culminate in an autumn boom and the usual collapse.

CANADIAN PACIFICS.—Canadian Pacifics continue to fluctuate violently. There is a very big bull account here, and New York and Berlin are manipulating the stock between them. The six months' figures for the C.P.R. show an increase in net revenue of over $3\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars, and a surplus for dividends of over 3 million dollars. The C.P.R. is earning over 15 per cent. on its common stock, exclusive of its land sales. The company pays 3 per cent. of its dividend out of the interest on its land sales, therefore the road itself is earning double the dividend it distributes. This year there are thirty millions of new stock on which to receive a dividend, and there is talk of a still further issue of stock. It must be understood that the C.P.R. makes these stock distributions not because it needs the money so much as because it dare not show the Dominion how rich it is. The figures are astounding. Nevertheless I expect to see a fall in Canadian Pacifics as soon as the new issue of stock is made and the premium rights obtained. We always find this happen in every market.

RUBBER.—Notwithstanding the determination of the rubber bulls to keep up the price, they were not strong enough to manipulate the sales at the last auctions, and prices sagged away in consequence. The public resolutely declines to buy rubber shares, and candidly there is nothing to induce them to change their minds. Vallombrosa report shows a falling off of no less than 75 per cent. in dividend, and this huge drop is merely what every one expected. All the other companies will follow suit, for it is impossible that the price of rubber can rise. Every month adds to the amount of rubber on the market, and every month shows the manufacturer how to economise his consumption.

OIL.—The Continent has been selling Shells. There are evidently more bulls of Shell Transport in Amsterdam than there are in London. The Spies Maikop report is satisfactory, but it tells the shareholders very plainly that the Maikop field is not yet proved. Those behind the scenes knew this quite well, but a great many of the public believed that Maikop was going to turn out a gigantic oil-field. I am afraid that nine-tenths of the companies floated will end in liquidation. Maikop Spies is quite one of the best.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir market has remained steady for the simple reason that all the dealers are short of shares, and that Paris now holds nothing. A sharp concerted movement on the part of the big houses might very easily bring about a big rise here. But the big houses have lost their leader, and they will do nothing; they are content to sit still and draw their dividends. As the position of the Rand gradually improves no doubt an attempt will be made to create a new boom, but at the present time there is not enough to go upon. The public has lost all interest in Kaffir shares.

RHODESIANS.—Rhodesians have jumped hither and thither without any definite rise. Shamvas have been bought, but the price of this share is far too high, and it is impossible to

handle such a huge property with the present labour supply. Eldorados look cheap, for the report is excellent; but it is quite plain that the Rhodesian houses not only distrust one another, but I might almost say hate each other. Sir Abe Bailey is credited with having got out of most of his mining shares, and he is certainly not trusted by the other groups. However, he has more brains than all the rest of them put together. But the squabbles of these Rhodesian magnates amuse an outsider like myself. It is not the moment to buy Rhodesians and it is really almost waste of time to talk about them.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi meeting went off very well, and the directors did wisely in paying no dividend on the past year, but declaring an interim dividend for the current year. Pekins have been heavily sold, presumably because Mr. Onrey intends making a deal in British Central Africas, which he hopes to plant on the unfortunate French people.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

REFORM VERSUS REVOLUTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As a member of the British Constitution Association, I should be glad if you will permit me to call the attention of young readers to the petition which the Committee has presented to the House of Commons on the Parliament Bill. The object of the Association is to resist Socialism and to uphold the fundamental principles of the British Constitution, personal liberty and personal responsibility. The petition appears to me completely to justify the Lords' amendments to the Parliament Bill. I append a quotation from the petition, copies of which may be obtained from the Association, 20, Tothill-street, London, S.W.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

MARK H. JUDGE.

7, Pall-Mall, July 25th, 1911.

(QUOTATION.)

That a redistribution of seats is absolutely necessary before the House of Commons can be representative of the electors is evident if the following facts are kept in mind, viz:—

One-half of the 670 members of the House of Commons—viz., 335—now represent 5,414,357 electors; the other 335 represent only 2,489,418 electors. The average of the one-half is 16,162 per member; the average of the other half only 7,431 per member. One-half of the total electorate of 7,904,465 send 458 members into Parliament, the other half only 212.

As stated in the resolution quoted, Mr. Asquith has declared that our present electoral system is "an inadequate and untrustworthy exponent of the real opinion of the people," and that he regarded it as a duty and a binding obligation on the Government to submit a really effective scheme of reform.

Not long since Lord Haldane said: "The progress of democracy is simply the process of fashioning the instrument of government of the State to the more adequate power of giving expression to the general desire. No Government and no Minister has the right to speak for the larger interpretation of the will of the nation."

These weighty words of the Prime Minister and of the Minister for War appear to your petitioners to show conclusively that the present House of Commons is not sufficiently representative of the electors to justify the Government in advising the Crown to create Peers for the purpose of making this unrepresentative House of Commons independent of the other branch of the Legislature.

So fundamental an alteration of our Constitution as a vital change in the relationship of the two Houses of Parliament can only be made constitutionally in one of two ways, viz.: (1) by the consent of both Houses, or (2) by the clearly declared will of the electors.

Therefore your petitioners pray your honourable House to accept the amendments made by the House of Lords in the Parliament Bill (as a temporary measure)—which amendments provide with regard to Bills not adopted by both Houses—that

A Joint Committee, instead of the Speaker alone, shall decide whether a Bill is, or is not, a Money Bill; and that any Bill

which (a) would affect the existence of the Crown or the Protestant Succession; or (b) would establish a National Parliament in any part of the United Kingdom; or (c) in the opinion of the Joint Committee, raises an issue of great gravity upon which the judgment of the country has not been sufficiently ascertained—shall not receive the Royal Assent until it has been approved by the electors.

Or failing the acceptance of these amendments, your petitioners pray that your honourable House will add to the Bill a Referendum Clause so that differences between the two Houses may be settled by the direct vote of the electors.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

Horae Semiticae, Nos. V., VI., and VII. *The Commentaries of Isho 'dad of Merv*. Edited and Translated by Margaret Dunlop Gibson, LL.D. Cambridge University Press. 6s. net, 10s. 6d. net, and 10s. 6d. net.

The South Wales Coast. (County Coast Series.) By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

Epidemic Dropsy in Calcutta. By Major E. D. W. Greig, M.D., Superintendent Government Printing, Calcutta. 2s.

EDUCATIONAL

Junior Algebra, with Answers. By W. G. Borchardt, M.A., B.Sc. Rivingtons. 2s. 6d.

Gasc's Little Gem Dictionary of the French and English Languages. Edited by Marc Ceppi. G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.

VERSE

Dreams and Gables. Sonnets by E. Herrick. With Frontispiece by the Author. H. R. Allenson. 1s. net.

FICTION

The Voice of the Forest. By Joseph Burt. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

The Lone Adventure. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

The Red Lantern. By Edith Wherry. John Lane. 6s.

Tabloid Tales. By Louise Heilgers. With Preface by Horatio Bottomley, M.P. Odhams, Ltd. 1s. net.

THEOLOGY

Studies in Theology:—Christian Thought to the Reformation. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A., D.Litt. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

Five Archbishops. A Sermon preached May 14th, 1911, by Randall, Archbishop of Canterbury. S.P.C.K. 2d.

Showing Ourselves Men: Addresses for Men's Services. By the Rev. H. G. Youard. S.P.C.K. 1s.

PERIODICALS

La Revue; Book-Prices Current; Edinburgh Review; Good Health; Bookseller; Economic Review; St. George's Magazine; Peru To-Day; Literary Digest; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; The Wednesday Review; The Parsi; Country Life in America; Publishers' Circular; Cambridge University Reporter; Cornhill Magazine.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 163	Reviews (continued)—
The Banished Lord 164	Shorter Reviews 173
The Fallacy of Funk 164	Fiction 175
A Sensible Step 165	The Theatre 176
Friendly Societies and	Spelling Reform 177
National Insurance 165	A Cosmopolitan Folk-song 179
A New Columbus and a	Some Old Theatres of
New World—I. 167	Paris—II. 180
Two Reviews 169	Foreign Reviews 181
Reviews:—	A Dead Jesuit Town 183
Poets: Chaperoned and	Death Duties and Unem-
Otherwise 170	ployment 184
Two Dissertations 171	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 186
A Glimpse of the Bor-	Motoring 188
derland 172	In the Temple of Mammon 188
After Waterloo to the	Correspondence 190
Crimea 172	Books Received 190

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

WE regret that last week, by an error of the printer, under the heading of "THE ACADEMY Dinner," His Excellency Senhor Regis de Oliveira was erroneously described as the Uruguayan Minister instead of the Brazilian Minister.

With a monotonous and depressing regularity one labour trouble succeeds another, and at last London is involved. At the moment of writing ten thousand men in the eastern river-district, dockers, stevedores, lightermen, and others connected with the shipping industry, have ceased work, and all the large steamer lines which use Tilbury and the huge maze of docks adjacent to Poplar are seriously hampered, if not rendered entirely idle for a time as far as the vessels waiting to unload are concerned. The strikers, with their usual cool impudence, say that they will "bring the masters to their knees," and declare that their ranks shall be swelled from other sources—railwaymen and those engaged in trades which are not directly allied to the maritime. There is some hope that before

many days have passed the dispute may be settled by arbitration, since the trade of London could be to a great extent paralysed were the mood of rebellion to spread up the river; but the principal thing to note is that this *contretemps* is simply a development which, as we recently pointed out in these columns, was bound to occur. Dissatisfaction, complaint, defiance spread precisely like an epidemic, and sooner or later react to the men's disadvantage. There is no sense of security, and employers are not to be blamed if in mere self-defence they omit the mercy and do plain justice when opportunity offers. Thus certain authorities at Cardiff have given notice to their men, dating from August 5th, in consequence of disobedience to the terms of the recent settlement, and the Great Central Railway has paid off its Hull lightermen who refused to return to work after an offer which was equivalent to an increase of 2s. per week.

In *The Triad*, a smartly-written and smartly-edited monthly which reaches us from New Zealand, we invariably find much to entertain and instruct; but in the issue dated June 10th is an article, entitled "Some Forgotten Things," which seems to call for comment. "Pan Optes," in the April number, inquired "Who remembers Ernest Dawson's 'Cyrana'?" Well, plenty of people remember Ernest Dawson's "Cynara"—probably the poem which is meant. On this, as a text, "D. H." mentions a good many things which are by no means forgotten in literary circles. "Arthur Machen's weird fantasy, 'The Great God Pan'—how many remember him?" Readers of *THE ACADEMY* know that Mr. Machen is far from comatose to-day—that he is in fact very much alive and doing valuable work. Hubert "Crakenhorpe"—should it not be "Crackenthorpe"?—is not forgotten; nor is Richard Le Gallienne's "Romance of Zion Chapel;" and certainly Henry Harland's "Grey Roses" must be rescued from the melancholy Lethean stream which "D. H." sets flowing. In the same issue is a truly delightful story of an acute old Scotsman who sent in some original verses to an Australian journal, which commented upon them in a vein of red-hot sarcasm, and of course rejected them. Nothing daunted, the old poet sent in some more, entitled "The Place of the Damned," which were again scarified. When asked if he "felt bad," he replied, "I feel real bonnie! 'Tis not me he's rejectin', but Dean Swift, the greatest satirist who ever wrote English." Hardly a fair trick to play upon an editor, perhaps—but certainly very funny. The April issue of *The Triad*, we note, reprints in full an article by Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell, entitled "The Critical Balance," which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* some months ago.

We learn with regret of the death of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., on Tuesday last at his residence in Chelsea. Although he was an American by birth—Philadelphia being his native city—he had lived in this country so many years that it had become reasonable to characterise him as a British artist. He came to England in 1878, distinguishing himself for the beauty and strength of his decorative work, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890 for the first time, being chosen an Associate six years later. Most people will remember him as the painter of the official picture of the Coronation of King Edward VII.—a work of enormous detail, containing a large number of faithful portraits, which occupied the artist for more than two years. As an illustrator of Shakespeare's comedies he proved that the poetic temperament was in him closely added to the artistic life which made him famous; indeed, in nearly all his work the spirit of poesy shines through the eyes of the sister art.

THE BANISHED LORD

A PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Mute in immovable silence,
 Scorning the churlish gaze,
 Stark with unuttered plaining,
 Visage of chivalrous days.

Shorn of a peasant's one honour
 Mockingly nameless to men,
 Wherefore that ban to the far-way,
 Prithee, from deed, word, or pen?

Vowed to his God and his country,
 Liege to a creed or a king,
 Mayhap some test of Love's prowess
 Borne for the bell, book, and ring.

Flung to the world for its buffet,
 Fibred in soul as a child,
 Iron of heart when it's breaking,
 Passed as a moan from the wild.

Voiceless the tower and the hearthstone,
 Vantage of earth's high and low,
 Duty's behest through the ages,
 Vanished as white ashes blow.

Cycles of deeds to the noble,
 Tossed to the winds as of dross,
 Virtue's gold cresting the scutcheon,
 Lowered with the hatchments of loss.

Venom of kin or of foeman,
 Shade of ancestral blight,
 Sealed with that blood-brand signet,
 Toy of man's pitiless wite.

ALAN H. WHITNEY.

THE FALLACY OF FUNK

THE derivation of the word "funk" appears to be a little doubtful. Some think that it is derived from the Dutch. If that is so, it is certainly not a word which was constructed to describe any Dutch attribute, and it must therefore be supposed that it was coined to designate the physical attitude of opponents. There are of course degrees of funk, and these are usually portrayed in colours. Funk may indicate either a moral or physical deficiency. We are now dealing with moral deficiency.

The crisis at home, as we view it to-day, betrays the different shades we have referred to, relieved by a glorious splash of courage and true perception.

Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne may perhaps be described as partaking of the *eau-de-nil* variety of shade; those who crave submission because his Majesty has signified—in some way—his intention of acting on some advice which may be tendered by his responsible Ministers, can be described as the *eau bénite du cour* group, whilst Lord Camperdown and Mr. Strachey may be bluntly assigned to the blue funk school.

It is indeed to be regretted that Lord Camperdown should have been the means of drawing from Lord Lansdowne his letter of the 31st of July. Lord Camperdown has, over a long list of years, been a very painstaking, sensible, and patriotic member of the Upper House. His descent would naturally lead to the expectation that he would have wholeheartedly ranged himself under Lord Halsbury's banner, and like the famous Admiral of the Blue have harried his enemy day and night, until the opportunity of annihilating him had presented itself. It is clear that subserviency and submission, under intolerable wrong, can never produce the

situation in which condign punishment can be meted out to the present occupants of the Government Bench.

The lash of Lord Lansdowne's rebuke to Lord Camperdown contained in the words "in no circumstances should I consider myself justified in voting with the Government when the [Parliament] Bill returns to our House" falls with cruel cuts on the already scarified back of Mr. Strachey. In the *Times*, on the telephone, in countless columns of the *Spectator*, this gentleman has declared the only policy. He has hinted not obscurely that he has posted the leaders of the party in their parts, that he is the spokesman of those leaders and that his policy of Unionist peers voting with the Government to secure the passage of the Parliament Bill, is the only policy which sane men would entertain for a moment. Suddenly the oracle is discarded and discredited, the pupil turns on the mentor, and frankly disavows him. Well may Lord Lansdowne lament

Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. . . . Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your grinning! quite chap-fallen!

It is charitable to draw a veil over a painful vision.

It must be confessed that Lord Lansdowne's refuge in the half-way house is not a very logical position, and that is the reason why the motive which induced him to inhabit it can only be attributed to temporary nerve-strain. In eloquent and convincing speeches he demonstrated whilst the Bill was in Committee in the House of Lords that without the amendments then inserted

There is literally nothing whatever which is safe. . . . The Crown is not safe. The Constitution is not safe. The Union is not safe. The Church is not safe, our political liberties are not safe. Literally no institution however much revered and respected in this country is beyond the reach of a [trivial] majority.

That, it must be allowed, was a lurid picture which would have suggested to the ordinary mind that no measure—however heroic—should be omitted in the hope of obviating a position so menacing to the fabric of the State. A few lines were however addressed by the Prime Minister to the Unionist leaders, and it was immediately agreed that no opposition should be offered to the measure for establishing the state of affairs which Lord Lansdowne had stigmatised and denounced. Lord Camperdown, Mr. Strachey, and a few others urged that the picture which Lord Lansdowne drew should be converted into reality by Unionist votes, a course which eventually caused Lord Lansdowne to turn at bay.

The fact is, so much has been lost by irresolute leading of the Conservative party in the past, that the stand which is now being made is one of the few remaining chances of rousing popular enthusiasm and organising victories at the polls.

Lord Robert Cecil, in a published letter, puts the position clearly:—

If a peer is convinced that the issue is one of supreme gravity, and that on its merits he ought to vote for insisting on the amendments, then no threats by the Government ought to deter him from doing so.

That is the attitude—a wholly worthy one—which it is to be devoutly hoped the Peers will adopt next week. Any violent measures which the Government may take will assuredly lead to a great Unionist majority in the constituencies in the near future. With a lease of many years

of power before them, it is to be hoped that Unionist leaders will realise their responsibilities, and that the sorry spectacle of the pusillanimity and futility of the last years of the late Unionist Government will never again be repeated, to involve the party in ruin as the result of the condemnation by the constituencies of its leaders' omissions and nervelessness.

CECIL COWPER.

A SENSIBLE STEP

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

WHETHER one agrees with the policy of the "die-hards" or not, one must be entirely in favour of their being fairly treated by that portion of the Press which stands by the policy of Lord Lansdowne. The "die-hards" are a body of distinguished public men who are prepared to sacrifice their political prospects in order to support a policy which they believe to be right and the only one likely to save the Unionist Party in the future. But every effort has been made by a section of the Press to belittle their importance and to make out that they are few in number and insignificant in reputation. This is absurd and defeats its own ends, for the names of Lords Salisbury, Halsbury, and Selborne, together with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. F. E. Smith are a sufficient guarantee of the *bona fides* of the party, and we tremble to think what the Unionist Party would be if it lost their support. There is great annoyance on the part of those who support Lord Lansdowne because the "die-hards" will not disclose the number and names of their supporters in the House of Lords. But why should they? They do not wish them to be subjected to coercion from the Lansdowne party, and above all they do not wish to disclose their position to Mr. Asquith, so that in the event of his being out-voted in the Lords he will know beforehand the exact number of "harlot Peers" he will have to create. But the Lansdowne press calls this a sign of weakness, and declares that they dare not disclose their numbers because they are too few.

Another good example of the methods of belittling which have been indulged in during the past few days is shown by a report in the *Times* of a meeting of a number of Conservatives in Birmingham who passed a resolution hostile to Mr. Chamberlain, and declaring their unswerving support of Mr. Balfour. Now this was hailed with immense satisfaction by the Lansdowne press, and the papers were full of such headings as "The End of the Birmingham Dictatorship," "Mr. Chamberlain Repudiated," and "Final Split in the Unionist Party." Leading articles were written dilating on the disaffection, and really an impartial observer might have thought that Birmingham had at length parted with its renowned and honoured chief. But what are the facts? Ever since Mr. Chamberlain threw over Mr. Gladstone and joined the ranks of the Unionists there has been a small, unimportant clique of Conservatives in Birmingham who have remained hostile to him. For many years their voice has hardly been heard, but now, taking advantage of the split over the Veto Bill, they have once more ventured to raise their diminished heads. At their first attempt to pass a resolution they failed because there was no quorum present, but after searching the slums and purlieus of Birmingham they raised a sufficient number to pass their epoch-making resolution. This feeble performance is thought of sufficient importance by the *Times* to be given a full report in double-leaded type. As a matter of fact, Birmingham is absolutely loyal to Mr. Austen Chamberlain's attitude, and if the Lansdowne party rely on the support of Birmingham they will find themselves sadly disillusioned.

We deplore the attitude of open hostility shown towards a group of men who are only acting according to their conscientious convictions. If anything can make a permanent split in the Unionist party possible, it will be this. Some of Lord Lansdowne's supporters, led apparently by Lord Camperdown, declare their intention of actually going into the Government lobby and voting their own comrades down if the "die-hards" find themselves in a majority. This would be a fatal step, and the "split" would then become permanent and embittered to a fatal extent. Therefore it is with profound relief that we read in Tuesday's papers of Lord Lansdowne's timely intervention. In a letter to Lord Camperdown he strongly declares against any Unionist Peer going into the Government lobby. He simply advises them to walk out. This statesmanlike attitude, which will remove all personal bitterness from the struggle, is the most sensible step Lord Lansdowne could have taken. Now there is no need whatever to fear a permanent split in the Unionist ranks.

If certain Conservative Peers are foolish enough to vote with the Government they do so on their own responsibility, and their leaders are in nowise responsible. But we do not for a moment believe that any will be found so foolish as to adopt such an insane step. Lord Lansdowne's letter has cleared the air, and we know exactly where we stand. Only one factor is wanting, and that is the exact number of votes the "die-hards" can muster in the division-lobby. The Government are supposed to be able to rely on seventy-five, which is the number who voted on the famous Budget division. Therefore, if the "die-hards" can command one hundred votes, and all Lord Lansdowne's supporters walk out without voting, it will mean that Mr. Asquith will have to create some thirty or forty "harlot Peers" to ensure the passage of the Veto Bill. This will be a happy solution all round as far as the Conservative party is concerned. They cannot be accused of running away and thus sacrificing a public duty from a desire to preserve the monopoly of their titled positions. On the other hand, the Conservative vote will not be swamped in the House of Lords, and the immediate passage of Home Rule thus secured by the creation of a permanent Liberal majority. The forty puppets will be duly created. Mr. Asquith will incur all the obloquy of his tyrannical and arbitrary action; the country will quickly grasp that only a strong second Chamber can save them from the measures they most detest, and the Conservative party can go to the polls unsullied by the charge of having quietly acquiesced in a revolution which they believe to be fatal to the liberties of Englishmen.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND NATIONAL INSURANCE

THE Friendly Societies of this country formed on the basis of mutual thrift stand as a monument to the working-men of what they in combination and by co-operation have been able to do almost unaided and alone to safeguard their own interests and preserve their independence.

It has been well said of the movement that it was "conceived in a spirit of brotherliness, born in the cradle of mutuality, and reared in an atmosphere of large-hearted charity." It is true that the conception of the early Friendly Society was crude and ill-conceived, that in many respects it was without form and void, and that in the beginning many and serious blunders were made. In their desire to help their fellows the hearts of the pioneers were larger than their heads. Men standing in the present full

light of actuarial knowledge and experience are apt to criticise severely the movement and pass censure upon the fact that in all respects the Friendly Societies are not absolutely all that they ought to be. What they are to-day earnest, loyal, self-sacrificing working-men have made them, in face of almost insuperable difficulties and with but little assistance from the State. And although they did not possess the learning of the schools, they possessed the earnest desire of preserving themselves and thousands of their fellows from the cold charity and stigma of the Poor-law, and in compassing that desire they have been eminently successful.

In the present day it seems incredible that a movement which had for its object only the desire for that which was best in the lives of the people and the nation should have, till within the last half-century, practically had to stand outside the pale of the law. For at least the first fifty years of the Friendly Society as we now know it (*such was the wisdom of our legislators*) we were regarded as illegal Societies; and the Pulpit and Press of the land said unjust and unwarranted things regarding our objects; it is small wonder our branches fell easy prey to designing and dishonourable men. To the careful student of our social history the fact will present itself not so much that there are defects in our Orders, not so much that we fall short of that which we have so strenuously desired to be, but that we exist at all, having regard to the difficulties of the past.

And now, having taught the country the value and benefit of mutual thrift, having striven, and with much success, to teach our members that that which they obtained for themselves by their own prudence and self-denial would prove to be a choice thing in their lives, having educated men in obedience to authority and regard for law and order, and fitted them to occupy prominent positions, and having proved ourselves pathfinders over the hills of difficulty and through the valleys of humiliation that we have had to traverse, the country is presented with a comprehensive and complex scheme for insuring the industrial classes against sickness and invalidity, and the question that is occupying the attention and consideration of all earnest Friendly Society men is what is to be our position and place in this great national measure. Having played our part and served the generations of the past one hundred years, are we to be told that a more excellent way has now been found and therefore we must stand on one side, that at best our efforts had been but feeble and imperfect, and we must make way for a modern and up-to-date machine, the enlargement of our own amateur model; or will the Government, recognising the beneficent part we have played in the social welfare of the people, accord to us our undoubted right of place in the administration of the measure, and recognise the justice of making reasonable and just amendments in the Bill so as to preserve and develop the work of the great Friendly Societies in the future? Many and various are the answers that men are making to these questions, and gloomy and pessimistic are the forebodings of some as to the future. "This is but the beginning of the end," they cry; "Twenty years will see the end of the Friendly Society movement," cry others; whilst in the minds of some is the conviction that the Government intend if possible to lay unholy hands upon the accumulations in the funds and in the process of time absorb the Societies. Respect should be paid to the various opinions expressed, because, however mistaken they may be, they originate in most part from a sincere love and admiration for the movement which those who express them have served voluntarily, unselfishly, and with loving care, and from a sincere desire to preserve and continue their Societies in their full force and vigour, and with increasing prosperity.

For my part I confess I take a hopeful and optimistic view of

the future, and cannot conceive that it could be in the mind of any reasonable and sensible Government so to act in this matter as to damage and destroy, and ultimately cause to pass away, that which has been of so much value in the life of the nation, and has contributed with so much success to the contentment and well-being of the industrial classes. In the work of the voluntary thrift movement we have had opportunities of inculcating the highest principles of virtue in the men with whom we have had to deal; they have been taught their duty to their God, allegiance to the Throne, their duty to their neighbour, to themselves, and to those dependent upon them; and we can point with satisfaction to the fact that association with the Friendly Society movement has made them better husbands, better fathers, and better members of society. In their various branches they have had great opportunities of giving expression to the highest principles of brotherhood and mutual help, and although the monetary benefit in sickness and funeral payment at death has been of great consideration, yet they have not been by any means the only benefits that have been conferred. In the associations formed in their Lodges, Courts, and branches men have had opportunities for mutual service and assistance that have been of incalculable value; they have been taught to regard each other as brethren, and to render to each other that service of sympathy, confidence, and counsel that should be shown by brother to brother; in short, by the expression of true fraternal interest they have been enabled to perform many and valuable services to their mutual benefit.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has expressed his admiration of the work performed for long years by the Friendly Societies and his anxiety not in any way to affect the fraternal work of the various Orders. The leaders of the movement are relying in confident anticipation of the realisation of his repeated promises that it is not his intention to do hurt or harm to the existing Societies, but that, on the contrary, they shall have the fullest opportunities for the extension and development of their beneficent work.

To that end it is necessary that reasonable amendments be made in the proposed enactment, and that to the opinions and desires of those who for many years have had the conduct of the voluntary thrift movements careful and due consideration be given. It is contemplated that some fifteen million persons will be brought into compulsory sickness insurance, of whom about six millions have already made voluntary provision, a large number of there being experts in the matter of sickness insurance. Their demands for alteration and amendment are only advanced with the one desire to assist the Government, so that in the inauguration of such vast and wide-reaching proposals as little damage as possible to existing institutions shall be done.

The amendments proposed by the various Societies have been before the National Conference of Friendly Societies—a body representing the Friendly Society movement—and received their approval, and upon those requisitions the Friendly Societies stand. They have been circulated amongst the members of the House of Commons, and every care taken to educate the members of that House as to the importance of the vital points therein advanced.

It is not my intention here to deal with these points. If they are agreed upon, as undoubtedly they should be, it will go far towards allaying anxiety in the minds of a number of earnest men, and cause many who now regard the scheme with an amount of disfavour to co-operate the more readily in assisting to make the measure a success. For the moment my concern is as to how this proposal for national insurance will affect the Friendly Societies when it has become the law of the land.

Undoubtedly they will be relieved of a certain measure of their liabilities by the fact of a considerable sum of

their present reserves being released, and it may prove that, after a careful actuarial readjustment of their affairs, they may be in a position to offer slightly increased benefits. But this is an actuarial question, and not within the province of a layman.

One outstanding feature of their work will be seriously affected—viz., the voluntary service that has been rendered by thousands of their brethren. Men have delighted to serve their Orders, whilst they have regarded them as the creation of and under the absolute control of their members, and this they have done from love of the work and not for monetary reward. But under a State scheme the fraternal aspect may be seriously altered—the warm-hearted, sympathetic visit of the sick steward will be replaced by a cold officialism that will only perform so much service for so much monetary consideration, and everybody will expect to be paid. For these many years the cost of administration of the various Orders has been at the minimum of expense, and members in consequence have profited in their benefits. Under the new system this will be altered, and it is only reasonable to assume that the cost of management will be materially increased.

It is worthy of note that amongst a large number of the clergy and ministers of religion the Bill has been received with much eulogy and approval. It is also worthy of note that as a body these gentlemen know as little about the true Friendly Society movement as any section of the community. Generally they have failed to make themselves acquainted with its true meaning and aspiration, and in consequence have lost splendid opportunities of gathering round them and exciting the respect of thousands of the best of the working classes of this country.

It remains to be seen in how far their new-born zeal for sickness insurance will prompt them to place at the service of the various organisations any suitable accommodation they may have at their disposal for the meetings of lodges, courts, branches, &c. It should be remembered, when attention is called to the fact that many branches of Friendly Societies meet on licensed premises, that they have been the only places at their disposal wherein to meet, and if the religious bodies are now alive to the importance of co-operating in this great work, their assistance will be welcomed by the leaders of the movement, and in time will prove of the greatest benefit.

Under National Insurance the well-founded Friendly Societies should receive large additions to their ranks.

The compulsorily insured persons will be divided into two classes—those seeking insurance through an approved Society, and those entering the Post Office section. At the best the Post Office will offer but a precarious benefit in cases of even moderately prolonged sickness, and into it will have to go those who cannot obtain admission to the approved Societies. I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I say this section seems to my mind the section of undesirables. That being so, I cannot conceive of any man willingly associating himself with this section whilst the portals of an approved Society (worked in conjunction with one of the old-established Friendly Societies) is open to him. There will, undoubtedly, be a large influx of members. They will join mostly in the first instance the Government section for the benefit of 10s. per week for thirteen weeks and 5s. per week for thirteen weeks. But what is such a meagre provision as this in time of sickness for a man with a wife and children dependent upon him? It will then be the duty of the Friendly Societies to show how by a small extra payment an additional benefit may be provided which will be of the greatest advantage in time of adversity, and a benefit which the member voluntarily provides for himself without compulsion. Thus in time it may happen that all coming under the operation of the National Insurance measure will be not

only members of the State scheme, but also brethren of the large affiliated Orders, entering into all the benefits and privileges which membership with those Orders is capable of conferring.

ALFRED H. WARREN, Grand Master I.O.O.F.,
Manchester Unity.

A NEW COLUMBUS AND A NEW WORLD—I.

BY FRANK HARRIS

Is there any pleasure after forty like finding a new book, meeting a new man! The gasp of excitement, the hope, the flutterings of delight, the growing conviction that the book has widened the mental horizon, is a classic therefore, a possession of the spirit for ever—all the joys soon merged in curiosity as to the writer: who is he? How did life treat him? To what qualities in him do we owe this deathless work?

There before me is the book "Insect Life," the author's name, before unknown, now radiant—J. H. Fabre. Where does Browning talk of the delight of seeing and naming a star? No shadow of doubt in the recognition, no hesitation possible. Fabre has revealed a new world to us; beneath our very feet indeed—the world of the infinitely little, with its innumerable tiny inhabitants, each living its own life and dying its own death. The comedies and tragedies of their existence are shown us with simple, scrupulous care, and we realise at once that this world, too, is all fashioned by a God with purposes we cannot fathom, to ends inconceivable—all mysterious, indeed, and wonderful to us; now innocently beautiful as a June morning, now grotesque and petty, now sublime, now horrible: self-abnegation and love working through blood and lust to some unknown goal or—to no goal at all; for the darkness is impenetrable: the doubt will not be laid.

The shallow, modern optimist is brought to shame at once. Fabre, it appears, is already a very old man—eighty-seven indeed; has worked as a naturalist in a village in Languedoc for three-quarters of a century; has written and published thirty volumes, and was only discovered by the wise men in Paris the other day, when, as he says himself a little sadly, "I'm past work."

Yet there can be no question about his value. Maeterlinck calls Fabre "one of the glories of the civilised world. . . . one of the most profound admirations of my life." Rostand talks of him as a *savant* who "thinks like a philosopher and writes like a poet," and Richepin joins in the chorus. For the first time in my memory Frenchmen of all schools are agreed that Fabre is one of the great naturalists of the world, and yet if he had died at eighty-five hardly one man in ten thousand of his own countrymen would have known his name. So much for popular appreciation of genius in a democracy.

Yet his life has been as noble as his work. The son of a poor peasant, he taught himself to read by the light of a pine-cone—a tallow candle being too dear. After hours of study on winter nights he used to lie with the sheep in order to get warm, and was often awakened by the howling around the fold of the savage wolves of the Rouergue. He paid his way through the College at Rodez by his services as a choirboy and then set himself to study Nature on an empty stomach, but with a new book of poetry in his pocket. Poverty has been his companion throughout his life: even now the house he lives in with his wife and children is a peasant's

cottage distempered rose-red with jalousies painted pea-green, and his food and clothing are simple in the extreme. Yet he looks on life bravely, fairly, without affectation of triumph, and without bitterness: "it's wretched luck," he says, "that now I've got some good ideas I'm unable to carry them out. . . . I can only think when I'm walking about," and he adds with regret, "my legs have given out."

I don't know how to begin telling all that Fabre has done in his seventy-five years of labour; the result is colossal. Ten volumes on insects and their lives and instincts and ten or twelve other volumes with a practical lesson in each of them. One on the domestic animals, one on the animals useful to agriculture, another on insects which are hurtful to agriculture, another on botany, yet another on "The Earth" and a companion volume on "The Heavens." There are besides lectures on Zoology, lectures on history and agricultural chemistry, chapters on coins and poetry—five thousand pages, in which one finds everywhere the patient, loving observations of the naturalist arranged by a consummate artist and set to words by a poet. Fabre, it seems to me, has written the first book of the new Bible, the Bible of Nature.

Let us take him as our guide in this new world for a little while. He begins by talking about the sacred beetle of the Egyptians, the common beetle of the South of France, which every one has seen on the road pushing an enormous ball ten times as big as himself up hill and down dale with feverish energy and indefatigable perseverance. Scarcely one observer in a hundred cares to notice that the booty is made up of cow-dung or other excrement, that the beetle is one of the most assiduous of Nature's scavengers. Again and again the sturdy little creature in its gleaming black armour pushes the ball up some steep hill; half way up a blade of grass hinders it and suddenly ball and Sisyphus-workman roll to the bottom over and over again in hideous defeat. The beetle returns to his task undismayed, and after inconceivable efforts gets the ball where he wants it.

Often he has to fight as well as labour. Another beetle will come down and perch on top of the ball and annex it, and strike down the true proprietor as soon as he advances to the attack. His courage is beyond question; he attacks again and again until he drives away the robber or until he is convinced that the robber is the stronger, in which case he hurries back to the dung-heap and begins to form another ball, which he will again push to its destination.

Worse even than the robber is to be met with in the beetle's struggle for life. Sometimes another beetle quietly joins the proprietor and at first makes some show of aiding him by pulling the ball while the proprietor pushes it. After a little while, however, the parasite usually tires of the work, and calmly climbs on top of the ball, and allows the indefatigable proprietor to push him as well as his dinner to the common refectory.

When the beetle has got the ball where he wants it, in some sunny, quiet corner, he immediately begins to dig out a cave twenty times as large as himself, and ten times as deep. As soon as he is lost to view the parasite seizes the opportunity and begins pushing the ball away for himself. But the proprietor, down in his cave, returns every now and then to the surface, and as soon as he misses the ball hurries after it and the parasite. Sometimes the parasite will coolly pretend the ball is his, but, as a rule, he does not want to fight, and therefore becomes very officious indeed in pushing the ball back to the refectory. When the proprietor has carefully lowered the ball into the cave the two construct a roof, and thus shut themselves out from the world in a warm, half-dark cave. In solemn silence and shade they begin the most extraordinary banquet that has

yet been recorded in the world. For twenty or thirty days they will sit opposite each other eating without intermission or pause day and night till the last atom has been consumed, leaving as proof of their powers a long thread of excrement which runs into yards each day, and each day weighs as much as the feasters. And this Gargantuan banquet is not only for private pleasure, but also subserves the public health, for the excrement of the sheep and cow is thus cleared away and prevented from infecting the upper air.

But feeding is only one small part of the activity of the beetle. Fabre looks not upon hunger, nor upon love, but on maternity as the sovereign inspirer of instinct. A male beetle will make a great booty and eat it, but when the female wishes to lay her eggs the two make a ball many times larger composed of finer nutriment for the benefit of the larva. They pick out a sunny bank and dig a large subterranean chamber in which the immense ball of food is gradually formed into the shape of a pear, and pressed and patted and beaten till the outside of it is as smooth as silk. This outside plays the part of a shell, and is soon hardened by the heat of the summer sun to the firmness of terra-cotta. This shell, so to speak, is intended to keep the inside soft and eatable in spite of the heat for several weeks.

The female lays her egg in the small end of the pear, and round it she puts the finer milky nourishment of her own body for the little worm to eat as soon as it is born. With infinite care she closes the aperture over the egg so that a certain amount of air can penetrate to the larva, and then she and her mate leave their work and go in search of food. If the beetle is a glutton when it eats, it labours magnificently, and when constructing the nest for its young often goes without food for weeks at a time. The beetle is an ebony jar of energy which it dispenses for its offspring.

And the little worm when it wakes to life and licks about it for nourishment shows just as wonderful instinct. If you pierce his birth-chamber with a needle and let the air in while trying to study him, he will at once close it up with excrement, and repeat the experiment as often as you please.

But how, it may be asked, does the little larva manage to get out of his terra-cotta prison? He has to reckon, it appears, on chance for salvation. The first rainy day will make his prison soft and spongy, and he can cut his way out into the light. If no rain falls he dies. The first day of his deliverance he takes a sun bath. He will crawl on to a blade of grass and sit sunning himself all day long without an attempt to find food, the next day his appetite awakens, and his normal life begins.

Fabre describes other nests as complicated as the nest of this beetle is simple; nests that are found 5ft. and 6ft. underground; nests with long corridors and galleries where not one pear is prepared for the offspring, but half a dozen; and where the heat of the sun is tempered for the little naked worm.

The maternal instinct, with its self-sacrifice and foresight and care, is often wise with the wisdom of a fiend, and cruel to a degree almost unknown among beings of a larger growth. The hardest problem for the mother is to ensure good food for her offspring—food that will remain soft and eatable and, if possible, fresh for weeks. Certain species have hit upon a remarkable way of solving the difficulty. Fabre found in their nests what seemed at first to him the carcasses of other beetles. Then he was struck by the fact that these carcasses had not gone bad. Studying the bodies, he discovered that the beetles were still alive, and they lived on under glass in his room for as much as a month or five weeks. Yet they could not move, and could do nothing to defend themselves—could indeed be eaten while alive by the

tiny, soft larva. They had been paralysed, in fact—but how?

First of all he noticed that nearly all of them belonged to one species, and then he discovered that this species had the ganglia of motor-nerves concentrated just between the corselet over the chest and the corselet over the stomach. Here, then, was the vulnerable point. An experiment or two showed him that if he pricked them in this spot with a needle having a drop of ammonia on it he could paralyse the motive centres—in fact, he could make the beetle as helpless as he had found it in the nest. The next thing was to find out whether this was the way their enemies proceeded.

In a chapter called "A Clever Butcher" he tells us the story: he watched the insects at work. The insect he calls the *Cerceris* is the butcher. The *Cerceris* seizes the larger beetle by the head and pushes him backwards till the corselet protecting the chest and the corselet protecting the stomach are separated; he then darts his sting into the ganglia between the two armours. Immediately the beetle falls as if struck by lightning. Its legs may move spasmodically for a second or two, but that's all. Its assailant stands watching its victim in its agony. When the *Cerceris* sees that the beetle is quiet he drags it off by the leg to lay up in warm storage for weeks and weeks, to be eaten bit by bit, while still alive by the little larva. No more horrible cruelty can be imagined. Tennyson was right when he talked of Nature lending evil dreams. But what cleverness in the *Cerceris*! Who taught the little beast the vulnerable point? If chance discovered the weak spot it needed reasoning power to act on the discovery and turn hazard into instinct. But Fabre will provide us with instances of still more diabolical cleverness and still more fiendish cruelty.

TWO REVIEWS

A REMARKABLE article in the *English Review* for August is entitled "Androgynism" (androgyné—the woman-man), and is from an hitherto unpublished MS. by Charles Reade. It seems that about the year 1860 Reade tabulated in a folio of 250 leaves instances of women playing the part of men, and this extraordinary case—the history of which is not concluded in the current issue—occurred in the year 1853 and is well authenticated. A young wife, ten years the junior of her husband, unhappily wedded, took it into her head to dress as a man and assist the somewhat scanty earnings of the home. How she did it, and the results of the change, are told with all Charles Reade's vivacity and humour. The next instalment will be awaited with interest.

The most valuable article, from an academic literary point of view, is the following one on "Our Modern Vocabulary," in which Mr. Pearsall-Smith suggests the difficulty an Elizabethan would find himself in were he to attempt a conversation with a man of the present day, and from that as a text traces origins, and pleads for some needed reforms in our modern speech. There is much in what he says. We agree entirely when he notes the beauty of such words as "tarry," "abide," "raiment," "blithe," "cleanse," "quench;" but when he writes that "probably none of us have ever once used them in conversation" we must differ, with all good humour. A great many of his readers will use the last three, at any rate, fairly often.

Sir Alfred Mond's contribution—a reprint of an address delivered by him in May last—is valuable and important. The phases of the problem of unemployment are dealt with under various headings with all the knowledge which

Sir Alfred as a great employer has been able to accumulate. There is not a vestige of playing to the gallery or Radical rant. The paper is thoroughly well reasoned, and will repay careful study by those who are interested in the problem. We confess we should have liked the paper in the form of an article, but in any form it is acceptable. After having probed the causes of unemployment, Sir Alfred Mond writes some seven pages of thoughtful suggestion as to remedies for the evil. These pages should be studied as emanating from a thoroughly well-informed and balanced source.

The Editor's article, "How Germany Went to Morocco," is interesting, and may prove controversial. So far as we are concerned, we observe in its trend an absolute confirmation of the line we adopted in an article a few weeks back called the "Cult of Paper." In these days the efficacy of paper barriers to national extension or vaulting ambition should not be too highly appraised.

Many other interesting articles appear in the number, which maintains the high standard the *English Review* has recently attained.

The current *Edinburgh Review* eschews politics, save in the short and moderately worded article at the end dealing with "The Coronation and the Constitutional Question," wherein the reviewer, averring that "the Liberal Ministries of the last half-dozen years will certainly earn a favourable judgment from history" on their management of Imperial affairs, evidently wishes it were possible for him to say as much of their proceedings in domestic matters. While the Government is taken sharply to task for refusing to consider any scheme for a reformed Second Chamber, one gathers that the threatened wholesale creation of Peers is welcomed as rendering the question of reform immediately urgent. Nevertheless, opponents of the Parliament Bill "are hardly reasonable in urging at this time of day that the House of Lords should virtually reject it." To many readers the article on "The English Church of To-day" will appeal with peculiar force. The great religious controversies of the nineteenth century are considered in the light of their influence traceable in the thought and action of to-day, and an attempt is made to forecast the policy of to-morrow and to estimate its effect on the Church according as the policy is one of Anglicanism pure and simple or one adapted to the religious life of the English people as a whole—at home and beyond the seas. Stress is laid on Froude's summing up of the position—"Externally the Ritualists have won the battle. But what a price has the victory cost! The nation has ceased to care what the clergy say or do. As the Church has become 'Catholic,' the honoured name of Protestant has passed to the Nonconformists. The laity stand aloof, indifferent and contemptuous." The tone of the article is however hopeful, and we are bidden to look forward with confidence, believing that "the latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former." Of the remaining articles—all excellent in their several ways—those on "The Battle of Fontenoy" (vividly describing the attack of the English Infantry under Cumberland), "The Mind of Pascal," "The Cockney Raphael" (B. R. Haydon), and "Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoy" are perhaps the most generally interesting. "The Animal Story" is a well-written, albeit somewhat laboured, review of notable books on animal life which have appeared since 1900; "Degeneration and Pessimism" is a striking essay on evolution, and not at all pessimistic in its conclusions; and the papers on "Madame Roland" and "English Public Life" are calculated to correct some current beliefs, and to suggest new trains of idea touching the French Revolution and the trend of political events in our own country in the succeeding century.

REVIEWS

POETS: CHAPERONED AND OTHER-
WISE

Confessional. By WILFRID THORLEY. With a Preface by MAURICE HEWLETT. (Elkin Matthews. 1s. net.)

The Hills of Hell, and other Verses. By DESMOND MOUNTJOY. (The St. Catherine Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Lyrics and Sonnets. By LOUIS HOW. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass. \$1 net.)

Before Dawn. By HAROLD MONRO. (Constable. 5s. net.)

Through Dust to Light. By ROBERT VALENTINE HECKSCHER. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass. \$1 net.)

It is a somewhat dangerous advantage to enjoy so enthusiastic an introduction as Mr. Hewlett, "proud to be Mr. Thorley's usher of the door," has provided for "Confessional." Critical expectation is whetted, and the armoury of critical adjectives, both positive and negative, is trained to an exalted standard. On the whole, however, the distinguished "usher of the door" is, in this case, justified. The little volume is divided into four sections, "Confessional," "Vagabondia," "Child Thoughts," and "Pagan Chants." Taking these sections as they stand, perhaps the "Child Thoughts" leave the most successful impression, which after all is no small thing to say. There is a real charm in the proem, "The Ruined Shrine," which avows Mr. Thorley to be one with all the true wistful lovers of childhood. Some of the poems that follow are not unworthy of comparison with the classic work of "R. L. S.," and one of the best is that entitled "Of the Moon:—"

As I lay down to sleep last night,
The moon looked in with all her light,
And O! it was a pretty sight.

As though an angel passing by
Had heard the little children cry,
And oped a lattice in the sky;

And leaned far out, and gently laid
Her arm along the balustrade;
And told them not to be afraid;

And whispered low that she would stay,
And guard them till the dawn of day
Should drive the horrid night away.

Her breath it was a silver mist
That turned a star whate'er she kist.
She touched my little bosom, wrist;

And then her light crept o'er my face,
And all my hair turned silver lace;
And then I slept and dreamed apace.

But in the "Pagan Chants" the true poet is revealed no less happily. "The Dead Dryad" is a poem of real beauty, through which breathes the essential love of Mother Earth. The section which gives its title to the book is marked by Mr. Thorley's undoubted gift of language, and is gemmed with beautiful lines, as for example:—

Young daisies clot the turf like spume
From some spent wave of ebbing green.

He is occasionally a trifle laboured, however, which may be partly owing to the somewhat stiff metre he has chosen to employ almost exclusively in this section; there are minor blemishes, too, such as an over-fondness for hyphenated adjectives. There are as many as seven in a short poem, and in one instance three occur in as many consecutive lines.

The prefix a-, as "a-limp," "a-throb," is another of his affectations, in which category, surely, such a rhyme as "anodyne"—"green" is to be placed. Other reprehensible uses are "thawn" as past-participle of the verb "to thaw," and the employment of "to dusk" as a verb. "Stiftled," on p. 44, is, we suppose, a printer's error for "stified." Misprints also occur on pp. 54 and 61, while "languorous" is repeatedly misspelt. Putting aside the minor faults indicated, this is a really remarkable little book.

Mr. Desmond Mountjoy's somewhat lurid title is scarcely a true index to his work. The opening poem, which lends the title, is indeed lurid enough, though there is a certain strength and true poetical passion in it. But in the short compass of his forty pages Mr. Mountjoy runs pretty well the whole gamut of moods. His work is rather unequal, but perhaps "One Twilight Hour" shows him at his best:—

The magic of your face, your eyes, the glory of your hair,
The rapture of your sweet surprise because I found you fair;

The gracious gratitude expressed when I knelt with you in prayer.

And then the dim and distant room where the things that are once died;

And we saw the chaste elusive face of Beauty sanctified,

And we knew the ways of Death are clear, and the gates of God are wide.

There is a pleasing tenderness, too, in the little poem "Rest." It remains to be said that the booklet is very daintily produced by the St. Catherine Press.

Mr. Louis How has also had his little holiday in Hell, which really seems to be getting a trifle *blasé* as a minor poetical resort. For the rest Mr. How is very sententious concerning things that are generally accepted:—

Above

All beauty, what we cling to most is love,

and he avows a devotion to Browning in what is possibly the best of his efforts—"Browning in Venice."

Over a score of sonnets contribute nearly half the volume. One or two are fairly successful, but such a sestet as the following causes something of a shudder:—

To-day brings opportunity enough

For exercising energy and pluck.

My bungled doings extant furnish stuff

To work anew with better skill. And luck,

Who heretofore was only strange and gruff.

May now disclose a golden lead unstruck.

We can but hope it.

"Before Dawn" is dedicated "to those who, with me, are gazing in delight towards where on the horizon there shall be dawn," and Mr. Monro exhorts all such "to praise, worship, and obey the beautiful Future, which alone we may call God." That will be sufficient to reveal his standpoint, and, without venturing to discuss his rather restricted theology, we may admit that he sings his gospel well. It is not, at all events, the scream of a callow revolutionary voicing his first great theory. There is a mature note in these poems which arrests attention and calls for a serious hearing. They are informed with sincere passion for humanity and a very real idealism. Moreover, they have the essential poetical quality. We have been held by almost every page, and there are at least a few poems in the volume that deserve to live. "The Return of Arthur" describes how the hero awakes in Avalon and returns to the world of men to stir up again the spirit of chivalry, waiting—

Among the twilight regions of a soul
To listen for the muffled stir of plumes.

The blank verse is sonorous, but restrained, and abounds in striking passages, as where Arthur boards his cedar barge at Avalon :—

Swift he stepped
Upon its rich-emblazoned beams ; nor spake
The grey-eyed mariners, but wistfully
Gazed while they pushed it outward from the shingle,
Rapped the salt, stinging waters with their oars,
And swung in level beat along the sea.

In "The Last Abbot" the dying ecclesiastic, recanting his faith, sings the praise of beneficent change :—

Life is a huge and burning rose,
Which, through scented petals of fire.
Everlastingly overflows,
Brimming with fierce desire.
Spring on wonderful spring is wrought ;
Summer on summer blooms and fades :
One eternal creative thought,
Like a miraculous web, pervades.

At the end of the volume there are a number of short "Impressions," some of them very mordant, some of them very delicate. We should have liked space to quote the one commencing, "She of the soft brow and the delicate hands." Occasionally, though rarely, a bad line mars a poem, such as—

From the consecrated dignitaries of Rome,
And the anointed Kings of Europe there —

very dubious iambics. Mr. Monro is unorthodox, but a poet. Mr. Robert Valentine Heckscher is quite orthodox, but, we fear, not a poet. Perhaps even Sir Lewis Morris, who is quoted as "usher" on an order-sheet inserted in the volume, in all the immortality of his place among the "World's Classics"—perhaps Sir Lewis himself had an uncomfortable doubt about it when he wrote, rather guardedly, "there is much that is good in them, and the sonnets seem to be far better than the rest." Perhaps, under the circumstances, the best course will be to give a sample sonnet and leave it at that :—

Far in the polar regions, where the dawn
Divides the years in darkness and in light,
Stands the White Mountain, in a robe so bright
His splendour is too fair to look upon :
In perfect peace, unfound by any one—
Mortality hath not so rare a might
As breathe such icy air, that breath would blight—
He stands to all eternity alone !

What monumental silence—not a sound,
Save when in striking stars his head is crowned,
Catching the icy fires of true tints !
With instant freezing tears and frosted breath
Dared Love, alone, to kiss his brow, till hints
Of moving snowdrifts woke the face of Death !

TWO DISSERTATIONS

David Garrick et ses Amis Français. By F. A. HEDGCOCK.
Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 5f.)

Thomas Hardy, Penseur et Artiste, Étudié dans les Romans du Wessex. By F. A. HEDGCOCK. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 10f.)

DR. HEDGCOCK'S studies of two famous Englishmen, compiled originally as dissertations for the doctorate, are rather unequally yoked. The "Garrick" is little more than an ordinary thesis, a rather more than usually successful attempt at finding an unexplored corner in the domain of

literary history. The author appears to establish his claim to have found a lacuna and to have filled it in. Garrick's French visitors and his own visits to France furnish an interesting and, taken collectively, a novel subject, whose elastic character is favourable to digressions and anecdotes. The selection of unpublished letters, to be found in the Appendix as well as in the body of the text, give some amusing traits of the great actor. The description of the riots at the Opera in 1755, on the occasion of a French ballet, is delightful, and suggests curious speculation as to what would happen to-day if theatrical enterprise in London or Paris or elsewhere were suddenly brought into conflict with irritated Chauvinism.

The study of Mr. Hardy's works is a much more serious and ambitious attempt. We are not sure that we like it better for that. Dr. Hedgcock has defined his work as dealing with the ideas and writings of his author at the expense of the purely biographical side. Now, in the case of such a writer as Mr. Hardy this method gives us an uneasy, if not perhaps wholly justifiable sensation of receiving a criticism of life by retail ; it is psychologising on psychologising, surely not quite a satisfactory business. It is true that, as we are told in the Preface, Mr. Hardy wrote his last novel fifteen years ago, and it may be that procrastination and prescription are the enemies of true literary criticism. In any case it is certain that, admitting his point of view, the critic has done his work well, and has produced a conscientious and very interesting book. It is the point of view that inspires us with misgiving. We will begin by asserting, rather rashly, that this point of view is not English, but French, and we will then hasten to qualify our assertion by the postulate that the kingdom of literary criticism belongs to the French. We guess Dr. Hedgcock, quite apart from the indication of his name, to be English, but his training and his attitude towards literature seem rather to belong to the other side of the water. And there is this quality about French criticism—it is too absolute. Admirable in diagnosis, where the data was sufficient, it is apt to be hasty and summary when dealing, for instance, with foreign authors. "Favete linguis" should be inscribed over the portals of every national literature for a warning to international critics. We feel that Taine's great work on our literature would have three times its value if he had thought fit to introduce it with some semblance of apology.

Of course this has little to do with Dr. Hedgcock, except in so far as he has absorbed French ideals of criticism. But the point is that he has learned in that school that international barriers are more or less obsolete, and that those that still subsist and hinder a ready understanding should be treated as stupid and outworn prejudices. It is curious, in this connection, to find him laying stress on the provincial side of Mr. Hardy's work, and here we cannot be too emphatic in our agreement with him. Dorset has done for Mr. Hardy what Schleswig has done for Herr Frenssen, and made him the greatest living novelist of a great nation. But it is strange that the critic cannot allow to England what he allows to Dorset—a soul, a conscience, and a historical tradition of her own. The Anarchists are not always right, and Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," in spite of their delicious flavour of stolen fruit, were not merely an offence against the policeman ; while Robert Browning, though undoubtedly *jaune* to a handful of irresponsible strikers, and incidentally *caviare* to the great general, had more to give us than a "facile optimisme, fondé sur une foi aveugle." He retaught us perhaps an old lesson, that of "strive" and "fight on," but after all the great moral truths are not still to discover. After this we may be allowed to express an agreeable surprise at finding that Dr. Hedgcock has not been as bad as his word ; in spite of his riotous intentions he has not broken

open the Newgate of ideas. "Tess" is a failure from the revolutionary standpoint, and Mr. Hardy is seen to stand in his high place by his great gifts of construction, imagination, and dramatic power.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BORDERLAND

An Adventure. The Extraordinary Experiences of Two Ladies who Visited Versailles in 1901 and 1902. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE simplicity of its title and the anonymity of its authorship give to this book just the right note from the start. Even without the formal guarantee of the publishers, themselves beyond the need of guarantee, "that the authors have put down what happened to them as faithfully and accurately as was in their power," we should feel no sort of temptation to question the *bona fides* of the narrators of this experience. Two English ladies, styling themselves for narrative purposes "Miss Morison and Miss Lamond"—"the only fictitious words in this book"—visit the Petit Trianon, and, though at the time unconscious (apart from a momentary "eerie" feeling) of any supernatural presences, subsequently make the discovery that what they have viewed is the Trianon of other days, together with some of its former inhabitants, and not the Trianon as it stands to-day. Once this conviction has dawned on them, Miss Morison and Miss Lamond set themselves to test their vision in every possible way.

The "adventure," or rather the first part of it, takes place on August 10th, 1901; the two ladies, at that time but newly acquainted, having the most elementary knowledge of the history and traditions of the Trianons, and being, further, unaware of the significance of the date in French history, pay an afternoon visit to the *maison* of Marie Antoinette; they meet with a variety of persons, with some of whom they even have speech; a few peculiarities of costume strike them, though at the time with no great force; and finally they find themselves merged in a body of ordinary sightseers. Three of the persons of the vision stand out specially—a man perceived sitting by a "kiosk," which becomes a very important point in the subsequent investigations (he himself proves to be the Comte de Vaudreuil, and is the evil genius of the experience)—a second man who arrives in haste, running, and who begs the ladies to take a different direction from that which they had chosen—and a female figure, whom researches reveal to have been the Queen. There has been nothing in the day to excite a definite sensation of the occult; the persons seen have presented no very extraordinary features; of the topography, whether ancient or modern, both ladies are ignorant. It is only after a week's reflection that they exchange their matured suspicions.

From the moment the affair took its mysterious turn the two ladies worked at elucidating it with the most admirable zeal. Miss Lamond made a second visit to Trianon alone, and they twice went there together. They made other less important visits, and their friends made independent investigations. Miss Lamond had further experiences, but on the other occasions they found things in their normal state—that is to say, they convinced themselves that on their first visit they had had to do with a world of spirits and a visionary topography. The Queen and Vaudreuil and other persons of the drama began to be identified. Kiosques and cottages and grottoes had disappeared, and no one knew that they had ever existed. From this moment begins the work of reconstitution, which is very solidly carried out. In this connection we will indicate the plan of the book. The first

part consists of narratives of the facts, made at various times by each of the ladies independently. Then come the "Results of Researches," then "Answers to Questions," and finally a "Rêverie," suggesting the process by which Marie Antoinette's spirit, on that terrible August 10th, might have been projected into the happiest days and scenes of her life, realising the "*Nessun maggior dolore*" of the "*Inferno*." Part of the vision appears to relate to an urgent summons to the Queen to return to the Palace, and it is presumed that this refers to October 5th—the "March of the Women." The question that this raises, whether Marie Antoinette went to Trianon on that day, is not solved satisfactorily, and is, on the whole, secondary.

As an example of the scrupulousness of these ladies in checking their data, we may mention their reply to those critics who have suggested that they may have been present at a historical pageant or a cinematograph rehearsal. Not content with quoting the various topographical arguments—which should be final to those who admit, as we do, the complete good faith and mental balance of the authors—they have been at the trouble of examining the official list of *fêtes* and several volumes of photographs taken by the most likely photographers, while they have obtained the information from the proper authority that no leave to take cinematographs was given at the period in question. At the Bibliothèque Nationale and elsewhere much virgin soil has been turned. At every turn corroboration has been found for the truth of the vision; "some of the facts were so small that no historical knowledge, however dim, could have suggested them."

We must admit that we opened the book with misgiving. We feared to fall into the clutches of a fanatical and proselytising spirit-rapper; but we were soon reassured, first by the simple and straightforward narrative, free from all sort of pretension and not without charm, and later by the preliminary "Answers to Questions." One of the authors confesses to having "powers of second sight, &c., *deliberately undeveloped*." "We belong to no new schools of thought." A sanity like this—some may think it exaggerated, but none can say it flees from truth—is a safe guide among the will-o'-the-wisps of spiritualisms. And, *en passant*, we may say that the authors have suggested a historical method that may not be without fruit.

AFTER WATERLOO TO THE CRIMEA

The Life and Letters of Sir John Hall, M.D., K.C.B., F.R.C.S.
By S. M. MITRA. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 16s. net.)

THERE is no precedent, so far as we are aware, for the life of an Englishman being written by an Indian gentleman, but Mr. Mitra did right to avail himself of the opportunity when furnished with Sir John Hall's papers by his daughter for the purpose of a biography. A more distinguished personage would have provided a more engaging subject for Mr. Mitra's pen, but as a brief notice of Sir John Hall is included in the "Dictionary of National Biography," he was qualified for fuller treatment: subjects of the highest order are not likely to remain long in obscurity for want of a *vates sacer*. As Sir John Hall died forty-five years ago, this work has the appearance of being belated; but it has two merits which compensate for the delay—it points the moral, sound for all time, that the performance of duty is the best path to success, and it contains first-hand information on important episodes in English military affairs. To Mr. Mitra's execution of his task high praise may be awarded; he writes good English, not English disguised in Indian-ink or embellished with Orientalisms; and he has turned out a biography

as interesting as it could be made from the materials at his disposal. The introduction, contributed by Admiral Sir Massie Blomfield, who served through the Crimean campaign, does no more than justice to Mr. Mitra's labours in his design "to rescue the memory of a Crimean veteran from oblivion after the lapse of half a century."

Sir John Hall's early life is very briefly treated before his appointment in the subordinate position of a hospital assistant in the Army Medical Service, when medical men of every rank were required in considerable numbers at Brussels to deal with the terrible carnage of Waterloo, which crowded the local hospitals. With the ordinary intervals of employment of varying length in the United Kingdom and Ireland, Hall saw service in different parts of the world—the West Indies, Gibraltar, South Africa, India, and the Crimea. He became an assistant-surgeon in 1822, at the age of twenty-seven; he had a spell of ten years of continuous foreign service from 1818 to 1827 in the West Indies, including two dreadful epidemic visitations of yellow-fever which occurred in Jamaica. Appointed surgeon of the 33rd Regiment (the Duke of Wellington's) in 1829, he retained the post until 1841, accompanying the regiment, of course, wherever it was stationed. From 1841 he was at Barbados, and Principal Medical Officer at St. Vincent; in 1844 he was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, the next year he took his M.D. degree at St. Andrews, and in the year following, when he was fifty-one, after thirty-one years' service in the Medical Department, he was promoted to the rank of Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals. Up till that time his service, though cast principally in foreign countries, can hardly be described as unusual or exciting. But during his two periods of employment as Principal Medical Officer, firstly in South Africa between 1846 and 1851, and secondly in the Crimea from 1854 to 1856, he had plenty of strenuous work, with exposure enough to test even his splendid constitution.

Mr. Mitra has adopted an excellent system, noticed in the introduction, of giving wherever required a brief *résumé* of the recent previous history of the countries to which Hall was deputed on service. These accounts are quite long enough without being exhaustive, are welcome as variations, and enable the reader to realise the situation in each case better; especially is this so with reference to the troubles with the Kafirs. It was the old story of "the expansive character of British power when surrounded by non-European races." The Kafirs resented, naturally, the extensions and advances of Colonial enterprise, invaded British settlements, and provoked punishment. Sir John Hall's papers give a good idea of the meaning of active service in the Kafir wars, and in the subsequent fighting with the Boers. With the great number of British troops engaged he had to be constantly accompanying headquarters at the front, both civil and military, to provide for and inspect all the hospital and sanitary arrangements, and to find his way across difficult country, liable to surprise from an active enemy. He was fortunate in serving partly with an old friend, Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, as his chief. The native chiefs and their tactics are prominently noticed. In short, Sir John Hall's papers add valuable information to the history of those times in South Africa. His sojourn in the Bombay Presidency for three years added to his general experience, but was not signalled by any special circumstances.

Hall was suddenly summoned from Bombay, somewhat late in the day, to undertake the duties of Chief of the Medical Department in the expedition to the Crimea. When he reached Constantinople, in June, 1854, it was too late to repair immediately all the mistakes which had been made—in the encampment, for instance, of the troops in the pestilential swamps near Varna, in the deficiency of the medical

preparations, and in the want of proper hospital accommodation. Mr. Mitra is fully justified in writing:—

The want of adequate foresight and preparation on the part of the nation for a contest, not only with powerful and determined foes, but with the relentless forces of Nature and climate, and the lightheartedness with which the combat was approached, are, in the retrospect, truly marvellous.

The history of the Crimean War has often been narrated; the sufferings of the troops from exposure, their gallantry in action, the breakdown of the military administration, the ultimate victory are too well known to require repetition. The object of Sir John Hall's descendants in having the story retold from his papers is evidently to vindicate his personal and professional reputation. As head of an incriminated department he was a point of attack, but the official inquiries found nothing to his personal discredit, and he duly received the K.C.B. for his services. He was all his life a conscientious, pains-taking officer, and was so excessively over-worked in the Crimea that he had a slight stroke of paralysis in 1859, which rendered him unfit for further mental exertion. There was no poetry or romance in his nature, as he well knew; he did his duty thoroughly and thereby rose, without adventitious aids, to the high position he attained. Mr. Mitra dwells on the inspiring example afforded to junior officers by such a career. Hall's avoidance of friction with other persons is also noticeable, though he had difficulties with Miss Nightingale and her nurses and her views generally. The lessons to be learnt from such a life are important. Sir John Hall's family and Mr. Mitra may be congratulated on their respective shares in exhuming the papers and in the outcome of a well-written volume of memoirs.

SHORTER REVIEWS

SIDELIGHTS ON BYRON AND SHELLEY

The Diary of Dr. John William Polidori. Edited by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

DR. JOHN WILLIAM POLIDORI was an uncle of the Rossettis; in this fact lies one of his claims on our interest. Another and even greater claim is found in his association for a short time with both Byron and Shelley. His life was short, as he died by suicide at the age of twenty-six, and seems to have been somewhat unhappy, owing largely to his own unfortunate temperament. His diary begins on April 24th, 1816, when he set out with Lord Byron as his travelling physician. He had a very successful scholastic career previous to this, as he had already obtained his degree of M.D., and at the time of his travels with Byron was only twenty years of age. The diary was begun largely because of an offer of £500 made by John Murray to young Polidori for an account of his travels with Byron.

Most readers will remember Polidori in connection with "Frankenstein," in the introduction of which book his name is mentioned. He was present at the reading of the French book of ghost stories which prompted the writing of Mrs. Shelley's terrible tale. It is well known that Shelley and Byron also began to write hideous stories under the same impulse; but it is not so well known that Polidori also joined in and brought his task to a successful conclusion. The book was afterwards published with the title of "The Vampyre."

The diary itself is written in the usual hasty style of such informal documents, but it displays here and there evidences of literary power. The sidelights on Byron, Shelley, and

other notable people of that day are not of first-rate importance, and they owe very much to the careful annotations of Mr. W. M. Rossetti. They do not make any remarkable addition to our knowledge of the two great poets, though they cannot fail to be of interest to students of that period and of literature generally. The diary will also be useful to that increasing class which studies literary geography and makes literary pilgrimages, for it will help such to identify more exactly many of the places mentioned in "Childe Harold."

The Kent Coast. By ARTHUR D. LEWIS. Illustrated.

The South Wales Coast. By ERNEST RHYS. Illustrated.
County Coast Series. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net each.)

VERY far removed from the ordinary guide-book are these handsome volumes on the coastline of England; they are to a great extent literary, pleasantly discursive and reminiscent, and full of information, expressed in not too dry a manner. Mr. Lewis, for instance, treating of the Kentish coast, devotes a page to the beauty of the lower reaches of the Thames, and has eyes for the nondescript "men who are always to be found looking over a bridge, or where streets are being repaired or wedges driven in." He tells of Birchington, with its memories of Rossetti, Rochester and the Dickens country, Folkestone and the manner in which Mr. H. G. Wells has brought that district before the world in his novels. His style, however, suffers serious lapses. Here is an awkward sentence, for example: "Wells, so far as I know, is the novelist who invented the novel in which there are characters who have views on everything, and all put into the book." There are many similar slips from literary grace in this volume, and on page 70 begins a sentence of 224 words in length, burdened with suspensions and parentheses. Mr. Lewis is also much too fond of using the phrases "I feel," "I confess," "I admit," "I like," and so on. Still, despite these drawbacks, the general impression is good, and a chapter which we must mention on account of its special excellence is that which deals with "The Downs and Goodwin Sands." The story of the recent loss of the famous sailing-ship *Preussen* is well told.

It scarcely needs to be said that Mr. Ernest Rhys is certain to write attractively and well. His contribution to the "Coast" series is a model of what such books should be—informative without being "dry," and relieved here and there by twinkles of humour. The account of Cardiff Castle forms almost an essay in itself, and the amusing explorations of Swansea Castle—which appears to have been nearly swallowed up by the Post Office—are an earnest of the thoroughness with which he has fulfilled his task. The chapter on Lundy Island is written in the true spirit of adventure, and makes the reader long to explore its sea-caves and narrow creeks. "We reached Lundy," writes Mr. Rhys, "as I have told, in a hot sun; we left its pirate cove in a cold rain, to the first mutterings of a nasty wind in the Lametor crags. We had not sailed above three or four furlongs before Marisco's Isle had disappeared; and we got back home that evening, and saw the gas-lamps lit in the street, with a sense of having been in a place just a little over the world's rim."

Past Carmarthen, Tenby, Pembroke, and Milford, to Cardigan and Aberystwyth, the author takes us in a delightful wayfaring, and we should like to quote many a passage for the entertainment of our readers. In both of these volumes the illustrations assist the text—those of the Welsh coast being especially good; and the pleasures of a holiday in either district would be enhanced by the presence of so much "learning lightly told."

The Charm of Copenhagen. By ETHEL C. HARGROVE.
Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THERE are two kinds of travel-book that seem to us to serve a useful purpose. There are guide-books of the Baedeker order that help us to travel in the flesh, and there are books like "The Path to Rome" and "The Inland Voyage" that help us to travel in the spirit. Mr. E. V. Lucas, the anthology king, has succeeded in writing books of travel that happily combine the merits of both these classes. His "Wanderer in Holland" can be read with equal pleasure and advantage by a London fireside or in the moisty airs of Holland itself. It is at once practical and literary, compendious and agreeably discursive. We have always considered it the model of what a guide-book should be.

And now the same publishers have given us in a similar form what is, we are convinced, one of the very worst guide-books that has ever been printed. From the split infinitive with which the Preface begins to the last dreadful sentence—"Like Wordsworth's simile, I feel a flower can suggest thoughts too deep for words"—which brings the volume to a welcome conclusion, the book is written in slipshod English, wherein numerous faults of grammar, a system of punctuation that defies all laws, and a careless and incoherent style have conspired together to give platitudes an efficient disguise and have failed. Without being in any way a practical guide to Denmark or Copenhagen, the book is none the less quite worthless as a register of the author's impressions of her visit to that country. It is full of conventional art criticism, characterless literary appreciation, insignificant interviews with people of no importance, and unimaginative descriptions of scenery. It is as trivial as it is tedious, and it would be difficult to derive the materials for one tolerable article on Copenhagen from the whole volume.

We do not wish to be severe, but there is a literary standard beneath which even a guide-book should not fall, and the volume under notice professes to be more than that. It contains 314 pages of printed paper, it weighs something under a pound, and it has the shape and general appearance of a book. In a sterner age we should not have thought it necessary to make any other comment.

The Mystic Bride. By MRS. AUBREY RICHARDSON. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is nothing new in this biography of St. Catherine of Siena, except the writer's treatment of the subject and her own comments, neither of which strike us as particularly happy. There is a sort of present-day craze for tearing open the very souls of famous people, their innermost life and thoughts, in order to discover some psychological germs, so to speak, which may account for their ordinary (or extraordinary) actions. But the conclusion may be tame. As when Mrs. Richardson informs us that—

Catherine was woman in essence and in expression because to do what she had to do, and what she elected to do, she had to contend against the special physical weaknesses of her sex and the peculiar complaints from which she as an individual suffered.

This is a sufficiently commonplace diagnosis. Mrs. Richardson has plenty to say, in fact too much, on the *Psychopathia Sexualis* of Catherine's life. But this rending of the veil is also popular in some quarters. The discussion as to whether St. Catherine was Catholic or Protestant in sentiment, or whether she would have been a Protestant in fact had she lived a century later, seems merely inept. It is certainly humorous to be told that, in natural apprehension of spiritual worship, she followed "that prototype of all Protestants the woman of Samaria." We must confess to a liking for

the old-fashioned form of biography, where the simple tale of life in itself speaks for character, without psychological analysis, or irrelevant if not impertinent discussions.

FICTION

A NOTABLE STORY

Queed. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE history of Dr. Queed, puny, immersed in self, careless of the comfort or discomfort of others, and of the gradual development of his muscles and his mind, is one which we are unfeignedly glad to have read. Mr. Harrison's name is new to us as that of a novelist, but he has found here an excellent variation upon the conventional plot, and, marvellous to relate, he has succeeded in interesting us to an annoying extent in the personality of a young man apart from his relations with women. To an annoying extent, we observe, since the book is too long to read at one sitting, and to relinquish it was distinctly difficult.

Dr. Queed, engaged perpetually with his great, epoch-making work on social evolution, living by schedule, parceling out his hours meticulously so that no minute should be lost, oblivious to everything and everybody else, is a pathetic figure. He is also ironic—for the student of sociology was the most unsocial person imaginable; he even displayed a card bearing the word "Silence," in order that irresponsible persons unaware of the important nature of his labours should not interrupt him with questions or frivolous chatter. It was little Fifi, the landlady's delicate daughter, in tears over her algebra, who plucked first with her weak fingers at the armour which so soon was to be rendered useless by other and stronger hands. "You are crying," said Mr. Queed. "What is the matter?"—

"Oh, nothing," she said, winking back the tears and trying to smile, apologetically—"just silly reasons. I—I've spent an hour and ten minutes on a problem here, and it won't come right. I'm—sorry I disturbed you."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Queed cleared his throat.

"You cannot solve your problem?"

"I haven't yet," she sniffed bravely, "but of course I will soon. Oh, I understand it very well. . . ."

She kept her eyes stoutly fixed upon her book, which indicated that not for worlds would she interrupt him further. Nevertheless she felt his large spectacles upon her. And presently he astonished her by saying, resignedly—doubtless he had decided that thus could the virginal calm be most surely and swiftly restored:—

"Bring me your book. I will solve your problem."

"Oh!" said Fifi, choking down a cough. . . .

"Indicate the problem," said Mr. Queed.

Whereupon we have the equation stated, and solved; and then Mr. Queed avoided Fifi's smile—"he obviously deliberated:—"

"If you have any more of these terrible difficulties," he said, slowly, "it isn't necessary for you to sit there all evening and cry over them. You may ask me to show you."

A truly delightful and delicately-painted little scene is this, and it gives the picture perfectly. Thenceforth the doors of human intercourse gradually swung open on the absorbed Queed, much to his discomfiture at first:—

With a leaden heart, and the hands of lamentation, he took the schedule to pieces, and laboriously fitted it together again with a fire-new item in its midst. The item was Human Intercourse, and to it he allotted the sum of thirty minutes per diem.

To follow his fortunes in the space at our disposal is quite impossible. Mr. Harrison has the style at times of Mr. William de Morgan; he rambles excellently, bringing into his net all sorts of quaint subsidiary characters, a host of them, every one interesting. We could tell of Charles Gardiner West, the serene egotist, and his manœuvres for position, power, and the love of "Sharlee" Weyland—the girl who "talks straight" to Mr. Queed, and tells him some home-truths which stick; we could trace the slow attraction she feels in the person of the quaint doctor, and its temporary eclipse by reason of West's misbehaviour. We could make a fascinating column out of Mr. Queed's adventures in the assistant-editorial chair of the *Post*. But the author has done all this in his book in a masterly fashion—masterly, yet not faultless. It would be possible to pin a grumble to every few pages, but since the story has given us such keen pleasure by its sincerity and "grip," we will not pick insignificant holes in a really fine work. Enough to say that "Queed" is a novel in a thousand, distinguished by clear thought, excellent characterisation, and a remarkably effective fund of humour, which never once drops into weak jokes or impertinent observations made for the sake of being "funny." Mr. Harrison is to be heartily congratulated—and so are his readers.

Ordeal by Marriage. By CONWAY VERE. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

THE story related by Conway Vere is a striking one, written with great sincerity and strong religious feeling. In the person of young Dick Beaufort it revives in these ruthless days of the survival of the fittest the utopian chivalry of the legendary Arthur and his Knights. Most of the characters in the book are Roman Catholics, and of the girl of his heart Dick tells his Father Confessor:—

"I love her more than anything in the world; there is no doubt in my heart as to that; but, all the same, I shall not ask her to marry me. . . . I am too young, too ignorant, too utterly untried—in a word, I am unproved, and therefore quite unworthy of a woman. . . . I thought to give myself a ten years' probation," said Dick, seriously. "That will be none too long. Here I am now at the very beginning of life. . . . Ten years hence. . . . I shall even then, it seems to me, be only possibly fit to ask for a woman's love."

Nevertheless in a very short time this extravagantly chivalrous youth, "to right a woman's wrong," deliberately contracts a loveless marriage with another damsel—his elder brother's discarded "light o' love." This sinful union—for we cannot regard it in any other light—is the ordeal, and it appears quite natural to the author, who makes the parents and even the temporarily discarded Alys, who was only to be won after "a ten years' probation," view it with approval instead of the disgust which, we venture to think, most people would feel on being confronted with such a situation. Yet, as we have said, the story is a striking one, and in the end Dick the paragon meets with his reward for the ordeal he has gone through, when Alys tells him, "I think it is the most beautiful thing I have ever heard. . . ."

He opened his arms, and, as he gathered her to his breast, and she yielded herself in ecstasy, a golden cloud descended, and hid them from the world's sight. And the gates of the earthly paradise stood open wide before them, and they entered and were content.

And so Dick won his Rachel, to say the least in a very Quixotic manner which we do not recommend other young men to follow.

A String of Beads. By JITTIE HORLICK. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THE incidents related under the title of "A String of Beads" represent the memories of one Patricia, who compares the various happenings in her life with beads placed on a string. Some of the beads are very small indeed—in fact, one wonders how they found a place on the string at all. The story deals mainly with a motor tour through France, during which Patricia meets her "fate" in the person of M. Serrano, an immaculate young man who "unconsciously made an art of existence" and "never sounded a wrong note or took a false step," although, according to his own showing, he was not leading a particularly blameless life up to the time the reader is introduced to him. Patricia is chaperoned by a very charming young matron whose husband—strange as it may appear in the pages of modern fiction—is still in love with his own wife. David, another estimable person, proves himself to be so staunch a friend to our heroine that she is certain that they must have known one another in a previous state of existence. Really these reincarnations appear to be getting rather too frequent. Surely our present life, with perhaps an occasional hope or qualm about the next, is enough for the majority of mankind to worry about, without having to think backwards, as it were, as to whether persons now living held communication with each other in previous ages. We should also like to inquire how Patricia's parents, who spent a great part of their time in India, managed, even when their daughter was a child, to take her "backwards and forwards with them when they went." But we must not be too critical with the lady who has tried to amuse and interest us by giving a glimpse into the history of her own life story, and at any rate the illustrations by Olive Snell are excellent.

Twenty-four Hours. By L. T. MEADE. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS," described on the title-page as "a novel of to-day," is a somewhat tedious story related by the heroine in the first person, which does not tend to make it more attractive. It opens in May, 1899, and many periods of twenty-four hours are covered in the course of its 300 pages, but just how many it is difficult to tell. Judging by internal evidence, we should say that the lady who writes under the *nom-de-plume* of L. T. Meade produced this effusion some years ago. For Dunstan Rashleigh, the heroine's scoundrelly brother, whose "work on the Stock Exchange consisted in carrying great sums of money from one bank to another," and who helped himself "from one of the bags," talks of seeing "the inside of a gaol—Holloway Prison to begin with," which *to-day*, as we all know, is sacred to militant suffragettes and other obstreperous and erring females. Our authoress appears to have a curious notion as to what constitutes bigamy, if she really believes that a young unmarried lady can be guilty of that crime, as she makes one of her characters state on page 141. We think that L. T. Meade, who is certainly no novice at the game, might have turned out something better than this, though we hasten to add it is no worse than most of the present-day fiction, the quality of which is sadly deteriorating through over and too rapid production.

The Clatter of the Clogs. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

As the title implies, the scene of this story is laid in Lancashire. It contains plenty of the excitement with which Mr. Applin has made his readers familiar, such as a strike,

the closing down of several cotton mills, a fire, and a riotous election. The interest of the story is well sustained throughout, and there is not a dull page in the book. The characters, too, are all well drawn, and by no means of the usual stereotyped kind. Those who like good, wholesome fiction should hasten to make the acquaintance of Jack Cottrell, the hero; Mary Dauncey, the heroine; Mrs. Mumphy, the landlady; Pugilistic Peter, the little parson; Lady Melonie Manners, who marries him; Bill the Bully; and the rest of Mr. Applin's lively personages. They will not regret doing so.

THE THEATRE

"SALLY BISHOP" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE

MR. TEMPLE THURSTON has made a great mistake. Believing himself to be without the instinct for the theatre, he called in, it is obvious, some one who has had so much to do with the Stage as to be steeped hopelessly in all its falsities, artificiality, insincerity, sentimentality—some one (surely he must be an actor?) who believes that English playgoers are people who leave their intelligence in the cloakroom with their overcoats—a fashionable belief which is shared by all actors and nearly all managers, almost to the annihilation of the London stage. If Mr. Thurston, unversed as he may be in the tricks of the dramatist, had been true to himself, and had placed his story on the stage as fearlessly and truthfully as he wrote it in his novel, his play, although unwisely produced at the fag end of the season, would have been treated with respect and even admiration, and would have had a reasonable chance of developing into financial success. As it is, it has very little chance indeed, because it is one of the worst and most distressing examples of theatrical hedging that we have ever seen. As such it is a piece which not only annoys the critics, but which makes it very plain to playgoers that they have been regarded as West African niggers or citizens of the United States of America.

Consider the thing. It is deeply interesting as a damning proof of the complacent wrong-headedness and puppet-mindedness of theatre people. Here was an everyday story, very human, very natural, in which a man called Traill, a youngish man, a bachelor, is first of all attracted by a pretty face in the street, and finally so stirred to passion by the young, delicious girl whom he has followed, that he goes to her lodgings, schemes for weeks to discover what are her views as to conventional morality, and at last blurts out that he loves and needs her. She is a typist, and is therefore one of the great and increasing army of young women who are brought face to face at an early age with rough truths. Traill imagines and hopes that Sally Bishop has no illusions, but she knows, without his being obliged to be put to the inconvenience of plain speaking, precisely what he means by devoting valuable time to her entertainment. He is amazed and even shocked to find that when he takes her in his arms and kisses her willing lips, and speaks of love passionately she talks of marriage. Marriage! the thing was never in his mind. He has his way to make—he is what Mr. H. G. Wells calls a careerist, and although he spouts the futile stock phrases as to the conventions, is obliged, as a professional man and a county man, to be as conventional and as respectable as it is possible, by the mercy of Providence, for any such man to be. So he goes away from the girl, tears her out of his heart, or at any rate removes her from his thoughts. He does not pretend even to himself that he loves her. He knows well enough that he is merely in love

with her, which is an altogether different state of mind. He goes on with his work. He is a normal person enough, bred in too conventional a school to indulge in heroics and theatricality; for all that, of course, her pretty face and young, round figure come into his imagination at odd moments to nurse his desire and awaken his passion. Then a day comes when the girl, lonely and lovesick, flutters, mothlike, into the flame which she knows will burn her. She loves and is human, and when these two meet again, they trifle with the position, skirt about it like children for a time, make no real fight, and succumb gladly. But this man Traill does more than spout the egregious shibboleths as to conventional living. He actually lives up to them. He plants the pretty, happy, clinging, rather too feminine Sally in his rooms in Savile-row, and calls her Miss Bishop with a sort of self-conscious bravado even to his manservant. No hedging for him. No "Mrs. Traill" for him. It is his life. He will do precisely what he likes with it.

But, of course, his sister, whose only god is convention, and who is willing and anxious to sacrifice all the joy of life on the altar of respectability, attacks this, to her, immoral home with all the strength and cunning and unsportsmanship of a genuinely good woman. This is human and right enough. It is only a matter of point of view. And the end of it is that Traill becomes restless, wonders, now that passion is dying, if he has not made a pretty considerable ass of himself. The girl is—who denies it?—awfully sweet, lovable, kissable, clinging, and all that. But, good heavens! she *will* play the piano in a hopelessly English way when he wants to work. Her clothes have just a suspicion of musical comedy; her stockings are a little too pink. She rattles with bangles and cheap stone things. The horrid word "suburban" hits him, angers him, shames him, makes him detest himself for a selfish, cynical brute—and kinder—what a word!—than ever. She does some perfectly natural, common thing—it does not matter what—and he seizes it, magnifies it, and uses it with a righteous indignation that he knows to be hypocrisy to break the chain that binds them. Ordinary things happen; he becomes engaged to be married to a "nice gal," he settles so much a year on Sally, does very well without her, and when the charm of the episode comes back to his mind, and Sally's problem refuses to be dismissed at once, he shrugs his shoulders, and hides behind "system" and "Nature," and those other things which the Censor does his best to blue-pencil, the London County Council to eradicate, and the cowardice of parents to encourage. Poor little stupid Sally has, in her wonder-year, her long and blissful holiday, stuffed her golden head with sentimental novels and plays, and so of course she now walks through a mimic life, not as a human being who must be brave and sensible, but as a character, a wounded heroine, a woman branded, and so forth. Marvellous! No longer having to earn her living, she goes away into the country, and a good enough person falls in love with her, and asks her to be his wife. Very likely she would have been mightily happy with him and useful in the village, and a good little mother; but, heroic at all costs, she tells him about Savile Row and all that, and returns to her room in Traill's house to pack up her things. With the cunning of the simple, she has sent a note to Traill asking him to see her. He conceives that she has a wonderful plan for bringing him back to her feet. Very foolishly, and very kindly and ordinarily, Traill turns up, and is profoundly shocked—how good that is—when she asks him to give her a child for her loneliness. He is the pink of convention now that passion is dead. His refusal, pedantically worded, hurts the girl horribly, and her vanity, her sentimentality, her false, romantic ideas leave nothing for her to do but commit suicide. This she does, by gas-

fumes, and is found by her faithful little friend Janet and her faithless lover lying twistedly on her bed.

This, or something very like it, was Mr. Thurston's story as he told it. This is the story he, without doubt, put into his play. Then came the theatrical, very theatrical, expert, or experts, and then began the appalling process of making it "sympathetic," as it is ignorantly called. "You cannot expect an audience to like a hero who . . ." "You cannot expect the box-office to do any good with an ending which, . . ." and so on. Mr. Thurston listened to the dogmatic advice of his theatrical enemies until he began to think that there must be something in what they forced down his throat. Very likely he told himself that, after all, they knew and he did not. At any rate, he agreed with them finally in their assertion that playgoers will not stand the truth, will have falsity, and he set to work to cover his good, plain, honest building with a horrid stucco until eventually it looked like a specimen garden-city house at the White City. He made Traill's sister a most obnoxious, ill-bred, impossible fool. He dragged in much silly talk about a mortgage in order to give him a "sympathetic" reason for throwing over Sally. He put in a futile and egregious letter from his friend in the last Act in which he read that the girl to whom he was engaged was not as good as she ought to be, and worst of all, driven to it by his experts who know nothing except the wrong thing, he made Traill rush into Sally's room long before the gas-fumes could have had any effect, and carry her out, so that he might kneel by her side and say, "Oh, my dear!" when she opened her eyes. In fact, very weakly and foolishly, Mr. Thurston took advice when he should have turned his back resolutely upon every theatrical person who ventured near him. How dearly he has paid for it!

As a sentimental play "Sally Bishop" might have come out better if it had been cast well, produced efficiently, and put on with some semblance of West-end requirements. So far as the leading parts are concerned it could not have been cast worse. Mr. Dennis Eadie, who has made a corner in bloodless men, played Traill as though he was bored to death. He looked like a man who takes unpleasant medicine unwillingly. Miss Daisy Markham, who looked quite charming, had been made to play Sally as though she were the heroine of a musical comedy instead of a very human creature. Miss Doris Lytten or Miss Dorothy Minto would have shaken the play into a semblance of life if, of course, they had refused to be taught by the producer and Mr. Thurston's theatrical, very theatrical, friends. The characters which had not been tampered with, but were left as Mr. Thurston painted them, lived and breathed in the gifted hands of Miss Thomas and Mr. Baskcomb. It is very evident, however, that Mr. Thurston, when he has recovered his courage and discovered the danger of theatrical advice, will do big things for the stage. His dialogue is good, his characterisation excellent. All he has to learn is to be untheatrical. "Sally Bishop" may be, after all, a fine lesson.

SPELLING REFORM

THE main argument for reform in English spelling can scarcely be contested. A letter is a symbol representing a certain sound, and the first essential of a symbol is that it should have a determinate value; for if its signification is variable, it is not a symbol, but a mere arbitrary mark. The only function of a letter is to represent a certain sound, and its only merit consists in the accuracy and fidelity with which it fulfils this function. Judged by this standard, it can scarcely be maintained that our system is perfect or incapable of improvement. The greatest confusion prevails

in our method of representing all the vowel sounds and many of the consonants. There are words in which the same sound is assigned to each of the five vowels in turn. More often than not single sounds are written as diphthongs and diphthongs as single sounds. The vowel sound which in most other languages is proper to the letter "i" is in English represented in no less than ten different ways. The consonants are rather less promiscuous in their habits; yet at least half of them are associated with two or more different letters. The result is that, as no word is composed entirely of consonants, it is impossible to predict the spelling of any word from its sound alone, or to arrive by any process of reasoning at the right method of representing it in writing. The spelling of each word must be learned independently and retained by an act of mechanical memory.

How is it that the majority of English people tolerate this chaos with perfect equanimity, and receive all proposals of reform with indifference or derision? How is it that we remain satisfied with a system which condemns our children to years of needless and unprofitable labour, and obstructs with unnecessary difficulties the path of knowledge, which, under the best of circumstances, is so long and arduous? Why is it that men of letters especially are almost unanimous in opposing the reforms which have been suggested?

To the man in the street the cause of spelling reform appeals with little force. The inconvenience of the present system is more a national than a personal one. Like an evenly distributed burden, it presses nowhere with sufficient force to cause real discomfort. The greatest sufferers are little children learning to read and foreigners studying the English language, and these, in the nature of things, are incapable of making known their grievances. To the ordinary adult the advantages of reform are remote, the disadvantages immediate. In this respect the cause of spelling reform resembles many other progressive ideas, slow to find favour with the majority of our countrymen. Bimetallism, the decimalisation of money, the unification of weights and measures, the adoption of a single standard of musical pitch—all such reforms appeal more to the reason than to the emotions, or to private or class interests, and towards these the attitude of a democracy is more conservative than any other form of government. The best hope of their realisation is under the reign of a powerful autocrat, anxious to add lustre to his dynasty. The despotism of a Cæsar or a Napoleon will effect more reforms of this nature in a decade than a republic will carry through in a century.

While, then, the attitude of the ordinary man towards reform is one of apathy or ridicule, that of the literary fraternity is one of active opposition, and with some appearance of reason. To the literary artist a word is not merely a symbol, like a numerical sign: it is a separate entity, claiming a history, a lineage, and a host of particular associations, which differentiate it from other words symbolising the same thing; and it is with the associations of a word, almost as much as with the thing signified, that the literary artist is concerned. Now the spelling of a word is one of the outward signs by which its lineage is shown and by which it is connected in our minds with words of kindred meaning in our own and other languages, and the proposal to sweep away all these links with the past is scouted by the artist as an act of vandalism, wholly unjustifiable by mere utilitarian considerations. The fault, if there be a fault, lies not in our spelling, but in our pronunciation, and to give our careless articulation the support and authority of the written word is a weak concession to our slovenly speech.

Such is the line of argument which is invariably used to defend the existing system, and it may be considered to

constitute a serious objection to the wholesale adoption of a purely phonetic system. It is, however, quite inadequate to defend the existing system as it stands; in fact, it will be found to tell more forcibly against it than in its favour. Many of the queer and awkward spellings with which our language is encumbered have as little claim to preservation on archæological grounds as the famous stone inscription found by Mr. Pickwick at Cobham. Many are, indeed, worse, for they serve but to obscure the true lineage and affinity of the word they represent and suggest another and false relationship. For example, our spelling of the word *scent* obscures the connection of the word with *sense*, *sentiment*, etc., and suggests a connection with *ascent* and *descent*. In the same way our spelling of the word *whole* serves only to dissociate it in our minds from the cognate words *heal* and *hale*. Consider carefully the process by which we have arrived at our present method of spelling the word *scent*. We have taken the Latin *descendo*, mispronounced it *dissend*, then assimilated the spelling of another and wholly unrelated word to our sloppy mispronunciation of the former. There is something pleasing in the notion of calling the result "orthography." Surely if there is any standard of right and wrong, except custom, such spellings need to be righted. Strange and fantastic are the origins of some of our anomalous spellings. The *ch* in *ache* is derived from a supposed connection with the Greek word *achos*; the *ue* in *tongue* from some dim association with the Latin *lingua*.

No motive, however, can be suggested for the eccentric appearance of such words as *sleigh*, *scythe*, *ghost*, *quest*, *campaign*, *sovereign*, and so forth, except a sort of pedantic snobbery—an affectation of superior knowledge on the part of the better-educated portion of the community, similar to the motive which prompted Mr. Bumble to denounce the law as a "*hass*."

It is said that a lady once asked a famous schoolmaster, lately deceased, whether he could assure her that only the sons of gentlemen were admitted to his school. "Madam," he replied, "if your son comes to this school, no inquiries will be made into his antecedents." However it may have been in the case of this youth, it is certain that the origin of many of our spellings will not bear too close a scrutiny; and this being so, it surely cannot reasonably be held an act of vandalism to reject them altogether and adopt in their place the simple phonetic spelling—which, moreover, has every other argument to recommend it.

Yet, even when the main position of the defence is found to be untenable, the path of the reformer is by no means clear. On the one hand there are the advocates of a purely phonetic system; on the other are those who argue on the æsthetic and archæological grounds which we have considered above. Nor is it easy to place this scheme on a practical footing; for it means not only altering the spelling of almost every word in the language, but also the introduction of a new and more extensive alphabet. For as soon as we attempt to confine each letter to one sound we shall find the existing letters quite insufficient to represent the sounds in actual use. Even then it may be questioned whether any phonetic system could be invented to represent the living speech as efficiently as our present system; for, in spite of its inconsistencies, the present method is capable of expressing not only the sounds of standard English, but also the finest shades and subtleties of local dialect. And, lastly, the scheme is, at the present time, quite impracticable, because there exists no means of popularising a phonetic system except its adoption by living authors, and, among the few writers in favour of reform, hardly one could be found so quixotic as to endanger the success of his work by acting as pioneer to such a movement.

On the other hand, there are those who prefer to retain the existing system but to abolish its most glaring faults

and inconsistencies. Here, however, the difficulty is to find a standard of right and wrong which does not appear wholly arbitrary. It is not a question of curing a few diseased members, but of treating a body in which corruption has spread so far that there is no whole part left—of unravelling a tangle which has been steadily growing worse for centuries, until it is impossible to decide where one thread ends and another begins. The English language has collected its vocabulary from such a multitude of sources that there are often half-a-dozen correct ways of representing the same sound. Even when it is clear, therefore, that the existing spelling of a word is bad, it is by no means a simple matter to decide what method would be better. The moderate reformer has, therefore, an even more complicated problem to solve than the extremist.

Nevertheless, it would seem that reform must come sooner or later. The spelling of a word has no more hope of remaining immutable for all time than other human institutions. They must change or pass away when they are no longer subservient to human needs. If, then, there is to be a reform, why leave to another generation the *kudos* of initiating it? Is there no plan at once feasible and desirable at the present time?

We venture to suggest that the only plan answering to both these conditions is to reject forthwith all anomalous spellings which have no archæological foundation and to adopt in their place the spellings dictated by true etymology. We might reasonably hope that such a proposition would find favour among men of letters, who in the end form the only tribunal of orthography. That this principle is generally recognised as a sound one is proved by the fact that the absurd popular spelling of the words *sovereign* and *rhyme* has already been discarded by poets and stylists in favour of the true archaic spelling *sovrán* and *ríme*. The adoption of this principle would place the whole question of reform upon a different footing, for it would disturb the notion that the spelling of our language is irrevocably fixed for all time, and diminish the veneration most people feel towards the so-called correct spelling of a word. This would pave the way for further instalments of reform, and so by slow degrees, a silent revolution might be effected which would give our language a sane and useful orthography in place of the grotesque and useless skoliography by which it is now disfigured and encumbered.

J. R.

A COSMOPOLITAN FOLK-SONG

THE world is for ever retelling the legend of the Sibylline Leaves. The Goths and Vandals of all ages wreck and destroy, and the fragments of their loot are painfully gathered up by future generations of men to be stored in museums and wrangled over by professors to the end of time. On occasion the Vandals may carry out their appointed task by Act of Parliament. The Commonwealth Commissioners, whose duty it was to tear down ecclesiastical buildings or, in the truculent language of the day, "to ding down the nests," were duly armed by precise instructions, contained in statutes passed with enthusiasm and looked upon as proof of the highest political wisdom. Surely our descendants will regard in the same light the labours of modern Parliaments. The predatory lust prompting men to destroy, to seize the property of the weaker side, to ride roughshod over the minority has burst out afresh in the twentieth century. It is to be charitably assumed that our contemporaries upon whom the mania has fallen really believe themselves inspired by airs from heaven. In the per-

spective of history men will realise that our current political lunacy is the product of a very different inspiration. The extant records of Cromwell's cathedral-wreckers would be amusing had their depredations not robbed us of a large part of our national architectural heritage. The Commissioners wrote, as we know, exultant reports of their exploits as church-breakers. The man who had succeeded in ripping off more lead or razing more altars and spires than his rival in the same trade demanded and received the commendation of his superiors.

The Folk Song Society has set itself to check the inevitable wastage and loss of our national possession of songs of the countryside. These sagas are relics of ages of unrecorded literary achievement. A ballad sprang up, no man knew how, and passed from village to village; the wandering minstrel was a veritable troubadour. In Iceland to-day he is actually fulfilling the same destiny; the Homeric age of vagrant song is there in full operation. Probably in no literature is there a more touching and beautiful picture than that in the prelude of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in which a weary old man is limned as wandering amid the uncongenial and scoffing, his precious harp carried by an orphaned child. We have the companion picture of the noble charity, the peerless womanliness of the high-born lady, her eye, quick to sympathy, rekindling the fire of a poet's ecstasy. Scott's introduction to his poem is a national possession:—

The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost.

We have now for the last forty years experienced the somewhat ambiguous boon of compulsory State education. Among the unavoidable losses which it has brought in its wake has been the dying down of the folk-song. Each generation of modern men looks back with an instinct half-pitying on that which went before it. Young England congratulates itself on its access of superior intelligence. After all, youth is rightly the season of enthusiasm and callow judgment. One modern accomplishment, however, is a growing impatience of that slow burden of fugitive culture which finds expression in the country ballad. The laugh of a fuddled boor in a village alehouse may kill for ever the record of a song which has haunted a country for generations. The folk-song is primitive and intimate; it does not stop to pick its phrases. It expresses in terse language some crude desire or elemental phase of thought. Doubtless many such songs borrowed their root-idea from the miracle-play. Ecclesiastical legend reappears from age to age, and as by walking through a geological museum the moulding of evolution in type becomes patent to the most obtuse, so is it with the changes in form of a folk-song. We may see its history in the making.

The song which is the subject of this article evidently sprang from a primitive religious stock. The effort to solve elemental problems has been twisted into the strand of liturgical expression. The song is found here and there up and down the country, like some wayside weed, and a Hebrew variant of it exists. Probably, in passing from lip to lip, the original form and language have been many times modified or garbled. Eton College sings the Dorsetshire edition, which closely agrees with that now to be quoted—i.e., the ballad as sung by Cornish fisher-folk. Although its roots penetrate the soil of the past, its blossom has been a thing of modern service, for Sir Arthur Sullivan, when writing the music of "The Yeomen of the Guard," is said to have borrowed the air, "I have a song to sing, O!" from a local rendering of this ballad. Be that as it may, the

old ditty is rich in quaint reminders. It is sung in Cornwall alternately in solo and chorus, and runs thus:—

SOLO—Come, I will sing you.

CHORUS—*What will you sing me?*

I will sing you my one, oh!

What is your one, oh!

My one is all alone and ever must remain so.

Come I will sing you.

What will you sing me?

I will sing you my two, oh!

What is your two, oh?

My two for the lily-white babes, clothed all in green, oh!

(Introduction repeated with each number.)

My three is the three great rivals.

My four is the gospel makers.

My five is the ferrymen in the boat of them a stranger.

My six is for the tearful mater.

My seven are the seven stars in the sky.

My eight is for the eight reigners.

My nine is for the nine bright shiners.

My ten is for the ten commanders.

It is permissible to surmise that this song was a sort of catechism or rehearsal of the elementals, and that it was once upon a time chanted in village dame schools in the West Country. Its origin would quite likely take us into the regions of some form of miracle-play—*i.e.*, that in which the priest chanted and the people made response, in the manner of a lesson to be rehearsed. The first response obviously indicates the One God. The second may be an allusion to the Infant Saviour and St. John the Baptist. "Lily-white maids" is a variant reading, this phrase being primitively applicable to either sex. The Scotch version—"the lily and the rose, that shine baith red and green"—was probably annexed from some other song and incorporated. The third stanza doubtless stands for the Trinity, and the fourth for the Evangelists. The fifth is more obscure, and ten different versions of the phrasing exist. It has been ingeniously construed by Mr. Andrew Lang as symbolising the wounds in Christ's body, four in the hands and feet and one in the side, though the connection between the words and the interpretation is difficult to see. The sixth seems to render more certain the impression that this fragment is of ecclesiastical origin, if Mr. Lang's guess as to its reference to Mater Dolorosa be correct. A number of versions in which the words "bowls," "pots," "jars," &c., occur have been taken as making it apply to the six water-pots in Cana of Galilee. The figure seven probably recalls the seven stars in the hand of the mystic figure of the Apocalypse, or perhaps stars in glory round the Virgin's head, or it may be the seven stars of Charles's Wain. The eighth may be taken with some certainty as a reference to the archangels, and the ninth indicates the interval of nine months intervening between the Annunciation and Christmas. The figure ten obviously refers to the Ten Commandments. Some of the versions add two other stanzas:—

Eleven for the eleven that went up to Heaven.

Twelve for the twelve Apostles.

The former is supposed to refer to the number of the Apostles without Judas Iscariot. "Eleven maidens in a dance" is the Scotch reading, and "Belsher's horses" that of Berkshire.

A considerable literature has sprung up about this quaint folk-song. In "English County Songs," by Miss Broadwood and Mr. Fuller-Maitland, references to published matter about it are given in some detail. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould publishes a version in his "Songs of the West," and another is given in Mr. Cecil Sharp's "Folk Songs from Somerset," Series IV.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE AMBIGU-COMIQUE—II.

By MARC LOGÉ

AFTER the Revolution Audinot retired, and thenceforth his theatre passed into the hands of many managers, none of whom had great success. In 1798 Corsse, a well-known actor of the Théâtre Montansier, resolved to undertake the direction of the Ambigu, and managed to interest a rich capitalist in the speculation. Together they made their venture, but success was long in coming. After several months, however, a melodrama by Aude which enjoyed considerable vogue contributed to the rehabilitation of the theatre. It was called "Madame Angot au Sérail de Constantinople." Such a triumph had never been witnessed on a Parisian stage, and at that epoch was altogether unprecedented: two hundred consecutive performances did not weary the delight and interest of the public. Corsse's success dated from that time, and he successively produced other melodramas, whose suggestive titles—"Le Jugement de Salomon," "La Forêt d'Hermannstadt"—drew all the theatre-going Parisians to the Ambigu-Comique, and brought into its coffers more than eleven hundred thousand francs in fifteen years! It would be natural to suppose that the authors of such successful plays would have made fine fortunes. Alas! the reverse was the case, and Brazier indignantly asks:—

What do you think the men who contributed so largely to the making of good receipts received as royalties? I will tell you. A comedy in one Act was bought at that time for two hundred francs, paid *once for all*. And the author of a play in three Acts received nine francs per representation.

Present-day dramatic authors would do well to ponder over these figures, and to compare them with the relatively important sums they actually receive for their plays!

Audinot's son assumed the management of the Ambigu-Comique on the death of Corsse, which occurred in 1816. And, amusing to note, a terrifying play, "L'Auberge des Adrets," which was expected to score a considerable success as a melodrama, did in truth achieve a triumph, though of another kind, for the celebrated actor Frédéric Lemaître, transformed—thanks to his inimitable talent—the fearsome "*mélo*" into a delightful comedy. For several years this great artist had been winning the unlimited admiration of the public, and it was of him that Théophile Gautier said:—

C'est toujours un beau et noble spectacle que de voir ce grand acteur, le seul qui chez nous rappelle Garrick, Kemble, Macready, et surtout Kean, faire trembler de son vaste souffle Shakespearien les frères portants des coulisses des scènes du Boulevard. Frédéric a ce privilège d'être terrible et comique, élégant et trivial, féroce et tendre, de pouvoir descendre jusqu'à la farce et monter jusqu'à la poésie la plus sublime, comme tous les acteurs complets.

The success the Ambigu-Comique now enjoyed was too great to continue without some serious mishap. After having existed for nearly three-quarters of a century, the old playhouse of the Boulevard du Temple was destroyed by a fire which occurred during the night of July 13th, 1827, after an evening performance, in the course of the rehearsal of a melodrama called "La Tabatière." The scenery caught alight, and in less than an hour the whole theatre was destroyed, whilst a fireman and the porter perished in the flames. This event caused a real consternation amongst the Parisian population, with whom the

Ambigu was a favourite place of amusement. A few days after the accident the Ministre de l'Intérieur granted Audinot's widow the privilege, until 1840, of opening another playhouse, stipulating, however, that it should be isolated on both sides. There happened to be for sale at that time the *hôtel* of M. de Murinais, situated between the Rue de Bondy and the Boulevard St. Martin, at the corner of the Rue de Lancry—a few steps from where the grand old Porte St. Martin, erected in 1674 by Pierre Bullet, in commemoration of Louis XIV.'s triumphs over the Spanish, Dutch, and German armies, still towers grimly and majestically in the midst of that populous quarter of Paris. The new proprietors of the Ambigu-Comique acquired the plot of land, and two years after its destruction the Ambigu rose triumphantly on the site where it still stands, and opened on June 7th, 1829, under the patronage of the Duchesse de Berry. Its removal from the Boulevard du Temple, where most of the theatres of that time were situated, to the Boulevard St. Martin seems, however, to have brought ill-luck. Managers succeeded each other unceasingly, but tried in vain to restore the theatre's ancient brilliancy. Frédéric Lemaître was himself for a time stage-manager, and the celebrated Mme. Dorval was engaged. Referring to her, Théophile Gautier observes:—

Le talent de Mme. Dorval était tout passionné, non qu'elle négligeât l'art mais l'art lui venait de l'inspiration. Elle ne calculait pas son jeu geste par geste, et ne dessinait pas ses entrées et ses sorties avec de la craie sur le plancher. Elle se mettait dans la situation du personnage, elle l'épousait complètement, elle devenait lui, et agissait comme il aurait agi.

Though possessing those two great stars, the new Ambigu knew no success until 1845, when "Les Mousquetaires," by Alexandre Dumas, achieved a real triumph which had no rival until 1856, when Paul Meurice wrote specially for that theatre "Fanfan la Tulipe," in which the leading part was created by Mélingue—by the impetuous, ardent, and brilliant Mélingue, who was a real artist in more ways than one. It is said that in another of M. Paul Meurice's dramas, entitled "Benvenuto Cellini," Mélingue actually modelled each night on the stage a statuette of Hebe, a feat which provoked popular enthusiasm. It was also at the Ambigu-Comique that M. Jules Claretie—now the eminent administrator of the Comédie Française—made his *début* as a dramatist with the enthralling "Famille des Gueux," which he wrote in collaboration with an Italian author.

Like many of the theatres of the capital, the Ambigu-Comique kept its doors open during the Siege of Paris, and each night a play, well adapted to the circumstances of the moment, "Le Forgeron de Châteaudun," was presented; in one act a cuirassier came forward and related in eloquent accents, punctuated by forceful gestures, the famous charge of Reichshofen; and in the *entr'actes* a collection in aid of the wounded was made by *cantinières*, who passed in the midst of the audience holding Prussian helmets, into which the offerings were dropped. Until 1879 the Ambigu-Comique seems to have suffered from another slack time, but at that date its old walls re-echoed once more with the sounds of tempestuous applause and excited discussions. This was when Zola's "Assommoir" was first produced, in which the part of Coupeau the drunkard was created by Gil Naza; in later years Lucien Guitry was to make a sensational personification of that same rôle. In 1883 Réjane appeared at the Ambigu in Richepin's "La Glu," and the delightful actress obtained therein a very justified success. Between 1883 and 1896 the Ambigu had two great triumphs in totally different styles: one was "Les Gaietés de l'Escadron," by Courteline, one of the gayest and most amusing plays ever produced, the other was "Les Deux Gosses," by Pierre Decourcelle, a

typical melodrama of the most thrilling type, which ran for 751 nights. Leading parts were taken by such remarkable actors as Gémier—now director of the Théâtre Antoine, where some of the most curious artistic efforts are made during the winter season—Arquillière, now engaged at the Vaudeville, and Marthe Mellot, whose exquisite voice was in Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler" the soul of the invisible nightingale.

Of late years the Ambigu-Comique has remained faithful to its old traditions; the house has in no way been modified since 1827, and the very audience seems to be the same—gay, childish, emotional, quickly irritated, prompt to hiss, ready to applaud, delighting in sinister plots, and weeping willingly at the tribulations of the pale, resigned heroine. Indeed it is perhaps on a popular night of a successful play at the Ambigu-Comique that one may best study the salient characteristics of the Parisian population. Listening to the ejaculations and the jokes which the occupants of the cheaper seats hurl at the actors one will form an idea of the nature of that exceedingly complex and amusing being the Parisian *gavroche*. As a specimen of the wit of the *gavroche* the following anecdote is characteristic:—At the fall of the curtain on the first night of a play in which the *entr'actes* had been particularly long, one of the actors, according to the usual custom, came forward and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, the play you have just heard is by M. X——." Immediately from the gallery came the shrill interrogation: "Eh ben! Et par qui que sont les 'entraques'?" ("I say! And who are the interludes by?")

FOREIGN REVIEWS

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU"

THE July number celebrates the eightieth birthday of Herr Julius Rodenberg, the founder and editor of the review, which is itself in its thirty-seventh year. A reproduction of the medal presented to mark the occasion to the distinguished writer by his publisher, Dr. Paetel, and other admirers, serves as frontispiece to the number. The history of the review and its editor is to be found in the *Literarisches Echo* for June 15th.

Freiherr von Heyking contributes a very interesting article on Mexico and its history. The early days, the oppressions and bitternesses are well described. The period of the revolutions is attributed to the wealth of the Church; the two parties were the leeches and the robbers, and the writer satirically comments on the coincidence that the end of Church property and the end of internal troubles came at about the same time. The luckless attempt of Archduke Maximilian is narrated at some length. A very curious observation of Bismarck's is recorded on the danger of German colonists in Mexico, and the advisability of intervention. "After all," said the Chancellor, "Germans who for their business ends go and settle in such out-of-the-way wildernesses ought to see for themselves that they are courting a certain amount of risk." Freiherr von Heyking has legitimate comments to make. The rule of President Diaz, praised for some points, is pretty severely criticised as a whole. Fresh revolutions is the forecast for the future. Herr Körte has an excellent article on Callimachus of Cyrene, whom he calls a "Greek romantic," justifying the term ingeniously. An essay with the Goethesque title "Dichtung und Wahrheit" follows, in which a few new answers to Pilate's great question are suggested. One of the starting-points of the essay is a side-light thrown on Goethe's character by a contemporary, Soret. Goethe had fits of tyrannical bad humour, it seems, of which Eckermann breathes not a word, and the author of the article ("T") raises

the question whether Eckermann has in this matter dealt fairly with the world. Herr Dickhuth continues his comparison of Napoleon and Frederick the Great, Dr. von der Leyden has an article on the inception of German railways, and there are some new documents on the relations of Goethe and Kotzebue. Altogether a very good number.

"LA GRANDE REVUE"

The number for June 25th contains an interesting analysis of an eleventh-century Mystery of St. Sebastian. The writer of the article, M. Gustave Cohen, takes the opportunity to judge M. d'Annunzio's recent work by the standard of a classical mystery, and he concludes, without unnecessary indignation, that the modern attempt entirely lacks the mediæval atmosphere; M. d'Annunzio "a trahi le genre . . . en l'embellissant." M. Francis Delaisi has a peculiarly illuminating summary of the conditions in Morocco. M. Marius Richard states in a concise and straightforward fashion the arguments against State ownership of the French mines. M. Roger Lévy uses new documents to give a more or less consecutive, if summary, Life of Talleyrand; the early years of the diplomatist abound in *lacunæ*, of which some are here filled up, others merely indicated. M. Yves Scantrel has a delightfully scathing article on Ingres, who is still to the fore in the French reviews. M. Charles Ferrand begins a series of attacks on the existing naval administration of France. He deplores some of the effects of the spirit of *égalité* on the fleet, and he considers the present over-centralisation of business the great bar to progress. He has a good axiom on the subject of false economy—"The more costly the material the more should we spend to assure its effective use."

The first July number is of more than ordinary interest. M. Ferrand continues his articles, as does M. Louis Laloy, whose subject is opium and morphine; he is almost an apologist of the former drug. A symposium on the influence of barrack-life leaves a most dreary impression; optimists on this subject are rare. M. Charles Chassé's article—"Les Styles Professionnels"—is full of delightful wit and observation; we particularly like the section on "Les Styles Pédagogiques," and the academical habit of "thinking in inverted commas." M. Robert d'Humières is good on twentieth-century Socialism, taking for his text a book of M. Edmond Kelly. The Socialism here expounded is new and refreshing, with suggestions of "Strength and Beauty met together." M. Scantrel is again amusing, with a battery of epigrams on culture *versus* civilisation. M. Charles Humbert deals with Indo-China, its history since M. Doumer's day, and its future. Two French books on England are criticised—"Silhouettes Anglaises," by M. Puaux and M. Bardoux' book on our last three Sovereigns.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

It is impossible to do more than indicate roughly the contents of the two voluminous July numbers of this excellent periodical, whose aim is to occupy a peculiar position among French reviews—by throwing open its doors to every opinion and by devoting special attention to foreign literature. Its opinions are generally expressed strongly; thus, M. Georges Batault is unsparing in his criticism of the Richepin manifesto (he distinguishes, by the way, between Latin and the Humanities), and M. Emile Henriot, in an admirable article on Gautier, says that his hero was *the* poet of the nineteenth century. Another good and sympathetic article in the July 1st number is on the ideas of William Morris, by M. Georges Vidalenc. For July 16th M. A.-M. Gossez has written an excellent study of Flaubert's methods—"Homais et Bovary, hommes politiques." M. Paterne Berrichon describes the relations of Verlaine and Arthur Rimbaud, and discusses the claims of

the latter to a separate pinnacle of fame. Dr. Paul Voivenel's article on disease and literature is interesting in itself and contains some beautiful mad-house poetry.

"LA REVUE"

In the number for July 1st Madame Marguerite Prévost marshals, under the title "Punir ou Guérir," an array of respectable opinion on the proper method of dealing with criminals; for the most part she gleans little but pious wishes for the success of her educative campaign in the prisons. M. Vandervelde, Belgian Socialist Deputy, has a good contribution to that baffling problem—the accurate definition of Socialism; he wishes to see the distinction recognised between the State as governor and the State as administrator. M. Faguet, always readable, has an article on Eugène Bersot, schoolmaster and journalist under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. Ly Chao Pée has a lurid picture of affairs in China, and Dr. Frances Hoggan an optimistic one of the American negress, whose domestic life and public spirit seem to be above praise; her thirst for knowledge is graphically illustrated, as also her extraordinary ability in certain professions: one negress doctor has performed 500 surgical operations in two years. We also find a eulogistic notice of Marc Logé's translation of "Chita," by Lafcadio Hearn. A woodcut in a review is prettily christened "Entrée du Collège d'Oxford."

The second July number contains a notice of the Auto biography of Mr. Alfred Austin; an amusing mis-print represents Lord Salisbury as "n'employant que des larmes loyales." Mr. Galsworthy's "Patrician" is reviewed, and a short survey of his whole work made. M. Paul-Louis Hervier in "les Sonnets de Shakespeare" shows himself an ardent Baconian, and, though some of his evidence is rather thin, he makes some good points. M. Auguste Rodin, in an interview, deplores the vandalism of modern Paris, justly identifying the ancient beauty with the ancient strength. The extraordinary diary of Marie Bashkirtseff at the age of twelve is one of the features of the number.

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

This weekly review keeps a very high level. It has a certain *frondeur* tendency, which is not without charm. Thus, take the article of M. Paul Flat on "The Academy and the Question of the Humanities." The Academy's point of view is strongly supported, while the learned Forty themselves are treated with almost too scant courtesy. M. Flat believes in the democracy, he believes in the classics, and he believes in an alliance between the two. To the same number (that of June 17th) M. Lucien Maury contributes a suggestive criticism of M. Hanotaux' "Jeanne d'Arc." In the number for June 24th M. Gustave de Coutouly begins a series of diplomatical souvenirs connected with the Balkans question after the Congress of Berlin; they are admirably told, and are continued in alternate numbers. M. Lémonon sums up the question of the House of Lords with apparently Conservative sympathies. For July 1st M. Louis Barthou has unpublished documents of Lamartine, and M. Labroue gives a grim account of Japanese Imperialism. For July 8th and 15th there is a story of Maxime Gorki's; in the former number M. Jacques Lux recapitulates a Viennese account of the relations between George Sand and Chopin; in the latter M. Pourcher advocates a return to the cavalry organisation of Napoleon. For July 22nd there is the beginning of the "Lettres de Vieillesse" of Littré, a good article on the *cahiers* of 1789 by Mme. Edmé Champiou, and a short reprint from the *Hamburger Nachrichten* on Oscar Wilde. There is something very poignant in his *exegi monumentum*, and his acknowledgment that "he had found his soul in prison." We must not forget the interesting excerpts from Wagner's letters, which

are to be found in the numbers June 17th to July 15th, inclusive.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE"

This sober and workmanlike little review makes a virtue of conciseness. Its particular interest in religious controversy is largely due to the presence of ex-Abbé Loisy on its staff. In the number for July 8th he has an ironical notice of "Les religions," by M. Chachoin. The following week he devotes himself largely to Father Tyrrell, two of whose books have lately been translated into French; on July 22nd he deals mostly with medical critiques of the Gospels. In the number for July 15th we may also notice M. Bastide's criticism of Professor Firth's "House of Lords during the Civil War"; he considers it an unconscious defence of the existing Peers.

"PARISIANA"

This is not strictly a foreign review. It is an entirely English view of the "Gay City," and is made up of articles, well written, by the way, but ready to be ashamed of themselves if they show too great a tendency to be literary, on such subjects as the History of Racing in France, a History of Gambling in the same country, and on a Night-out at Montmartre. The pictures are particularly clever.

A DEAD JESUIT TOWN

By W. H. KOEBEL

THERE are shells on the beach from which the life has passed, delicate structures choked with sand. Former haunts of the mussel and hermit crab, the translation of their dead owners—if so fragile a passing be considered worthy of any thought whatever—should evoke regret. Yet the ghost of a hermit crab who seized the work of another and squatted within an empty shell must expect less sympathy than that of a mussel who has borne the burden of his home throughout.

It is a perilous introductory route this to the dead Jesuit city of Apostoles, since in actuality far North-eastern Argentina is not to be reached by way of the seashore. There is no salt sand in Apostoles; softer masses of forest and flower choke the ruins here. Yet the analogy between the deserted human and marine shells carries sufficiently far. It has not yet been decided whether the living Apostoles should rank in history as a hermit crab or as a mussel. So little lack of fruitless dispute has already attended the question that this vagueness of judgment promises to remain eternal. Whatever may be said of ways, and motives, and tenets, one thing is certain. The degree of labour expended amongst the Indians is as unquestionable as the triumph of civilisation, as commonly understood.

A mere sketch of a wondrously beautiful spot holds no place for polemics. There are half-way houses even in the sky, and neutral tints between the azure and storm-black. Let us suppose that the character of the great Jesuit Republic lay at a point midway between the poles of blessings and curses. It is the most reasonable view. In this case, seeing that angel's wings and devil's horns cancel one another, we arrive at an arithmetical result. We obtain, in fact, ordinary men, labouring hard amidst the Indians, joining worldly shrewdness to sanctity. It was not a very high heaven that the dusky neophytes saw through the material spectacles of stomach and the senses that the Jesuit Fathers provided. It was the only practical appeal, and it lifted the natives from the deep slough of savagery that had been their lot.

In order to understand the tragedy of Apostoles it is

necessary to compare the past with the present. A few extracts will suffice from some of the contemporary chroniclers who wrote when the streets, buildings, churches, and plazas were prosperous, intact, and populated. Here is a brief account of the ceremony observed on a special saint's day:—

The inhabitants attend in great numbers, the officers on horseback and in their uniforms. The solemnity begins by a very fine military procession in which the Alfarez, who carries the great standard, appears mounted on a proud courser richly caparisoned, and rides under a magnificent canopy. After perambulating the principal streets in very good order to the sound of the drums and other warlike instruments of music, they repair to the great door of the church . . . the first Vespers are then performed, after which the children are made to dance in the great square.

There was more than this, as is explained in many pages. There were tiltings at the ring, gatherings of chiefs and officers, prize-givings, illuminated streets and bonfires. A royal time for the Indians, this, when they hung on their uniforms and trappings, and strutted in peacock pride. Yet there were others that altogether outrivalled it in pomp:—

Nothing can compare with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. It forms a sight which yields in nothing to the richest and most magnificent procession in any other part of the world. . . . All the beauties of simple nature are there so happily disposed as to represent her in all her glory. She even appears, if I may say so, all life and soul on the occasion; for over the greens and flowers that compose the triumphal arches under which the Blessed Sacrament passes there appear flocks of birds of every colour, tied by the legs to strings of such a length that a stranger would imagine they enjoyed their full liberty, and even come of their own accord to mix their warblings with the voices of the musicians and the rest of the people, and bless in their own way Him Whose providence carefully supplies all their wants.

All the streets are hung with carpets very well wrought and separated by garlands, festoons, and compartments of verdure, disposed with the most beautiful symmetry. From distance to distance there appear lions and tigers very well chained, that they may not disturb the solemnity instead of adorning it, and even very fine fishes sporting and playing in large basins of water. . . . The warbling of the birds, the roaring of the lions and tigers, the voices of the musicians, the plain chant of the choir, all intermix without confusion, and conspire to form a concert not to be equalled in any other part of the world.

There is no doubting the final statement. It is otherwise with the alleged blending of the voices of men, beasts, and birds. But this, after all, is a mere matter of opinion. Harmony is akin to morality in that its standards hinge on geography. It is easy to sneer at the writers of a past age whose enthusiasm led them, blindfold, into regions of unsuspected humour. Those were queer birds, for instance, who found it in their temperament to strain at a fettering-string and simultaneously to warble out blessings.

With the exception of such debatable points the picture is accurate. Apostoles was one of a number of centres in which work and play, prayer and pomp, chanting and feasting, were carried on in precisely similar fashion. Now the site of the town is a wooded expanse, the great walls and blocks of masonry looming here and there in furtive solidity amidst the tangle of branches and leaves.

It is worth while to enter one of the lanes that intersect this forest. At the first glimpse the way might be mistaken for an English woodland vista. But not for long. The sunshine that comes beating down upon the narrow winding path would blind a primrose or a bluebell, and send its petals shrivelling. The walls of foliage are closer set, more varied

and mysterious than those of the oak, elm, or beech. The butterflies and blossoms flaunt their beauty like women, rivals in gorgeous hues, kissing all the while.

No virgin forest this; so much is evident from the character of the growths. Holding their own sturdily against the native trunks are great orange-trees, whose dark branches go soaring upwards to join the tops of the true forest trees themselves, hanging out their golden balls in the midst of the bignonia and of the gaudy wealth of other blossoms. This is the fruit of the dead Jesuits. If you wish to change the face of Nature with any degree of permanency employ Nature as an ally for the purpose! Else why should the intruding orange-trees stand erect and a small block of stone at their feet be all that remains of a building that once sat in such cumbrous solidity upon the ground?

There is not a doubt about it: this poor stone block is being airily and gracefully mocked. It is a fallen capital. The intricacy of its carving is flouted by the more delicate sprays of the living fern that rest against it; blossoms sprout from the earth in its deepest crevice, and all about it the fallen oranges are wasting the remnants of their sweetness.

Further on are the massive remnants of a wall. In the open the ruins would be imposing enough, since in parts they rise to a height of some twenty feet. Here the vegetation has claimed them for its own, and has swathed them about with its own growths until they seem to have become an integral part of the forest. Fern, flowers, and the giant arms of the cactus cover the dark stone; shrubs and liana tendrils press in towards its sides, while the leaves and blossoms of the trees spread a dense curtain above.

Some ruins are desolate things, but not these. Nothing, in fact, could be desolate amidst such surroundings. This may have been a church here, who knows? The walls may have formed part of one of those great buildings with their wonderful altars and decorations, that it was the priests' proud boast to compare with any in Europe. But I doubt if there are many who could tell now; certainly there is no one in the neighbourhood capable of more than a chance supposition.

The human element of the present day enters very little into the real significance of Apostles. It is these monuments of the past, broken and smothered as they are, that dwarf all else in the imagination. They could not be better placed. The spot, for all its exuberance, is a natural garden. It is difficult to conceive how the glades could be touched and yet fail to lose in beauty. Only one addition could possibly be introduced with success into their midst, and by a thrice fortunate chance it happens to be there. It is represented by the old, dark stone walls that have become an intrinsic part of the forest.

At one point in the masonry is a niche that holds the remnants of a worn and mutilated statue. Armless and headless, it is an object that retains very little contour or symmetry of any kind. It once stood for a figure of the Virgin, and was laden, so they say, with bracelets and rich ornaments of gold and silver. Hence the mutilation of the stone, for the treasure was to be wrenched away by no other means when the day of spoliation came.

Curiously enough, the broken statue is still surrounded by as great a wealth of blossom as it could ever have known in the days when it reposed in the hush of the walled and roofed interior, and when the garlands of cut blooms were brought in to encircle it. The flowers have banked their glowing masses of colour in a strangely ordered fashion to right and left, lighting up the sad tints of the battered figure. Were there more folk in the neighbourhood, the thing would doubtless give rise to some talk of a miracle. As it is, Nature is doing her kindly work quite unapplauded.

Ah, well! Let us come out of the forest and leave its

beauty to the butterflies and to the birds. Reflections on mere scenic glamour and on the dead past are unprofitable work nowadays. In a cattle-country the ghosts of a thousand ancient Jesuits are not worth the material price of a single heifer. Nevertheless there is something here for which to be thankful. There are worse conditions than that of mere neglect. What if this perfect woodland, with its imprisoned ruins, were ever to grow popular! The world is shrinking at such a pace that almost all things are possible at any time. Imagine booths under the white trumpet blossoms of the datura, spirits and beer in the shade of the evergreens and palms, and soiled paper on the dark stone of the ruins! There would be no litter of oranges then to waste their sweetness upon the ground; the jetsam would be of another order. But why pursue the subject further? Such imaginings are impossible.

DEATH DUTIES AND UNEMPLOYMENT

THE corroboration of the accuracy of the deductive method of reasoning by the later evolution of actualities is never without its interest and charm. To the untutored it might even savour of witchcraft. This is especially the case in matters sociological and economic. In that sphere of knowledge, dealing as it does alone with the material world, it is so ludicrously easy and so absolutely safe to play the part of prophet. And perhaps in no period in the world's history has the legislator held out greater temptation to those capable of indulging their prognosticating proclivities than in these days. He is singularly naïve in this regard. He gets an idea, founded generally on the grievance of the few, sits on it, and in due time hatches it into a ponderous enactment. But it never seems to occur to him that the consequences of even the simplest human action are incalculable and eternal, and it certainly never seems to occur to him that the joint action of some hundreds of his fellow-men called a majority may produce effects so far-reaching that through generations upon generations they are beyond all repair. Did he realise this palpable truth, surely he and his colleagues at Westminster would never continue to turn out as if by machinery the mass of foolish, fallacious—one might even say criminal—enactments for which they must for all time stand responsible. It is all a natural and logical result of trying to govern without a knowledge of the science of government.

The self-stultifying process is simple. A Bill is framed for the suppression of an evil, or a supposed evil. Of course the Bill deals, in deference to the trend of popular delusion, which virtually always runs counter to scientific truth, with an effect rather than a cause. Great precautions are taken and extreme ingenuity is exercised to meet the case at all points, to provide in fact against all contingencies. The Bill may appear to be a model of State solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the citizen. It may be so elaborate and so complex as to seem perfect as a protector of some class interest. And yet, however perfect this precious Bill may seem to be, it will contain inevitably within itself, even as there be a worm in the bud, a colossal and what should be a palpable flaw. Even if it be admitted that this Bill has left no conditions unconsidered, yet will there be, so soon as it is passed, one condition that has not been considered. And why? Simply because, though it has dealt with all the factors, it has left, and perforce must leave, its own consequences untouched. The fact is always forgotten or ignored that this Act, like a tribe of others, is the cardinal cause of newborn circumstances, the parent of a whole progeny of unlooked-for conditions, and that these conditions,

so soon as they come into play and intensify the troubles of the unfortunate citizen, have to be dealt with, and often more drastically, in their turn.

Surely this should be clear not merely to the responsible legislator at Westminster, but even to the irresponsible man in the street? For is it not written in the plainest terms in the multitude of Amendment Acts that crowd our Statute-books—each and all an open confession of a previous mistake? What wonder that there is trouble in the land, that there are the haunting spectres of the slum and the sweater's den, an ever-increasing proletariat, an augmented migration to the towns, a diminishing population, a constant strife of malcontents, and lugubrious forebodings passed from one to another among those in high places.

A striking example of this blindfold, blundering class of legislation has lately cropped up, and it is more or less a replica of hosts of others. The story is worth telling to those who care to hear. But, as the French buffoon said: "Let us commence with the commencement."

In doing this there is no need to go over the whole history of Succession Duties and their consequences from the *vicissima hereditatum* of the ancient Romans through centuries of legislative tamperings with capital. Nor is it necessary to allude at any length to the controversies that have clustered round this fallacious form of revenue collection. Even some of the most widely recognised authorities have pronounced these Duties sound and harmless, while others have condemned them on the ground that they tend to check production and thrift. But as to the details of the manner in which they prove to be beneficent or detrimental, this is more or less left to the imagination of the student. It is therefore the more imperative to point out why and how Death Duties not only inflict an injury upon the estate-holder upon whom they are levied, but also upon the working class in an even more serious degree; for they represent attacks on capital, and every blow inflicted on capital must inevitably be a blow dealt at labour.

Some twenty years ago Sir William Harcourt introduced his Death Duties Bill. It was opposed by the Unionists with greater vehemence than strength. It was passed; and when the Opposition once more became the Government, they accepted the Act with the pernicious principles it embodied with the docility so characteristic of the chameleon-like career of our modern Parliamentarians. In more recent years Mr. Lloyd George has in his turn handled the subject and gone further than his predecessor in the matter of this predatory class of legislation. Both enactments have been received by the public either with apathy or a mild outburst of shallow protest. Adverse criticisms, based upon the close reasoning out of the economic and sociological consequences of such onslaughts upon capital, were, to say the least, few and far between. One work there was, however, which set forth in detail exactly what would happen. It was published in 1890—that is, just at the time Sir William Harcourt's Act was passed. The predictions in this work were to this effect. It set forth that the burden of taxation will be found always to fall finally upon the working class. It showed how, immediately the Act came into operation, two things would happen. The estate-holder would either make a free gift of his estate during his lifetime to his heir, in order to evade the law; or he would at once start to save in order that at his death his heir would be in a position to meet the Duties without drawing upon capital. It was further pointed out that the estate-holder, by way of saving the required sum, would at once begin to cut down his retinue, and instruct his agent to be more exacting in the collection of rents as well as more sparing in expenditure. Thus hands, very often old and trusty, on the estate would be dismissed and expenses generally curtailed.

That this prophecy has been fulfilled over and over again, and is being further fulfilled as month by month slips by, is but another and glaring proof of how we English people are blundering headlong towards a morass which, if we only use our mental vision, we can see clearly ahead of us and avoid. We constantly see how landlords have been, and are being, forced to sell their estates, often to alien purchasers, or are compelled to abandon all idea of living in their ancestral home until such time as their house can be set in order. Yesterday it was the Duke of Rutland who was pushed to this act; to-day it is the Marquess of Ailesbury, who has been obliged to let Savernake, while the Duke of Bedford has sold five hundred thousand pounds worth of land at Tavistock and with the proceeds is purchasing land in Canada. And there are scores upon scores of other victims of this mischievous and maladroit aggression upon capital.

As to the evasion of the law, I well remember the late Lord Fortescue, when discussing with me the question of dairy-farming in Ireland, saying in reference to his estate, with that touch of gentle humour so characteristic of him, "When I speak of my estate, I should say my son's; for, in deference to Sir William Harcourt, I have made a gift of it to my heir." What a modern instance of the ancient saying, *donationes inter vivos*!

It has been reserved to Lord Ailesbury recently, in a most able speech at Savernake, thoroughly to confirm the above maleficent effect of these Duties. The striking diagnosis of the evil consequences of State tampering with capital is thus at last finding its relentless confirmation in the eyes of landlords, tenants, and labourers alike. It is interesting to follow and note Lord Ailesbury's conclusions culled from actualities. He states that his father "employed some forty men looking after the woods and the private roads and seeing that the forest was kept in order. It was absolutely impossible for him (the present Marquess) to do the same. It was not he who suffered so much as the men to whom employment meant a living." Again, "The money that should be spent in employment was diverted into the Exchequer, and it was done in a sudden and arbitrary manner, instead of being spread over a large number of years."

Here is a distinct case of pauperising the people by meddling legislation. And having brought about unemployment by reckless attacks on capital and upon the liberty of the labourer and the capitalist in scores of other cases, the supposed guardians of the public welfare come forth with proposals and plans to deal with the Unemployed Problem which they themselves have created!

There is no excuse for all this. The pretext of revenue-collecting will not hold. There are other and healthier means by which to maintain the official mechanism than by impeding the progress of agriculture, industry, and commerce. The acquiescence in such a policy is probably due to the lingering superstition that taxes enrich the State and therefore benefit the people. But the enrichment of the State is in no way profitable to the people; in fact, it could easily be shown to be one of the great causes of their impoverishment. Does any lowering of taxes and rates, any diminution of the increasing army of inspectors, take place under this system? Let working men take an unpublished story about Lord Beaconsfield to heart. It has its application. He was present at a Mission sermon for the clothing of some blacks, and it was noticed that as the plate was presented he placed one halfpenny in it, and that when it passed him again on its return journey along the pew he dropped a sovereign into it. When asked why he had done this, his reply was, "Well, you see, I put in the halfpenny for the poor blacks; the sovereign to ensure its reaching them."

A. EGMONT HAKE.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE MOROCCAN QUESTION

THE patriotic utterances of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons last week, following as they did upon the authoritative pronouncement of the Premier in regard to the Moroccan situation, had a calming effect upon the troubled waters of European diplomacy:—

If (declared the Leader of the Opposition) there be any observers or critics outside these walls who have counted upon our differences and our absorption in the bitter home disputes of the moment in the hope that they will make easy a policy which under other circumstances they thought this country might object to—if there are any who suppose that we are wiped out from the map of Europe because we have our own differences at home, it may be worth while saying, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that they have utterly mistaken the temper of the British people and the patriotism of the Opposition, whether the Opposition be drawn from one side of the House or from the other side of House.

After the amazing exhibitions of passionate party strife earlier in the week, some such declaration as that made by Mr. Balfour became absolutely necessary in the interests of High Policy. As I pointed out in the last issue of THE ACADEMY, Germany, in making her daring *coup d'état*, counted not a little upon the advantage to be gained from the crisis in English affairs. She imagined—vainly imagined, as events have happily proved—that so pre-occupied should we be with domestic difficulties that we should stand aloof from our friends. While the proceedings in Parliament have perceptibly cleared the atmosphere, which was rapidly becoming charged with explosive currents, we are warned on all sides that there is no justification for the opinion entertained in several quarters that the crisis is virtually at an end. At present the situation, briefly described, is as follows: for the time being the diplomatic conversations in progress are confined to Germany and France. Germany has expressed her willingness to forego all claims to territorial acquisition or political influence of any kind in Morocco, provided that her commercial interests are safeguarded. In return for this concession she requires from France adequate territorial compensation in West Africa. For the moment everything depends upon the German conception of adequacy. In regard to this all-important point nothing definite is known, for the negotiations are being conducted amid circumstances of rigorously guarded secrecy. It is believed, however, that since the speeches of the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer the German idea as to what constitutes adequate compensation has undergone some moderation, but whether or not in sufficient degree to satisfy France we cannot say.

Several important considerations immediately enter into the negotiations on their new basis. In the first place, it is possible that Germany may require compensation in West Africa for what she may feel disposed to term a return to the *status quo* as it was defined under the Act of Algeciras. But the French Government contends that it has never violated the provisions of this international compact. Then it is not inconceivable that Germany will suggest that France be given a free hand in Morocco, or, in other words, that she assume a protectorate over the region. For a concession of such magnitude they will seek in West Africa compensation of corresponding if not of greater proportion. It is for France to decide whether or not the exchange is fair. It would be

foolish of her, at the price of peace and quietude in the Shereefian Empire, to deal with Germany elsewhere on so generous a scale as would satisfy, at the expense of French interests, the inordinate appetite of that Power for colonial expansion. In all probability France will declare that, as far as Morocco is concerned, she is content with the privileges assigned to her under the Algeciras Convention, in which event it will follow as an act of grace, not as a matter of right, that she will compensate Germany for the disappointment that must inevitably be occasioned when she withdraws her unpretentious little cruiser from Agadir. In other words, France merely wishes to ensure herself against German intrusion in the future. In these circumstances the price that she will be called upon to pay ought not to be excessively high; in strict justice it should be regarded merely as a price necessary for the re-affirmation of rights secured by international agreement. An arrangement of this kind is purely one of concern to Germany and France. Should, however, France regard the compensation required by Germany as exorbitant, then the situation will revert exclusively to Morocco. Here Great Britain, as one of the signatory Powers of the Act of Algeciras, and also as the loyal friend of France, will insist upon active intervention in any negotiations that threaten to change the *status quo*. In such case there would be no room for doubt as to the attitude we should adopt. A German coaling-station on the Atlantic coast of Morocco would be unthinkable. It is, therefore, a foregone conclusion that Germany must leave Agadir. If France arrives at the conclusion that the compensation required is out of all proportion to the advantages derived from German non-interference in the affairs of the Shereefian Empire, then a simple declaration to this effect will bring Great Britain to her side in the diplomatic arena. Thus early in the negotiations Germany has been sadly disillusioned. She realises that she cannot dispose of the Moroccan question without reckoning upon Great Britain. Moreover, now that the clamour which her precipitate action produced has to some extent subsided, we hear little concerning the peril in which her nationals and their interests were supposed to be placed—a peril, it will be recalled, advanced as justification for the sending of a warship to Agadir. Nor, indeed, do we see in the calculated policy of Germany any desire manifested to maintain the rôle which she imposed upon herself at one time of protecting the hapless peoples of Morocco against the wicked tyranny of the French. In short, the tactics of Germany at present closely resemble those favoured by an impecunious company promoter. She is seeking to sell something which she does not possess for something else which does not belong to her.

THE WORLD'S RAILWAYS

Within the last fifteen years the extraordinary development of communications has to all practical intents and purposes wiped out time and space, and if only the projects at present planned for completion within the next few years are carried to a successful conclusion, the world will literally be webbed by steel rails bearing trains *de luxe* to its uttermost ends. It is no longer an achievement of any considerable note to have travelled round the globe. The great Trans-Siberian Railway has effectually linked together the Continents of Europe and Asia; and the seasoned traveller, who counts his journeys in days rather than in miles, has ceased to regard the Far East as being far, in the strict sense of the term. As a matter of fact, in point of time Pekin is to-day nearer to England than Pretoria, and Tokio is hardly more remote than Table Bay. So much has the trans-Siberian service been accelerated during the last few months that within fifteen days and twelve hours of leaving Charing-cross the tourist

arrives in Tokio. He travels the six thousand miles that separate the Extreme West from the Extreme East, spending only forty-five hours on the sea. Moreover, his journey is made amid circumstances of elegant luxury; for in no country in the world has comfort in railway travelling been brought to such a high state of perfection as in Russia. To begin with, the gauge of the line is broader than elsewhere; each compartment, therefore, is as spacious as the smaller rooms of a first-class hotel, and in the furnishing nothing that makes for comfort is omitted. Even the corridors are wide enough to permit of promenading. The restaurant-cars are decorated with rare taste, and the cooking arrangements could not be excelled. In short, the trans-Siberian train is a Carlton on wheels. Should the traveller, having arrived in Tokio within fifteen and a half days of leaving Charing-cross, wish to circle the globe in the quickest possible time, he may reach England again twenty-one days later by journeying, in one of the famous Empress liners, over the Pacific mail route from Yokohama to Vancouver, and from thence across the "Rockies" to the Atlantic coast, where the Empress boats are once more in waiting to carry him to the shores of his homeland. Altogether his voyage round the world will have occupied barely thirty-seven days, and he will have covered a distance, roughly speaking, of nearly fourteen thousand miles. Nor must it be imagined that this achievement represents the maximum that is to be reached in the immediate future. Within the next few months the time occupied over the Siberian Railway is to be reduced by a further twenty-four hours. Consequently a tour round the world will shortly occupy something under thirty-six days. In 1912 a further saving of twenty-four hours in the journey to Japan is to be effected. The traveller from London will then be able to reach Tokio, *viâ* the trans-Siberian route, in thirteen and a half days, and should he wish to complete the circuit of the world, availing himself of the Pacific mail route for the remainder of the journey, he will arrive home again well within thirty-five days. But such a remarkable feat in East to West travelling, due to the improvement of transit facilities over the Siberian Railway, does not by any means exhaust the possibilities of the immediate future.

There are in progress other important developments in communications, which, as it were, will tend to contract the world into smaller space. Four years hence at the latest many schemes already far advanced will be completed. For example, the track of the Siberian Railway will be doubled and many additional sidings constructed at important centres. Moreover, fifteen hundred miles of steel rails will be laid along the wild banks of the great Amur River, giving Russia, together with her existing communications, an all-Russian route from Moscow to Vladivostok, 5,500 miles long. When these gigantic undertakings are in operation it will be possible to run fast expresses to the East, and it is not inconceivable that the journey between London and Tokio may then be accomplished within ten days. Meanwhile the Japanese are already developing on an extensive scale their network of communications over the Asiatic Continent. The military railway through the mountain fastness of Southern Manchuria, from Mukden to Antung, the river-town on the borders of Korea, is being converted into standard gauge, and the great Yalu River will shortly be spanned by a noble bridge. Assuming that the traveller is an indifferent sailor, he will very soon be able to proceed from London to Tokio with a brief voyage of only eleven hours on the sea—an hour between Dover and Calais and ten hours crossing the Tsushima Straits, which separate Fusan, on the southern coast of Korea, from Shimonoseki, on the south-western coast of Japan. In other words, he will travel by *trains de luxe* from the European port of Calais to the Korean port of Fusan.

Then the Japanese are connecting their Manchurian railways with a line which is to run to a favourably situated and ice-free port on the north-eastern coast of Korea. In this way they hope to "cut out" Vladivostok, the entrance to which can be kept open in winter only by means of ice-breakers, and which, in competition with the new Japanese outlet to Far Eastern waters, would be placed at geographical disadvantage, being somewhat farther north, and therefore at greater distance from the markets of Japan and South China. Russia, however, is making a determined effort to gain direct access to Pekin, and consequently to the great commercial centres of North China. She is representing to China the desirability of connecting the circum-Baikal section of the Trans-Siberian Railway with the Chinese Pekin-Kalgan Railway. This project will involve the construction of one thousand miles of railway, over the great caravan highway which crosses the deserts of Eastern Mongolia. Should it be realised—and there is no reason to doubt that it will—the distance between Paris and Pekin will be reduced from 6,300 miles to 5,600 miles, and the whole journey might well be accomplished within eight days, or in less time that it takes to travel from England to the western shores of the American Continent.

Then China, by the aid of international finance, is herself developing railways on an extensive scale within the Empire. It is now possible to travel from Pekin to Hankow, a distance of 750 miles, in one and a half days, not counting stoppages, and before long the remaining 800 miles between Hankow and Kowloon, the mainland opposite Hong Kong, will be traversed by railway. The project for extending communications westward in the direction of the Burmese frontier have also advanced beyond the "paper" stage, and the day may not be far distant when it will be possible to travel by railway from India east to Pekin. Meanwhile on the Western side of India many railway schemes are projected. A powerful group of Russian magnates are seeking to promote a line from Baku, through Persia, to link up with the Indian system at Quetta. Were their hopes to be fulfilled India would be brought within the reach of a trans-Continental journey, and, should ever the Chinese system be linked up with the Burmese system, it is possible to conceive a great southern route, competitive with the Siberian Railway, which would lie *viâ* Baku, Persia, India, and the Yangtze Valley to Pekin. The Baghdad Railway is destined to link the Mediterranean and the Bosphorus with the Persian Gulf, and, when finally connected with the Russian lines projected in Northern Persia and Caucasia, will render feasible a trans-Continental system from Calais to the head of the Persian Gulf. Similarly an alternative route to the Gulf will be provided whenever Russian and British railway schemes in Persia mature. At the same time Russia is adding to her line from Orenburg to Tashkend a branch as far as Kuldja in Turkestan. Consequently one will soon be able to proceed by railway from Europe to the heart of Turkestan. In discussing these many projects it should not be forgotten that it is the ambition of the French to control a line from Indo-China northwards to connect with the Siberian Railway. The realisation of a scheme of this kind will also bring Indo-China within the network of trans-Continental railways stretching from Europe. It must be confessed that, apart from the desire of Russia and Japan in the Far East, motives which I have outlined represent the hopes of the Powers interested rather than the plans actively in progress. It is clear that by the gradual process of extending existing communications, the only links remain to be added between Europe and Asia are bound to

ways stretching in all directions, crossing the frontiers, and passing through the territories of many peoples, and bringing countries hitherto remote, like Persia, India, Burmah, China, Korea, and Japan, as near to England as were the lands of Western Europe in the days of Napoleon, when roads and tracks alone provided the means of communication for armies and for merchandise.

MOTORING

It is not always that the unprejudiced person can find himself in agreement with the views expressed by the technical journals on questions affecting the rights and privileges of private motorists, but there can hardly be two opinions as to the soundness of the position taken up by the *Motor* with regard to the unauthorised use of motor cars by chauffeurs. As our contemporary remarks, this practice, which is far too common, is simply dishonest, and one is at a loss to understand the mental attitude of judges and juries who think otherwise. The chauffeur who uses his master's car for private purposes without sanction is stealing petrol and lubricating oil, besides causing unjustifiable wear and tear of tyres, and should be treated the same as any other dishonest person. In the case referred to by the *Motor* the prosecutor was Mr. C. Belleville West, a member of both the R.A.C. and the A.A. and M.U., and although it was clearly proved that the chauffeur had used the car for his own purposes and consumed Mr. West's petrol for his own use, the Grand Jury threw out the bill. As Mr. West points out, it appears from this that any chauffeur is at liberty to use his master's car and consume his master's petrol, tyres, lubricants, and electricity for the amusement of himself and his friends—which is absurd in equity, whatever it may be in law. It is to be hoped that a few more car-owners will display the courage to prosecute in such cases, and that different results will be obtained. The matter is an important one which concerns very many motorists, and it can hardly be that a special Act of Parliament is necessary to put a stop to what is simply theft or larceny.

At the first annual general meeting of the Amalgamated Automobile Association and Motor Union, which took place at the Hotel Cecil the other day, the chairman, Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., was very optimistic as to the future of motoring generally and of the Association in particular. The wisdom of the amalgamation, he said, had been amply demonstrated by the fact that during the last twelve months over six thousand motorists who had previously not been members of either the A.A. or the M.U. had become members of the amalgamated body, the total membership of which is now over thirty-two thousand. The patrol system had been maintained in a high state of efficiency, and the legal department, which provides free defence for members in all cases brought against them under the Motor Car Act, had been very successful during the year. The touring department was very appreciated by members, no less a sum having been deposited on cars going abroad. The proposed National Council of Motoring, which was to make the satisfactory announcement, had been arranged between representatives of the Association and the promoters of the project, and it was to be expected that the project would be the promotion of motoring interests.

A puncture-repairing patch which is already semi-vulcanised, and which completes the process of self-vulcanisation to the tube while the tyre is actually running, is a novelty of distinct interest to the motorist. Such are the properties claimed for the "Marvel Security Patch," recently introduced by the London Motor Garage Company, Ltd., of Wardour-street, W., the well-known motor hiring firm, and representatives of the Charron Car for Great Britain. Neither solution nor vulcanising appliance is necessary when repairing with the "Marvel," all that is required being to clean the damaged part of the tube with waste and petrol and then apply the patch. It is stated that the greater the heat and running the more firmly the patch adheres to the tube, and that the repair is absolutely permanent. A sample-patch for trial will be sent free to any motorist on application to the company at the address mentioned above.

One of the considerations which should have a very important bearing upon the choice of a car is the facility or otherwise of the manufacturer for the prompt supply of spare parts and replacements. Even in these days of practical perfection in automobile construction the best of cars requires such on occasion, and every motorist whose experience is at all a lengthy one knows how largely the pleasures of the pastime have been discounted in the past by the delays and difficulties attending the getting of spare parts when required. This drawback to the joys of motoring was more accentuated in the days when the prospective buyer had to take his choice of a Continental car or nothing; but even now, when the British maker has taken his proper place in the motor industry of the world, the possibilities of trouble are not by any means eliminated. It still behoves the motorist, when selecting a car, to satisfy himself that the makers are in a position to supply replacements with promptitude, whether the car be a British or a foreign production. The foregoing remarks are prompted by a perusal of a report, recently issued by Mr. S. F. Edge, concerning the spare part section of the Napier business—admittedly one of the very best organised motor concerns in the world. The figures given in the report are decidedly interesting. It appears that there are no fewer than 18,371 separate bins for carrying the different spare parts, and that replacements for Napiers made as far back as 1900 are always available. In one week orders were received by Messrs. Edge for 391 different parts. The daily average of telegrams for spares was nineteen, and every article was available for dispatch within twenty-four hours, although some of the replacements were required for cars made ten years ago.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE foreign scare seems to be dying down. It is now quite decided not to call out the Boy Scouts or to mobilise the Thames steamboats or do anything else equally ridiculous. The German Emperor has come home from his holiday, and this is stated to be a sign of peace. To the ordinary outsider who does not understand the scare headlines or grasp the mind of the modern journalist it appears supremely ridiculous that the newspapers should have declared England to be on the verge of war with Germany whilst the German Emperor was at Swinemunde. I plead for sanity in finance and foreign politics. Both England and Germany are trading nations. They have nothing to gain by war and everything

to gain by peace. The two nations together do a business amounting to 117 millions a year. Their total trade with Morocco is only $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions a year, of which Germany does but a fifth. Is it likely, therefore, that we shall fight over such a paltry matter? I wish to repeat with the strongest emphasis possible that the great finance houses laugh at the scare headlines and the hysteria of the ha'penny Press. The Morocco question is over. That is the plain truth. But what is not over, and what has made our markets weak, is liquidation. We must not forget that during the past six months companies have been coming out weekly with very large capitals, that these companies have been underwritten, and that the public has in almost every instance left the underwriters saddled with the burden. Underwriters as a rule hope to get out and make a profit. They expect that in any event they will not have to take more than half their underwriting. But in most cases they have had to take the lot. This has seriously crippled their finances, and as a result they have had to sell good things in order to pay for the bad ones. A great deal of the forced selling of the past month has been due to this. Again, we must not forget that four millions of money was found for the Birkbeck depositors. During the past month the securities that had been pledged to find this money have been in process of absorption. This, again, has made the markets weak, and in London there has been considerable speculation in Home Rails, which speculation made their market very tender. In Paris there was a great deal of gambling, and here, also, there has been steady liquidation. It is to these causes much more than to the fear of a Continental war that we may trace the weakness in prices.

The proprietors of the Birkbeck Bank, otherwise the B shareholders, are likely to get themselves considerably disliked if they persist in their opposition to the scheme of the Official Receiver. It will be remembered that this scheme left the liability of these B shareholders an open question. They met and passed a resolution which released them from all liability in consideration of their agreeing to the scheme. Mr. Justice Neville very properly declined to agree to this unless the depositors, creditors, and A shareholders consented. We confess that we are entirely at a loss to understand why the B shareholders should have done this. Whatever profits may have been made in the past have certainly gone to these B shareholders. The whole management of the Bank was in their hands, and it is only fair that as they took the profits so they should bear the losses, especially as those losses were incurred under their management. Nothing can now be done until after the Long Vacation.

An oil company, the Tampico-Panuco by name, asked us to find money to drill wells in the oil-fields of Mexico. But many people have been drilling for oil in Mexico, and very few have made it pay. That there is oil was proved by the Dos Bocas spouter, which burnt for so many months, and also by the oil-well on the Mexican Eagle property. But oil is a very tricky thing to touch, and Mexican oil perhaps more dangerous than any other, for even the Pearson group have been unable to make it pay in face of the competition in the Standard Oil. The Langen Java offered us second debentures, an extremely unappetising dish. I cannot imagine anything less attractive than a second debenture on a rubber plantation. A Canadian railway also asked for money and, it is said, obtained it. But of this I should require very considerable proof before I believed it, and I hope for the sake of the City that the issue met with a cool reception, for the prospectus was a very unbusinesslike document, and hardly deserved the attention of the financial world.

CONSOLS.—The Consol Market has firmed up, and there are now more bears than bulls. As soon as the Banks have liquidated some of their holdings I expect to see a rise here. But there is still a certain amount of stock to be sold, and the price fluctuates. No one wants to put Consols on their books, but I must confess that it seems bad business for any company to get rid of its Consols at the present low price, for if we get cheap money for any lengthy period the price ought to stiffen considerably.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign Market has been idle, and this is one proof that there is no scare amongst the big houses who control this market. If there had been any danger of a European war the foreign market would have been the first to feel it, whereas the only weakness that has occurred has been in such things as Tintos and Peruvian preference, in which there was a bull account.

HOME RAILS.—It is clear that the banks have made up their minds not to encourage any speculation for the rise in Home Railways. The dividends that have been announced during the past week have been admirable. That of the Midland Railway was especially good, for the deferred got no less than $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., with a carry forward of £41,879 and an increase of £30,000 in the special reserves and renewals account. The yield on Midland deferred is well over 5 per cent. I have continually advised a purchase of North Easterns, but I did not expect that this railway company would have made £125,000 profit out of a published increase of £200,000 gross. An additional $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was declared. £50,000 was put to reserve and £106,000 carried forward. North Eastern ordinary stock is one of the soundest investments in the railway market, and yields to-day nearly 5 per cent. The Great Northern also showed up well, but there is a bull account open in this stock, and I am doubtful about advising a purchase, especially as I look upon Great Northern deferred as more or less of a gamble. The South Western did not increase its dividend, but the figures in the accounts are fairly good. Nevertheless I see no reason why any one should buy South Western deferred, for the company has a great deal of money yet to spend. The District Railway did better than any other line, for it paid in full on its first preference stock, and this after placing £10,000 to the renewals account and increasing its carry forward £5,700. I do not believe that the present depression in the Home Railway market will continue. I think that the liquidation will end shortly, and that we shall see another rise which will carry stocks to a still higher level. Therefore I have no hesitation in advising a purchase of the best lines.

YANKIES.—Yankee Rails have been the best market in the Stock Exchange throughout the week. As a gambling counter these stocks are unsurpassed. But they can only be gambled in by people who can afford to lose money, for the risk is very definite. Little Southernns appear to me as good a speculation as any one can wish for. By the *Statist* supplement devoted to American Rails we see that the net receipts of this line have risen six million dollars in three years, and that last year they earned enough to pay in full on the preference stock and 3 per cent. on the common stock. That they will do this is most unlikely, for the line is financed with great caution. Nevertheless, the huge cotton crop of 14 million bales will give Little Southernns a magnificent return. I strongly advise everybody to buy this week's *Statist* and read the figures. The British public does not realise the enormous business done by these American railways. Cautious people who do not like gambling cannot do better than buy convertible bonds, which give them the option to convert into common stock and an interest on their money whilst they are making up their minds.

CANADIAN PACIFICS AND GRAND TRUNKS.—Canadian Pacifics still keep good, and it is now definitely certain that a further issue of stock will be made that will give holders a considerable bonus. Grand Trunks are being talked up on the bumper crop. Canada declares that her crop is a record one. This will tremendously increase the earnings of this line. It is now well managed, and the common stock is an excellent lock-up. When the Grand Trunk Pacific is opened this line will begin to earn money immediately. Trunks are a good speculation.

RUBBER.—The bulls of Rubber must be possessed of great courage to withstand the depressing reports that appear each week of their Trust companies. These Trust companies, which were formed at the top of the boom, spent money with both hands, and now all their foolish finance is producing the result that every one expected. The Colonial Rubber Trust appears to have been doing some extraordinary

finance, and Mr. Lintner, who protested against it, was compelled to resign. We are afraid that if the books of the other trusts were examined they would also have been found to have done equally foolish things. This is not the time to buy Rubber shares, and cautious people are getting out. But the market is so meagre that getting out is easier talked about than done.

OIL.—There is some talk of the oil war ending, and it is said that Shells are to be put up in consequence. The liquidation at Amsterdam is at an end, and at present prices Shells are not expensive. A deal is on in the shares of the Tcharken-Cheleken, which Mr. Albert Reitlinger is interested in to the extent of half the profits that the United Investment Corporation make. This United Investment appears to be taking £343,400 as their share of the profit. The public should therefore be rather careful how they gamble in Tcharken-Cheleken.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—These markets are completely deserted. No business is done, but the big houses occasionally come in and support their specialities. It is said that an attempt will be made to squeeze the bears during August, but I am rather doubtful whether anybody will have any energy left, or indeed any money either. I cannot advise a purchase of any mining shares at the moment.

EGYPT.—There is a great deal of scare talk going on about the failure of the Egyptian cotton crop. But it is too early yet to definitely say what this crop will be. The worm has attacked some of the cotton in Upper Egypt, but the damage is greatly exaggerated, and good judges consider that the crop will be very little less than last year. The worm is being used by the Nationalists as a political move, and the Government officials that have been sent to superintend the destruction of the pernicious creature have been badly treated by the natives. Lord Kitchener was sorely needed. The big financiers interested in Egypt have been buying Agricultural Banks all the week.

MISCELLANEOUS.—It seems to me that the best thing to buy to-day as an investment would be Anglo A's, for the meeting was very reassuring. Marconis have also jumped up. This company is undoubtedly doing well. Pekins should also recover now that the liquidation of Wildy's account is over.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE

THIS company, which originally ran a Bond Investment branch, has now taken up a business upon purely life assurance lines, both ordinary and industrial, and to do this it increased its share capital to £94,742. The last balance-sheet showed life assurance funds £95,570 for the ordinary branch, and £17,484 for the industrial branch; whilst the company was debited with £321,933 for the Bond Investment and Endowment Certificate Fund. On the other side, its mortgages and loans amounted to £575,970. It also had £21,615 invested mostly in Consols. Its total assets are set down at £660,982, and its total income for the year ending December 31st last was £189,481. The face value of its new business for last year exceeded one million pounds. The directors consider that the Ideal policy has been a great success, and during last year 3,472 proposals were received, producing a new premium income of £10,086. The industrial branch is considered to be firmly established, and its premium income last year was £29,317. The directors have strengthened the reserves by the creation of a general reserve fund of £10,000. The main features of the Ideal policy are that no medical examination is necessary unless the sum assured exceeds £300 or the age at entry is over forty-five. The policy is non-forfeitable after the third annual payment. All surrender, loan and paid-up policy values are endorsed on every policy. Policies may be transferred. All the policies share in profits. The City Life also issues an Ideal Pure Endowment policy which provides for the return of all premiums paid together with a liberal rate of interest at the end of a certain definite fixed period. No medical examination is

required, and in the event of death before the endowment matures the whole of the premiums paid, together with interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, will be returned. Surrender values vest when the endowment has been in force not less than two years, after which the policy is absolutely non-forfeitable. The company also issues a policy called the Dot policy for the purpose of providing girls with a dot. For instance, a Dot policy taken out at the age of five upon which £3 yearly is paid will provide £60 in cash at the age of twenty-one, or may be exchanged for a whole life policy assuring the sum of £300 and a share in profits. City Life has many ingenious plans of life assurance, and we cannot do better than advise intending assurers to write to the offices of the company for such proposal forms and literature as explain their numerous systems of saving money.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE HEAT-WAVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While the daily newspapers are full of reports of deaths caused by the excessive heat, I thought to myself that the death of a sparrow (doubtless seeking cool) by drowning in the tank outside my window, ought not to go unmentioned. I could not hope to find pity and place in the columns of a daily, so I seek them in a weekly that is a friend of birds and bards.

Here, then, are the commemorating lines I wrote to-night for the bird I was too late to save alive:—

Unhappy, water-weary wight of song,
Thou hast combated the dreary flood too long;
Thy winged companions fled
(Even as from Christ who bled),
And all thy fluttering and thy agonies
Availed not to win back
Thy heaven-wandering track,
Nor to redeem thy wind-throbbled melodies.
Even so we men have flown all unawares
Into this viscous pool of black despair;
Even thus our pinions sank,
Even thus our weak mouths drank
Long, drowning gulps of the huge lake of blight.
But never comes too late
The saving hand of fate,
That strong and tender lifts us into light.

Unpublished, the sparrow's fame will suffer. Mine will not, for I have none.—Yours sincerely,

RONALD M. RICE.

12, London Road, High Wycombe, July 29, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Kent Coast.* (County Coast Series.) By Arthur D. Lewis. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.
Sicily in Shadow and in Sun. By Maud Howe. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co.
A Resident's Wife in Nigeria. By Constance Larymore. (Second Edition, Revised.) Routledge and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.
In Highland Harbours with Para Handy. By Hugh Foulis. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.
The Seasons, Fasts, and Festivals of the Christian Year. By Vernon Staley. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.
La Nouvelle Europe. By Marcel Barrière. Alphonse Lemerre. Paris. 3f. 50c.
Highways and Hedges. Painted by Berenger Benger. Described by Herbert A. Morrah. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.
A Poor Man's House. By Stephen Reynolds. Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.
Letters from Hell. Given in English by Julie Sutter, with a Preface by George Macdonald, LL.D. Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.

- The Intellectual Life.* By P. G. Hamerton. Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.
- South Sea Bubbles.* By the Earl and the Doctor. Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.
- The Little Dream: An Allegory in Six Scenes.* By John Galsworthy. Duckworth and Co. 1s. net.
- The Letters of R. L. Stevenson.* Four Vols. Methuen and Co. 5s. net each.
- A Simple Plan for a New House of Lords.* By A. M. S. Methuen. Methuen and Co. 3d. net.
- Surnames of the United Kingdom. A Concise Etymological Dictionary.* By Herbert Harrison. Vol. I., Part 15. The Eaton Press. 1s. net.
- Editorial Comments on the Life and Work of Mary Baker Eddy.* Christian Science Publishing Society, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.
- Racial Decay: A Compilation of Evidence from World Sources.* By Octavius Charles Beale, a Royal Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Australia, 1907. A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.
- Working Women and Divorce. An Account of Evidence given on Behalf of the Women's Co-operative Guild before the Royal Commission on Divorce.* David Nutt. 6d.
- Love Letters of a Japanese.* Edited by G. N. Mortlake. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.
- Paul's Penny Pudding Book for July.* Stanley Paul and Co.
- The Finnish Question in 1911. A Survey of the Present Position of the Finnish Constitutional Struggle.* By a Member of the Finnish Diet. Harrison and Sons. 1s.
- Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West."* By E. Markham Lee. De la More Press. 1s. net.
- Voice, and its Natural Development.* By Herbert Jennings. Illustrated. George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- Lynton, Lynmouth, and the "Lorna Doone" Country.* (Home-land Handbooks 37.) With Ordnance Map, Coloured Frontispiece, and other Illustrations. F. Warne and Co. 6d. net.
- Mariamne.* By T. Sturge Moore. Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.
- Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son.* By G. H. Lorimer. Methuen and Co. 1s. net.
- Papers on Inter-Racial Problems Communicated to the First Universal Races Congress held at the University of London July 26th-29th, 1911.* Edited for the Congress Executive by G. Spiller. P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.
- Strange Siberia along the Trans-Siberian Railway. A Journey from the Great Wall of China to the Sky-Scrapers of Manhattan.* By Marcus Lorenzo Taft. Illustrated. Eaton and Mains, New York. \$1 net.
- A Traveller's Study of Health and Empire.* By Francis Fremantle. Illustrated. John Ouseley. 7s. 6d. net.
- Amongst the Prescelly Circles.* By the Rev. W. Done Bushell, F.S.A. (Ynyswr Pyr). The Bedford Press.
- The Hunted Otter.* By Joseph Collinson. Animals' Friend Society. 2d., post-free.
- The Millennium.* An Address by Charles Stuart Welles, M.D., with *The Constitution of the United States of the World.* Published by the Author at 9, Rowland Gardens, London, S.W. 6d.
- The Political Confession of a Practical Idealist.* Smith, Elder and Co. 3d. net.
- Talk of the Town.* By Mrs. John Lane. John Lane. 6s.
- Learning, and Other Essays.* By John Jay Chapman. Arthur F. Bird. 5s. net.
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HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

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THEOLOGY

- Fragmente einer griechischen Übersetzung des samaritanischen Pentateuchs.* By Paul Glaue and Alfred Rahlfs. Illustrated. Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. 1 mark 50 pf.
- Das Verständnis der Oden Salomos.* By Wilhelm Frankenberg. Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. 5 marks.

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- The House of Many Voices.* By Bernard Capes. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
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- The Dream of Alfred: an Epic of the Navy.* By Wallace Bertram Nichols. David Nutt. 2s. net.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 195	Reviews (continued)—
A Dream of Beauty 196	Shorter Reviews 207
The Fruits of Coddle 196	Fiction 208
The National Insurance	Poets and Critics..... 209
Bill—I. 197	Music 210
A New Columbus and a	Some New French Books 211
New World—II. 198	The Young Turk as Legis-
Reviews :—	lator 213
The "Clouds" of Aris-	On Reading in Bed..... 214
tophanes 200	Where America Rules..... 214
Japanese Love-letters ... 201	A Triptych of Genoa 216
Montaigne 202	The Magazines..... 217
With Sword and Pen ... 203	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 218
An Amusing Egoist ... 204	Motoring 219
The Smallest Welsh	Pierrot 220
County 205	In the Temple of Mammon 221
Royal Irish Regiment... 205	Correspondence 222
An Imperial Voluptuary 206	Books Received 223

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE centenary of Tennyson's birth has been commemorated at Somersby, Lincolnshire, by restoring the tower of the church and placing within the edifice a bronze bust of the poet. On Monday a gathering was held in a field opposite the birthplace, and Professor T. Herbert Warren, of Magdalen College, Oxford (whose delightful inaugural lecture was noticed in THE ACADEMY for June 17th), delivered an address on "Tennyson, the Poet, in the Poet's Land." He emphasised, among other points, the necessity for understanding the Victorian Age, which Tennyson so exactly represented, if we would thoroughly comprehend the poet himself and his work, and noted how inseparable from that work were the Lincolnshire lowlands. Canon Rawnsley, whose mind runs naturally and periodically into the sonnet's "scanty plot of ground," spoke on memories of Tennyson, and the whole celebration was fitting and dignified, worthy of the Laureate's fame. We have small patience with anecdote-hunters who recollect that "as a boy" various famous men were fond of apples or sweets, or had a predilection for climbing trees; most boys like apples, and not many healthy youngsters can resist the appeal of a conveniently low-branched tree. The "hero as baby" is liable to become a bore, and Tennyson has suffered in this respect more than once. His fame, however, is securely

set upon true foundations, and, in spite of the undeniable "prettiness" of some of his poems, he expressed with fine technique and often flawless melody the spirit of a definite period in the development of modern thought.

For an illustration of how very far wrong a superficial observer can go we have rarely seen anything to equal the statements of Miss Tanguay, a leading American actress, who has been among us taking notes. London is the "dingiest, dirtiest, most poverty-stricken place" she ever saw, and, as she failed to obtain any iced drinks, and complains that in spite of her generous offer of untold gold her liquid refreshment was invariably of the temperature of hot water, the only possible conclusion is that she patronised the restaurants of Whitechapel or the New Cut. London policemen "wear great long chin-whiskers that hang down on either side"—so the innocent interviewer was informed. They do affect such hirsute decorations, it is true, on the music-hall stage. "All Englishmen are stupid and don't know how to talk. They just look at you," wails the lady who is so desirous of intellectual conversation, "and say 'Ah, ye-as,' and 'Ah, no,' and 'Fawncy.'" She must have bored them pretty badly. As for the English women, they are "frights—positive frights; they wear the shabbiest, frumpiest clothes, particularly in the street." Whitechapel again, clearly. Bond Street and Regent Street—Miss Tanguay may not have heard of them—can show the visitor some of the smartest and best-dressed men and women in the world on any summer day. It is a pity no kind friend could have guided the brilliant one from overseas away from the East-end into the fragrant West. And as for her naïve assertion that "you can travel all over London for a shilling in a taxi-cab, which is nice"—well, it would be nice if it could be done.

Paris, being "more like New York," is not quite so bad, although even there the lady of eclectic tastes, confessedly on the alert for novelties, did not see an object worth getting, and groans in spirit because the "parks" are "such messy things." Here, again, she seems to have visited the wrong quarter of the city, for she told her scribe that "the Frenchmen have a silly way of walking along the streets with their arms around the women's waists," which in her opinion is "conspicuous and ill-bred." We are fairly familiar with Paris, but do not recollect the affectionate attitude alluded to as a national characteristic; the unsophisticated lady, however, seems not to realise that at the date of her visit—mid-July—Paris permits itself a little extra hilarity. The whole series of comments proves that ten days in Europe is hardly long enough a stay to gather material for a really accurate or comprehensive appreciation of national habits and character. Perhaps at some future time Miss Tanguay will give London a whole fortnight's study, in which case she may discover that iced refreshments figure on the menu of any good restaurant during the summer months, and that most of her other statements need considerable revision.

Major North, who has contributed to the columns of THE ACADEMY, was presented on August 2nd with a silver cigar-box at the Royal Colonial Institute in acknowledgment of his services to certain of our visitors from over the seas during the recent festivities. We reproduce the inscription, and congratulate the recipient:—"Presented to Major Piers William North by the Representatives of the General Community of the Colonies possessing Responsible Government and the Crown Colonies, as a token of their esteem and in recognition of his courteous attention to them during their visit to the United Kingdom on the occasion of the King's Coronation, July, 1911."

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

I dreamed that every beauteous sound and hue
 And form that Nature hath—the ocean's roar,
 Its emerald, and the foam along its shore,
 The winds, the grass and flowers, the sparkling dew,
 The heavens' azure, dawn and sunset-shine,
 Twilight, the beams of moon and stars, and flame
 Of Autumn-coloured leaves—before me came,
 And meeting, merged unto a form divine.

Incarnate Beauty 'twas, whose spirit thrills
 Through sapphire seas, and verdant plains and hills,
 And in the cloud-lost snowy peaks is pent.
 Enrobed in splendid light she hovered o'er,
 But as I gazed, in doubt and wonderment,
 Mine eyes were dazzled, and I saw no more.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH.

Anburn, California.

THE FRUITS OF CODDLE

TWENTY miles of London's river-frontage, usually the scene of liveliest labour, lie idle and almost deserted. The thousands of men who are generally engaged in earning their living by unloading and transporting merchandise are now busily occupied in striking and in persuading others to strike, and, incidentally, in providing a remarkably vivid object-lesson to all with any pretensions to intelligent judgment of the danger inseparable from ill-considered action.

Some time ago a comparatively small number of men made demands on the Port of London Authorities, which were immediately conceded; the way was thus opened, the ground prepared, for the inflammatory words of that exclusively modern product—the "agitator." Insidiously, at street-corners, in the public parks, in all places where workers congregate at the dinner-hour, he has (for a consideration) emitted turgid streams of Socialist oratory and ultra-Radical rant, until the man earning a comfortable wage, hitherto content, becomes uneasy. Then, upon some fancied grievance, or even upon some real grievance which might easily have been arranged by a little common-sense, the man—poor fellow!—is "ordered" to strike, and dare not refuse. Perhaps he gains his point; but in a few weeks or months, at the bidding of others, he is compulsorily idle again. Thus the process goes on until a climax of fatuity such as the present state of affairs is reached.

Surely never before, even in these days when so much defiance is bawled in the face of authority, have such deplorable words been used in public places as those which Mr. Ben Tillett spoke in Trafalgar Square on Saturday last? "We have prepared a campaign for next week"—thus the voice of Tillett—"which I hope will bring every man-jack out of the docks, so as to show the employers that we mean business. If we cannot win, I will move heaven and earth to get all ports of the United Kingdom blocked, and, if possible, to declare an international transport strike." Again, speaking on Monday, this mischievous adviser gave it as his opinion that in the circumstances "no man ought to work, and the Port of London should be brought to a dead stop till the dispute ended." He counsels the men "to insist that they should

not be called on to work ten minutes, five minutes, or even five seconds after or before their proper time," and, "with regard to the 'recommended' man, whose character was made by the parson—well, parsons, so far as making characters were (*sic*) concerned, were the biggest liars in the world." And after this gibberish came a piece of colossal impudence; referring to the efforts of the Army Service Corps, which stepped in and did some necessary work—"If they do that," said Tillett, "we shall have to consider the whole supply of food throughout the country." In other words, England is to be at the mercy of a creature—we hardly venture to say a man—of this stamp. Such utterances, we say emphatically, should be made an offence against the law—as, in spirit, they are.

What success has attended his efforts? As we write, in mid-week, the capital of the Empire is harassed by what can without exaggeration be termed an industrial war. Many thousands of dockers are idle; ten thousand carmen have joined the strike, and, if ordered by their Union, from twenty to thirty thousand more will come out shortly. Valuable loads of perishable goods have been wantonly upset and wasted in the streets; the railway companies serving the miles of wharves are unable to fulfil their contracts; London itself, if the chaos remains unruléd, is threatened with famine-prices and shortage of life's necessities. In addition to this, England is fairly ringed with labour troubles. Liverpool, Manchester, Grangemouth, Hull, are in confusion, and the revolt of the transport workers in the north is becoming serious—so serious, in fact, that there is talk of its spreading to London.

Whether it does so or not—whether in the course of the next few days a peaceful settlement is arrived at or not, is not the main point. The outstanding feature to note is that all through the country the old pleasant and mutually profitable relationship between employers and employed is practically at an end. Scarcely any firm is so self-contained, or so independent of outside help in the conduct of its business, as to stand alone, however happy its internal arrangements may be. This is the day of "allied" trades and "associated" workers; also, alas! of "conciliatory boards," whose well-meant efforts too frequently prove futile. And in the face of this fact—the death of harmony between capital and labour—in the face of this incessant turmoil, so detrimental to the interests of the community at large, those in political authority have pandered to that irresponsible portion of the population which needs guidance rather than power, ruling rather than liberty. Tony pandy saw the beginning of the mischief—the lack of a firm hand then was obvious; and in various instances since then Mr. Winston Churchill has interfered with the usual course of law and justice, creating dangerous precedents and encouraging rebels to hope for undue lenience or even the cancellation of their penalty.

Curiously enough, men in revolt against the conditions of their employment are generally selfish egotists with an eye to the main chance, and invariably call themselves Socialists. In theory, a Socialist aims at the good of his fellows; in practice, he is generally after a little more luxury for himself. The striker does not see that in the end his agitations must recoil on his own head—since such things cannot go on indefinitely, and his last state is bound to be worse than his first. The only hope lies in the fact that if this present lamentable struggle is carried on to extremes, it will prove in its results to be a salutary lesson, both to those who legislate in an absurd and grandmotherly fashion, and to those who bind themselves by agreements in such ridiculous wise that if five men are given notice for a fault, five thousand must immediately support them by violent and audacious protest.

W. L. R.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

SOME CRITICISMS FROM A TRADE UNION POINT OF VIEW.—I.

THE very extent and complexity of the Bill providing for insurance against ill-health, disablement, and unemployment has made effective criticism difficult, especially on the part of workmen continuously following their occupations; these have little time for the consideration of abstruse problems presented in the terminology affected by draftsmen of Parliamentary measures. Throughout the country, however, these workmen were more or less prepared for the main provisions of the Bill, though the promise of these, in some respects, went beyond their anticipations. Many of them had already considered the possibility of the State supplementing their own efforts, for it was becoming impossible for them to ignore the effect of industrial and economic changes upon the stability of the financial provision which they had endeavoured to make. The gradual lengthening of the average of life and the steadily increasing probabilities of periodical unemployment had endangered the solvency of many existing funds for dealing with sickness and unemployment, and had made it very difficult to start new funds. Many discussions had prepared the way for the acceptance of a scheme of State-help and had reconciled them to a modified supervision of those funds the State would help to strengthen, always providing that any measure having this object in view was so drafted as to avoid inflicting injury upon institutions which had attempted the provision of these benefits before the State showed signs of recognising its responsibilities.

There are some provisions of the present Bill which provoke differences of opinion amongst Trade Unionists without exactly creating general antagonism. A minority is in favour of a non-contributory scheme, but a non-contributory scheme for able-bodied workers was opposed as being contrary to the teaching and practice of the older Unions, whose leaders have encouraged their members to believe that whatever was worth having was worth paying for; who have insisted upon contributions in connection with the ordinary activities of the Union, and that such contributions should be sufficient to provide not only immediate benefits, but also respectable reserves. A contributory scheme was considered necessary not only to obviate the charge of inconsistency but to justify the demand for adequate representation upon administrative and advisory bodies; it was mainly because the Unions expected such representation that they voted in favour of a contributory scheme. Those who take this view argue at the same time that where wages are insufficient to justify the exaction of a compulsory contribution it is the business and the duty of the Unions themselves to use all their resources to secure higher rates of pay.

Considerable difference exists amongst Unionists as to the effect of Clause 18, Section 3, which provides that an approved society shall consist of not less than 10,000 members. On the one hand, it is contended that such a number is necessary, not only to equalise insurable risks, and spread them over a sufficient area, but to minimise administrative expenses, and to justify a demand for the application of the clause to employers' clubs, which are nowhere democratically managed. It is argued, too, that the opportunities offered to the small societies to federate for the purposes of the Bill will accentuate the present-day tendency towards amalgamation and consolidation of Trade Union forces. On the other hand, many of the smaller Unions claim the right to continue the attempt to work out their own salvation in their own way, and to enjoy under the Bill a right of distribution equal to that of the larger Unions.

¶ Much, of course, depends upon the point of view. The members of big Unions and the men with big ideas concerning the future of the Trade Union movement are in favour of the clause, while the man whose Union caters for occupations employing limited numbers, or whose horizon is bounded by the desire to retain his Union's individuality, is in favour of abolishing numerical restrictions altogether.

While there are some provisions of the Bill about which Trade Unionists only differ, there are others which they generally agree to condemn as being either unfair to the individual or dangerous to the Union. Amongst the unfair provisions is the one in Clause 9, Section 2, which limits the rate of sickness benefits to two-thirds of the usual wages. This limitation is an extraordinary departure from the practice of all organisations paying friendly benefits. Neither precedence nor policy justifies the proposal, nor could any voluntary society continue to exist which declared that, while the well-to-do and the poor should pay the same actual contribution, the poor must receive an inferior benefit. Surely the need of the 12s. per week man, who pays nearly 3 per cent. of his wages as premium, is at least as great in sickness as is the need of the 36s. per week man, whose premiums are less than 1 per cent. of his wages. As a matter of fact the need of the poor man is greater, for he has smaller opportunities of making independent provision. No one has attempted to argue that this limitation is a just one; the most that has been adduced in its favour is that it may reduce malingering and increase the actuarial soundness of the Friendly Societies, the latter of course at the expense of the ill-paid. Those who assert that this limitation may reduce malingering assume that the worst-paid members of the community are the greatest malingerers—an assumption entirely unsupported by experience. It was clearly evident from the tone of the debate in Committee of the House that it was the Friendly Societies who were behind the Government's insistence upon this clause, and not the Trade Unions.

Attempts have been made to secure some modification of the clauses dealing with arrears, but the Government has hitherto declined to relieve the workman of the liability to pay the employer's share of arrears accruing during periods of unemployment. There is some justification for demanding the payment by the workman of his own share of arrears, but to ask him to pay the employer's share also is placing a very serious burden upon his shoulders. During periods of unemployment other arrears also accumulate—rent must be paid and food must be bought; clothes, boots, and household requisites wear out, and one of the most miserable periods in a workman's life is that period immediately following upon a long spell of unemployment; every creditor expects to take first share of wages, which are seldom much above subsistence rate. Some attempt should be made to deal with this question, either by ignoring the employer's share of arrears altogether, or by the State undertaking the responsibility for them; otherwise a very large proportion of the population will be intermittently contributing to the fund without having the slightest chance of receiving benefit.

The right of commutation which is conceded to the employers in Clause 70 is opposed by Trade Unionists, who fear that it may lead to unnecessary short time, and who claim, in the event of commutation being permitted, that the workman shall have equal rights with the employer to commute on the same terms and at the same ratio.

Clause 63,* Section 1, is at present very ambiguous, and unless the term "directly affected" is properly defined many misunderstandings will arise and much irritation

* A workman who loses employment by reason of a trade dispute involving a strike or lock-out by which he is directly affected shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit so long as the strike or lock-out continues.

follow. During the dispute in the cotton trade the lock-out notices caused the stoppage of carters employed by various firms, but the General Federation of Trades Unions held that these men, though involved in the effects of the dispute, were only unemployed and not directly affected; that is, they had no claim concerning wages, hours, or conditions, to prefer or defend, nor would they be consulted when the actual combatants entered into negotiations for settlement; consequently they would not be entitled to lock-out benefit. During the recent lock-out of boilermakers fifteen thousand who were in the yards when notices were posted were held to be directly affected and entitled to lock-out pay, while seven thousand members of the same society who were prevented by the dispute from obtaining or even applying for situations were held to be not directly affected, as were 9,600 members of other Unions whose industrial relationships compelled them to cease work at the same time, or shortly after, the notices of the boilermakers became operative. These were all held to be unemployed and entitled only to unemployed benefit.

During the second reading stage of the Bill the President of the Board of Trade made a statement which has been held to be an admission of the right of workmen in such circumstances to unemployed benefit under the scheme. The Trade Unions desire not only that this clause shall be made quite clear, but that it shall be extended so as to ensure benefit for workmen who, having no quarrel themselves, are involved in what may be termed disciplinary lockouts; that is, lockouts undertaken by employers' federations in one district for the purpose of coercing locked-out workers or strikers in another part of the country. Workmen have no control over such lockouts, which often involve unnecessary dislocations of industry and inflict gratuitous hardship; they are often undertaken in an arbitrary spirit, and it does not appear unreasonable to ask that involuntary participants in such lockouts should be entitled to unemployed benefits under the national scheme.

Clause 11,* which deals with sums obtained under the

*11.—(1) Where an insured person has received or recovered or is entitled to receive or recover, whether from his employer or any other person, any compensation of damages under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, or any scheme certified thereunder, or under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, or at common law, in respect of any injury or disease, the following provisions shall apply:—

(a) No sickness benefit or disablement benefit shall be paid to such person in any case where any weekly sum or the weekly value of any lump sum paid or payable in respect of any such compensation or damages is equal to or greater than the benefit otherwise payable to such person, and where any such weekly sum or the weekly value of any such lump sum is less than the benefit in question, such part only of the benefit shall be paid as, together with the weekly sum or the weekly value of the lump sum, will be equal to the benefit:

(b) The weekly value of any such lump sum as aforesaid may be determined by the society or committee by which the sickness and disablement benefits payable to such person are administered:

(c) No person entitled to any such compensation as aforesaid from his employer shall, except with the consent of the society or committee by which the sickness and disablement benefits payable to such person are administered, enter into any agreement to accept any lump sum in respect thereof, and any agreement entered into without such consent shall be null and void:

(d) Nothing in this section shall affect the right of an employer to redeem a weekly payment by payment of a lump sum in any case where he is entitled to do so under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906, but where he exercises such right he shall, within three days thereafter, send to the Insurance Commissioners, or to the society or committee concerned, notice in writing of such redemption, giving particulars as to the amount of the lump sum and of the application thereof.

Workmen's Compensation Act and the Employers' Liability Act so adversely affects trade unions that they have scarcely regarded the clause seriously; they never dreamed it could pass the House of Commons without drastic amendment. Had they imagined that it could go through the Committee stage without the deletion of its most objectionable features a very different attitude would have characterised the National Conference on the Bill which was held in June. The clause as it stands injures the Unions in two ways: it takes out of their hands what has become a most important part of their work, and it leaves their members in an infinitely worse position than they were without the Government's interference. The Workmen's Compensation Act gave the Trade Union officials certain rights in connection with the conduct of compensation cases; they were empowered to act, in the interests of their members, without the intervention of a solicitor. Many of them took advantage of the opportunities offered, and their successes were often followed by accessions of membership. Clause 11 will sweep all this work out of their hands, and in two or three years effectively kill the Workmen's Compensation Act. What will be the use of fighting these cases if the financial results go to some other organisation? What will be the use of fighting such cases if a victory means no material improvement of the injured workman's financial situation?

A NEW COLUMBUS AND A NEW WORLD—II.

By FRANK HARRIS

I HAVE never heard or read of any fights so desperate, so diabolically clever and cruel, as those Fabre describes between insects. Dozens of different species paralyse their victims by stinging them in the nerve-centres and then store them in their nests as living food for their larvæ. Not one bungles the operation or stings at random; knowledge directs the weapon—one might almost say scientific knowledge. As Fabre says, chance has no rule.

But, after all, many of these combats are like a fight between a pirate and a merchant-ship—the difference in size is more than made up by the difference in armament. The pirate is sure to win. But Fabre tells also of death-struggles where every conceivable advantage is with the big fellow, and yet the daring little assailant brings off the victory. For example, every one knows the terrible spider of the South—the spider with the black belly, the Tarantula—whose poisonous bite kills a mole or a small bird, and often makes even a man seriously ill. Well, there is a waspish creature called the Calicurgue Annelé, or Pompile, not half the size of the Tarantula, and with a sting not a tithe as venomous, who does not hesitate to attack the great spider. On dissecting the Tarantula, Fabre found that the thorax was the place in which a sting would paralyse its motor-nerves. He then brought the two enemies face to face. The disproportion in size, strength, and armour seemed enormous; yet the Pompile was not frightened. He walked round the spider and halted, as if to seize it by a limb. At once the great Tarantula rose on its hind legs and opened its mouth: Fabre saw the poison glistening on its poignards. The Pompile walked away, but was not frightened. It was the Tarantula that showed fear and hate; he hurried after the Pompile and seized him; put poison-fangs on him, but did not bite; why not? Fabre could not imagine. But the

fact remains. One day, however, the Pompile assaulted the Tarantula face to face and stung him—in the thorax? No, he knew a trick worth two of that, a trick which the human anatomist had overlooked.

If he paralysed the motor nerves the Tarantula might still bite him. With the utmost precision and care the Pompile stabbed the great spider in the mouth, thus rendering him incapable of using his fangs, and then, after examining his head to make sure it was powerless, he darted his sting into the thorax again and again, so that his young might not be incommoded by the spider's movements. The little insect is as clever as a surgeon practised in dissection.

There is still another insect that attacks and conquers in the same way; but as soon as it has brought off the stab in the mouth it executes a triumphal, ferocious war-dance round its victim. "Look at the great brute," it seems to say. "I've pricked him and made him harmless; I am a swell at the game." Then having made sure that its victim is indeed powerless to strike, it proceeds scientifically to paralyse one motor-centre after the other, and sometimes there are a dozen that must be operated upon before the victim is entirely helpless.

The love-making of many insects is just as interesting as their mortal combats. Fabre has a chapter on the pairing of the Scorpions of Languedoc, which is more fascinating than any of our novels.

He begins by describing the creature. It is some three inches long, and straw-coloured. Its tail, which it generally carries arched over its back, is in reality the stomach, and the last joint of it contains the poisonous sting. The poison itself looks like a drop of water, and no chemical analysis of it has yet been successful, for when the ingredients revealed in the analysis are again combined, the poison has lost its power. The sting itself is very strong and sharp, curved like the striking tooth of a snake, and, like the snake's poison-fang, the hole from which the poison issues is a little away from the end. The animal uses its front claws or pincers as a weapon or as a means of getting information.

Fabre keeps his scorpions in a glass cage, and studies them at leisure. For the most part of the year they are quiet and solitary; two are never seen together. But in April they begin to move about and get lively. He suddenly becomes aware that they are eating one another; here is a pair, and half of one is already consumed. Is it the result of a combat? A little later he finds another, and yet another instance of cannibalism. As the summer advances the fact becomes common. He begins to study it. He notices at once that the one eaten is always middle-sized and a little paler in colour than the cannibal. In other words, it is the large brown female which eats the male. It is always the male which is eaten. Fabre begins to study the business by night with a lantern. To his astonishment he finds a sort of ball going on. These creatures, which used to be so solitary and so shy now come out of the shade and hurry together in crowds under the light as to a dance. Their agility makes the onlooker smile. Clearly they are sorting themselves out in pairs. Here the male touches a female with the end of his claw, but immediately springs back again as if he had been burnt. Another pair join hands, but as soon as their tails meet and touch they move away from each other as if in disgust. At times there is a regular tumult; a whole crowd of claws and pincers and tails rubbing and touching and pinching, one scarcely knows whether in anger or in love. The play is madder than a romp of kittens. They all fly apart; then they begin to come back again. Suddenly Fabre notices a pair who take hands in a friendly way, and rub tails together evidently content. Side by side, claw in claw, they walk away together. They

are evidently courting like a village boy and girl. Every now and then the male caresses the back of his companion with his tail. The female accepts his caress.

To his amazement, they stop and kiss. There can be no doubt about it. Fabre has watched it again and again. The two faces—or what should be faces—come together and the two mouths meet. The two hands are clasped, too, the male sometimes lets loose one pair of pincers in order to pass his claw tenderly over the horny head of his companion. Clearly the pair are kissing; yet there is no face there, nothing but two eyes and a great cavity and a jaw, and yet the two horrible masks evidently enjoy the embrace. Now and then the male pretends to bite her, and his mouth mumbles her mouth, while his front claws are caressing the horrible mask that is no doubt lovely in his sight. There is a French proverb which says the dove invented the kiss, but the scorpion, Fabre declares, was before the dove.

There is every trick of coquetry in this female. Suddenly she has had enough, and strikes the male's wrists away, and pretends to go off by herself. The male follows her, takes her claws in one of his, and caresses her back with his tail. Again they resume their walk together. A piece of tile is in their way. At once the male works with his tail and one claw in order to make a cave underneath the tile. He tries to draw the female in; but she resists; she will not enter the newly-made bridal-chamber. With sulky determination she draws the male from underneath the tile, and they continue their walk. For hours the courtship goes on. Again the male finds a sheltered nook; this time under a slate. Again the female resists; but this time the male is more determined, and draws her resolutely towards the cave in spite of her resistance. But when she comes to the edge of the slate she finds support. Not only does she root her paws in the ground, but curls her tail over so that it stems itself against the slate; she then stiffens into rigidity. The struggle continues minute after minute, but at length the male has to give in; the pressure is relaxed and the walk is resumed, with its caressings and hideous kissings.

This courtship has all sorts of incidents. Every now and then the pair meet some other females, who always stop and watch the couple, perhaps out of jealousy, for now and then one throws herself on the female and holds her claws and does her best to stop the walk. The male protests against the interference. He pulls and drags at his companion in vain; he cannot budge the two females; again and again he strains to the task, but without success. Suddenly he gives up the courtship and turns away. Another female is close by; he seizes her by the claws and invites her to continue the promenade, but she will not; she resists, struggles with him and then scuttles away. Nothing daunted, he goes to a third in the crowd of female onlookers, and this time is more fortunate, the female accepts his claw and they go off together. With this lady the courtship is not so long. At the first piece of tile the male drops one claw of his companion and uses his free claw and his tail to hollow out a cave. Little by little he enters, drawing the complacent female with him. Soon they have both disappeared. A movement or two of the tail on the inside and a little mound of sand is pushed up behind them; the door is shut, the couple are at home.

Again and again Fabre lifts the tile, but discovers nothing: the claws are intertwined, the mouths touching, but as soon as the light falls on them the lovers separate; yet in the morning, if he leaves them undisturbed, he always finds the tragedy completed, the male has fulfilled the purpose of his brief life and is already partially devoured by the female. She goes to work quite calmly to eat him, and returns again and again to the hideous feast until her lover

is all consumed except the hardest parts of his claws and tail. All the coquetry, all the love-making, all the caressing and kissing ends in the murder of the lover and the disgusting feast on his remains.

Fabre does not forget to tell us what splendid mothers these cannibal, cruel female scorpions make. They take infinite care of their little ones, spending weeks on their nurture and training, weeks in which the mother does not even eat, so devoted is she to her young.

Scorpions are supposed to be viviparous, but Fabre proves that their young come into the world in a sort of soft egg like a snake's egg, and have to be freed and cleansed by the mother.

He tells, too, how the scorpion family is brought into the world in July, and how nearly he missed the experience because some great naturalist had said the time was September. For years, he declares, he has read very little. He prefers the book of Nature which is open before him and which does not lie. Most of the printed books, he says, even those of the masters, are so full of errors that he prefers to see and record facts for himself.

I should like to tell of Fabre's other activities and wider views. There is an interview with Pasteur as a young man which is a masterpiece of kindly observation and sunny humour. Fabre's poetry, too, should be described; for he has a genuine poetic gift, extraordinarily simple yet profoundly touching, with a rare feeling both for the colour of words and their rhythm.

I like to picture him as he sits before his cottage; the spare, bent figure; the wide, soft hat, the soft, white, turned-down collar setting off the clean-shaven face—a finely-balanced face which should have been drawn by Holbein, with its broad forehead, strong nose, and large, firm chin, for Holbein alone could give us the effect of the crow's-feet and the intent, piercing eyes, made small as if to shutter out the too strong light, the sharp eyes which are yet patient and at bottom very very sad.

For this is the soul of the great searcher after truth: he will see all there is to be seen and bring to the task infinite courage and patience; but "vanity of vanities, all is vanity" is to him the conclusion of the whole matter:—

"I should like to believe in progress," he says, "in the gradual growth of intelligence from plane to plane, the progress upwards and development; I should like to believe in it if I could; but I can't. . . ."

"I find God in my own heart more clearly than in the outside world. . . ."

"The world I have studied is a tiny world, and yet this little patch of life is an infinite ocean, unfathomable and full of undiscovered secrets. The light penetrates a little way below the surface; but lower down all is darkness and silence, abyss on abyss. . . ."

"Success in this world is to the noisy and combative, to those who talk about themselves in and out of season like cheap jacks at a fair: they become known because they make a noise."

"But have you reached no conclusion, M. Fabre?" one asks; "Does no hypothesis lead towards the heart of the mystery?"

He shakes his head. "I have found none. To science nature is an enigma without a solution. Every generation has its own pet hypothesis. We climb over the crumbling ruins of forgotten theories, but truth always escapes us. We have no net with which to capture truth. . . ."

Are we not even a mystery to each other? Nay, is not each man a mystery to himself? a creature of infinite possibilities, of miserable imperfect achievement?

So talks perhaps the wisest man and certainly the best-read in the book of Nature of whom the centuries have left us any record.

REVIEWS

THE "CLOUDS" OF ARISTOPHANES

The Clouds of Aristophanes. With Introduction, English Prose Translation, &c., by W. J. M. STARKIE, Hon. Litt.D., Hon. LL.D. (Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.)

ALTHOUGH compulsory Greek has been to some extent abolished at Oxford, the language holds too strong a position and its merits are too well recognised on various grounds for it ever to disappear from the University. And although again in this utilitarian age the claims of Modern Languages and Science appear to many to require recognition at the expense of Greek, it can still be rightly held that no literary education can be complete without a knowledge of the language of ancient Greece and all that that nation achieved for art and culture in the past ages. The relics of the Greek Drama that have been recovered are a priceless possession of the world. Though so much has perished, we know fully the stages by which the Tragic Drama was developed from the dithyrambic song chanted in favour of Dionysus, the wine-god, at public festivals, and how after half a century it was supplemented by Comedy, the spontaneous mirth-making at rustic festivals of vintage and harvest, when the forces of Nature were boisterously worshipped.

The great masters of Tragedy differed in their natures. Æschylus, magniloquent and grandiose, earnest and religious, felt profoundly the seeming war of principles in the moral government of the world. He saw the constraining force of Necessity. He had fought against Persia, his heroes were above the human standard, but even they had to fulfil the doom appointed for them by awful supernatural powers. His successor, Sophocles, with the perfection of his art, excelled, as the dramatist of human character, in delineating the great natural emotions. He believed in the goodness of the gods, and the eternal law of purity identical with their true will. He belonged to the great age of Pericles and Athens, and his personal qualities made him popular. Euripides, with his romance and novelty, struck a lower note; "his homeliness and unrestrained pathos bring him nearer to every-day life;" the ideal beauty of Tragedy was lost in him. A rationalist and sceptic, he was versed in the new studies of rhetoric and logic, which the old school hated. His picturesqueness and tenderness have endeared him to the modern world. Comedy, though springing from the same worship of Dionysus as Tragedy, reached maturity later. Its great representative to us is Aristophanes (448-385 B.C.), who, both as poet and satirist, was in his prime during the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B.C.), the chief light of the old, or political, Comedy (470-390 B.C.) of democratic Athens, when the spirit of satire was unscrupulously personal. "For nearly forty years he was the great burlesque critic of Athenian life—political, intellectual, moral, and social." Before an appreciative audience he lashed an enemy or a policy with unrestricted licence. In the "Knights" he assailed the demagogue Cleon, partly in revenge; in the "Clouds" he attacked the new spirit of inquiry and culture as personified in the Sophists and Socrates as the type of the new movement. Aristophanes, in fact, was a Conservative, clinging like a modern Tory to the good old traditions of Athens, with the conquerors at Marathon (in 490 B.C.) as his national ideals.

In his animosity to demagogues, philosophers, rhetoricians, Aristophanes is charged with having exceeded the bounds of legitimate caricature, with having exaggerated the case against them, and having been unfair to Socrates and Euripides.

The "Clouds" was first produced at the great Dionysia festival in 423 B.C., in the year of the armistice between Athens and Sparta, soon after the loss of Amphipolis and the defeat at Delium. The play took only the third place. The revised edition, which we possess, was brought out, but never acted. The existence of the two editions is held to be proved by internal evidence in the text. Possibly the revision was never quite carried out. The argument of the play is fairly simple. The "Clouds" are the chorus, dressed as women. The principal character, Strepsiades, a peasant, desires by means of rhetorical skill to repudiate his debts. For this purpose, therefore, he consults his neighbour Socrates, at his Thinking-shop or Reflectory, and his two disciples. Failing signally to derive any benefit from his instruction, he deposes his spendthrift son Pheidippides (sparer of horses) for the same object and to be cured of his extravagant habits. Socrates hands the son over to the Two Reasons. The wrangle between the Just and Unjust Reason, won by the latter, is a hit at the Sophists. Socrates announces the complete success of the instruction conveyed by the Unjust Reason to Pheidippides, who beats his father and justifies his conduct. Eventually Strepsiades proceeds to burn down Socrates' abode and Reflectory from the roof. The scenes obviously afford opportunities for the expression of much badinage, and for open attack on the Sophists, including all teachers of physical philosophies and rhetoric, and on Socrates, who in his dialectic methods resembled them, while he waged a lifelong warfare against them.

The name Sophist, a wise man, originally honourable, became a term of reproach—to which Plato lent his influence—through the charges made by the uncompromising Conservatives against their assertion of free discussion, their utilitarianism, and their practice of taking money for instruction. The Sophists have found defenders in Grote and others, who have claimed for them a useful function in the education of the Athenians, not as a sect or school, but as a distinct class or profession with strong individual peculiarities. The alleged unfairness of Aristophanes against Socrates is based on his exhibiting the latter in a picture of pure fancy, not as he was, but as he was not. For Socrates did not teach Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, nor did he teach for money, nor was he the pale student. Socrates felt the sting of the attacks, for in his Apology at his trial in 399 B.C., twenty-four years later, he referred to the inveterate prejudice which the calumnies in the "Clouds" had raised against him. But at this distance of time the charge of unfairness appears itself to be overwrought. Caricature and burlesque cannot be limited to matters of fact; to be successful they must be exaggerated, and aim at the type as well as the individual. To Aristophanes conscientiously the Sophists and Socrates were the enemy who had to be routed. Socrates was the heresiarch who had provoked a large number of enemies, but the capital sentence on him might easily have been commuted to exile if, after conviction, he had not welcomed death.

Dr. Starkie has spared no pains with this edition of the Comedy, which is said to have been the favourite of its author. He has studied the manuscripts and the scholia, and appends various readings. In several chapters questions connected with the play are examined, a metrical analysis is prefixed, the critical notes, commentary and appendix are copious and exhaustive. The prose translation is perhaps the special feature, as it has been the fashion with previous editors of Aristophanes—for instance, Mitchell, Frere, B. B. Rogers and others—to render the Greek poetry into so-called English poetry. Whether blank verse or rhyme be adopted, any metre must hamper the translator in his aim at accuracy. The manner of translating has gone through five various stages since the

days of Dryden. Little remains to be said since Dr. Warren's scholarly essay on "The Art of Translation" in his "Essays of Poets and Poetry." Judged by the canons therein summarised, which are generally accepted nowadays, Dr. Starkie's version is successful, as it satisfies the fundamental condition of producing an impression similar, or as nearly as may be similar, to that produced by the original. It is vigorous, and in the compound words, coined phrases, and strange language seeks to reproduce the Aristophanic style. To our taste Dr. Starkie has somewhat overdone this form of imitation. We have noted a number of expressions—such as *semblable*, *tirrits*, *knowing file*, *in querpo*, *in reguerdon*, *miching*, *scant the sizes*, *renege*, *harlotry wise* *saws*, *sowl by the ears*, *carbonado*—some of which are hardly intelligible, and all might be improved by the substitution of simple words. With this exception, the work can be entirely commended. Its scholarship is undeniable, and the volume may well be placed alongside Jebb's monumental edition of Sophocles, Jowett's Plato and Thucydides, the Odyssey rendered by Butcher, Lang, and Leaf, and Munro's Lucretius, all of which have prose translations by real scholars. It is by such high-class works that the study of Greek will be facilitated and maintained, and the value of its literature demonstrated. Though manners have changed, much of the spirit of Aristophanic Comedy still abides in the caricature and burlesque of modern life.

JAPANESE LOVE-LETTERS

Love-Letters of a Japanese. Edited by G. N. MORTLAKE.
(Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

THE prefatory remarks in "An Englishwoman's Love-letters" and those in the volume now before us bear a very similar heading. Mr. Laurence Housman in his "Explanation," and Mr. Mortlake in his "In Explanation," set out to assure the guileless reader that he has been presented with genuine love-letters. Mr. Housman managed the business so well, and so effectually muffled his laughter that it was a long time before the considerably agitated public awoke to the fact that Mr. Housman's "Explanation" was no explanation at all, and that the clever letters were the result of his own subtle work. We do not definitely assert that Mr. Mortlake has followed suit in the present volume, but we have reasons for believing that these letters were never carried many miles over the sea, delivered by postmen, or faithfully packed away in double-locked boxes. Mr. Mortlake assures us, like the conjuror, that there is no deception, and that both Mertyl Meredith and Kenrio Watanabe, after having left behind them a dramatic and pathetic love-story, departed this life. This is probably true, but we doubt very much if they ever lived, except in the author's vivid imagination. Whether these letters are genuine or not, the fact remains that they are vastly entertaining, and sufficiently intimate to tickle the palate of the reader who can swallow an enormous amount of sentimentality without being positively ill. If the present volume were reduced to pulp, we should expect to find a considerable amount of something akin to sugar. Lovers, fictitious or otherwise, seem to use the word "sweet" more frequently than any other. "Sweet" appears in this volume so persistently that the worthy printer must have been sorely tried to find the necessary letters!

There is a story running through these wild and often indiscreet effusions. Kenrio Watanabe, a Japanese artist, while studying in Vienna meets a young English girl by the name of Mertyl Meredith, who follows a similar vocation, and reminds us not a little of one of Mr. H. G. Wells' heroines. A friendship springs up between them. Watanabe

is a married man, but just as his friendship for Mertyl overlaps the bounds of platonic affection he learns that his Japanese wife has been unfaithful to him, and that she herself pleads for a divorce—a most unusual proceeding under the circumstances recorded in these letters. This places Watanabe on a totally different footing. He sees himself, rather prematurely, as an unmarried man. He drops writing about the higher Buddhism and the teaching of Confucius in his letters to Mertyl, and becomes instead decidedly neurotic, a fit subject for the investigation of Mr. Havelock Ellis. Mertyl, too, refrains from quoting Emerson, and becomes almost equally neurotic. She writes:—"Sweet, I kiss my arms, and try to think they are holding yours." Mr. Wells' Ann Veronica on one occasion stroked the hair on her arms; but she did not go so far as to kiss them. Again Mertyl writes:—"Sweet, I long so for the physical touch of your hands on mine, and to look into your eyes. To be kissed. I sometimes long so much that I take a girdle and bind it tightly, so tightly that I can hardly breathe, round my waist, and then close my eyes a little and dream that it is your arms around me." We should have thought that this process was extremely painful. After all Watanabe was an artist and not a wrestler.

If we have failed to take seriously such quotations as the above, we have done so with no cynical or unkindly feeling. The love-letters of the Brownings and those of Abélard and Héloïse are not famous on account of their sentimentality, but because of their deep human sentiment. Abélard wrote in one of his letters, "Love is capable of being concealed; a word, a look—nay, silence—speaks it." There is none of this feeling in the present volume. Passionate love is set dancing before us, and such a love dances in flame, and is quickly destroyed. These letters breathe no inward peace, suggest no strong grip upon life. They reveal red-hot experiments with the senses, and there is no hint of a love as eternal as the soul itself.

The lovers remain in London for some time. Then Watanabe returns to Japan in order to carry on his work and for the purpose of arranging the much-discussed divorce. Mr. Mortlake promises us in his opening remarks an intimate revelation of the Japanese character, as well as an intimate sketch of divorce proceedings in that country. We get neither, for Watanabe is far from being typically Japanese, and as for the divorce proceedings, we have failed to gather any fresh information on the subject.

Watanabe, none too proficient in his use of English, writes from his home in Tokyo:—"I must say that I was once married and have a child, although the marriage was an error and the child a misprint, having been never accompanied with love." This father of a misprint seems to have been more angry with his wife's stupidity and the fact that she spent too much money during his absence than with her misconduct in another direction. However, divorce is an easy matter in Japan, and Watanabe had no difficulty in concluding the affair to his entire satisfaction. Although Watanabe, according to his own elastic conscience, is a free man—free to marry the girl he had met in Vienna—he displays at this juncture no eagerness to meet Mertyl. His zest for his work seems to lessen gradually the once intense ardour of his letters. He climbs back to higher Buddhism again, and seems in no hurry for Mertyl to join him and to arrange for another marriage.

Mertyl reaches Tokyo and meets the wayward Watanabe. She realises at once that his love for her is dead, that he has taken all that is best in her, and then at the end thrown cruel, dull argument in her face. She returns the gifts he had given her with the following words:—"Each single one of these things is more precious than all that other people have given me. Each bears my kisses through the years I had it, and each has become a part of myself."

About a week later Watanabe has the audacity to write the following:—

Dear Miss Meredith—I hope you will have happy time in future, and marry some nice Englishman. You must not think what you said the other day that I made experiment with you, or that my words were not truth to you all the time in Europe, and in my letters. . . . I think I told you in earlier times that love is thought immoral with us. And now I know that it is really so. . . . I hope it is not true what you say, that you cannot love any second time, and that your life is finished.

In spite of the sentimentality in these letters, they contain considerable charm. They reflect the ardent love of a young English girl on the one hand, and on the other the cumbersome and objectionable posturing of a Japanese man. They are sufficiently true to life to awaken our sympathy for Mertyl Meredith and our anger towards Kenrio Watanabe. We sincerely hope that these letters are fictitious. If they are genuine, Mertyl deserves our pity, while Kenrio Watanabe would be let off far too lightly with a severe horsewhipping. Love in Japan is certainly not regarded as immoral. It is only immoral when such a weak, shifty type as that of Watanabe drags down the greatest thing in the world and smothers it in the gross mire of selfishness. For ourselves we prefer Japan's own way of love-making, untouched by European influence; her true love stories that are never boomed in preliminary advertisements, and never appear in print.

MONTAIGNE

Michel de Montaigne. By EDITH SICHEL. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

L'Influence de Montaigne sur les Idées pédagogiques de Locke et de Rousseau. By PIERRE VILLEY, Maître de Conférences à l'Université de Caen. (Hachette and Co.)

A CERTAIN critic aroused the fierce indignation of Sainte-Beuve by dubbing himself a "Montaignologue." The offence was double; it was a pedantry—"savouring of scholastic cackle," says Sainte-Beuve—savouring too of modern vulgarity and specialisation, we are disposed to add; and it was a denial of one of the foremost articles in the Essayist's code. Montaigne has expressed himself strongly on the futility of "glosses" and "books on books," and we may fancy that, if he ever foresaw the "Montaignologues," he had the same lugubrious shiver as Horace when he contemplated the day when he should become a school-classic. Literary criticism is a parasitical development at best, and unless controlled and checked may some day choke the tree of literature. A good book of criticism has, however, a real function to perform. We do not refer to the "placing" of a work, for it is in this direction that criticism most clearly shows its tendency to become an abuse of the human intelligence. The undoubted service that a good biography or appreciation, such as Miss Sichel's, does to the reader is that it reminds him of neglected shelves in his library, kindles his desire to re-explore them, and suggests new ways of profiting by his enterprise.

We have said that Miss Sichel's book is a good one; we will venture further and say that it is a model for biographies of this kind. For one thing, it is distinguished by knowledge and sympathy, of such a quality as to command our attention, and to forbid the suspicion that is apt to haunt us in the case of a good many biographies, that the choice of the subject was a matter of comparative indifference to the writer. Further, and this is a very

important point, Miss Sichel takes every opportunity of letting her hero speak, of making the biography as far as possible an autobiography. It is true that Montaigne lends himself rather readily to this treatment; his writings are far more depositories of raw material than finished works of art; his style is a series of packing-cases. On the other hand, his wares are so priceless that the task of putting them into a right setting demands a clear judgment and a large measure of self-restraint. But the biographer has done her work well—she has given a complete, concise, and connected account of Montaigne and an insight into some of his opinions.

Miss Sichel's book is divided, somewhat arbitrarily, as we began by thinking, into two parts—Montaigne the Man and Montaigne the Philosopher. The first part is the fuller, the second is the more brilliant; some pages show genuine intuition. This distinction is, however, a real one, though it becomes at times rather obscured. Montaigne was in theory the most uncompromising of individualists, aiming, like M. Bergeret after him, at Atarascia, at the dulling of all the sensitive places in his moral anatomy. "My one aim is to turn myself into a cow and a don't care." In practice he let the troubles of others upset his own peace of mind; he became Mayor of Bordeaux, and performed his duties with conscientious ability. But he always had a line marked beyond which the demands of his fellow-men were not to advance. Symbolically it was his private tower at home; politically the limit was reached when the plague broke out at Bordeaux; Montaigne retired at once and without any shame from his dangerous post of honour. Sometimes the man is more selfish than the philosopher. Recognised as the true founder of modern education, he neglected most of his children, and was even unable to reply to a question as to their number. He was a spiritual anarchist, going his own way, and refusing to be in any one's debt. "He might lend himself to the public, but give himself he would not, and could not." And there is nothing inconsistent in his deference for authorities—political and ecclesiastical; most anarchists or individualists have it in some measure. Flaubert has illustrated it in a well-known scene at the end of the "Éducation Sentimentale." He believes in pleasure, however obtained, so long as it does not cost him too much; he believes in the Lucretian happiness from the contemplation of other people's misfortunes. Most characteristically he used to give a positive value to the negative pleasure of sleep by having himself roused in the middle of the night. Miss Sichel is most thorough on Montaigne the man; Étienne de la Boétie and Marie de Gournay receive a very large share of attention, the former as being indispensable to an understanding of Montaigne (being, indeed, the peg on which he hung all his higher aspirations), the latter as the first "Montaignologue."

M. Villey is a great authority on various aspects of Montaigne. We understand that he has volumes in preparation on the influence of his author in France and in England. We approached the present work with some misgivings. Pedagogy is a grim word to put over the portals of a house in the city of knowledge; the history of ideas has generally been considered less alluring in these islands than on the other side of the Channel. M. Villey has reassured us on both counts; he displays a rare modesty in refusing to draw all sorts of conclusions from his data; he criticises the verbal and obviously superficial parallels that had been drawn before his time between Rousseau and Montaigne, and that had been too readily accepted. He is almost as ready as the essayist to say "Je ne sais." He gives what we think must often be the true explanation of mental filiation; the reading of a predecessor's book may bring suggestions to a thinker for developing his own ideas, and

many a reminiscence is unconscious. M. Villey admits a very close relationship between Montaigne and the earlier works of Rousseau, but there are moments when it is startling to think there is anything in common between the practical, experimental wisdom of the former and the vacuum sociology of the latter. Rousseau would allow a child to drink when hot, because some animals do so without taking harm. On the other hand we should like to end by a quotation from Rousseau, because, though Montaigne first enunciated the principle, it was the former who put it into *forme lapidaire*, and it is the truest thing ever said about "Pedagogy":—"Mon objet n'est pas de lui (the child) donner la science, mais de lui apprendre à l'acquiescer au besoin."

WITH SWORD AND PEN

The Letters and Journal (1848-49) of Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg. Edited, with an Introduction, by HENRY MARCZALI. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE pen is mightier than the sword" is a saying we can regard with approbation after reading this fascinating book, for it shows that Count Leiningen's pen shone at least as brightly as did his valiant sword. Those who know the indomitable courage of the man will realise how much that means. If Professor Marczali's principal object in editing the Letters and Journal of Count Leiningen is to establish the remarkable literary ability of his hero, his labour of love will surely not be in vain. Every page is charged with a forceful, lovable personality. His style is lucid and fresh in the extreme. If he sums up his military companions in terms of soldiery, he does so on a broad human basis. He gives us clear-cut portraits as well as a sympathetic insight into the character behind the facial lines. His God, the cause he so strenuously fought for, and his wife and children all seem lifted to the same high plane of thought. If he was big and burly on the battlefield, a great disciplinarian and the enemy of all meanness and cowardliness in the ranks, in all his communications to his wife there was a gentleness and simplicity of expression peculiarly his own. His Letters, Journal, and Notes were all written, with one or two exceptions, to his beloved wife Lizzie. Under the circumstances it is natural to find that he figured largely in his vivid account of the Hungarian War of Independence. He was not above recording his own deeds of bravery and the recognition he received for his services. He does so, however, not in the dull way of an egoist, but with such *naïveté* that these personal touches are particularly pleasing.

We need not go into detail as to why Leiningen decided to support Hungary in her War of Independence. Professor Marczali writes:—

His sense of justice, the innate chivalry that impelled him to defend the victim of an unjust attack, drew him towards Hungary at a time when his brothers and his cousins continued to fight for the Emperor.

The fact that a Leiningen, hitherto on the side of the Court party, should espouse Hungary's fight for liberty was an action that was first looked upon with considerable suspicion by the Hungarians themselves. It was only Leiningen's conspicuous bravery that utterly dispelled the hostile attitude originally adopted towards him. Even when he knew he would have to fight against the Imperial troops, he wrote: "I cannot desert a cause when it is in danger." He thought he saw liberty for Hungary, and in that thought he steadfastly set his face against any sort of compromise. It was

this manful determination that awakened the admiration and friendship of Görgey. He wrote in one of his letters:—

Some people have a very convenient plan: they hoist German, Austrian, and Imperial flags all together. As required they can easily remove the superfluous ones and join in the triumph of the victorious idea.

Leiningen was too great a soldier to study his own convenience. He eagerly looked forward to receiving his wife's letters, and still more so to living the old happy life with her again. Such thoughts, however, were subordinate to his stern regard for duty, and though we may regret that so human a man was destined never to meet his wife again, it tends to make his sacrifice all the more noble, tends to raise him not only to a high place in the memory of Hungarians, but has given him a sure position among the great men and the great soldiers of the world.

Perhaps the most notable passages in the Journal refer to Leiningen's ardent description of Görgey. It was a worthy tribute to a remarkable man, and destined to be a strong defence of one who was regarded by some as a traitor to his country. To Leiningen Görgey ever remained a hero, a man who delighted to "to bathe in the hail of bullets." Leiningen wrote:—

However listless I may have been before, my military life had aroused all the good latent in me, and, had you (Lizzie) been able to see me then, you would not have known me for the same stout Charles who was all day buried in his books.

That latent good in Leiningen was fanned into a bright blaze by Görgey's influence.

There is something unspeakably sad in Leiningen's letters written in prison. He had stood for a cause that did not culminate in victory. He was compelled to write to his wife knowing that every word would be read by others. He realised then that his days were numbered, and that at any moment he might receive his death sentence. Even in such a crisis as this he thought not of his own troubles but of those of his wife. He wrote:—

Your fate is more cruel than mine; for years you will have to suppress the sorrow gnawing at your heart. Yet be assured that even from the other world I shall think of you with gratitude for having lived to comfort my children.

Those weary days in prison seem to have added the finishing touch to the greatness of the man. He had put his house in order, and, without cant or humbug, had prepared to meet his God. What strength, what fortitude we find in his words: "The nearer we approach to the grave, the smoother and easier does our downward path become"! His last ringing words to Lizzie were:—

God bless and protect you, my darling, noble wife, and give you strength, and to me may He grant a share in His eternal peace! Darling, beloved Lizzie! my children! farewell! Before long I shall have passed away. Once more my thanks for your faithful love and for all you have done for me! Oh, God! I can stand it no longer, it is too much for me! Good-bye, my life, my all!

The next day the brave soldier and good man died a martyr for the cause he had taken so devoutly to his heart. We are told that "He bore himself with noble dignity when the sentence of death was read to him. . . . He died the most dignified, the finest death of them all." Leiningen wrote in one of his Journal notes:—

October 1 (Monday). How great the effect of a single moment! For years! A moment—virtue, crime, glory, shame, sorrow, delight, all depends upon moments. Death, too, is but a moment, yet it leads to eternity!

Leiningen knew the value of moments. After the toil of the battlefield, when most men would have taken their ease, he only laid aside the sword to take forth his pen, to drive it across the paper with the same zest and inspiration he displayed in the stress of battle. The result is a human record of a great soldier expressed in terse and haunting prose.

AN AMUSING EGOIST

The Herkomers. By SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER. Vol. II. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the first volume of this autobiography (see Supplement to THE ACADEMY, Dec. 10th, 1910) we described the author's writing as "thin." In the volume now before us the style is still lacking in robustness. Sir Hubert von Herkomer in his Introduction writes:—"There is necessarily a note of egotism in the pages that follow which has been called 'un-English.' But 'it is idle to criticise the egotism of autobiographies, however pervading and intense,' and I have given my reader fair warning." The very nature of an autobiography is in itself a plea for egotism; but the egotism we find in these pages is at times laid on so heavily that it strikes a farcical note. "Do it" may well have been Sir Hubert's motto; but he did everything with such a fanfare of trumpets and with an air of the showman that, if we took him quite seriously, it would give us cause to regret that Carlyle had not added Sir Hubert von Herkomer to his portrait-gallery in "Heroes and Hero-Worship." That D. G. Rossetti was a poet as well as an artist—or shall we write an artist as well as a poet?—pales into insignificance when compared with this German's versatile accomplishments. Sir Hubert, besides being an artist, was a musical composer, architect, playwright, and lecturer, and in telling us about these attainments we can only marvel that there is such a thing as competition in these particular vocations. It is a pity that this all-round man has not given his reader credit for a little imagination and a sense of humour. Our impression of Sir Hubert is that he was an indefatigable worker, but a still more indefatigable talker. Somehow or other we are compelled to associate his residence, "Lululaund," with that of Mr. Hall Caine's "Greeba Castle," for both suggest a subtle combination of home and advertisement.

Brilliant ideas were an everyday occurrence with Sir Hubert. Suddenly remembering his musical and literary ability, he resolved to write a music-play, to be called "An Idyl." He was advised to write his tunes, and "get some musician to score them for the instruments." Our author writes:—

Pride, belief in self, would have none of it. Did I not, as stated in the first volume, spend my pocket-money of half-a-crown a week at the Crystal Palace "Saturday Pops" in the summer of 1866-7, and soak myself with the orchestral colouring given by the various masters to their music? Had I not followed in one piece the wood-wind alone, in another the brass, and in yet another the strings? I saw how it was done; of course I did! Therefore, why not do it myself with my own tunes?

And so it came about that this clever patron of Saturday Pop's rushed off to a music-shop and purchased Lafleur's "Atlas of Instrumentation":

Then [writes the budding composer] I went ahead, for my tunes and incidental music were already written. For balance of the instruments, for grouping, I trusted to instinct, and to the suggestions I could find in the scores I had. Anyway I did the thing!

In Sir Hubert's particularly naïve way he goes on to

describe the discussion he and his family had as to who should conduct the orchestra. Eventually the composer's little daughter exclaimed, "Why don't you have Dr. Richter?" To this her parent replied, "Good heavens, child! do you know what you are talking about?" But it appeared that the child did know, for Dr. Hans Richter conducted the thirteen performances of "An Idyl" given in a theatre erected in the artist's garden. Sir Hubert writes:—"Modesty is not exactly one of my failings, but I would hesitate to write down here what Dr. Richter prophesied if I were to study music—even for six months." We should likewise hesitate if Sir Hubert were to describe his performances afterwards!

Sir Hubert is a warm admirer of the motor-car. He writes:—"I leave the house of my friend at any hour suitable, curl myself up in the comfortable covered car, and sleep until awakened by the chauffeur's loud voice announcing, 'Lululaund, Sir, all safe!'" The artist's chauffeur is evidently not an egoist, for he frankly admits the fallibility of his driving, even to the possibility of an accident.

When Sir Hubert's picture, "All Beautiful in Naked Purity," was exhibited in the Academy, he tells us that it "kept the room in which it was placed practically clear of visitors; and as for the settee in front of it, nobody dared to sit there facing the objectionable work." This affords the artists a peg on which to hang a few remarks in regard to art and puritanism. He comes to the conclusion that "the noblest forms of art have represented the human figure; and flesh-painting represents the highest achievement of the painter."

Most of us associate Sir Hubert von Herkomer with his great picture "The Council of the Royal Academy, 1907." The most imposing figure in the group is that of Sir Hubert himself, and we must frankly admit that we prefer this pleasing and dignified portrait to the one he has given us in his autobiography.

THE SMALLEST WELSH COUNTY

Flintshire: Its History and Its Records. Being an Address to the Society given in the County Council Chamber, Mold, January 13th, 1911, by T. F. TOUT, M.A., Professor of Mediæval and Modern History in the University of Manchester. (Flintshire Historical Society. 5s.)

FLINTSHIRE is almost the smallest of the counties of the United Kingdom, and it may also with justice be included among the least known. Most of the other shires have histories of far more general interest, and the cultured student of his country's past would probably place Flintshire almost last in the list of counties to whose annals he proposed to devote attention. That which is least important to an Englishman may, however, be first in importance to a man of Flint. In any event, to many of the leading inhabitants of this tiny county the history of Flintshire is of sufficient consequence to justify the establishment of a society for its study. Thus the Flintshire Historical Society came into existence, and all lovers of the past in Flintshire and elsewhere should receive it with welcome, for out of the local history of even relatively unimportant districts is made up a good part of the greater history of the country.

Flintshire, although small and almost the youngest of the counties, is still not without a history of its own, full of justifiable interest to a wide circle. The Welsh marches, their chequered story and romantic surroundings are intimately connected with the tiny North Wales shire; so are the better known and more attractive incidents which successively narrate the past of her more important neighbour

Chester. If only for her connection with these two subsidiaries of English history Flint should be interesting. On the other hand the shire was for long an integral portion of Wales, and as such took a share in the vicissitudes of that Principality. Professor Tout, than whom none could have been better chosen to inaugurate the session of the Society, very properly devoted himself in this address to a general survey of Flintshire history. For others, the members of the Society themselves, is the task to pore over the records of the county and to unravel the problems which await solution. Professor Tout's office was to give general directions to the workers in the field and to introduce them to the task which is before them. The name of Professor Tout is sufficient guarantee that this office has been performed not only thoroughly, but also agreeably.

The county of Flint is a very modern one. At the most it stretches back to the reign of Edward I., but the union which that monarch formed for local government in that district fell far short of the limits of the county as now defined. Properly speaking, Flintshire may be said to have come into existence in the reign of Henry VIII. For instance, it was not until the latter reign that Mold, the county town, became part of the county. Incidentally we learn the reason for the disjointed nature of Flintshire. Marford and Hoseley are quite apart from the main portion, being surrounded by Denbigh territory. Until 1542 they had formed a portion of the latter county, but when in that year the county boundaries were rearranged these two districts were joined to the smaller county, so that all the Welsh lands of Lord Derby might for convenience be in one shire. Very properly Professor Tout does not penetrate deeply into any of the subjects on which he touches in this address. Incidentally, however, he makes an interesting suggestion regarding the origin of the "Clwydian" churches of West Flintshire, which has hitherto given rise to much speculation. Their architectural form—two parallel naves of equal dimensions—is peculiar to that district, but Professor Tout has discovered similar edifices among the Dominican churches of Languedoc. He reminds his readers that after the conquest by Edward I. practically all the buildings of the conquered territory, having been razed, had to be re-erected. At that very period a Dominican was Bishop of St. Asaph, and the influence of that school of friars was supreme in the diocese. It is even known that Dominican officials were employed in inquiring into the damage done to the churches during the wars. With these premisses it is easy to conclude that the mysterious form of the Flintshire churches is directly due to Dominican architects.

THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT

The Campaigns and History of the Royal Irish Regiment from 1684 to 1902. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. LE M. GRETTON. With Illustrations, Maps, and Plans of Battlefields. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

A MILITARY work by Colonel Gretton, an officer specially chosen by that great military author and historian the late Colonel Henderson to assist him when writing the history of the 1899-1902 war in South Africa should be well worth reading. This book most certainly is so; moreover, whilst some regimental histories we are acquainted with, however accurate or the reverse they may be, are heavy work to get through, this volume we have read from cover to cover with pleasure. It is almost a military history of the British Army since the Revolution, so many are the campaigns in

which the regiment has taken part. Very interesting is the account of the campaign in Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne, and especially the description from the diary of a Royal Irish officer serving there of the capture of Athlone.

There appear a few slight errors in the volume—*e.g.*, the total of the casualties at the Battle of Blenheim on page 39 is not correct; again, it seems curious that the bounty paid to the major of the regiment at that battle should be nearly double the amount given to the lieutenant-colonel who was in command during the action.

The maps are clear, with no unnecessary detail, and by their aid the general course of the engagements described can be easily followed. To those who know the ground now the map of Aboukir and Alexandria in 1801, with the vanished lake of Aboukir as it then existed, will be of interest apart from the battle.

The want of "pull together" between Navy and Army in Lord Howe's operations at Toulon and afterwards is a great contrast to Abercrombie's operations in 1801, both of which are most excellently described, the regiment having been present. The splendid combination of Army and Navy in the successful landing at Aboukir in face of a formidable enemy awaiting them on the beach shows what can be done when both arms work together. It is a pity that we do not practise more of such operations nowadays, for if the way to learn is by making mistakes, the combined East Coast manoeuvres of some years ago were indeed instructive.

There are some quite good stories told in the book, one of which, referring to the New Zealand campaign, in which the regiment was engaged, we take the liberty of quoting:—

In a skirmish the son of a chief was made prisoner, badly wounded in the leg. To save his life the surgeons amputated the limb, and when the young man was fit to be moved a message was sent to his father that he might take the lad back to his village. The chief was very grateful for the kindness his son had received at our hands; he presented the general with a cartload of potatoes, and assured him that in future he would not kill any wounded soldiers that fell into his hands, but would only cut off one of their legs, and send them back to camp.

Our space being limited, we cannot deal with all the points we should like to regarding the book; we would, however, call attention to a letter of the late General Gordon concerning the regiment, in which he dwells on the difference between Irish regiments and others, and the necessity of treating them differently. There is no doubt that, generally speaking, Irish officers are best for dealing with Irishmen in the ranks, whilst if the writer of this review regards the English country lad as a better soldier it may perhaps be his national prejudice.

On the whole, a most creditable career has been the lot of this fine old regiment. It seems to have emerged even from that grave of great reputations the late South African War with a vast amount of good work to its credit and a minimum of regrettable incidents. There is a very full and fair account of the events in the Tirah campaign which led to General Sir H. Havelock-Allen's going to the frontier where he met his tragic death in the Khyber Pass.

AN IMPERIAL VOLUPTUARY

The Amazing Emperor: Heliogabalus. By J. STUART HAY.
(Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS curious book is an attempt to whitewash the blackened character of the foolish Sybarite boy Emperor—to what

purpose it is not easy to see, either ethical or historical. Even on Mr. Hay's own showing the whitewash is singularly thin. Gibbon admits the probable exaggerations of fancy or prejudice, yet he adds that "confining ourselves to the public scenes displayed before the Roman people, and attested by grave and contemporary historians, their inexpressible infamy surpasses that of any other age or country."

This sober and judicial verdict has not been upset by Mr. Hay. It is impossible to take seriously his hyper-sensitiveness about the supposed "lack of justice that the memory of Elagabalus has long suffered." We admit that the charge of cruelty may be "not proven." There still remain the sensual infamies of the "fearless, generous, affectionate boy," as Mr. Hay enthusiastically describes him. But his generosity was culpably prodigal, while his affections were criminally abnormal. That history from time to time produces such characters may be well known. But their indecent actions are best relegated to decent obscurity. Nor can we feel that the sort of character from which Nature revolts really gains anything substantial by way of excuse when the individual is ticketed a Psycho-Sexual Hermaphrodite.

The medical psychologist may diagnose sexual diseases, as Dr. Krafft Ebing has done so minutely, but the horrible perversions he recounts are none the less revolting; while the object of a doctor is to teach degenerates their real responsibility. There were sane Romans who believed in the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and they were aghast at the crimes of Heliogabalus. We are forced to the conclusion that one object of this book is the glorification of pagan apolaustic luxury and sensuality in contradistinction to Christian ideals of a higher life of self-sacrificing progress. Mr. Stuart Hay is frankly pagan. With equal frankness he evidently detests Christianity. We have made a long list of his sneers and jibes at that "neurotic superstition," the Christian religion, conceived and enunciated in the worst possible taste, aided by a perverse prostitution of Christian quite phraseology. This sort of satire is cheap indeed, and unworthy of a serious historian. Nor can the descent to mere vulgar indecencies be excused by telling us in the Preface that "Mrs. Grundy's prurient mind . . . may expect to be shocked." But there is also a pruriency in writing of and revelling in things over which custom (leaving Mrs. Grundy out) rightly draws a veil.

We confess to some surprise that a philosophic historian like Professor Bury should think it worth his while, in his Introduction, to belittle Christianity by saying, in effect, that it would have made no difference to the world to-day or since if "one of those homogeneous Oriental faiths which are now dead" had triumphed and if Christianity had disappeared—"by the dispensation of Providence," as he cynically puts it. The story of the culmination of phallic worship, as told by Mr. Hay, makes it difficult to understand how any true philosopher or impartial writer could regard the cults of Baal, of Mithra, or of Isis as likely to be of equal benefit to the highest progress of mankind with the spiritual ethics of Christianity. Mr. Hay's writing of the English language leaves a good deal to be desired. He is often in difficulties at the beginning of a new paragraph, and has constant recourse to that lamest of openings—"To return to," "To proceed." His style is undignified, as, for example, "He went one worse," "Just a bit awkward," and the use of the wretched Americanism "at that." There are ungrammatical lapses—*e.g.*, "even like the term was applied." But lack of dignity in thought is hardly likely to find compensation in dignity of style.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Napoleon and his Coronation. By FRÉDÉRIC MASSON. Translated by FREDERIC COBB. Illustrated by Félicien Myrbach. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the greatest proofs of Napoleon's astonishing power lies in the fact that he was able to get himself acclaimed as Emperor by the very people who but a few years previously had slaughtered their own aristocracy, and held all matters of kingship a criminal abomination. The reasons that induced the great ruler of France to take this step are made clear in a masterly fashion by M. Frédéric Masson, as are also those that caused him to demand the assistance of no less a personage than the Pope himself at the ceremony. In the author's own words:—

He was strongly confident that a religious consecration would lend a weightier dignity to a Sovereign invested by the popular choice . . . He considered that only by this, by the Consecration and Coronation, he could become a true Sovereign . . . Henceforth he was endued with an indelible character, such as all the other Sovereigns were bound to respect.

The negotiations that preceded the Consecration were prolonged and not a little complicated. In view of the recent events in France, Pius VII. was not a little amazed at the request that he should come to Paris to endow the creation of the new Emperor with the seal of religion. The reigning Houses and the aristocracies of Europe were bitterly opposed to the plan, as, indeed, were many members of the Vatican itself. But Napoleon was in earnest. He was convinced that the element of religion must enter into the Imperial life in order to give a permanent stamp to the dynasty. To this end he was prepared with important concessions to the Church, and with the offer of a reversal of the policy that had driven the priesthood from France.

In the end the hesitation of the simple-minded Pope was overcome. He travelled from Rome with as much dignity as Napoleon's insistence would permit, for the Emperor, growing impatient, used every means to hasten the stately religious progress to Paris. As to the great ceremony itself, fears had been entertained in the capital lest an exuberance of taste on the part of Napoleon should bring ridicule on costume and general paraphernalia; but when the moment came the natural dignity of the new Emperor triumphed.

M. Masson's book is an extremely able one. He has provided a wealth of detail, and has yet retained unbroken the thread of an absorbingly interesting story—a notable achievement in itself. The negotiations with the Vatican throw a light upon Napoleonic policy that cannot fail to be extremely instructive to the many students of the life and times of the great Corsican.

Shepherds of Britain. By ADELAIDE L. J. GOSSET. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MOST available sources of information have been ransacked in the compilation of this comprehensive work, seeing that there are some 160 contributions, chiefly by different authors, some being living writers, while there are excerpts from many others and from newspapers and magazines, even so far back as the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797. The result is a very interesting book on all kinds of subjects connected with sheep, sheep-farming, and shepherd-life in the pastoral districts of Great Britain and Ireland. Sheep-dogs naturally claim a good deal of attention, and there are many stories of their wonderful sagacity. The competitions

known as sheep-dog trials, first started in 1873, have become deservedly popular and widespread. Among the numerous subjects treated may be mentioned Sheep Marks and Tallies, the Wool Harvest, the Care of Wool and the Labours of the Loom, Shepherds' Garb (alas! for the passing of the picturesque and sensible smock-frock), Shepherds' Arts, Implements and Crafts, and Pastimes, with an interesting section on Pastoral Folk Lore, where an account is given of a curious burial custom. A lock of wool was put into a shepherd's coffin to show at the Judgment Day that his vocation prevented him from attending church. All the same, we knew a fine old Wiltshire shepherd who died this year, aged seventy-six, who all his life seldom missed Sunday morning service, except during the lambing season. On the South Downs, before the days of cheap watches, shepherds used to make for themselves rough sundials on the turf by drawing a circle and fixing a number of sticks upright on the circumference, then having several gnomons, one for each hour after noon, in order to know at what hour to take the sheep home to fold. We lately heard of similar dials, but rudely made of wood, which were constructed, within living memory, by the wood-cutters on the Berkeley and neighbouring estates in the Severn Valley. Practically every sheep district in Great Britain is noticed; from the "Lookers" of Romney Marsh and the sheep of the "Towens" and Scilly to the Lake Country, and on through the Highlands to the wild sheep of the Shetland and Orkney Isles. We commend this delightful book to all true lovers of country life, who cannot fail to be pleased both with its versatile text and with the numerous good and very descriptive illustrations.

A Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students. By J. H. A. GÜNTHER. (J. B. Wolters, Groningen. 4s. 6d.)

MR. GÜNTHER's book is intended for candidates preparing for an examination in English. It is arranged in two parts, the first dealing with English pronunciation, the second with English grammar. In the words of the author: "As it has been my object to formulate the current habits of speech, to write a grammar of the language as written and spoken to-day, I have for the bulk of the examples drawn upon writers of present-day English." The list of these writers of present-day English is too lengthy to be reproduced here; let it suffice to say that it is a quite unusually comprehensive and well-considered one.

Mr. Günther's work is, indeed, admirable, not only in its lucidity and thoroughness, but in the wide scope it offers. The comparisons in style of the modern authors are notably excellent. Indeed, in this respect the book might be perused with equal advantage by the English student as well as by the Dutch. Mr. Günther refuses to lay much stress on the prohibition of the split infinitive. Here, we must admit, we are not at one with him. In his list of well-known writers addicted to the habit he quotes from Hardy; but in this case he has culled merely from dialogue. Therefore surely the force of the example fails! Yet even here the author's liberality is strongly to be commended, since he makes a practice of submitting every view and of refusing to dogmatise. The result has given us one of the most enlightened of modern grammars.

The Mansion House of the City of London. Compiled by CARL HENTSCHEL. Illustrated. (Carl Hentschel, Ltd. 6d.)

MR. CARL HENTSCHEL, Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation, has gathered together in this

well printed and illustrated booklet some interesting information concerning the Lord Mayor's official residence and other matters pertaining to the government of our ancient metropolis. In addition he gives us a glimpse at the occupants of the Mansion House and a short account of its principal treasures. Besides exterior and interior views of the famous building at different periods of its existence, there are to be found among the illustrations portraits of the present Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and of several previous Lord Mayors, together with representations of the Seals of the Mayoralty, the old State Barge, some of the older pieces of the Mansion House plate, and the famous State Coach which so many thousands are all agog to see every 9th of November.

FICTION

LOGOMACHIES

The Battle of Souls. By HUGH NAYBARD. (J. and J. Gray and Co., Edinburgh.)

Books on an imaginary invasion of England by Germany or other Continental Power are somewhat played out and tend to become rather a bore. The same may be said of books which deal with an imaginary reappearance of Christ upon earth, for the purpose of reforming Christianity, whether in London or Chicago. In this extravagant romance both these worn-out themes are combined. The wearisome result is therefore exactly what we may expect. Hence it is particularly amusing to be told in the publisher's preliminary review (which is as laudatory as the epitaph on a provincial mayor's tombstone) that "this book will cause a surprise to all thoughtful men and women, as something completely new in fiction." That it will find readers goes without saying. That it will "make a profound impression on the reading public" might also be predicated, if by the reading public is understood that mass of illiterate folk who enjoy the wildest possible sensation, especially if well spiced with vulgar attack on the human failure inseparable from all religions, together with a fine mixture of mysterious and occult devil-worship. All this and a great deal more may be found in Mr. Naybard's vapid romancings.

An English Prime Minister, Magnus Winter, and an Imperial Chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Baron von Adelsberg, fall under the horrid spell of a certain Lady Faustine Rosemede, high priestess of the Black Art, who summons the Oriental legions of the devil to work her wicked will. Far down below her London mansion, behind a huge door of iron, is a Celtic temple of Epona more than twenty-five centuries old, with appropriate oratories and altars, candles, and Oriental hangings, Celtic masonry and metal work, *et hoc genus omne*; while "the very deities, whose hideous shapes loomed gaunt through the blue light, were not altogether Oriental." Below this amazing chapel is a convenient dungeon, in whose "cimmerian depths" the high priestess, with the aid of "a file of dark-faced men in Oriental dress," imprisons the Iron Chancellor, and terrifies him into selling his soul (if he had one) and joining the Legions of Lucifer. Magnus Winter had already been overawed into similar evil bondage. Their ghastly initiation is performed by a band of Druids, chanting the songs of the Sons of Sin, marshalled by the Lady Faustine, "mighty Archdruidess, sixtieth in the line from the great Vertobrix." A no less important person than the devil himself seals the fearsome compact with a kiss from "lips hot as a searing-iron." Von Adelsberg shrieks and faints.

He could hardly do less in "the Hell-House of Keridwen." But he emerges to carry out with Winter the devil's own scheme for a war with Germany, and eventually a mere detachment of 50,000 Germans evades the English fleet, and is landed in Essex. But the horrors of war are prevented by a veritable *deus ex machina*. Christ appears in London. His advent is prepared for by an awful recurrence of the Great Plague, and by one Paul Fane, a sort of modern John the Baptist; in reality a country gentleman's son, somewhat a prig, who "grew in greatness of soul and strength of body" at Eton and Oxford—disadvantages unknown to his great prototype. But, as Mr. Naybard informs us, "when God raises up a prophet unto Himself He recks not of the class from which he springs." So the voice of one crying in Hyde Park denounces "Catholic and Protestant, Anglican and Nonconformist," priests and ministers alike. We miss the robust courage of the real John Baptist, for Paul loses a grand opportunity in not calling them "a generation of vipers"—though they are all "robbers." However, 50,000 people join "the League of Christ and of His prophet Paul Fane," and sign on in twelve handy books ready for the purpose. Their enthusiasm at Paul's fierce denunciations of Christianity and of the Church of Christ is rewarded by the appearance of Christ Himself at Easton Hall, while a private interview is graciously accorded to Paul at his lodgings. At yet another manifestation a Nonconformist minister's "clay-like face grew red with anger" at the blasphemous imposture. But "the Master held out His hands to this doubting Thomas. *They were pierced!* The man staggered back. Christ advanced a naked foot. Likewise was it pierced. With an awful shriek of terror the minister sank upon his knees. 'Christ! He is Christ indeed!' he cried." The next appearance is in Essex, when the German soldiers are told by Him to "depart in peace, for war is no more." And they go aboard British ships to the Fatherland. Universal peace for ever being now secured, general reform proceeds apace. Slums and rookeries are demolished. Winter, von Adelsberg, and the German Commander-in-Chief have already perished by awful stroke of the devil. Priests and ministers are abolished—for "the people had Christ's own word they were unnecessary to the existence of a Church, and that He had never given authority for their appointment." And after such pleasing "renascence of Christianity" this glowing prophecy closes with a sort of second Ascension of Christ in Hyde Park on a day in late summer before thousands of upturned eyes.

The Devil in Solution. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

WHEN we say that the "Devil in Solution" is cocoa, that the name of the hero of the book is Lord Mark Mucklethrew, a "Decuple Blue," and that the events of the story turn chiefly on his struggles with the cocoa fiend, the reader of this notice will have a suspicion of the sort of book Mr. Caine has given us. It is a skit of a particularly hilarious and exaggerated kind, a skit on athleticism, the society novel, the upper class, Parliament, and a good many other things. Mr. Caine obtains his effects by a ridiculous exaggeration and a complete overthrow of the probabilities. Lord Mark's rooms in Piccadilly are made to resemble an athletic outfitter's shop; his "pot-luck" supper is a twelve-course affair with a printed *menu*, and his valet is a disguised advertising agent, who tricks him into signing a testimonial to Ath-cocoa, and makes him swallow a cup of it. The effect is magical, but disastrous. While under the influence of the

beverage Lord Mark is irresistible, but once the reaction sets in he is as a clod of earth. At the bump supper after his great sculling match from Greenwich to Westminster (an event upon which the eyes of the whole civilised world are turned and the price of Consols intimately depends) he breaks down in his great speech, and has to escape by the back door from the infuriated audience. In the House of Commons Cricket Match, instead of scoring a couple of centuries in each innings and taking twenty-two wickets for half a dozen runs, he acquires a pair of spectacles and a bowling average of 102·39 per member of the opposing team. In the end he is saved by the aid of his friend Tuft, and retains the love of the Lady Cerise Lapham. Mr. Caine's hard-driven farce is wearisome if any quantity is taken at a time, is something like the "By-the-Way" column of the *Globe* indefinitely prolonged. But the author certainly has a zest for his task and infinite resource.

In Highland Harbours with Para Handy. By HUGH FOULIS. (W. Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

THESE short sketches originally appeared in the *Glasgow News*, and are to be considered as occasional journalism of a light and entertaining nature. They treat of the adventures and conversations of the crew of the *Vital Spark*, a small coaster among the Highland ports, a good deal in the manner of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the characters showing much of the light-heartedness and easy wit which we enjoy in the writings of that genial author. The adventures are slight matters—an affair with a watch-dog, a few anecdotes of a man who came in for a legacy and wished to spend it quickly, a matter of a hair-lotion testimonial, a discussion of a yacht-race, a visit from a canvasser, and so on. The same four characters appear in all the sketches, and the sum total is a pleasant though not very precise or sober idea of life in a small coaster. Para Handy, the captain, Dougie, the mate, Macphail, the cynical engineer with a taste for novelettes, and Sunny Jim, the cook, are all as real and lifelike as characters may be who flit so swiftly before the reader's eyes. The humour, if not of the very highest form (who looks for that now?), is far from mere facetiousness, and the book leaves a pleasant impression behind it.

The Gift of the Gods. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. (William Heinemann. 2s. net.)

A BOOK by the author of "On the Face of the Waters" is not to be opened without a sense of pleasurable anticipation. The reader need have no fear that this last will fall beneath his expectations. It is true that the work is slight; but the life and personalities of an Argyle island are worked out with a rare delicacy of touch. The gift of the gods was in reality no gift at all; it was a substitution the full joy of which was not to be realised until long after the exchange had been effected. Without unduly betraying the plot, it may be explained that a weak, thriftless, but heroic, husband loses his life in saving a shipwrecked man, who in the end steps into his dead deliverer's shoes. Until almost the very end of the book one is left in doubt as to the real fate of the first husband, who has passed from sight down the cliff in the course of his work of rescue. Had he reappeared the dramatic interest of the story would of course have been intensified, at the cost of art. But nothing of the kind occurs, and the little work fully maintains the traditions of its author.

POETS AND CRITICS

WHEN a short time ago I came across a book by the Poet Laureate, entitled "The Bridling of Pegasus," I confess that the title alarmed me. I do not want the present century to capture the winged horse. I should be sorry to see poor Pegasus munching gilded oats at a banquet of the Poetry Society, nor do I wish to find his photograph among the grinning actresses in the illustrated papers. But an examination of Mr. Austin's book soon reassured me. He has not bridled Pegasus. He has not even succeeded in harnessing Rosinante, but by a natural error he has hung his bridle on to a spotted wooden steed of great age, that served perhaps to amuse some of our less considerable poets in their infancy. Mr. Austin's criticism is as individual as his poetry, and far more stimulating. I do not think that any poet could read "The Bridling of Pegasus" without being roused to passionate anger. It is as though a village schoolmaster had paid a week-end visit to the foot of Parnassus, and had embodied his miscomprehensions of what he had seen in the form of a series of lectures to his apple-cheeked pupils. Here you have the condescension, the assertive ignorance, the occasional smirking humour. Let the little boys write on their slates Mr. Austin's assertion that Byron is the greatest English poet since Milton, and let them add that Mr. Austin is the most irritating critic since Remus. One of these statements is true.

It is too late in the day to review "The Bridling of Pegasus," but it suggests the fitness of some inquiry into the relationship between poets and critics. It is of course as natural for critics to dislike the work of young and adventurous poets as it is for poets to dislike the writings of aged and sophisticated critics, for critics—of all men who work in words—love to support themselves on those mysterious crutches known as canons of art, which any new poet worthy of the name promptly sends flying with a spurt of his winged foot. This is not to say that canons of art (the artillery of the small bore?) may not have a certain value—for critics; but poets, when they fall to criticising their comrades, are usually content to rely on their individual judgments rather than to appeal to any universal theory of greatness in poetry, and, considered dispassionately, it would be easy to support the view that critics select their canons of art to justify the preferences that they formed when their minds were still receptive and unhardened by the inhuman task of criticism. To take a handful of poets at random it seems impossible to lay down any one theory of poetry that will support the undeniable greatness of Herrick, Burns, Blake, Keats, Browning, Swinburne and Meredith, and it may be noted that the Laureate—who writes as a critic and not as a poet—while treating of poetry from the academic standpoint, does not dare this ultimate adventure. He is content to arrange poetry in classes, and assure us that reflective poetry is greater than lyrical, and that epic poetry is the greatest of all.

Even if we are to accept these dogmatic assertions, I can imagine no sane reader of poetry regulating his preferences by doctrine of this kind. To Mr. Austin the comparative popularity of lyrical poetry is a matter for keen regret. To me—so far does personal prejudice count in these matters—it is a healthy sign, since it suggests that those who read poetry to-day do so for pleasure rather than from a sense of duty. But if for no other reason, I would mistrust Mr. Austin's canons on account of the extraordinary conclusions to which they lead him. Probably most foreigners would agree with Mr. Austin that Byron is the greatest English poet since Milton; but poetry is the one possession that a nation cannot share with its fellows, and the countrymen of Keats and Shelley, of Browning and Swinburne, must per-

force keep the enjoyment of their rarer inheritance to themselves.

Nor do his canons help Mr. Austin to fare better on smaller points. Thus when he wrote that "no poet of much account is ever obscure" he had clearly forgotten Browning, Blake, and the Shakespeare of the Sonnets.

The Sonnets are occasionally obscure because in them Shakespeare is expressing very intricate and subtle emotions, quite beyond the range of ordinary lovers. Browning is obscure because his mind was an overcrowded museum in which his thoughts could not turn round without knocking freakish ornaments and exotic images off the shelves. Blake was obscure, as Wordsworth was often inane, through trusting too much to inspiration. Great poetry is not obscure; but the ranks of the great poets supply exceptions to all generalisations.

Again, Mr. Austin finds it strange that two such great poets as Dante and Milton should suffer from a total lack of humour. This opens up a fruitful field of speculation, but probably this deficiency is the rule rather than the exception. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Blake, Tennyson, and Swinburne all lacked it, though some of these poets tried to be funny at times. Browning had a sense of humour, but it may be doubted whether it did his poetry any good. Shakespeare had enough humour for fifty men of letters; but he had everything. Mr. Alfred Austin has not a sense of humour, though he sometimes indulges a cumbrous spirit of gaiety that recalls Mr. Pecksniff in his moments of relaxation.

No, I do not believe in canons of art, save, if you will, of a vague and ineffective character that leave artists free to do what they like. Nevertheless, the school of criticism to which Mr. Austin belongs being powerful these days, I think it would be a goodly task to prepare a list of aphorisms to hang by the bedside of critics of poetry. Mine would be something like this:—

1. A good critic is a man who likes good work, and by dint of his enthusiasm is empowered to perform miracles, teaching the blind to see and the deaf to hear.

2. There are two kinds of poetry, good and bad. Minor poetry is a phrase used by incompetent critics who dare not oppose their judgment to the possible contradiction of posterity.

3. "To artists who can treat them greatly all times and all truths are equal. . . . A poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank" (Swinburne).

4. If the poet's intellect gives power and direction to his work, his emotions supply the force that creates it. With most men the emotions become exhausted or sophisticated at a comparatively early age. Hence most poets have done their best work when they were young.

5. The aphorism that poets are born and not made is merely an untruthful expression of the fact that not every one can become a poet by taking pains. It would hardly be excessive to say that the first task of every artist is to create his own genius; it is our misfortune that most artists have neglected to do this.

6. Poets who try to teach in song have derived small benefit from their suffering.

7. We have all endured the man who sings because he must; there is something to be said for the man who sings because he can.

8. The wise critic will always approach poetry on his knees, even though he ends by sitting on it.

9. Bad poetry is not nearly so harmful as bad criticism of poetry.

And so on. . . . It would be possible to fill a number of THE ACADEMY with such things, without saving one critic from the quenchless flames. The only sane method by which to become a good critic of poetry is to love poetry. That is

why Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody" seems to me to be a great book. I think he has the most catholic appreciation of poetry that any man, not excluding the poets themselves, can ever have achieved, and he is free from the poet's inevitable prejudices. The first volume may be skimmed over advantageously by any one not specially interested in prosody as a science; but the second and third volumes should be read and re-read by all lovers of English poetry. Such a critic may well reconcile poets to criticism.

And this brings me to the vexed question of the utility of critics. It seems to me clear that critics can be of little service to men of genius or even to artists of real ability, but as middlemen between artists and the general public they are, unhappily, necessary. It is often forgotten how far the reading public to-day is dependent on the critics to tell it how many of the monstrous multitude of new books are worth reading. Poetry is very badly treated by the Press in general because there is no money in it, and the daily newspapers prefer to devote their literary columns to reviews of novels written in batches of six by elderly unmarried ladies between breakfast and lunch. But it must be added that the bulk of the criticism of new poetry that does appear in the periodical Press is surprisingly well done. The only pity is that there is not more of it.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

MUSIC

WE are all industrious nowadays. Idleness, dear, lazy Nymph, has few votaries. It is no longer the *mode* to have nothing to do. But there are some tasks from which we suppose that even those who are most avid of occupation must shrink. The imagination boggles at the thought of his task who had recently to choose the best nosegay of sweet-peas out of 38,000! It were less shocking, one thinks, to have to fly 1,000 miles in a monoplane. Among the more terrible tasks to which willing men bend their energies, that of selecting music for some eighty consecutive orchestral concerts, surely ranks high in its horror. How did Sir Henry Wood set about making the programmes for his "Promenade Concerts"? Did he get up early on eighty days, and compose one programme before breakfast? This would seem to be the easiest way of accomplishing the task. Yet what appetite for breakfast can he have had after the close mental wrestlings which must be undergone before even one programme that shall satisfy the varied tastes of the Promenaders can be settled? We admire Sir Henry Wood very much when he is conducting a concert with that buoyant freshness which can communicate itself even to the "Symphonie Pathétique," but we are not sure that he is not more amazing when we contemplate him at his desk evolving this tremendous list of music.

It may be said without exaggeration that these "Promenades" are the most important concerts that take place in London during the year. They bring the blessing of music to by far the largest number of persons, and to that class of persons which it is most important to influence for good. The more expensive Symphony Concerts and the Chamber Concerts appeal chiefly to those whose taste is already formed, and most of them are given in the afternoon, when breadwinners have to be at their business. But the "Promenades" are given in the evening, when everybody is free to go, and at a time of year when rival attractions are least numerous. They are very good, very cheap, and, oh! comfort of comforts, you may smoke as you listen. The vast majority of the "Promenade" audience is not highly critical. It is willing to be pleased. There is still something of the Old Adam in its spirit, and it applauds

with great heartiness just those items of the programme which made Sir Henry Wood, when he set them down, just a little reluctant and impatient. Of course there is in the audience a substantial leaven of the higher critics, who have attended for the sake of the new work, or the Brandenburg Concerto, or the Debussy. But these do not count overmuch. The problem is to give the average young men and women who "like music" an opportunity to hear what is good and beautiful, so that their taste may be gradually improved. That the directors of these concerts have been working with brilliant success towards the complete solution of this problem is a fact patent to all who have followed the course of music in London during the last twenty-five years. Ten years ago such programmes as are now with confidence put before the public every day at the "Promenades" would not have been possible, and we venture to predict that those programmes which "critics" would consider the best will be those most eagerly enjoyed during the present season.

We are told by the one prophet who remains to us, Mr. Thomas Hardy, that it is a question if the reign of what may be called "orthodox beauty" is not approaching its last quarter. He is speaking, of course, of the beauty of scenery. He says of such places as "Egdon Heath" that they appeal to a subtler and scarcer instinct than that which responds to the sort of beauty which is called charming and fair. An older prophet, Mr. Ruskin, felt the same movement within him long ago, when he vowed that he would sacrifice all the view from Richmond Hill for one block of granite and a clump of lady-fern. There is little reason to doubt that they are right about the trend of taste in scenery. Like Catherine Morland under Henry Tilney's training, we are most of us ready to "voluntarily reject the whole city of Bath as unworthy of a place in a landscape." We note the same movement of taste when we go to the picture-galleries. When Mr. Tilney hears Miss Morland declare that the picture before her is "charming," he corrects her immediately, and teaches her to admire something that, if sombre, is much more "charged with meaning." Music appeals to a wider circle than do scenes or pictures. The modern movement of appreciation, therefore, must be given more time in which to make its influence so marked. But that it is growing, and growing fast, there can be no question. Sir Henry Wood and his colleagues recognise this, and they hardly put forward one programme in which there is not something to satisfy the amateur who desires that which is more than merely pretty and charming and delightful. There exist amateurs who would out-Hardy the poet of Wessex—who would like all their music to be Egdon Heaths, who forget that the pastoral scenes through which Tess and Angel Clare wended their unhappy way were beautiful too. At our "Promenades" we are to have smiling landscapes in abundance, as well as stormy November heaths, and, as we have hinted, keen eyes will discover a few *morceaux* in the programmes which are there as a solatium to the taste of those who would exclaim with pleasure at the sight of the geranium-decked houseboats on the Thames. But these are to be found chiefly among the songs, and we have no desire to be severe about their presence, though we own we should have rejoiced had the directors seen fit to raise, and raise considerably, the type of song which is allowed at their concerts.

A judicious conservatism seems to mark these programmes in regard to new compositions. The progressive spirit of a few years ago, when novelties were perhaps too numerous, is at present taking a nap. At the same time there is advance shown in this, that a few pieces which have proved wildly popular are not being "done to death." Indeed, we have looked in vain for Tchaikovsky's "1812;" and the

"Casse-Noisette" and "Peer Gynt" are not to be played every week. Still, it seems to us that a good many popular pieces (excellent though they are), which have been performed over and over again, might have been given a rest, their place to be taken by less familiar works, which only need to be known to become popular. We remember that when Rosa Timmins was thinking about her little dinner Mrs. Gashleigh, her mamma, proposed a fine rich mock-turtle, stewed pigeons, and gooseberry-cream. "I will not have them, mamma," cried Rosa, and she stamped her foot. Had Sir Henry Wood followed Rosa in this display of firmness when the Mrs. Gashleighs among his advisers advocated certain dishes for the "Promenade" banquet we think none of the audience would have suffered. There are pieces by Saint-Saëns, Ambroise Thomas, Moskowski, Max Bruch, and others, which are as excellent as gooseberry-cream, but there are plenty of sweet things which might have taken their places, about which there would have been a refreshing piquancy.

But if there are not many new compositions to be heard, there are a great many artists whose names are new to us. We hope they will all be successful. They are sure of kind and generous treatment from the cheerful "Promenade" audience. Indeed it might be as well if a caution were given them that they are not to consider themselves Melba and Paderewskis because they received so many "recalls" at the "Promenades." Last year we heard several sensible patrons of these concerts complain that the standard of solo performance was not so high as they could have wished. These amateurs were all agreed that they would have preferred the excellent orchestra without some of the singers and the pianists. But we suppose the time has not come yet for such counsels to bear fruit. The young gentlemen in straw-hats who crowd the "Promenade" find no fault, as we have suggested, with the soloists; and although we ourselves are of the minority which would willingly dispense with the services of second-rate soloists, we shall try and remember that, to a large portion of the audience, they are not second-rate at all, and that we cannot expect everybody to be converted to an acceptance of the finest principles of "taste" as instantaneously as was Miss Catherine Morland.

The concerts begin on the Feast of St. Grouse, and will not come to an end until three weeks after the first pheasant has been shot. We trust that when October 21st has come Sir Henry Wood will not be the worse for his really gigantic labours. In former days he confined himself to conducting the first part of the programme; now, we believe, he conducts it all. But might not a division of labour be wise? Would it not be possible to invite the co-operation of a few of our excellent young conductors and permit them to direct some of the everyday pieces, which they would certainly manage very well? It would be an invaluable experience for them; the audience would not object so long as the chief pieces were under the command of Sir Henry, and that most indefatigable of conductors would find the strain considerably lightened.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

M. LOUIS DUMUR possesses to the highest degree a quality which is generally a special attribute of the Anglo-Saxon race—humour. But he adds to his humour a deep psychological insight. For some years he has devoted his talent particularly to the portrayal of the different strata of Genevan society. Being a Swiss himself, M. Louis Dumur has lived in Calvin's austere city, and has thus been able to

study and depict the ways of living and thinking of its inhabitants, over whom, in spite of the passing of centuries, the fear and veneration of the great reformer still looms. And he has painted them with a masterly if often satirical touch.

The subject of M. Dumur's new book, "*L'Ecole du Dimanche*" ("The Sunday-school") (*Mercure de France*, 3f. 50c.) is only a means for the author to guide us through a certain section of Genevan society which is as curious as amusing. He evokes before us some partisans of the excessively clerical portion of the inhabitants of Geneva, and draws them so vividly that we imagine we see them live and act. And in truth we have all—or at least all those amongst us who, as children, have frequented a Sunday-school—known the "clever" scholar, Carcaille, the admiration of the fold, the pride of the clergyman, who knows by heart all the texts and contexts, and whose greatest pleasure consists in insisting on complicated explanations. Who has not met also the complacent monitress, Mme. Collignon, who gives an annual *fête* to the dear children intrusted each dominical morning to her motherly care? As for the description of the *fête* itself, it is replete with humour; each little detail is noted and commented on in so amusing and so true a way that one feels as if one assisted in reality at that awe-inspiring function.

M. Louis Dumur's two leading characters are Pastor Babel and Gédéon Gubernard—the first a fervent admirer of Calvin's doctrine, the second an impassioned freethinker. The author opposes their contradictory views all through the course of his work, and the deductions he draws are both original and interesting. There are perhaps in "*L'Ecole du Dimanche*" a few pages which may shock certain persons, but the ardent apology of Protestantism with which the book closes will certainly win for M. Dumur the suffrage of many English readers.

"Sonia" is a delightful authoress; her chronicles, which appeared in the *Figaro* under the title of "*Petits Cahiers d'une Etrangère*," are full of a whimsical humour which is delightful. But . . . she remains invisible; no one has ever seen her. Fortunately, however, for the numerous admirers of her talent, she has a very dear friend, M. Emile Berr, the distinguished writer on the *Figaro* staff, to whom she has intrusted the task of preparing these "papers" for the Press. Some even whisper that "Sonia" and Emile Berr are one and the same person, and perhaps—but hush! we must not divulge secrets! "Sonia's" latest work, entitled "*Sonia et ses Amis*" (Fasquelle, 3f. 50c.), has just appeared, and will form the most agreeable, as well as the most diverting, of summer reading. Her appreciations on the most varied subjects are jotted down without any particular order, just as they happen to occur to her, in a very feminine way. And her reflections, which combine wit and a fine psychological faculty, betray a rare knowledge of the intricacies and subtleties of the human soul. To give a fairly complete idea of "*Sonia et ses Amis*" one would have to quote largely from the work. It is sufficient to say that in it she deals with the most heterogeneous subjects—love and morals, pleasure and reason, religion and health—with so much grace and *esprit* that one successively smiles or considers whilst reading her trite reflections. And, a fact which is not the least charm of the work, "Sonia" is deliciously and femininely facetious, as will be seen by her amusing remark:—

En somme, une noble ambition ne me paraît pas inconcevable avec la joie de penser que le succès que l'on espère ferait enrager quelqu'un.

The character of Voltaire has inspired many authors, but there are few books on the great writer as interesting as the

one M. Jules Bertaut has just written for the collection entitled "*La Vie Anecdotique et Pittoresque des Grands Ecrivains*" (Louis Michaud, 2f. 25c.). M. Bertaut, to whom we owe already a most curious "*Victor Hugo*," has collected in his "*Voltaire*" numerous anecdotes, some of which are very little known. He sketches the writer's life, underlining it with many incidents which throw curious sidelights on the mentality of the famous sceptic. M. Bertaut shows us Voltaire's existence as a young man in the great city of Paris, his love of luxury, his innumerable adventures, the anxiety of his father, who sent him to Caen, and later to The Hague, in the hope of curbing the rather too turbulent spirit of his son. With regard to Voltaire's imprisonment in the Bastille, we find the following anecdote which, we think, may interest our readers:—

Sa captivité dura onze mois. Ce ne fut que le 11 Avril, 1718, que Voltaire fut remis en liberté. A sa sortie des amis l'attendaient, dont le Marquis de Nocé, qui l'emmena au Palais-Royal, pour le présenter au Duc d'Orléans. Comme on faisait antichambre, le poète s'impatientait et, entendant le grondeur lointain d'un orage qui menaçait:—

"Quand ce serait un régent qui gouvernerait là haut," s'écria-t-il, "les choses n'iraient pas plus mal!"

Le Marquis de Nocé ne manqua point de rapporter au Régent le mot de l'embaillé d'hier, en le présentant:—

"Voilà, Monseigneur, le jeune Arouet que vous venez de tirer de la Bastille, et que vous allez y renvoyer!"

"Ma foi, non!" répondit l'autre en riant. "Et même je lui alloue une pension!"

"Je remercie votre Altesse Royale," répondit Arouet, "de ce qu'elle veut bien se charger de ma nourriture, mais je la prie de ne plus se charger de mon logement!"

M. Bertaut says also that when Voltaire met Bolingbroke he declared to a friend:—

"J'ai trouvé dans cet illustre Anglais toute l'érudition de son pays. Je n'ai jamais entendu parler notre langue avec plus d'énergie et de justesse."

In fact we see later that when Voltaire crossed the Channel he was just as enthusiastic over England in general as over Bolingbroke as an individual of that nation. And it is worth observing that M. Bertaut considers Voltaire's sojourn in England the key to the development of his genius:—

Au reste le voyage de Voltaire en Angleterre . . . fut la plus belle de ses opérations intellectuelles, puisque d'un seul coup elle renouvelait toutes ses connaissances et toutes ses idées. La vue de la civilisation anglaise fut en quelque manière un coup de foudre dans l'existence de Voltaire. La contemplation d'une société vivant et prospérant sur des bases si complètement différentes de la civilisation française modifia en quelques mois tous les principes et toutes les pensées de l'auteur d'*Oedipe*.

Voltaire's relations with Frederick the Great have afforded his biographer the occasion of writing a most amusing chapter, showing how by incessant intrigue Voltaire managed to win the friendship of the King of Prussia, with whom he had had previously a long correspondence. We see the development and ending of that friendship, which between two so pronounced characters as Voltaire and Frederick II. could not but terminate badly. M. Bertaut's book will be read with the greatest interest by those who have a taste for caustic anecdotes. He has contrived to collect in two hundred short pages the quintessence of the life of one of the most extraordinary characters that has ever existed—François Arouet de Voltaire.

MARC LOGÉ.

THE YOUNG TURK AS LEGISLATOR

IN dealing with the above subject from the standpoint of personal observation one is tempted to adopt the brevity displayed in an encyclopædia of Ireland under the heading of "Snakes in Ireland." "There are no snakes in Ireland." While it would be going too far too assert that numerically there are no legislators in Turkey, it must be reluctantly admitted that for all practical purposes they rank with the snakes of the Emerald Isle. The Turk proper has never been a legislator, and whatever importance may have been attached to the wisdom of the Cadi in the past, his successor to-day in the Chamber of Deputies or at the Sublime Porte most effectually conceals any inherited virtue in the art of Government.

Doubtless many centuries of arbitrament at the point of the sword, and of almost incredible repression at the hands of the Sultans, do not tend to the creation of leaders imbued with a high sense of constitutional governing powers. Time alone will show whether upon a people so nurtured can be grafted the usages of responsible government. In that legislative chamber on the Bosphorus are mixed, but not blended, the desires and ambitions of the Turk, the Arab, the Greek, the Jew, the Armenian, and the Slav, to mention only the more obvious warring elements. Given a heaven-born gift of the management of men and affairs, the proposition even then would be a tough one. Put in its place an utter absence of the sense of responsibility, a want of tolerance, of sympathy, and of experience, coupled with the possession of Turkish ignorance, pride, and conceit, and the result may be imagined.

The Turk considers himself lord of all; the Arab despises the Turk; the Greek, groaning under a severe trade boycott, hates both; the Jew and the Armenian make money out of all parties, but are liable to periodical massacre; the Bulgar in Turkish dominions wants his own independence—as also do the Albanians and Macedonians. A strong man, a very strong man, is wanted here.

Mahmoud Shevket, the Kitchener of Turkey, is a good soldier and an honest man, but no more; nor does the horizon contain a man who is likely to cope with the situation. The Patriots, who stage-managed that wonderful revolution, have, with few exceptions, been relegated to the background. Their place has been taken by a Camarilla, known—save the mark!—as the Committee of Union and Progress, which has constituted itself the power behind the Throne. Every Minister and important official holds his office at the will of this body, which directs, or tries to direct, the policy of the Empire. Its membership contains numerous cliques who fight among themselves for place or domination. The vote decides the appointment, but does not remove the intrigue against the successful one. Thus it happens that the Committee seldom speak with one voice; its leader has no settled policy. We must go with the strongest current, so that Ministers appointed by this wavering body have no clear policy laid down for them, and their traditional sense of irresponsibility, the fruit of their late Sultan's despotism, is accentuated by the precarious tenure of their office.

Hence the most ordinary business becomes almost impossible. The head of a State Department hesitates to act on his own initiative. He must consult his many counsellors, in most cases his many masters, to whom he owes his position. Their conflicting advice does not mend matters, with the result that nothing is done. Ambition is not wanting, and with the help of foreign experts great schemes are elaborated; railways, roads, shipping, irrigation, all claim the attention of the Minister of Public Works. Tenders are invited and accepted; millions are asked for, and in some cases, after interminable wrangles, voted, and then

nothing more is done. Months of valuable time are wasted by capitalists and contractors, friction and much bitter feeling is engendered between the representatives of friendly nations, as the result of the Turkish diplomacy of playing one off against the other. The people of the country, whose hopes of much-needed communication have been raised, relapse into despair and call upon the name of Abdul Hamid, who at least did get the things he wanted done.

The commercial world of France and England will not soon forget the evil procrastination and evidences of bad faith on the part of the Ottoman Government in connection with certain contracts and financial operations. The recent resignation of Sir William Wilcocks points to the abandonment of the muddle of the Mesopotamian irrigation scheme. Upon one thing alone is there a fair show of unanimity—the country's defence! Millions are poured out upon the Army and a Navy of doubtful efficiency. A dependence upon cruisers no longer in their first youth, palmed off upon a more or less confiding Minister of Marine by the astute Tenton at prices almost equal to new, is not likely to add to the happiness and sense of security of the Young Turk or of the capable British Admiral, his naval adviser. Two gallant admirals have failed to make headway; a third is still struggling with an inefficient *personnel* and material, not to mention a superfluity of masters. The Army, under the tuition of Field-Marshal von der Goltz, has made greater strides, and its progress adds to the already overweening Chauvinism of the Ministry.

Unable to keep her own house in order, as evidenced by the uprisings in Albania and Arabia and the unrest in Macedonia, Turkey nevertheless persists in trailing her coat in front of Greece and Bulgaria. All these troubles add, of course, to the difficulties of legislation, at no time easy to carry into effect. In its comparatively short life the Chamber of Deputies has been the scene of many a stormy sitting, leading at times to personal violence. Even the more dignified Senate is capable of scenes which, in these stirring times in our midst, would cause a shiver to run down the backs of the *habitués* of our own gilded chamber. Nor are the Government's relationships with the Press any too happy. Intolerant of criticism, the suspension of a newspaper is quite a common affair. True, very often the journal rises again Phoenix-like from its ashes, under a new name, only once again to be suppressed. Not content with putting down the paper, political animosity goes so far as to suppress the editor. As a result several lamentable assassinations of prominent men in the journalistic world have to be recorded.

In many cases the legislative palm still itches, and, in spite of official condemnation, continues to be greased, but circumspectly and in a roundabout fashion. The old order of things, where *backsheesh* was taken as a matter of course, is no longer tolerated. Now there are too many eyes on the alert, whose owners are prone to denounce if they may not share in the plunder. The Council of Ministers, or Executive, with the Grand Vizier at the head, is a Committee of Union and Progress in miniature, with the same intrigues, dissensions, and wirepullings of the larger body. Apart from the formal opening of Parliament, the Sultan takes no part in legislation. He signs *iradés* on the request of his Grand Vizier, and has no initiative, truly a contrast to his autocratic predecessor.

Here then we find all the forms of a constitutional Government, a naturally rich country hardly at all developed, a hardworking, and, on the whole, if let alone, an amiable people, but wretchedly administered. Credited with full powers, what wonders could not a Cromer evolve in ten years! One has only to look at the wonderful results of English administration at the Customs to realise the benefits of a good system efficiently carried out. But it is hopeless

to expect these proud and wayward leaders to consent of their own accord to a friendly foreign domination. It may be, if events in the Balkans end in a general conflagration, they may find a triple foreign control forced upon them. It would be a thousand pities if, after throwing off the yoke of Abdul Hamid in such a gallant manner, the Young Turk finds himself unable to handle the reins of Government in such a way as to command the respect of his people and his European neighbours.

ON READING IN BED

NOT that the subject is new; in this case novelty lends not the slightest vestige of excuse to the ever voluble pen. If it need apology let that apology be rather the very universality and hoary antiquity of the subject. Amidst all that is distinctively and blatantly twentieth century, this mellow tradition lingers tranquilly with us. We have no need to debate it, or to school ourselves to it with pains; it is assumed as naturally and irrationally as our dog's circumambulation before curling himself up for a doze. It is so ancient as to be prehistoric; so universal as to be without recorded initiation. We are unable to deck with bays the honoured tomb of our prime precursor. We may only hail him impersonally as one of those Titans who laid the foundations of the world. But for such a purpose as this fancy will serve us as well as history, and a short flight will link us up with Antiquus Lector in his airy villa at Baiae, as he lies couched with his favourite Flaccus, or even with some now mummified kinsman of the Ptolemies, scanning his hieroglyphs to the accompaniment of the immemorial lapping of the Nile.

To hark back to the word, "irrational" is the best expression of its quality. All pretended "reasons" and "causes" for the happy indulgence are mere wills-o'-the-wisp. Nor is there any reason why one should feel arraigned to give a reason, save the fondly-nourished sense of naughtiness that, after our human fashion, seasons the enjoyment. With some of us this may have its origin in dim memories of youthful nights when at least one sense had to be spared from the enthralling volume, to give warning of the parental step on the stair, whereupon a hasty snuffing of the tell-tale candle and a varyingly successful simulation of sleep. For we had strange theories of sleep then, as, for example, that the breath must be painfully suspended, and a kind of *rigor mortis* maintained—quite sufficient, poor innocents, to annihilate our careful deception without the diminished evidence of that tell-tale candle. Or, perhaps, if our youth were stainless, simply the sweetness of stealing an hour from sleep's domain, faithfully promised by our retirement between sheets, marks us guilty in the eye of Nature. But let it be; to invoke the moral law on this score will but burden our already heavy delinquencies, and will reform us not a whit.

Now there be that prescribe for us with pains and mistaken solicitude what our pabulum shall be: as that light and wholesome fiction is a good preparatory to the slumber of innocence; or that the systematic re-perusal of old favourites leaves a pleasant, peaceful glow in the somnolescent mind; or, again, that books of devotion titillate the conscience and induce the sleep of the just. But to define limits is destructive of the flavour, and to systematise is anomaly. Let your bedroom shelf be well stocked, and by way of selection, pick your tomes haphazard—or even blindfold—from your library. Having thus recruited your service, rest content. Never debate beforehand the night's election, but retire sedately at your accustomed hour, fostering the idea that your day is spent and that you have dismissed all the "weari-

ness of books" from your mind. A little spice of the supercilious is no demerit. With a clear, childlike mind array yourself for the pillow. Then suddenly, as though seized by a novel impulse, take your candle to the chosen ranks and study the titles lingeringly. As soon as one of them hits your fancy take the book down. He is the lect. With him seek now your couch, and lazily turn his pages until your "frail eyelids" withdraw you from his spell. And on the next night repeat the process. Do not let the previous acquaintance mortgage the delightful uncertainty. The mood must be supreme arbiter; and the mood is errant. Thus one night we have trifled deliciously with Mr. Henry James; the next found new joy in Boswell; another night has delivered us over to "Eothen;" while the following has seen us dozing with Mr. W. W. Jacobs. Of all hours this must be the most catholic and the most erratic.

Concerning the sordid details, such as the perfect recumbent position and the quality and disposition of the candle—matters on which some delight to dogmatise—we have no word to offer. "The play's the thing;" these other little conditions will adjust themselves and may even vary with the event. "The Golden Bowl" will scarcely adumbrate the same posture as, say, Wordsworth's "Excursion;" nor can Spinoza be so easily taken lying down as "The Upton Letters." So long as, that delicious moment arrived when the printed words arouse grotesquely foreign fancies, you may blow out the candle with the minimum of effort, we scarcely see that it matters.

All this, of course, has to do purely with reading in bed as a habitual nocturnal pastime. As a solace in sickness and a judicious encouragement of incipient convalescence some other words might be added to its praise. But here again fancy and inclination must be allowed untrammelled arbitrament. Never be beguiled by well-meaning sympathisers, bulging with the lachrymose literature of sick-bed consolation. Suffer your mood gladly to outrage the proprieties of the case. And the sick mood will be nothing if not irregular. Some earliest recollections of Dickens's "Christmas Books" are connected with a juvenile midsummer malady. It was from the cramping embrace of *la grippe* that we sallied forth to the discovery of Uncle Toby—an unappreciated stranger to us in more robustious days; and on another similar occasion we inhaled the invigorating ozone of imagination tramping in breezy company along "The Path to Rome." Yet another redemptive sick-bed memory is supplied by no other than Ibsen's "Brand;" while not one, but many such, linger gratefully about the "Morte D'Arthur," dear companion of many moods and circumstances.

It remains to be observed that some there be who lay up their treasure overnight, and, waking betimes, drag out their choice in the cold, disillusionising light of dawn, suffering the desecration of their peace by premonitions of "getting up," and the resurgent trivialities of the coming day. But these are not of the true fold, and bare mention is all they deserve.

P. J. F.

WHERE AMERICA RULES

"The fool inherits, but the wise man must get." Thus it has gone down through the ages, an unwritten law of progress—and possession. Authority is of the wise and foolish. The ignorant bow before the blusterer; albeit there is an instinct about mankind, as in the lower animal kingdom, that will inevitably force them to recognise their master. To rule well one must always be master; and to govern others man must first learn to govern himself. When dealing with those of unequal advantages, in birth, education, and the handicap of race, we see these traits more

prominently brought into play. It is a grand opportunity; but the difficulties are correspondingly immense.

There is a mistake in the use of the slack rein, just as much as in the over-tight one. It is always a mistake to allow a good horse its head beyond control. It is also a mistake—I admit it—to attempt to judge the actions of any other power in authority without comprehensive knowledge. We may not judge, but we may observe and deduce; and since I have been in Manila I have been “looking on.” I have learned that there is a mistaken kindness in that slack rein, in that familiarity that will so often engender contempt. I am sorry to have to say these things, for, let me confess at once, my sympathies are a good deal for the slack rein. But it does not answer.

It is a mistake to attempt to treat the brown man as a white. It is more—it is an impossibility that will lead to trouble. The Americans—a good number of them—are facing this truth just at present. They know, the wise men among them, that they began by making a mistake in the Philippines; they would offer the hand of good fellowship and equality to their little “brown brother.” And what is the result? He has been trying to dig his claws into it ever since. Just at present there is much feeling against the American Government in Manila; there is no gainsaying it. An attempt was made to boycott the carnival; literature of a seditious character, stirring up the Filipinos to revolt, has been published in Hong Kong; offer of charitable help on the part of the Government has been refused, or practically so.

These things may happen all the world over where the white man has possessions and the native dwells on equal terms with him; but in no place does the native share equally with his white brother as in Manila. And we cannot hide from ourselves that the result is lamentable. The natives on these islands have little respect for the Americans. Americans do not pretend otherwise themselves. It is common talk on the Luneta, in the hotels and clubs, on the Plaza. Two American women sitting next to me on a public seat were discussing the present political situation here.

“I can’t think how it is,” said one woman to the other, “but they don’t like us; they never have. Oh, the English are different. The Filipinos respect the English, even the Spanish, and they didn’t do anything like what we have done for them.”

In this instance it is all the more remarkable as the colour question is so strong in America. The severest measures are meted out to the negroes in the States; lynching is not too bad for some offences; while here, in their territory, across the seas, the native will meet with a consideration and leniency often refused his white brother and America’s own citizens!

We have noticed the use of this slack rein in other things. It is strange that a people so energetic in many matters, so full of commercial activity, fire, and enthusiasm, should err—as they appear to do—in matters of discipline, order, and military etiquette. One would credit them with a keener eye, a sterner rule. But so it is. Watch a parade of American “soldiers” file past, mark their carriage, the uneven march, the lack of grooming in their horses, the unpolished bits and horse chains, their own uniforms, ill-cut, soiled, and dusty. Now see the native regiment—its smart appearance, its perfect line and alert response to the order of the officer. What a difference!

Do these things matter? I do not know; but order and discipline must stand for something. The lack of these things is somehow like a bad mark for an untidy copybook exercise. They may be just as good fighters, just as determined in their duty and their devotion; but—Well, a soldier is a servant. He has to respect those in authority over him, look up to some one or something. And the

question is, How far can this rule apply to the average Americans? And if they do not do it themselves how can they, in their turn, expect to receive such respect, devotion, and consideration from others?

An incident occurs to me that will give a good idea of this difference between European and American military discipline. Passing a sentry-box one day, my attention was called to the sentry on duty. The man was sitting back in his chair, leaning against the walls of the box, his feet on the railings in front, his gun resting on the ground some seven or eight feet away. In the meantime he was carrying on an apparently lively conversation with other members of the guard, undoubtedly making “light of his duty.” And his gun, it has been remarked, just within reach of an enterprising passer-by!

The officials here are the cause of much speculation to me; the American policeman, in particular, is hard to recognise. Officers and men, policemen, postmen, and other deputies of the Government wear little to distinguish them one from the other, and fraternise almost equally. I am told that policemen carry a police badge on their chest, that officers of the American Army wear bands on their arms. In the distance they all look much alike, and in the case of a street skirmish, an argument, or the desire for information, I long inexpressibly for the indubitable and ever-ready friend of our own little Island—the indispensable Man in Blue.

“Jack is as good as his master.” The American Tommy sits down to a drink and cigar with his superior officer. It is just the same in civil life. American women will tell you that servants are very difficult to get in Manila. The truth is that the natives do not like working for American mistresses. They do not work for them as well, for example, as they would for the English lady or the Spanish señora. Yet the American woman will probably give them more privileges; she will treat them perhaps more easily. And they will promptly take advantage of her liberality and familiarity; they will laugh at her behind her back. It is a difficult thing to treat one who serves you as an equal and yet maintain one’s dignity; yet dignity must be preserved at any cost. Therefore, we see that the Americans are attempting an almost impossible feat, and in consequence they lose their position.

Home life in Manila would appear to be a negligible quantity. The Spanish do not understand the term as it appeals to us, the Americans are no less careless of its charm—careless, we would say, if not unmindful of all that simple word may convey. The English folk out here have lost interest. Manila is so different from England; the conditions of life are different and the domestic difficulties so great; besides, they cannot regard this, they will plead, as their home really. So the little comforts, the trifles that go for extra beauty, the individual touches—all those unnecessary, superfluous things—are missing.

In some ways we cannot blame them; yet it seems a pity. As for the native servants, upon their shoulders is cast the burden of much blame. Granted that the ordinary Filipino may be an untrustworthy occupant of the house, ungrateful and unreliable, here to-day and gone to-morrow—there are other “boys” to be had, from other islands, whom with care and patience one can train into quite excellent workers. I am not convinced of the utter worthlessness of the Filipino “boys” yet. I think they have been spoilt; but I think they also possess many good traits.

In speaking of the home-life here it might be as well to mention that front-doors—if there are any!—are usually flung open in all Spanish houses, and that the visitor is received on the verandahs. When paying an ordinary call, one seldom enters a living-room—an omission that is strange to the English traveller. As these visits usually take place

between the hours of five and eight, afternoon tea is not usually offered; sweets, soft drinks, and others of stronger nature, are passed round instead. No one ever thinks of going out unless obliged between the hours of two and five in the afternoon when the heat is most intense, but with sunset the atmosphere cools and the climate becomes quite fresh and enjoyable.

In a previous paper I have mentioned the deplorable state of the native huts, or nipa shacks; also the steps taken by the American Government to clear these away, substituting others of more sanitary conditions in their place. They are making improvements everywhere; no opportunity for bettering the Islands or their inhabitants is allowed to escape. At Tondo the other day, one of the poorest districts of this city, 1,500 shacks were burnt down in an hour and five minutes, which gives some idea of the inflammability of these dwellings. Fortunately only one life was lost, but almost the entire district was wiped out, and only the sudden veering of the wind saved a hospital-building in close proximity. The Americans are now giving orders for these huts to be rebuilt on more sanitary and fireproof conditions; thus out of evil will good be wrought.

For like actions, for their cheery optimism and never-failing good humour, we admire the Americans. It has been prophesied that they will make of Manila a "garden spot of the Far East and one of the great commercial and civil centres of the world . . ." That it is "a city in the chrysalis, where the lusty Americanism is only beginning to take hold." But, like Los Angeles, it is going to grow and become unquestionably the great "city of the Far East. . . ."

To the young and enthusiastic all things are possible; it is worth while trying. But if America would learn from her mistakes, if she would take advantage of those great opportunities lying ahead of her, let her tighten her hold on the curb. Let her beware of the slack rein.

SYDNEY M. ENGLISH.

A TRIPTYCH OF GENOA

BY WILFRID THORLEY

I.

THERE are no gulls at Genoa, and there is no tide. The flotsam lies so thick along the docks that you might rake it in steadily like a haymaker. The Italian is not one for cleaning up after him, and frees himself of unnecessary *débris* by simply dropping it. So the scum thickens daily—bad fruit, broken flasks, rent linen, battered boxes, barrel-hoops, empty eggshells, and the rind of gourds floating idly in vast clots of glittering oil on the green water.

Elephantine cranes hook up half-ton barrels like month-old babies, and drop them gently into the holds. On the passenger liners their work is mainly done by the windlass and a steam-hoist that rattles furiously, and grates on all the nerves, like a rake passing over loose pebble-stones.

People pass incessantly up and down the gangways between boat and quay. Yellow and white ventilators spring from the deck like gigantic fungi, and mysterious vents vomit discoloured water from the ship's bowels.

It is with a sense of relief that the wandering eye alights on the leafless forest-tops of the sailing vessels like tangled harps made for the fingering of delicate Ariels. There is something about them more evidently in harmony with the winds they seek to waylay or elude. The wave-threshing of the steamer is a hidden thing but feebly hinted in the spinning eddy that trails after her; but these slender spars

were clearly made for a foil or caress to the intangible waves of air. The skeins of their cordage print the vacant sky into a symmetry of strange angles and rhomboids in which the oval pulleys hang like netted birds; and the light ribbons at their mast-heads float out horizontally in the steady breeze like weeds in running water.

They are mainly coasting vessels comprising Savona, Spezia, and Leghorn in their rounds; some few even touch Naples and Palermo to eastward, and others go as far to the west as Barcelona. These are the pretty feminine-looking creatures that rock coquettishly among the frolic billows that seem to be playing an endless game of cross-tick with the dock for den. But many of the taller ones bear coal all the way from Cardiff or Shields, and their decks are powdered with coal-dust that glitters like hoar-frost in the blazing sun.

The sailing vessels have an air of domesticity which the steam liners lack. They rejoice in a continual washing-day, and hang all their banners out in the shape of shrunk jerseys and frayed pantaloons. There is generally a comfortable whiff of cooking in the air, and the officer commanding the larder sits on deck contentedly peeling potatoes like the boy in a certain infamous parody. Chanticleer crows blithely from his hidden pen, and a watch-dog dozes peacefully on the mat before the door of the captain's cabin; ease and security seem to breathe through every rib of their timbers; and the stout cables that tether them to the quays seem to be unnecessary bridles to such well-broken fillies.

Early nomenclators had good eyes and saw clearly the sail's likeness to a harnessed steed. Hence the terms "jib" and "spanker." But if sails are horses, they are surely mettlesome winged ones for ever chafing at the bridle and flapping vainly their tethered vans; there is pomp in their unfurling—the very act is a challenge to the elements.

To see them in a fit setting you must ascend one of the steep "salitas" that lead ladder-like to an unknown horizon, and finally bring you out on to the Mura di St. Erasmo, with its rhythmic panorama of billowy hills stretching away beyond the dry river-bed to Porto Fino looming hazily out of the blue water. You must go, sweating freely, on one of those hot mornings when the mists hang over the sea like gossamers, and the light winds ruffle its surface like watered silk. Your way will be cheered by the music of the pack-mules in the narrow alleys and the gambolling of green lizards up the walls; while, once on the level, a myriad grasshoppers will leap from under your tread like spurting water. There, too, you will find many a homely favourite among the wild flowers—corn-cockle, viper's bugloss, clover, and the traveller's joy. Five more sweltering minutes skirting the long barricade that ridges the slope, and you are among the scarred hills, with the old castle rooted fast on the farther summit like a giant barnacle left high and dry. The grass-blades are studded with millions of baby snail-shells that look like pearl-barley and crunch under your feet; and tufts of dwarf sea-holly still claim these arid slopes as lost fiefs of the sea.

Below lies the harbour like a faded map on a vast blue sheet. The slim masts stand like threaded needles set the wrong end up to spear the mist-veils that go drifting by. Feeble and ineffectual they look; rather as though their cobwebbed spars were delicate looms for the spinning of these morning gossamers. But let a single barque move out with all sail set and curtsy bravely to the wind like a courtly duellist, and you will see how much more beautiful she is than one of those dark-hulled liners that burrow a roaring pathway through the still water, and which, for all their power, are helpless slaves at the bidding of man. For the sailing-vessel asserts herself finely; holds secret communion with the sprites of air, and follows her own whims with an air of disdain. No blatant hooting of syrens for

her, nor trailing of black smoke against the sky. She goes on her way with a suave and noiseless decorum, bidding no man stare:—

The *stately* ships go by
To their haven under the hill.

It is right; no other adjective is possible.

II.

You might spend many days in the half-light of these narrow alleys, among the hum and bustle of petty trading, and never suspect the tropic splendour of the outer light. The air is stifling. Hundreds of scavengers are at work daily clearing up the filth and litter, and the odour of sprinkled quicklime struggles against the fouler stench. There are marble porticoes bearing sculptured panels with horned skulls of slaughtered beasts, corselets, helmets, and all those things that bear witness to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Hoarse women line the courts with baskets of peaches or silver fishes, chanting a loud antiphonal chorus in praise of their fare, which concludes with a slurred and falling note like Gregorian psalmody. Unspeakably dirty children play "five-stones" and wrangle vehemently on doorsteps; and a hot greed of life seems to assert itself at every turn. Monkeys and parakeets chatter together from the bird-stores; revolving fans whisk away rapacious flies in the pastry-shops; and sailors of all nations are ranting and roaring in the dim canteens, where the dark wine of Asti is slipping down their dusty throats. A legless man with a most demoniacal countenance pleads for your charity in the name of Christ, and curses you hotly on refusal. He is drawn in a tiny carriage by a pair of large dogs, and takes up his station under one of the many corner shrines to the Madonna, who gazes heavenward rapt in a most sensual languor and escorted by fluttering *amorini*. Newspaper and book stalls herald a victory for Italian automobilism, or the arrest of a Minister for fraud. Merry postcards of gay ladies disrobing lure the dawdling eye, and innocent little tracts offer to teach you all the mysteries of love for twopence only. A scavenger, whipping away a famished cat from a heap of garbage with his broom, shovels it into his bin and passes on. Strung banners of damp clothing festoon the way overhead, and the opened doorway of a church sends out a puff of sweet incense. A hawker stands by proffering candles for the devout, and a glaring anti-clerical poster on an opposite wall announces sensational disclosures of monkish vice in a popular weekly. The little love-birds flutter ceaselessly to and fro in their cages; the parrots screech and the pigeons coo as in the green forest. It is all one to them.

A black-haired sailor saunters up to the hawker and eyes his wares critically. His bare, brown arms are tattooed with cryptic symbols, and his torso veiled only in a network singlet. He takes up a trinket and tosses it down with a deprecatory gesture. The hawker is voluble, and his hands begin to work on either side of his tray like an equilibrist manœuvring with his balancing-pole. The customer's dark brows arch and fall as he makes a lower bid and turns to go. The pedlar is shrewd, bides by his price, and the man returns. Again he eyes the gauds—crucifixes, rosaries, and a loose heap of silver filigree ware framed about with votive candles. The sparkle of the trinkets snares his eyes. But to be routed into bargaining is the bitterest of all defeats to him and his kind.

What follows is a species of hypnotism.

He approaches the pedlar with arms as busy as mill-sails, voluble and tragic. The hawker smiles sardonically; shrugs his shoulders, and slides an inch or two backwards.

An instant more the sailor wavers. Is he balancing mundane against immortal gain? He yields, takes up a glittering silver heart tipped with mimic flame; enters the church with his offering; and murmurs a "Salve Regina" before the dusky shrine of our Lady of the Sea.

THE MAGAZINES

MANY of us have been struck at one time or another by the somewhat remarkable system of symbols to be found serving as a sort of skeleton to the divine zest of Shelley's poetry. The majority of these have been worked out by W. B. Yeats in an illuminating essay; but in the current number of *The Quest* there is an article by Professor Sieper, of the University of Munich, that deals with the "Ophite-Gnostic Influences in Shelley," in which some of these symbols are traced back to an identical use of them in that strange Oriental sect. Professor Sieper quotes a passage in exposition of this sect from the Leonardo da Vinci of Mereschowski (so he spells it; why cannot a uniform system of transliteration for the Russian be agreed upon by scholars?), and then proceeds to examine such works as "Laon and Cythna" (as "The Revolt of Islam" was first conceived), and "The Assassins," finding some very remarkable correspondences in them. It is noticeable that both these works belong to Shelley's earlier years, and it is evident that Shelley shook off the influences of an artificial system of symbolism in his later work. Nevertheless, none who have examined with any care such a poem as "Prometheus Unbound" can fail to see the traces of some similar system even there. Other articles in an exceptionally good number are "Some Phases of Religious Art in Eastern Asia," by Laurence Binyon, which deals comprehensively rather than critically with the subject; "Dante and the Renaissance," by Dr. Kampers, in which learning and illumination contend for mastery; and "Paganism—Greek and Irish," by Standish O'Grady. There is a fine opportunity to trace the ancient connection between Irish Paganism and the Greeks; but Mr. O'Grady has turned his subject aside to didactic purposes: necessary, yet scarcely wise. One is apt continually to lament the lack of such poetry in our magazines as haunts the imagination and memory, and, therefore, attention must be drawn to a poem entitled "Call me not Back" in this number. Moreover it is signed by a name that has lately been much before public attention—Mr. Edmond Holmes.

In the *Quarterly Review* there are several very admirable contributions. Since Mr. Arthur Symonds first began the signing of articles there have been few articles that have not been traceable to their authors in this review; and this has been more particularly the case with literary matter. Therefore it is somewhat surprising to see an article on "English Prosody" make its first appearance without a name to foot it. There are not many writers on this subject; and the suggestion is therefore given that the writer is one of those, such as Mr. Bridges or Mr. Omond, whom Professor Saintsbury treated with some unfairness in his monumental work on the subject. For, although the works of these gentlemen head the article, the review is mainly occupied with the "History of English Prosody, from the twelfth century to the present day." It is notable and complete. Its author does not fail to notice Professor Saintsbury's perpetual, if unintentional, unfairness in his handling of the views of his opponents in the prosodical field. Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has an article on "Lord Acton's Historical Work" that lacks nothing of its author's completeness of know-

ledge and perspicuity of insight. The manner of writing reviews to which the *Quarterly* still adheres has faults not less apparent in the result than in the logic of the conception; but in the review at present under notice the method is obviously marked out for triumph. In fact there is no other way in which the same result could be achieved; though the introduction of M. Aulard's monumental work on the French Revolution is rather apt to spoil the symmetry of the idea. Mr. Charles Tennyson writes on "Irish Plays and Playwrights," but fails to do necessary justice to certain aspects of the beginning of the Irish Theatre movement. It is to be imagined that he is indebted for his information on the subject to those who constitute what may be called the second layer of the inspiration rather than to those who first gave it its breath of life. Yet, from the outside, and from scarcely critical enough a standpoint, his article certainly covers a wide field.

One of the chief features in the *Dublin Review* is an article by Hilaire Belloc entitled "On a Method of Writing History." Mr. Belloc has a manner of confining his paragraphs to single sentences, which is apt to destroy a continuity of thought, and convey the impression of journalistic enterprise, instead of the weightier effect we should imagine he would esteem as more desirable in such an article as the present. This remark is not only a statement: it is a criticism of his article. His appeal for a new method of writing history (which is not new, seeing that it was the one chiefly employed by Carlyle) is comprised in this: that history should no more be merely a matter for learning and erudition, but should also imply that power of imagination and gift of description that should make the period chosen vivid and vital—re-created, that is to say—to the general reader. The idea has been in the air for some time, and it will be interesting to see how Mr. Belloc will employ it in the new history on which we believe he is shortly to be engaged. Another article of interest is that by Dr. Barry on "Catholicism and the Spirit of the East."

An essay of considerable interest in the *Nineteenth Century* is entitled "Readers a Hundred Years Ago," by the genial Dr. Hagberg Wright. Its title gives its scope. To be true, it is very largely concerned with writers a hundred years ago as well as readers, but that in no way diminishes its interest. One is always—and rightly—distressed to notice a writer enunciate an appeal for war, and support it with unction. But when a general in the Army, such as Sir Reginald Hart, writes "A Vindication of War," and heads it with texts from the Bible, then surely there is occasion to deplore a certain lack of right feeling. We are far from disagreeing with some of Sir Reginald's conclusions, and when he says that "The Bible does not say that war is the root of all evil, but that money is," we are apt to agree with that remark without admitting that it commits us to the further conclusion that the Bible advocates war. Moreover, as Ruskin pointed out, war may be supremely healthy, and peace supremely unhealthy. All this may be so. But it is surely quite another matter when a professional soldier pleads a religion that proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill toward men as the authority for his calling. It is at best indiscreet and at worst in doubtful taste. General Baden-Powell has an excellent article in the same magazine on the "Educational Possibilities of the Boy Scouts' Training." In *Blackwood's* T. F. Farman deals with the propaganda for Proportional Representation that has lately been inaugurated with considerable zest in France in an article he calls "The R.P. in France." It makes instructive and interesting reading. An exceedingly well-informed article on the present situation in Morocco appears in the same magazine under the title of "Morocco in Liquidation" over the pseudonym of "Kepi." In *Mind* for this quarter there are some admirable contributions. It may always be

relied on for matter of substantial interest, but what may provide interest for the philosophical student may not always serve the same end for the ordinary reader. That is not the case in the present number. The usual four leading essays are, for example, one by Mr. Bradley on "On Some Aspects of Truth." As the controversialist with the late Professor James, and, in view of that philosopher's late book, this article proclaims beforehand the interest its reading confirms. "Professor Bergson on Time and Free-will," by M. Balsillie, is again just such another essay. The two others have not what may be called topical appeal, but they do not fail of interest for that reason. They are "Reality as a System of Functions," by Gerald Castor, and "The Meaning of Human Freedom," by G. C. Field.

Among the lighter magazines, the Midsummer number of the *Century* is a full cornucopia indeed. Probably the most interesting paper is the "Recollections of Millet" by Charles Jacque. In the *Windsor* Rudyard Kipling makes his first appearance after a lengthy silence. It is good to see his name again, but we should have liked to see it over a less reminiscent story. A good number, too, is *Harper's*. An article by Richard Le Gallienne on "Legendary Ladies of the Poets" suffers only from being too short; and Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan's name is a guarantee of excellence that his article on "The Prizes of Chemistry" more than well substantiates.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

[Our contributor who deals with Foreign affairs, Mr. Lancelot Lawton, leaves England this week for Russia. He will from time to time send articles from St. Petersburg and other centres which, we think, will prove of considerable interest to our readers.]

THE BERLIN CONVERSATIONS

THE Moroccan situation remains practically as it was at the end of last week. An official announcement was then made by the German Foreign Office to the effect that in the conversations between M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen Waechter there had taken place an approximation of views as to the basic principles of an agreement, and that the elaboration of details, which might be expected to take some little time, and required thorough consideration, was occupying the attention of the Imperial Government Department concerned.

There was no doubt wisdom in the issue of this somewhat cryptic statement, however little it may have been warranted by the facts of the case, inasmuch as it seemed to indicate a welcome relaxation of the tension between France and Germany, which had steadily gained in acuteness ever since the gunboat *Panther* made her appearance at Agadir some five weeks ago. But apart from the temporary feeling of relief produced by its publication, the announcement meant practically nothing at all. It was indeed ill-received by the Press of both the countries chiefly concerned. The attitude assumed by the principal journals of Paris is one of frank scepticism as to the existence of any justification for what it describes as a wave of optimism; while in Germany the *Post* and other Pan-German organs profess themselves furious at the mere thought that the Franco-German dispute may possibly be composed on terms of mutual satisfaction, and that as a result of Herr von Kiderlen Waechter's bargainings Germany may have to be the giver as well as the taker. The more violent journals have even gone so far as to blame the Kaiser himself as being responsible for the conciliatory attitude of the Government, with an unmeasured

vehemence which has called forth the censure of all their more reputable and responsible contemporaries. It may well be, however, that this abuse and lamentation over a potentially humiliated Fatherland has not been evolved without some nicety of calculation, inasmuch as it is generally conceded that his Imperial Majesty is not insensitive to the expressions of public opinion.

The rigid secrecy which has been maintained from the offset as to the negotiations between M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen Waechter has in no way been relaxed, but since the officially announced "basic agreement" another interview has taken place between the two Ministers, and as a result of this meeting it is now semi-officially stated that no opinion can be expressed as to whether a definite agreement between the two countries is impending. The value of the alleged "approximation" is thus materially minimised almost as soon as its effect on public opinion has been gauged, and this would be quite in accord with the customary procedure of German diplomatic negotiations had there been any real justification for the contention of the violent party that the *rapprochement* had been brought about by the conciliatory attitude of the German State Secretary. That this, however, has not been the case has been the sedulous postulate of the German semi-official Press, which has been at great concern to assure its readers that the approximation of the opposed positions was brought about by concessions on the part not of Germany but of France. According to these inspired accounts, it was a modification by the Republican Government of its attitude which is said to have put an end to a crisis of a grave character which existed last week, when the last conversation revealed so considerable a divergence between the views of the two statesmen that both had a feeling that the continuation of the negotiations on the previous basis would be purposeless and harmful. A pause of two days' duration followed, without communication on either side, which is described as the height of the crisis, and at the end of that time, it is said, M. Cambon decided to send an urgent appeal to his Government for fresh instructions and powers. The consequence was the Ministerial Council in Paris on August 3rd, at which M. Cambon was given the desired power to make further concessions to the German demands. The same day, it is said, the French Ambassador informed the German State Secretary, and the negotiations took a course so rapid that by noon on the following day a basis had been formed in principle. At two o'clock on Friday, the 4th inst., a Note had been drawn up jointly by M. Cambon and Herr von Kiderlen Waechter, in which the approximation achieved was communicated to the official news agencies.

Be this as it may—and it should be said that the account is largely discredited in France—the latest statement from Berlin, to which an equal but no greater measure of credence must be given, considerably detracts from its value, if indeed it does not altogether nullify its effect, and the looked for departure of the gunboat *Panther* from the closed Port of Agadir has not become much nearer realisation than at any time since the Berlin conversations began. But indeed it is hardly to be expected that Germany, having at length made her pounce upon this most desirable harbour on the Sus coast, will be persuaded to forego the unquestioned advantages given her by the *fait accompli* without altogether adequate compensation in other directions. And from the German point of view adequate compensation for Agadir, which would before long imply also Marakesh, and would ultimately lead inevitably to the supersession, and thence to the extinction, of the now flourishing neighbouring port of Mogador, must be expected to imply something very considerable and of immediate tangible value. The selection of and descent on Agadir is no new project of German schemes.

The value of this lonely harbour on the Atlantic coast of Africa—deserted merely as an act of vengeance by its Moorish lord—has long been scheduled in German archives, and its desirability as an acquisition has for many years been preached and written by Germany's most eminent travellers. It may even be said that the constant aching but quite natural desire of German naval authorities to secure a coaling-station somewhere in the Atlantic rather than, or as well as, one in the Mediterranean ranks but as one of the minor reasons for the German endeavour to obtain a firm foothold in this corner of Moorish territory.

And as to that much-vexed question of a German coaling-station it should perhaps be recalled that the late Marquess of Salisbury was always of the opinion that Germany should be permitted to secure a coaling-station in the Mediterranean, preferably on some island, inasmuch as the possession of such a base would tend to separate her fleet, and thus render one or more sections of it especially vulnerable in time of war.

MOTORING

MOTORISTS who are interested in the question of securing the ideal system of lighting for their cars will do well to study the certificate of performance which has just been issued by the R.A.C. with respect to the 2,000 miles' trial of the Polkey-Jarrott electric lighting set, held recently under the official supervision of the club. Stripped of the technical phraseology in which all such reports are necessarily couched, the fact stands out clearly that the trial was completely successful, and that at last has been evolved a thoroughly reliable, economical, and in every way satisfactory system of utilising electricity, with all its admitted advantages over every other kind of illuminant, for car-lighting purposes. The trial consisted of commencing with discharged accumulators, and running on the standard trial roads of the Club at night—with the exception of the first and last days—over an average of 150 miles per night for thirteen consecutive nights. This means that from six months to a year's ordinary running was condensed into a fortnight. During a considerable portion of the test the climatic conditions were most unfavourable, much fog and rain being encountered during the first week, so that in every way the trial constituted the severest possible test of the reliability of the lighting outfit. The result, as set forth in the report, was that no adjustments of any kind were found necessary to any part of the equipment throughout the trial; the wear of the various parts of the dynamo was so slight as not to be measureable, and the only replacements required were five filament bulbs, representing a quite insignificant outlay. Such are the essential facts embodied in the voluminous official report, and it may be taken for granted that the result of the trial will be an immediate increase of interest on the part of motorists in electricity as a safe, practical, reliable, and economical mode of car illumination.

Mr. Thomas Alva Edison has just arrived on a visit to this country, and, according to the representative of a daily contemporary noted for its sensational discoveries, announces that he has now solved the problem of producing an electric accumulator which will entirely supersede the internal combustion engine as a means of motor-car propulsion. The hitherto insurmountable difficulty in the way of inventors has been, of course, the great weight of the accumulators required to propel a motor vehicle a long distance without re-charging; but he is now stated to have solved it by using

nickelled steel as an outer casing, and a solution of potash instead of sulphuric acid. Unfortunately, rumours to a similar effect have been periodically current for a number of years, and the ideal Edison accumulator has never even partially materialised up to the present. One is therefore bound to regard the latest discovery with scepticism, in spite of the authoritative source of its announcement, more especially as the latter is accompanied by the staggering statement that cars fitted with the new invention can run 300 miles at a cost of 3s. Such an addendum to the report deprives it of any trace of verisimilitude it might otherwise have borne.

One of the cars that ran through the Prince Henry Tour without the loss of a single mark was the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, entered and driven by Mr. Claude B. Palmer, of Pelaw-on-Tyne. With a heavy load of five passengers up, the petrol consumption averaged $15\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the gallon—an excellent performance in view of the fact that the car was built in 1908, and was probably the oldest in the competition. It had, moreover, done unusually heavy work prior to participating in the recent tour, including that of several Army manoeuvres and four different Parliamentary elections, in addition to extensive touring through Germany, Belgium, and Holland. Altogether, according to the published statement of the owner, the car has covered 21,992 miles on all sorts of roads without one involuntary engine-stop, and is now running as well as ever.

A good guide to the popularity or otherwise of any particular make of motor-tyre is the extent to which it is used on cars entered in important competitions, and it is interesting to note that no fewer than 51 per cent. of the tyres fitted to the cars which took part in the Prince Henry Tour were "Continentials." It will be remembered by those interested in such matters that the Prince Henry Trophies of 1908, 1909, and 1910 were won on cars fitted with this well-known make of tyre, and on this occasion the cups presented by the Queen and the German Empress were gained on cars equipped with "Continentials." Recent successes in important competitions in this country include both the Junior and the Senior Tourist Trophy races for motor-bicycles, events which impose the severest possible strain on tyres owing to the rough and mountainous nature of the roads over which the races are run. That both these events should be won on "Continentials" is a very high tribute to their durability, resilience, and all-round efficiency.

PIERROT

His origin has been traced to harmless clowns in Italy or Provence; and even he would smile a little to hear it.

Whatever his history may have been, he is now the only ideal that remains unchallenged. The knight in armour, the motley fool, the lean-faced saint with his rigid draperies and his burning colours are all gone. The one imaginative figure that is familiar and comprehensible to all of us is Pierrot. The severe beauty of his flimsy raiment, the white face under its round black cap, the peculiar spirit of which he is the symbol, are very dear to the heart of Europe. In the twilight of the gods he stands forth, luminous, frail, and debonair.

He is like a visitant from the moon, and keeps the manners and costume of the dead world. He is cold and clothed in alternate light and blackness. He walks in an atmosphere of mortality, almost of corruption; his presence is more

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chilling than any ghost's or devil's; he is the patron saint of decadence. Yet a thin unbreakable valour is in him, and he blows a silvery trumpet of shrill defiance against the shadows that enclose him. When he stalks before us, we seem to hear Pascal's plangent epigram vibrating into silence: *L'homme est un roseau pensant*—a reed which thinks; and though the Cosmos gather itself to crush him, the thought which is quenched when the reed breaks leaves the world black and gross and defeated. Pierrot, in brief, represents man's disdainful criticism of Fate. He is a smiling, cynical aristocrat, stepping daintily to the monstrous guillotine, and jesting by the way. He has no mirth, but draws our uneasy laughter, if we laugh at all, by his impeccable solemnity.

To this has the Comic Spirit been necessarily refined. Prometheus or Hamlet or Faust may symbolise the collision of the whole man—brain and heart and will—with the overwhelming Powers. Pierrot is the apotheosis of pure intellect in aloof antagonism to the brutality of circumstance. He is the least personal of types. Yet he goes often masked, as if he could seem more unfeeling than he is. He is so languid that he cannot be tired. He never sleeps, and when he leaves the revels one would not care to follow him, even in fancy. He exhibits his mortal *ennui* to himself in solitude as to the most elaborate company. What it hides were a question not to be propounded. He will come back when the rooms are lighted and the moonlight is on the gardens.

The dawn comes coldly into *salons* where the viols are silenced and the dancers have gone wearily away, and the flowers of last night are dead. Pierrot's pointed feet still linger on the parquered floor; but his bloodless face takes no new pallor, though the roses of youth would be wilted and ashen in the growing day. He saunters out on to the terraced walks; the chill breeze flutters his piebald muslin, but he shivers not. Amiable and impassive, he strolls away; he is vanishing down yonder alley of cypresses; he turns and waves a waxen hand. Is Pierrette at her window? There is a glimmer of white by the distant fountain—and he is gone.

COMPANY MEETING

THRELFALLS BREWERY

IN moving the adoption of the report and accounts, with its recommendation of a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the year, at the meeting of Threlfalls Brewery Company, Ltd., held on the 3rd inst., Mr. P. J. Feeny, who presided in the temporary indisposition of Mr. Charles Threlfall, expressed himself as highly gratified in being able to submit such a satisfactory report of the business of the Company, having regard to the excessive taxation which had been imposed upon the trade. Shareholders would notice, he said, that they had treated their accounts in the same way as they did a year ago, but in comparing them it would be necessary to take into consideration the fact that they had had to pay the increased licence duties under the Finance Act for the full year. Nevertheless, their profits from trading had amounted to £185,598, as against £173,142, or an increase of £12,456. They had written off for depreciation £30,105, against £25,615, and, having placed £1,000 to workmen's compensation fund and written off £885, the expenses in connection with their debenture stock issue, they were carrying forward to next year the substantial sum of £38,098.

With respect to the issue of a portion of their debenture stock which had been made during the year, he would like to say that many of their large depositors had intimated

that they were willing to accept that stock in exchange for their deposits at the market price of the day, and they, after having given notice to their debenture stockholders to that effect, had given to the depositors an opportunity to make applications, with the result that they allotted £350,000 nominal at 80 per cent., which was the then market price of the day. They had accordingly received in cash the sum of £280,000, and the discount of £70,000 had been taken from the reserve. That issue had been made without paying any commission whatever, and the only expense incurred in connection with it was the sum of £885, which included £625 for stamping the debenture trust-deed.

He felt sure shareholders would agree with him that by adopting that course the Directors had materially strengthened the financial status of the Company. He could only add that to present such a satisfactory report of their business in the troublous times through which they were passing was very pleasing indeed to him, and he was sure that they would all agree that it was due to a very great extent to the able management of their Managing Director, Mr. George Barker, who spared neither time nor energy in promoting the welfare of the Company.

Mr. Hedges, a shareholder, said that he had come prepared to criticise the issue of the debenture stock; but, having heard the explanation of the Chairman, he was perfectly satisfied that the position of the Company had been thereby improved.

The report was adopted, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Buzzard, who pointed out that, heavy though the incidence of taxation might be, they had done very much better than most of the other large brewery companies.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

NOTWITHSTANDING the beautiful weather, in spite of the persistent good trade throughout the country, the Stock Exchange declines to be comforted. It is in a most melancholy mood, and sees evil in everything. Day by day prices are marked down, and one rumour follows another. We are all very sure that there is no need for alarm over the Morocco question, yet a silly scare such as the discovery that the sentries at a powder-magazine carry ball-cartridge sends a shiver through the House. I will admit that the Yorkshire Penny Bank arrangements shook our confidence. The Bank had eighteen millions of deposits, and it had for years relied upon the simple system of investing those deposits in gilt-edged stocks or gilt-edged mortgages. Both have proved delusive. The Bank attempted to give all depositors and customers a higher rate of interest than they could obtain elsewhere, and as the management had no chance of making money except by lending to its customers, it proved that banking upon such lines was but a method of philanthropy with no business attractions. It is useless to blame any one. It is the system that must bear the shame of failure. I do not wish to pose as Cassandra, but I foresee a similar catastrophe in store for such of our joint-stock banks as persist in placing the bulk of their funds in investments. Money-lending is, after all, dependent upon credit. Credit can only be judged by constant attention, the closest examination. The wrapping-up of one's money in the coupon napkin is the result of sheer

indolence. It saves trouble to buy £1,000 Consols instead of spreading it over the purchase of twenty small bills. But naturally the risk is greater. For it is dependent upon the nerves of the nation, not the honesty of its traders. Our London joint-stock banks are bound in rules of the most stringent character, and thus bound they have to fight the great foreign banks, whose principal employees work on the *tantieme* system, and never lose an opportunity of making money. The foreign banks cut the thing close, and work upon a minimum of cash, but their growth has been extraordinary, and in Paris, Berlin, and the Near East they do all the trade, whilst even in London they do more than their proper share.

CONSOLS keep weak, and no one dares to prophesy any revival, for the gilt-edged market is completely out of fashion. Underwriters who have been stuck with stock—and what underwriter has been lucky enough to escape?—come into the gilt-edged market and try to raise money. The dealers will not put stock on their books, and the quotations therefore remain weak. But cheap money will tell in the long run, and, given peace, I consider a rise certain.

FOREIGNERS are still dull, and prices may be considered flat without any real weakness. But the bull account in Paris has been quite destroyed, and as soon as the French Junior Banks have disposed of their Argentines we may see a revival. There seems no chance of the Montenegro trouble coming to actual war, and once again I repeat that the great bankers laugh at war over the Morocco question. Indeed, they send buying orders into the market whenever the price appears tempting. A glance over the list of Foreign Stock shows hardly any fall of moment.

HOME RAILS.—All the railways have had a magnificent half-year's trade. All except the Hull and Barnsley have either maintained or increased their dividends. The reports have now been issued and the detailed figures bear out the preliminary announcements. Money has been saved, money earned, and money distributed. Yet in spite of all this the Home Rail Market is the dullest and flattest in the Stock Exchange. Had there still been any big bull account I could understand the fall, but that has gone. It seems to a casual person that all the dealers are as convinced of the future as I am myself. Therefore, being desirous of laying in a stock for sale during the autumn months, they are hammering the market with the notion that they can buy to-day what they may sell to-morrow. Those who think that they can obtain a gilt-edged investment to yield 5 per cent. at any moment of their lives, or whenever they choose, make a great mistake. They have the chance to-day. They will not get it long. It is preposterous to suppose that we shall see the present low level continue. The strikes are serious, but they will end. Strikes do not last for ever. Those who buy when everybody sells make the money that the fool loses. I am not suggesting a gamble. The cost of carrying heavy rails is prohibitive. But I do suggest a purchase.

YANKEES have had a smart reaction. It is merely one of those see-saws that we know so well in the American market, and fear so little when the "money is on." The big bankers are quite confident. To those who know New York this is sufficient. The crop is quite up to the average, and it is the crop and the crop alone that governs the railway market. We may read elaborate statistics about the railways, but they one and all depend upon the crops in their ultimate prosperity. Unions have fallen to a very tempting figure, and again I call attention to the convertible bonds in this and many other Yankee railways. We get an option for nothing, and good interest on our money. The public does not realise this. It comes into the markets and buys, but it does not study the position. Neither will it buy Yankee rails when they are low. I am told that the

big finance houses expect an autumn boom, and when all the weak bulls are shaken out they will put up prices again. It sounds cruel, but finance in Wall Street is cruel. The strong man wins all the time. The weak man to-day is feeling the hammer, and feeling it very badly.

RUBBER shares are never dealt in, for the public holds at such prices that a sale is impossible. The aftermath of the boom is not being reaped with much profit. Many of the Malay companies will live to pay good dividends, but the Trusts are doomed, and the "outside shows" are also doomed. This is not of much help to the unlucky people who took shares. The Mount Austin, which was floated on a basis of forward sales, and whose shares were pushed to a premium on the strength of tons of rubber sold at huge prices now admits that it cannot enforce such contracts. Luckily, it has secured a fine of £10,000, which will go towards the dividend for 1912. But other companies have not been so fortunate. These so-called contracts are absurd, for they are only enforceable when things go well. When they go ill they mean a lawsuit. If a rubber company could job on such contracts I can conceive that they would be useful. But the Rubber Boards are not the people to job. That is an art not learnt in the Lane or on a plantation.

OIL keeps firm—I can say no more. But it is high praise in these days of sagging markets. The shale people in Scotland talk of a combine, but unless Fraser lead it, the promoters shall have none of my money. He is the only capable oil manager in the Lothians.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS are strong and weak just as the dealers buy back, and the shops support their special favourites. Neither here nor in Paris does the public take any interest in mines. The Brakpan crushing was good, for it showed a profit of 9s. 11d. per ton, which, when the labour allows, should show a handsome dividend.

EGYPT.—The damp weather still continues and the worm terror grows. The land wants dry heat such as we have here. That kills worm quicker than any vermifuge. I am told that the crop will in any case be over 6,000,000 cantars, which at the present price is quite good enough.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A COSMOPOLITAN FOLK-SONG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Thirty or forty years ago I often heard sung, and also recited, in Germany and Austria, some sing-song very much like the Cornish one mentioned in your to-day's number. As the audience always was much amused, laughed, and bravoed, I fancy it was considered a "comic song." I don't remember all of it, but am sure that it began:

Question I.: "Lieber Freund, nun sage mir was ist Nummer Eins?"

Answer: "Eins ist der Herr Gott
der da Schuf
die ganze Welt und
Alles was da ist
im Himmel und auf Erde."

Question II.: "Lieber Freund, nun sage mir was ist Nummer Zwei?"

Then followed questions three, four, &c., to twelve, and after the response to each question the answers to the preceding

questions were repeated in inverse order, thus always ending with the answer to the first question.

I remember that answer two was Jesus and his mother: three, the Trinity; four, the Evangelists; . . . seven, the Seven Sleepers; . . . ten, the Commandments; eleven, the 11,000 Virgins; twelve, the Apostles.—Yours obediently,

A. HOUTUM SCHINDLER.

August 5th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

The Household Handy Guides:—No. 20. *Portishead* (Somerset). No. 24. *Hayle and Phillack* (Cornwall). The Homeland Association. 3d. each.

Banff and Macduff. Crediton. Farnborough. Lanark. Illustrated Guides post-free from the respective Town Clerks.

Guide to the Mansion House. Compiled by Carl Hentschel. Illustrated. Carl Hentschel, Ltd. 6d.

The Insurance Bill Made Clear. A Guide for the Million. By D. Owen Evans. David Nutt. 6d. net.

Adonis and Esmun. Eine Untersuchung zur Geschichte des Glaubens an Auferstehungsgötter und an Heilgötter. By Wolf Wilhelm Grafen Bandissin. With 10 Plates. J. C. Hinrich, Leipzig. 24 marks.

The Wonder Book of Railways for Boys and Girls. Edited by Harry Golding. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.

Joanna Baillies "*Plays on the Passions*." (*Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie. Band XXXIV.*) By Alfred Badstuber, Dr. Phil. Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 4 marks.

Milton und Caedmon. (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie. Band XXXV.) By Stephanie v. Gajsek, Dr. Phil. Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig.

VERSE

Mary and the Bramble. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Published by the Author, Much Marcle, Herefordshire. 1s. 1d. post-free.

The Sale of Saint Thomas. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Published by the Author, Much Marcle, Herefordshire. 1s. 1d. post-free.

Poems. By M. Jourdain. Truslove and Hanson. 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

A History of the Great Moghuls; or, a History of the Badshahate of Delhi from 1605 to 1739 A.D. By Pringle Kennedy, M.A., B.L. Thacker, Spink and Co., Calcutta. 6 rupees.

FICTION

Ladies whose Bright Eyes. A Romance by Ford Madox Hueffer. Constable and Co. 6s.

Phoebe and Ernest. By Inez Haynes Gillmore. Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz. Constable and Co. 6s.

A Prisoner in Paradise. By Herbert L. Vahey. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

A Passion in Morocco. By Charlotte Cameron. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours. By "Draig Glas." Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Hetty: the Story of an Ulster Family. By Shan F. Bullock. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

THEOLOGY

The Christ of the Gospels. (The 41st Fernley Lecture.) By the Rev. W. W. Holdsworth, M.A. Charles H. Kelly, Methodist Publishing House. 3s. 6d.

Zefeth b. Ali's Arabic Commentary on Nahum, with Introduction, abridged Translation, and Notes. Edited by Hartwig Hirschfeld. (Publication No. 3.) Jews' College, London.

PERIODICALS

The Empire Review; *M. A. B.*; *The Triad*, Dunedin, N.Z.; *The Book Monthly*; *The Antiquary*; *The Vineyard*; *The School World*; *The University Correspondent*; *Century Magazine*, Midsummer Holiday No.; *Literary Digest*, N.Y.; *The Bibelot*; *La Revue*; *Mercure de France*; *Ulula*; *Everybody's Story Magazine*; *Friendly Greetings*; *Sunday at Home*; *Boy's Own*; *Girl's Own Paper* and *Woman's Magazine*; *Deutsche Rundschau*; *The Church Quarterly Review*; *St. Nicholas*; *The Bookseller*; *The Land Union Journal*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *The Publishers' Circular*; *The Parsi*, Bombay; *The Wednesday Review*, Trichinopoly; *The Hindustan Review*; *Revue Bleue*; *Lilley's Magazine*, Sydney, N.S.W.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 227	Reviews (continued)—
Lespagnols - sur - Mer—	Life in Northern Nigeria 238
1351 228	Shorter Reviews 239
"Ignoble Themes Obtained	Fiction 240
Mistaken Praise" 228	The Theatre 242
Republic or Monarchy? ... 229	The First English Editor 243
Flaubert and his Letters—	Eighty in the Shade 244
I. 230	The Barrendero 245
The National Insurance	The New Decadence 246
Bill—II. 232	The Toils of Thought 247
Montjoie 233	A Triptych of Genoa—III. 249
Reviews:—	The Genteel Artist 250
Floreat Etona! 234	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 251
Armageddon—A New	Motoring 252
Version 235	In the Temple of Mam-
South America in a	mon 252
Nutshell 237	Correspondence 254
Indian Wild Tribes 238	Books Received 255

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MR. GEORGE CAVE is apparently a singularly ingenuous person, and yet why should he be so? Mr. Cave, we find, was called to the Bar thirty years ago, he was Chairman of Quarter Sessions for seventeen years, and amongst many other responsible positions has represented the Kingston Division for five years, and yet what do we find this respected Member proposing? Fully aware of the complexion of the present House of Commons, and of the ways of the "childlike and bland" Labour Member, Mr. Cave actually got up in his place and proposed a self-denying ordinance. He thought argument would prevail! He smoothly suggested that it might look a little odd, if immediately after all power over finance had been taken away from the House of Lords, the very first act of the members of the House of Commons should be to vote to themselves a salary of £400 per annum. Was Mr. Cave poking fun at the famished allies? If he was, his humour was not relished, and his suggested advice was decisively rejected. In such a hurry were the confederates to "collar the swag," that they would not even wait for an ostensibly decent way or even adopt a workmanlike manner of removing the spoons. The resolution not to apply to themselves! Perish the thought! They were the only

people whom they cared one jot that it should apply to. No mock-modesty, no nasty-niceness about them. They saw the people's money on the table. The transfer was the matter of a moment. The sweep—if not clean—was absolutely effectual.

The correspondence at present proceeding in more than one paper concerning hotel and inn accommodation in France, Germany, and England may be beneficial in many ways. At present, when the question of a holiday at home or abroad is discussed, the scale is often turned in favour of a Continental visit by reason of the charm and cheapness of the French *auberge*; and not only by these qualities, but the supreme one of good and genial management. At a hundred pretty villages in Normandy, but a few hours' journey from London, the English stranger is welcomed courteously by the proprietor—or proprietress—of the house at which he proposes to stay; the few words of imperfect English are proudly spoken, and he would be an ill-tempered visitor who failed to respond or to feel at ease. "Make yourself at home, sir," said the lady who presided over our evening omelette on a certain memorable occasion in Harfleur; and when we expressed pleased surprise at her knowledge of the language, it transpired that this welcoming sentence was all the English she knew. The Englishman *en vacance* feels far more at home in France than the Frenchman holiday-making in this country, simply because of these little touches of hospitality and amity which are found even in the most outlying districts.

The *Smart Set* for August well maintains the reputation for excellent literary work, both in prose and poetry, which began with its very first number. Mr. Richard le Gallienne, true to his trust as Keeper of High Romance throughout the English-speaking world, writes cleverly on the thesis that "never was there a more romantic age than ours," instancing the "magic toy" of the telephone, the "magic machinery of communication," and the doom of the *duenna* in modern courtship. "Soon," says Mr. le Gallienne in his concluding sentence, "it is to come about that a man shall propose to his wife high up in the blue heavens, in an airship softly swaying at anchor in the wake of the evening star." Very pretty, and in the true Golden Girl vein, although, as a rule, a man does not propose to his wife. The stories in this issue are capital, and we notice especially a good and original tale by Henry Sydnor Harrison, whose fine novel "Queed" we reviewed a week or two ago. As to the two and three line witticisms which fill up odd corners, the *Smart Set* was always famous for those, and we cannot resist quoting one of the best, particularly apt and pungent at the present day:—"It is easier to grind out epigrams than it is to think out solutions; hence the plethora of Shaws and the dearth of Maeterlincks." That hits the mark, and reminds us that a very fine and gently sarcastic cartoon of "G. B. S." appears in the current issue of *Vanity Fair*.

We have received from India the prospectus of an English edition of "The Golden Book," issued at Lucknow in 1903, which contained short biographies of about 2,000 notable persons, but which was in the Urdu tongue. The English volume will be named "Who's Who in India," will contain photographic illustrations, and is due to appear in the late autumn of this year. For those who have played any active part in the work of the Indian Empire, and who desire to have their names placed on record, a form is provided at the end of the prospectus. The specimen biography enclosed is very comprehensive and well written, and the book should have a large sale among the thousands who are interested in the Empire across the seas.

LESPAGNOLS-SUR-MER—1351

Their sails are low and full and square,
 Many upon a misty sea;
 Black crows move 'mid the helmets there—
 Who is it hath more need of prayer,
 They or we?
 For the Spanish sails are nine to our three.

The hungry waves may eat their fill
 Of men and eke of ships to-day—
 The sun is red and seems to spill
 His redness on the waves until
 We and they
 Abandon those grim tides and creep away.

Another green peers o'er the green
 Of purer waters—now the towers
 Of Winchelsea uprise serene—
 Beneath their shadow kneels the Queen,
 Flower of flowers.
 God have mercy on the Spaniards' souls and ours!

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

“IGNOBLE THEMES OBTAINED MIS-
 TAKEN PRAISE”

It would be wrong to suggest any connection between two prominent features of the position—political and social—which we observe at this moment. It can only be a coincidence that a national scheme of insurance—on a contributory basis—is quickly followed by agitation on the part of the assumed beneficiaries for increased pay. Pay beyond the amount of the contribution which the Chancellor *paterfamilias* has done violence to his record—at Limehouse—in demanding. And—yet is there no connection between the two? The Chancellor, in his capacity of statesman, is—more or less—alive to the dictates of thrift and common honesty; in his capacity of demagogue, he is otherwise. In which capacity is he likely to captivate the adherence of the most poorly paid and least responsible section of the population? We think Mr. Lloyd George “queered his own pitch” as author of a contributory scheme, when he used these words at Limehouse:—

Who is it—who is responsible—for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged in life in grinding labour to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when at the end of his days he claims at the hands of the community he served, a poor pension of 8d. a day, he can only get it through a revolution.

There are many explanations of the responsibility for the final picture, although Mr. Lloyd George—as demagogue—suggested there was only one—namely, the selfishness, cupidity, and luxury of the classes who are not dependent at the last on the “poor” pension. Such language quoted on Tower Hill is sure to lash men on strike into fury.

The smug Labour members and their camp followers waste few words on the correct Chancellor defending his contributory scheme from the green benches of the House of Commons. The picture they present is that which we have quoted above.

Who can be surprised at the reply? Why should the man who is spending his life in grinding labour contribute out of his scanty earnings towards insuring himself against various contingencies? Employers' liability legislation has in many respects relieved him from any necessity to insure himself. His old-age pension is provided for him by every one but himself. Why should his eloquent electioneering friend expect him to show care, forethought, ordinary thrift, or any degree of self-denial? This man at least is logical. He has been carefully instructed that he is to be no participant in making provision for himself in various directions; why is he now called on to do so, because Philip in sobriety has turned his back on his gospel of plunder?

The more we ponder, the more we are inclined to quarrel with the opening sentences of this article. We do begin to think the process of demoralisation has proceeded so far as the result of Radical misdirection, that amongst certain classes the utmost resentment is felt against anyone who suggests that the duty of helping themselves falls in any degree on their own shoulders. It is all very well for the Chancellor to decree that they shall contribute towards the many misfortunes and ills to which life is heir, but they hold the trump card. Contribute—yes, if we must, but we will have more than double pay out of which to pay our contribution. The attitude is, of course, wholly immoral, but it is human, and how can you look for morality from that which you have sedulously demoralised?

The worst feature which is observed at present is that the superior wage-earning classes have not escaped the infection. Adopting a thoroughly illogical attitude, without examination and comprehension, they declare solidarity—a senseless fudge. The skilled, the intelligent, the self-respecting worker must be disloyal to his employer, disregarding of his family ties, an enemy to the industrial and commercial progress of his country, because—it is his duty forsooth to support the unexamined claims of the pariahs of industry and the professors of sloth and degradation.

We do not say that the position has actually developed at this moment as we have depicted, but all the elements are seen to be in action which would lead to a loathsome abyss.

If there are Labour leaders let them come forth now, and stand boldly against the inevitable tendency. Will they do so? We wonder.

It is obvious that the State—possibly after a cataclysm—will have to adopt very different methods for securing on the one hand—justice, and on the other responsibility, honesty, and character. Lofty methods must be recommended by those in authority, and the highest object must be realised as residing in the effort to lead and not mislead, to elevate rather than to debase.

CECIL COWPER.

REPUBLIC OR MONARCHY?

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

Is the Third Republic destined to last? This is the question you hear asked so often in France, and there are few who dare to give a decided answer. There are many royal vultures hovering on the horizon to gather round the body should the Republic fall sick through any untoward circumstances. There are the Bonapartists with the great name and glorious traditions of the mighty Emperor to dangle before the public. They have his code of law to point to, and the many splendid public works he has left as a lasting memorial of his genius, while the glory of his conquests can never dim, notwithstanding their unfortunate termination. The evils which Napoleon I. brought on France through his insatiable ambition have long since been forgotten or forgiven. The French feel that in spite of the disasters which ended his fifteen years of unparalleled power he left no stain of humiliation on France, and that if in the end he was conquered it was only because France ran short of men to carry out the frightful dictates of his genius for war. But the Napoleonic claimants are handicapped by the unpleasant interlude of the Third Empire. Louis Napoleon brought worse disasters on France than Napoleon I., and his defeat left an indelible stain of disgrace and humiliation which the French will never forgive and can never forget. This is unfortunate for the future successful exploitation of the Napoleonic Legend. It can be explained away by pointing out that Napoleon III. was of very bastard descent, the son of the most feeble of the Emperor's brothers and of Josephine's daughter Hortense, who, born of a stock emanating from the enervating West Indies, was hardly likely to become the mother of a line of potent warlike kings.

On the other hand Napoleon III. was accepted by the French people. For twenty years he was the most powerful factor in continental politics, and it was only after the disasters of 1870 that he was called a feeble coward and adventurer. Therefore the French people cannot shake off the responsibility for the Third Empire, and it will naturally make them loath to re-establish on the throne another Emperor cast in a similar mould. If the French are not satisfied with the return of a Bonaparte, they can turn to the other royal claimants—to one of the branches of the Bourbon family. The traditions, glories, and troubles of the Bourbons go back through so many centuries that their claims to the throne need no further explanation. They are anointed by time and by the Divine Right of Kings, but they are handicapped by the misrule and extravagance which brought the French peasant to the verge of starvation in the eighteenth century, and which ended in the French Revolution and summary execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Then, again, the short revival of the Bourbons under Louis XVIII. is hardly a dignified incident of history. At Versailles there is a picture of Louis at work in his study at the Tuileries. His figure is corpulent and his face is that of a harmless family pig. Papers lie before him, and he holds a pen in his hand, but he does not write, and his expression is one of infinite boredom and imbecility. Contrasted with Baron Gros's superb work of Napoleon I. busy in the very same room, Louis XVIII. presents but a very poor figure. Then, again, at Versailles is another picture of the same unfortunate monarch making his hasty

exit from the Tuileries on the news of Napoleon's return from Elba.

Either Louis Philippe or Napoleon III. must have caused this portrait to be painted to ensure the exile of the Bourbons for all time. No man could appear in a more unhappy light than the royal runaway. He is so fat that he can hardly walk, and in this picture his features appear more animated, not, however, with the heroic fire which usually shines in the eyes of monarchs when they cause their own pictures to be painted, but with an expression partly of shocked surprise and partly of fear, as though he were incapable of understanding how any rival could be so rude and so energetic as to turn him out of hearth and home at the expiration of a year's tenancy without even the customary month's notice which domestics and householders usually enjoy. France has laughed too often at the Bourbons, and when the French once laugh at an individual or at a Government they refuse to take either seriously again. Besides, the French can never forget that poor Louis XVIII. was twice returned from Europe's lost property office of dethroned kings by foreign bayonets over the bodies of thousands of her bravest sons. As long as the memory of these things remains, and as long as those two portraits are yearly gazed at by millions of French citizens, the Bourbons cannot hope to regain the throne of their ancestors.

Then there is the other branch of the Bourbon family, the Orleanists, as a possible substitute for the Republic. Louis Philippe was a worthy man, and his natural inclinations were to be a good constitutional monarch. But he was feeble, and he allowed himself to become the tool of unscrupulous Ministers, so he also crossed the Channel. His reign was colourless, and he has left behind him no glorious traditions—nothing, in fact, except a few unattractive portraits of himself in Versailles playing a heroic rôle in wars and events which no one now remembers. The Third Republic at present occupies much the same relative position as does Jack Johnson, the coloured champion, in pugilistic circles. Johnson is disliked by many; he cannot last for ever; but none of the existing White Hopes are ever likely to put him down for the fatal count. The Third Republic is disliked by many; it cannot last for ever; but none of the existing Royal Hopes are ever likely to knock it out. Jack Johnson's hour will come, so will that of the Third Republic, but no one can say when, how, or at whose hands.

No nation can go through two such chequered centuries in its history as France went through in the eighteenth and nineteenth without acquiring some political wisdom. The French have learnt wisdom from disaster. They are not going to allow themselves to be carried off their feet by any display of royal wares, however attractive they may appear. They realise that a Napoleon can add nothing to their glory, but that he might add very considerably to their national debt and to the long list of those who died to satisfy an insatiable ambition under the belief that they were laying down their lives for their country. Unless a Napoleon lives up to the family traditions there is no *raison d'être* whatsoever for his occupancy of the throne. He could hardly improve the Civil Administration of France, and he could hardly hope to add to the happiness or prosperity of the French people. The French recognise how much they owe to Napoleon I. in spite of his ambitions, but they have had a sad practical experience, from which they are only just recovering, of the evils which result from similar ambitions in the hands of a

weak and incompetent man. The Bourbons are likewise equally unattractive, for in the eyes of the French they mean expense combined with imbecility.

It will be very difficult to revive any monarchy which has left so many traces of their worst features as the various French royal lines have done. Versailles is symbolical of all that is worst in monarchical government. It is the greatest monument to human extravagance which exists in the world. To a nation of small holders it is peculiarly abhorrent. The idea of one man and his wife occupying such a vast palace and spending such enormous sums of money on its upkeep at a time when thousands were starving in the streets of Paris, only a few miles away, is peculiarly repugnant to the thrifty French family man. Napoleon I. had the sense to realise this, and never lived there. Louis XVIII., whose family, in the words of Napoleon himself, "learnt nothing and forgot nothing," was animated by no such scruples, and frequently made it his residence. Philippe Égalité, forgetting for the moment his nickname, also passed some of his time there. Napoleon III. intended to do so, but seems to have abandoned the project. Philippe Égalité, however, thought better of the idea, made Versailles his permanent residence, and decided to turn part of it into a museum. He consecrated it to "All the Glories of France," and by doing so he may be said to have sealed up the coffins of all the royal aspirants to the Throne of France. He threw the palace open to the gaze and to the understanding of the French people, and they with quick perception gradually have learnt what a monarchy means.

But it is not only Versailles; there is St. Germain, there is Fontainebleau, and there is Malmaison. The French come in their millions from all over France and gaze in delight and admiration on these monuments of former days of greatness for the individual and misery for the masses. For a moment they may say to themselves, "How fine if these days could come back; how glorious it would be!" But this is only for a moment. Then the sense of proportion reasserts itself, and the worthy citizens reflect that it is better to come and see these things on Sundays or *fête* days than to starve outside the palace gates whilst the revels and music of the small coterie who compose the Court are wafted to the waiting masses. They leave the palace more than ever satisfied with Monsieur Fallières and his stipend of two hundred and fifty thousand francs a year.

The fundamental change which has come over France in the last twenty years is the decline in the political supremacy of Paris. Formerly where Paris willed France followed; but now all is changed. It is the provinces which control the policy of Paris, and this is the great achievement of democracy under the Third Republic. It makes for stability of government and for peace. The small peasant proprietor of France is a sound economist, and possesses great political acumen. He wants peace so that he may develop his material resources, and save money for his family. He hates the bare idea of war. The fear of invasion is ever before his eyes. He dislikes soldiering, though he recognises it as a necessary part of his duty as a good citizen; but woe betide the Government which sends him to the stricken field for any other reason than self-protection against a foreign aggressor. Such a Government would not last a day. Thus it seems as if nothing could upset the stability of the Third Republic, which is apparently founded on a solid rock of public approval. And yet something may. The love of

glory and of individual greatness still lives in the excitable Gallic nature; sudden changes in public opinion are still likely to sweep the country, but they will not react in favour of a Napoleon, or a Bourbon, or an Orleanist. The danger would come supposing the country should be dragged into a great war. Then if any general should cover himself with glory and win battles for the nation, and thus restore her fallen military prestige, he would become by a simple automatic process first President and then—well, few men who have risen to power under such circumstances are content to pass into obscurity at the end of their allotted span of office.

FLAUBERT AND HIS LETTERS - I.

By FRANK HARRIS

THERE has been a sort of newspaper *plébiscite* held in France recently, and by an enormous majority of votes Gustave Flaubert was chosen as the greatest French writer of the nineteenth century, and his novel "Madame Bovary" was selected as the best French novel. The voice of the people in matters of art is usually negligible, and I find it difficult to accept either of these popular verdicts. I should place Balzac far higher than Flaubert as a novelist, and I should not hesitate to put two or three of his books above "Madame Bovary." At the same time no one will deny that this popular choice of a writer and a book reflects credit on French taste, compels one to a certain respect for ordinary French opinion. For Flaubert never took any account of popularity: he wrote for himself and was his own severest critic. Intent solely on getting the best out of himself at any cost, he made his life a long martyrdom to his craft. While Zola was producing fifty portly volumes Flaubert was content to leave a poor half-dozen; he spent seven years, as all the world knows, over "Madame Bovary" and fourteen on "Salammbô"; he told Georges Sand that an epithet often cost him ten hours' labour, and if he could get a page on paper in a week he was well content. Even if one had to add a good many grains of sceptical salt to this statement still there can be no doubt that Flaubert took his work with extraordinary seriousness; he was indeed a priest of letters, "the last of the Fathers of the Church," as he loved to call himself, utterly contemptuous of vulgar applause, and enamoured of perfection. It is astonishing then to find such a scrupulous artist and master of style turned into a popular hero and "Madame Bovary" proclaimed a deathless masterpiece by the children of the people who prosecuted Flaubert for having written this very novel, and treated him during his lifetime with disdainful contempt. One is accustomed to seeing popular judgments reversed; but this apotheosis of a criminal is extraordinarily rapid and extraordinarily complete, so rapid and so complete indeed as to suggest that Flaubert's masterpiece is now appreciated rather for its passionate appeal than for its high artistic quality.

Still we are not primarily concerned here with the popular pendulum-swing from extravagant blame to extravagant praise, but with the slighter fluctuations of the critical needle seeking the point of rest. Before the point is reached, however, certain hitherto unconsidered aspects of Flaubert's nature and Flaubert's activity must be brought into the account.

We know a great deal about him from one source or another. He tells us himself that he was five feet eight in height, corpulent, hot-blooded, and red-faced (*rougeaude*); from the de Goncourts we hear of his thunderous voice and aggressive personality; his outbursts of anger at small meannesses, his savage contempt for false valuations; Tourguénief tells us of his childlike frankness bred of long solitude, and his underlying kindness of nature, the spring

of human love and sympathy at the heart of him. His niece relates with what magnificent generosity he gave up all his fortune to her and her ruined husband when he was over fifty years of age and already infirm and suffering. Heine's praise of himself is true, it seems, of Flaubert, as indeed it is true, I think, of most great artists. They have more of the milk of human kindness than other men:—

Schon knospet die Jugend welche versteht
Des Dichters Stolz und Guete,
Und sich an seinem Herzen waermt,
An seinem Sonnengemuete.

If we are to believe these witnesses, and they are unusually clear-sighted and fairly disposed, Flaubert was a rich, kindly, and vigorous personality, and might have been expected, therefore, to produce generously. Yet five or six volumes are all he has to show for thirty years of incessant, nerve-racking labour. This meagre output of an exuberant temperament forces me to accept Flaubert's account of the time and trouble he spent on his prose style. I believe that he read every page of it again and again with most meticulous care, now to remove an assonance, now to bring more variety into the form of the sentences, now to make sure that the rhythm of the words intensified the significance of each passage. He was perhaps the greatest among the masters who have turned French prose into one of the finest forms of literary art. And one does not come to foremost rank among such writers as Gautier, Renan, and Michelet without strain of hand and head.

As a rule the great creators have [so much] to say that they are apt to be a little careless as to how they say it—or rather they soon come to see that the utmost care given to the manner will not improve the result materially; the Balzacs, therefore, prefer to leave a dozen masterpieces to one or two specimens of impeccable and perfect artistry.

What bee in his bonnet was it that made Flaubert spend seven years on "Madame Bovary" when it would probably have been almost as good as it is if he had despatched it in six months? It seems to me that his experience of life in boyhood and youth, when our companions and friends and loves make the deepest impression on us, was unusually slight. One knows "Madame Bovary" intimately, profoundly; but Flaubert has hardly revealed to us another woman's character. And his men are nearly all thin and slight, studied from the outside with the indifference of maturity. His niece tells us that nearly all the personages of his stories are sketches from life, easily recognisable portraits of relations and acquaintances. Here we have the key to the puzzle. Indeed Flaubert himself supplies it. Now and again in his letters he lets slip the fact that he was a solitary in boyhood and very shy. His niece explains that his solitariness was increased by his bringing-up in the melancholy isolation of the hospital where his father was senior surgeon. As a youth Flaubert says he always felt that he was unlike other men, that he would shock people if he told them what he thought and felt; he would therefore keep silence as long as he could and then break out into a diatribe that astonished every one. His uncouth vehemence, his rudenesses even, were the inevitable result of his melancholy shyness and solitary upbringing. It was this nervous shrinking, due in part to an unusual precocity of genius, which made Flaubert a solitary even in boyhood and youth, and so impoverished his acquaintance with men and women.

A rich and powerful nature with only one or two models at command, Flaubert naturally resolved to make the one or two books he had in him as perfect as possible.

Yet no one by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature. Fine as is "Madame Bovary," it is not finer even in artistry than Balzac's "Curé de Tours." True, the style of "Madame Bovary," the verbal felicity of it, is incompar-

ably more exquisite than anything to be found in Balzac; but the proportions of "Madame Bovary," what Goethe called the architecture of the book, is nothing like so perfect as the architecture of "Le Curé de Tours." In the first half dozen pages Balzac has excited our interest, brought us to like the little, heedless, harmless, good-natured, good-humoured, ease-loving Abbé, and in a dozen more pages he shows us the spider waiting for this happy, buzzing fly, and fills us with the premonition of inevitable disaster. Then relentlessly the current of the story sweeps on—narrowing, hastening, leaping to the catastrophe—a masterpiece of narration, a model of modern tragedy. The first hundred pages of "Madame Bovary," on the other hand, are tedious—they should have been boiled down into twenty—and the end is too melodramatic. The Bovarys of real life don't poison themselves; they slide from one *liaison* into another till advancing years force them to inaction. The tragedy of life to Emma Bovary is that she is inevitably *lassata sed non satiata*.

Nor must it be imagined that Flaubert's verbal style, good as it is, is beyond criticism. It would be easy indeed to show that the very excellence of it, the colour and beauty and music of the words, are utterly out of keeping with the realism of the theme. The simplicity, the apparent negligence of de Maupassant's style would have become Emma Bovary better than the sumptuous tissue of crimson and cloth-of-gold in which Flaubert apparels her.

Yet, in spite of Flaubert's meagre knowledge of human nature, in spite of his architectural blundering, in spite of the long-winded introduction and melodramatic tragedy, in spite, too, of a style far too ornate and splendid for the wife of a village doctor, "Madame Bovary" is a memorable book, and perhaps deserves to be called a masterpiece of modern fiction. Still, if this was all Flaubert had done I should not esteem him and love him as I do. Don't let me be misunderstood; I prefer "Madame Bovary" to all his other novels, even to "Salammbô," though his gorgeous style is better suited to this exotic theme; but, fortunately for himself and for us, Flaubert was a voluminous letter-writer, and, curiously enough, he has revealed himself more completely in his letters than in his novels. I say "curiously enough," for Flaubert was a severe self-critic, and yet took himself to be a novel-writer, and a novel-writer only. If ever there was an impersonal artist, one who desired above all things to hold a fair and true mirror up to Nature, it was Flaubert. What one man can do to hide his personal feelings and personal bias he did; he wanted to be as God's sun and illumine the whole object or scene with the impartiality of light. But just because of his shyness and the solitariness of his youth he had not sufficient knowledge of men and women to show his full powers as a novelist. In his letters, and chiefly, perhaps, in his letters to Georges Sand, he lets himself go and unconsciously paints himself for us to the life; and this Gustave Flaubert is enormously more interesting than anything in "Madame Bovary." The Flaubert of these volumes of letters is a prodigious big and kindly fellow, worthy to stand side by side with the greatest, with Balzac and with Shakespeare, though he lacks a good deal of Balzac's breadth and of Shakespeare's height.

I began this article because the third instalment of Flaubert's letters is now appearing. The publisher has just issued in one volume a new set of letters written by Flaubert from 1854 to 1869. Among them are forty odd letters addressed to "Mlle. Bosquet," in which a little love is mixed with a great deal of literature, and so we get a new cup of the "wine that's meant for souls."

But, alas! I have left myself no space now to talk even of these new letters, much less to say anything of the four previous volumes which are among my cherished possessions. Clearly I must deal with Flaubert, the letter-writer in a second article.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

SOME CRITICISMS FROM A TRADE UNION
POINT OF VIEW—II.

THE effect of Clause 11 upon the workman is, to the general public, more important than its effect upon Trade Unions, and considerable sympathy will be felt for the injured workman whom the Government helps with one hand and hinders with two. Under the existing law the victim of an accident is entitled to half wages from his employer up to £1 per week, *plus* whatever his thrift has led him to provide by way of his Trade Union or his Friendly Society. In effect the Government's scheme robs him of every friendly benefit his common sense has sought to provide, and limits his total receipts to the amount of sick benefit paid under the Bill. The man may have half killed himself in the service of his employer, but he will only receive the same allowance as the shopmate who suffers from influenza or hay-fever. The Workmen's Compensation Act never aimed at giving compensation for the anxiety and suffering incidental to accidents: it only offered partial compensation for wages lost; compensation for suffering had to be provided by the workman himself through some form of personal insurance. Clause 11 not only prevents him making such provision in future, but robs him of whatever he has already contributed for such contingencies. So serious is the effect of this clause that Trade Unionists may prefer to drop the Insurance Bill in its present form, and to retain inviolate the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Attempts have been made to persuade the Government, for the purpose of determining contributions, to calculate wages on a weekly instead of a daily basis, but these attempts have failed, consequently the piece-worker earning 3s. on Monday and 5s. during the remainder of the week will pay the full contribution of 4d., while the day-worker whose wages are regularly 9s. per week will get off by paying 1d. If the contributions were based upon the average weekly earnings this injustice would be remedied, but the State's contribution would have to be higher.

That portion of the Bill dealing with unemployment offers Trade Unionists many opportunities for criticism. The exclusion of the majority of workers from the benefits of a scheme towards which they are compelled indirectly to contribute can only be excused on the ground of inexperience and inadequate data, but the attempt to differentiate between trades and to make contributions fit particular trade risks is less defensible, and is sure to create difficulties between the Unions and ill-feeling amongst the men. It may at first sight appear just to try and fit unemployment contributions to unemployment risks, but here again the Government ignores Trade Union practice, and loses sight of the fact that some one must work in the risky trades, not altogether of choice, but as a matter of national necessity. Had the Government appealed to the workmen on broad, national lines, they would have responded and agreed that all should pay alike and stand to receive alike.

Clause 73, section 1, seeks to increase the importance of Labour Exchanges by offering considerable advantages to employers who engage their workmen through this source. It permits the employer in one week to have half a dozen different men employed on half a dozen different days on the same job and only to pay insurance premiums as if he employed one workman during the whole of the week, but there does not appear to be anything in the clause which enables any one of the workmen to escape paying a full week's contribution, though he may only have been employed one day during the week. It will be possible with the clause in

its present state to obtain for one week's work one contribution from the employer and six from the workman.

The effect of this clause will be to discourage direct employment and to weaken the personal relationship between employer and workman, and it offers further deplorable advantages to those employers who need, or who think they need, a surplussage of not too independent labour. Dock-workers may suffer considerably through this clause. In many districts their Unions have been able to regulate the calls, and men only have to attend at the places where they are usually engaged at certain specified hours. This ensures them certain opportunities for rest and food. Driven to engage through the Labour Exchanges, these men must be on call throughout the whole of the day, or risk the loss both of work and of benefits that might be provided under the scheme. Many Trade Unions view with justifiable suspicion the efforts to increase the influence of the Labour Exchanges without increasing democratic control over their actions; they fear the development of these Exchanges into gigantic anti-Trade Union organisations, administered at the public expense and caring only for the interests of the employing class. Something of this fear was expressed in the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the National Conference which met in the Memorial Hall in June:—

Non-unionists drawing benefit from the Labour Exchanges must be placed in the same relative position towards the members of an approved Trade Union as are Post Office contributors towards members of Friendly Societies—i.e., his contribution, together with the contributions of the employer and of the State must be isolated and subjected to a first charge on account of administrative expenses, the residue to bear the entire cost of his benefit, and the qualifying period for his becoming entitled to benefit shall be double that of a member of an approved Trade Union.

To obviate the danger which may arise from adding to the duties and the importance of Labour Exchanges, the Bill should exclude them altogether from the distributive side of the scheme and secure this for the Trade Unions.

Clause 79, section 1, presses hardly upon Labourers' Unions. These have never been able to obtain contributions sufficient for the creation of permanent unemployment funds, and their chances in this direction are not increased by the compulsory deductions under the national scheme. They will never be able to fulfil the conditions laid down if the Government maintains its determination not to refund more than two-thirds of what the Union has paid in unemployment benefit during the year; the remaining third will always be beyond the financial capacity of these Unions, because their contributions rarely exceed 3d. per week, and their average of unemployment is exceedingly high.

Clause 80 should be restricted to *bona fide* Trade Unions; otherwise all kinds of undesirable organisations may spring up and attempt to reap where the Trade Unions have sown.

The principle laid down in the Workmen's Compensation Act in respect of the dates from which benefit may be paid should be followed in the Insurance Bill, and benefit for either sickness or unemployment should be paid as from the first day if either sickness or unemployment extend beyond three full days. The Government scheme only proposes to pay for sickness after the third day.

Nowhere does the Bill seem to make adequate provision for the representation of Trade Unions upon advisory or administrative bodies or upon local health committees. The Unions were ignored when the superior appointments were made and the Advisory Committees formed after the creation of the Labour Exchanges. They have had grave reasons for resenting the manner in which these appointments were made, for more than one dispute has been com-

plicated by the inexperience or class prejudices of those who were placed in charge. Quite recently, some one speaking on behalf of the doctors asked for a representation of two out of twenty-two; if the workmen, who are called to contribute four-ninths of the cost of the scheme as against the doctors' nothing, are represented in the same proportion they will be satisfied.

Trade Unions must be forgiven if they manifest some nervousness and some irritation at the attitude taken by the Government towards all attempts to amend the scheme from their point of view. Friendly benefits have been of considerable value to them; they have supplied a binding influence of a continuous character; they have helped to conciliate public opinion and to prevent this becoming wholly hostile, and they have also steadied the operations of the movement at critical moments. To transfer the administration of these benefits to other, and in some respects rival or hostile organisations may have political consequences hardly appreciated by those in charge of the measure. Stripped of these benefits, and excluded from the administrative work connected with them, the Unions must turn wholly to wage questions; they will become purely industrial fighting machines, approximating in action, if not in constitution, to the *Confédération du Travail*. If this is the object of the Government, it may continue to ignore the claims and practices of the Trade Unions while it is building up its scheme, and its object will doubtless be secured; whether the interests of industry will be furthered is another matter.

W. A. APPLETON, Secretary of the General
Federation of Trade Unions.

MONTJOIE

MONTJOIE lies in a deep valley of the mountainous district known as the Eifel. The little town is built on a bend of the river Roer, which is really one long waterfall from one end to the other, and is always turning in its bed as if it were looking for a hairpin. Like all mountain streams, it becomes a raging torrent in winter time after a thaw, which perhaps accounts for my impression that half the houses in the town are falling into it and that the other half are climbing out with glistening walls and waterweed in the crannies of their roofs. Wherever the townsfolk go in the valley they hear the breathless song of their river; it rings in the ears of new-born babes, it calls after the dying through the closing gates. On Sunday nights, when the young men have come home from the factories at Aix to meet their girls, who work in the silk-factories at Montjoie, the river absorbs the sound of their mirth, and, since it is a merry river, its voice is unchanged.

These silk-factories are the last word in a commonplace industrial story. At one time Montjoie was famous—"throughout Europe," says the guide-book—for the manufacture of cloth, and the town displays many fine old houses where the manufacturers lived in the years of their pride. For over two hundred years Montjoie flourished, and within the narrow limits of the valley ground became so scarce that the townsfolk built elaborate walls to make little terraces on the precipitous hills, where they might grow their cabbages. But the railway came too late to Montjoie, and the competition of manufactories more happily situated killed the cloth trade, and for a while at least the kitchen-gardens on the mountain side must have been unnecessary. Now Montjoie has recovered a little of its old prosperity, the girls making silk and the boys working all the week at Aix; but the fact remains that in fifty years the population has fallen

from three thousand to seventeen hundred. The silk manufacturers have bought the old factories and left them idle to forestall possible competition.

It is to this decline in its prosperity that Montjoie owes much of its picturesqueness, for during the last hundred years it has not been worth anybody's while to build new houses, and the little town has crossed a century of vile architecture unscathed. I have never been in any town that felt so old as this, even though it is lit by gas and devout persons have built a hideous little chapel on one of the hills above it. Its narrow streets, paved with cobbles, and its half-timbered houses projecting over the footway, carved sometimes with pious observations in Latin, and approached by sagging steps adorned with elaborately-wrought hand-rails, create an atmosphere of matter-of-fact unromantic antiquity which is far more impressive than the glamour with which artists endow their conceptions of the past. In the June sunlight there was nothing mysterious about Montjoie; it rather convinced me that possibly the Middle Ages are not an invention of the historians. By day the young people were all at work and the streets were given up to centenarians and kittens, who would have looked very much the same a few hundred years ago as they did then, so that it was easy to give a handful of centuries back to Time and to play at being my own ancestor. In half an hour I had forgotten wireless telegraphy, the phonograph, googly bowling, and all our valuable modern inventions, and was able to walk through the streets with only a casual eye for the queerness of the architecture.

But when night falls Montjoie is full of ghosts and shapes of the dead.

To revert to the houses, they first opened my eyes to the possible poetry of slates, and conquered my normal English æsthetic prejudice in favour of tiles. Between the wide chimneys the slates are spread like butter on a new loaf, in ambitious and tumultuous waves. They are local slates of a delicate colour, so that from the hills Montjoie resembles a colony of brooding doves, and it is easy to fancy that if one threw a stone into their midst the sky would be darkened by flapping wings, and the valley would be left untenanted and desolate. But it is guarded by two ruined castles, one the mere shell of a watch-tower, the other a beautiful and imposing ruin that will be a desirable residence for any reincarnated *seigneur* by the time the State has finished spending money on its restoration. In chivalrous days this castle was besieged no less than six times, but now the hills are only garrisoned by enormous slugs. The black ones are longer than the brown ones, but they are not so fat; the black slugs are like silk umbrella tassels, the brown ones are like dates.

More interesting to me than the conventional ruins of castles was a large disused cloth factory, for, while it is natural that a castle should be ruined, a factory in decay disturbs our trust in the permanence of our own inventions. It was so large that the little boys had become tired of breaking the window-panes, and many of them were still intact; but through the gaps it was possible to see the looms standing idle under their coverlet of dust, the engines grown hectic in the damp mists of the river, and the white-wash peeling from the walls in soapy flakes. On these walls the workgirls had written their names and the names of their lovers, and I wondered how many tragic separations there must have been when cloth no longer paid in Montjoie, and half the inhabitants went elsewhere in search of work. Unhappily I discovered this significant sepulchre in the company of a man who was labouring an æsthetic theory that it was necessary to have visited Nuremberg in order to understand Wagner, and disturbed my sentimental speculations with idle babblings

on music and architecture. I told him that Wagner would have been far more interested in the cloth-factory than in Nuremberg, and that a man who could look at it unmoved was capable only of imitative artistic emotions, which, of course, is true of most men. But I made no convert, even though I pointed out to him the oil-cans still standing where the engineers had put them down for the last time, and the nails where the girls had hung their coats in winter. There are moments when I hate cathedrals and fine pictures, because they make men blind.

One evening I went up to the factory alone to look for ghosts. The cows were being driven down from the hills with a pleasant noise of bells, and the river was singing huskily as though the mist had given it a sore throat. As the darkness came on I would not have been surprised if the deserted buildings had throbbed into spectral life, spinning cloth of dreams for the markets of dead cities. But they held mournfully aloof from me and the world, like a Spanish grandee wrapped in a threadbare coat, until a little old woman came out of one of the outbuildings and told me a story in a sad voice. She had worked there as a young girl, and when the smash came those who lived on the premises were allowed to stay there rent-free; but they had all gone one by one, and now she was alone in the midst of the great buildings that had filled her life since she was twelve years old. It was hard to believe that she was not one of the ghosts whom I had been seeking, and I returned to the town feeling as though I had nearly guessed its secret.

Montjoie is in Germany, an hour and a half by train from Aix la Chapelle and within a day's walk of the Belgian frontier. I descended a precipice one fine evening of June in the company of a mad Belgian architect, and found it waiting for me at the foot. It had waited a thousand years, and it will still lie expectant of the man who shall make it his own when the hand that writes these words is fast once more, after so brief a period of freedom, in fetters of incorruptible dust. The works of man last longer than man himself, though it be but a little longer. And if these old houses tell us only that our forefathers, like ourselves, built shelters wherein they could love secure from the gusty winds and the cold of the world, we are yet aware of a shy conviction that these greying and furrowed stones possess some deeper significance that eludes our judgment, made hasty by the fewness of our years. "If these ruins could speak—" the guide-book says regretfully, when all men know that they are never silent, though we cannot linger with them to hear their message. If the past would cease to trouble our hearts with its sweet and poignant mutterings, we might succeed in mastering the present, in overcoming the reticence of the days to come. I climbed down into Montjoie on a fair evening of June, and after a fortnight—a fortnight as short as a sunny hour—I climbed out of it back into a restless and unfinished world; and so it might be thought I had finished with Montjoie and Montjoie had finished with me. At one time this might have been true; but now I know that I am the slave of my dead hours and shall escape from my servitude no more. Like all men, I am a thousand men, and one man of me wanders still in those steep, uneven streets, looking at the faces of the houses, and waiting for the hour when they shall disclose their secret. Once in a dream I found Time sitting in a garden, and with a dreamer's courage I raised his shaggy eyebrows to peer into his eyes. They were as gentle and kind as a dog's. Perhaps the magic charm of old houses preserves the love and comradeship of the men and women who have lived in them. Perhaps when my spirit wanders by night in Montjoie it is cleansed and quickened by the fellowship of the immortal dead.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

REVIEWS

FLOREAT ETONA!

A History of Eton College, 1440-1910. By Sir H. C. MAXWELL LYTE, K.C.B. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

THE present is the fourth edition, revised throughout and greatly enlarged, of a work which was originally published thirty-six years ago. The author has always been careful to acknowledge the sources from which he has garnered his information: in bringing his work almost up to date he refers to the additional printed sources and the many friendly communications from individuals on which he relies. It has been easier for him to engraft and incorporate than when he set out to produce "a history of Eton in which matters of biography and architecture, studies and pastimes, old customs and single incidents, should each receive their due share of notice, and fall into their proper places, side by side in chronological order." It is the comprehensiveness of the book which has always given it a pre-eminence. There are other accounts of Eton from different points of view, but none before Sir Maxwell Lyte's book treated it as a whole. Whereas he examined original manuscripts, now later writers use him as their quarry. The size of the volume has been enlarged to accommodate the fresh material. The illustrations have been somewhat altered. It may be a matter of taste, but the new seven photogravures are hardly so agreeable to the eye as the other pictures in the book.

William of Wykeham had already, in 1379-87, founded Winchester and New College, Oxford, so that the scholar King Henry VI., a weak man, sometimes insane, had an example to imitate when he took formal measures in 1440, through certain officials and the Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Buckinghamshire, to carry out his Charter of Foundation of "The King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor," which in due course assumed form as a body corporate, endowed with landed estates, certain privileges, and feudal rights, included in successive Charters sanctioned by several Parliaments. Papal Bulls were secured in favour of the new College. King Henry visited Winchester and induced the Head Master, William Waynflete, to migrate to Eton to organise the new arrangements there, which he carried out before he became Provost in 1443. Statutes were framed, and subsequently extended, establishing the Collegiate body and the seventy poor scholars receiving free education, board, and lodging, called Collegers to this day. They were destined to proceed to King's College, Cambridge, simultaneously founded by King Henry. Provision was also made for an indefinite number of boys coming to Eton from any part of the world for education. Hence arose the Commensals, who ceased later; the Oppidans, the "town-boys," have since formed the greater portion of the school. The first Statutes have a characteristic mediæval termination:—"If anyone, at the instance of the old serpent, shall endeavour to invalidate the statutes, he shall be deemed guilty of perjury." Henry VI. took infinite interest in his foundation. Whenever he met any of the boys at Windsor Castle, he usually tipped them, saying, "Be good boys, meek and docile, servants of the Lord."

Sir Maxwell Lyte's history is too full of detail to summarise. After delays in building and starting, Eton experienced vicissitudes of fortune, survived threats of suppression, suffered retrenchment, received new endowments from private persons, went through appearances of plague and pestilence, lost property to Henry VIII., who contemplated Eton's destruction but died before effecting it, felt the Marian reaction, was honoured with numerous

Royal visits and official visitations, entertained distinguished foreigners, had contests for the Provostship and Fellowships, developed the Playing Fields, experienced Puritan rule when Provost Rous was appointed Speaker of the Barebones Parliament, required additional school-buildings from time to time, including residential houses for the Oppidans. Eton life in the sixteenth century, and again in 1766, forming the subject of two chapters, can be fully realised. The boys' rebellion in 1768 on the subject of bounds was a serious affair; subsequent attempts at rebellion were equally unsuccessful: Dr. Keate, though small in stature, was full of courage and resource, not easy to terrorise. We must refrain from digressing into anecdotes. Sir Maxwell Lyte mentions the increase in the numbers of the boys and their fluctuations. The 207 in 1678 changed to 350, 425, 244, 326 to 513, 522, 230, 246, 510-627, 486, 444, 777, 801 in 1859, 908 in 1871, and lately over a thousand, an enormous number to manage. The list of distinguished college and school authorities is long; that of eminent Etonians is longer. The amusements have varied in course of time; bear-baiting, hunting the ram, and illicit sports have given place to modern pastimes which, as in England generally—Eton being a microcosm—receive much more attention than formerly. Other old abuses and institutions have passed away. "Montem" ceased in the 'forties, the joys of Windsor Fair are no more, floggings are less frequent, even the instrument of punishment has been changed. Some absurd customs still linger, and Eton has its special slang, though not so peculiar as the "notions" of Winchester.

Interesting and often amusing as the history of these 470 years is, modern Eton and its example are of infinitely greater concern. Lord Rosebery, a prominent *alumnus*, spoke of Eton, at a recent centenary dinner, as to his "mind the supreme scholastic educational establishment of the whole world." As lightning strikes the highest objects, so is Eton exposed specially to the shafts of criticism. Lying as it does almost under the shadow of Windsor Castle, as Sir Maxwell Lyte says, Eton has usually enjoyed an ample share of Royal favour, the advantages of which may be acknowledged. But does the school fulfil its main purpose as a place of education? What about the education provided? Mr. Oscar Browning, no lover of modern Eton, writes (in his "Memories of Sixty Years") of the Eton education in 1860, in its most favourable aspects, as one of the best educations that has ever existed; he recognises the value of classical education as a basis "so long as it remains in harmony with the spirit of the age." There is the point: has the Eton education advanced in accordance with the demands of the times? The Royal Commission of 1861-4 on Public Schools found great fault with it, and many changes have since been introduced. The staff of masters has been greatly increased; mathematics, modern languages, history, literature, science (in various branches) are recognised subjects of study. Do they obtain enough attention? Are they properly taught? Are the classics well taught? Such points can never be finally determined. Eton boys win a fair share of scholarships at Balliol, Trinity, and elsewhere; their great numbers produce a proportion of really able boys, sure to succeed in scholastic and University competitions. But if it be asked whether throughout the school full advantage is taken of the excellent education provided and available, it is not sufficient to reply that boys will be boys, and that much must not be expected of them between thirteen and nineteen. At Eton study is notoriously not in favour, industry is not fashionable. The boys aim at avoiding failure (and its consequences) in school-work, and seek success and glory in their games. The material is generally excellent. Eton is the school of the plutocracy; the charges are heavy, an air of

wealth and comfort pervades the place. There are many eldest sons and heirs to fortunes who will not have to work for their living, know the fact, and cannot be made to study. The school system has other merits. The Provost, Dr. Warre, claimed that "'Floreat Etona' meant the recognition of certain traditions and principles, and particularly the tradition of liberty, under the influence of which those who knew they were free recognised what was due to authority, and without hesitation did that which they knew to be best for the school." The system of liberty develops self-government, organisation, self-reliance, a sense of responsibility. Eton, it was written, "has a special faculty in providing men with the qualities of leadership. She breeds captains," so that Etonians are constantly found in the very front, though not superior intellectually. The dominant, distinguishing Eton spirit was thus described by Lord Curzon at the same dinner:—

He thought they all felt that somewhere in the background there had always been in their hearts the inspiration of a common idea, the sense of purpose, responsibility, and duty, the desire to do nothing that at any time would render them unworthy of the great institution to which they had belonged. That, he thought, was the Eton spirit; that was the spirit which had made the boy of his own time shout "Floreat Etona!" as he led his company to the charge in South Africa, falling, shot through the heart, at the head of his men. That was the spirit which had animated the Eton Eleven at Lord's last year, and again in a lesser degree this year; and that was the spirit of the Eton Eight at Henley this year, when they constituted a "record," not merely in the history of the school, but of the Henley course. It was the spirit which was embodied in the words "Floreat Etona."

We hold no brief for Eton. The school produces gentlemen and good fellows; they might often be better educated. In the "Eton Anthology," lately published in gorgeous style, one of their own poets, W. Cory, has said:—

Ay! Eton yet! Let critics rail.
Let Harrow boast her powers;
I'd rather have the lads that fail,
So they be lads like ours.

ARMAGEDDON—A NEW VERSION

La Nouvelle Europe. By MARCEL BARRIÈRE. (Alphonse Lemerre, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

THE gift of prophecy was during long centuries supposed to be dead, but for the last thirty years or so we have had manifold and convincing proof that it has only lain dormant. Messrs. Wells and Bellamy occur at once to the mind as pioneers of the revival, and M. Marcel Barrière, whose latest book is before us, has graduated already as a qualified seer. Whether he is to be one of the major prophets it would be rash to predict at present: "de vivis nil nisi cautum." And besides, the modern prophet, like his prototype, is largely concerned with prophesying what will not happen; his gloomiest forecasts are directed at that which may be avoided. In his happier moments he is trying to produce desirable consummations by influencing aspirations. M. Barrière is one of the completest prophets we have met, because he has started with a whole syllabus of future history and philosophy, and is engaged in working it out step by step, lustre by lustre, idea by idea. It is the Rougon-Macquart idea applied to the future. Zola had a peep at the future, by the way, in "Vérité" for instance, but with what unspeakable results. Balzac created

a world for a background to his *Comédie Humaine*, and many French novelists, including M. Anatole France, have produced families of books; but we doubt if any one before M. Barrière ever made in advance a syllabus of fifteen books. "La Nouvelle Europe" is the second volume of the second part of the "Trilogie Romanesque" of the whole "Heptalogie." Parallel to the "Trilogie Romanesque" runs the "Trilogie Philosophique," and the whole is to be completed by a "Partie Analytique."

The first part of the Heptalogy, comprising three volumes that have already appeared, and entitled "Le Nouveau Don Juan," describes the search for happiness in love of Prince Baratine, and is completed by the first part of the "Trilogie Philosophique"—"L'Art des Passions." In these books the true subject for the general purposes of the whole work is the education of the superman who is to regenerate the world. In the course of these adventures he gradually discovers his powers, his limitations, his ideals, and his mission. For M. Barrière believes that the problems of the near future can only be solved by men—by men of generous impulses and unbounded vitality. Democracy and a kind of Socialism he considers inevitable; the former indeed is with him a kind of religion, and the French Revolution a voice from Heaven. Socialism he admits on a highly individualistic basis. But above all, and before all, he must have an aristocracy, or even a tyranny.

The first volume of the present series, which is christened "La Dernière Épopée," is concerned with the first attempts of the tried and tested superman to forge tools for the fashioning of the new world. One of the first of the many terrific problems is that of the relations of the white to the other races. In the "Monde Noir," Baratine, as governor, turns the French provinces in Northern Africa into an ideal State, where race troubles are unknown and inconceivable, and the blessed principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity point the way to a golden age.

"La Nouvelle Europe" is the history of the last war, of the triumph of the French Revolution over its last enemies. France has just confided her destinies to a Dictator, partly as the consummation of the *révolution sociale*, and to sweep up the rests of a "disorderly Parliamentarism to which the country had aforetime owed a period of decadence and of unforgettable degradation," but really and principally to prosecute the inevitable war with Germany. This Dictator, Fouché-Lahache, is a friend of Baratine, and another of the strong men who are to be the physicians of society. He has little of the mysticism that distinguishes his friend, but he has that almost superstitious hatred of monarchy that surprises in certain French minds, and once or twice in the careers of many poets. His aim and goal is to get rid of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs—whose dominions, by the way, have become fused into one great empire, under the presidency of Prussia. The Czar may be left to the natural developments of time. For allies Fouché-Lahache has the "Latin Republics"—Italy, Spain, and Portugal—on the point of constituting with France one great "Latin" federation—and England, in spite of her monarchy and House of Lords, which are, however, excused as being mere "shadows," and soon to disappear at that. This great alliance is not, however, completed till the moment when the French military organisation is ready for its task, and becomes, in fact, the *casus belli*. The equipment for France for the great struggle is methodically described—the training camps, the formation of an *élite* of professional soldiers, the organisation of the whole army in multiples of three. The training of the officers and the selection of the fittest for the important posts, as well as the sympathy promoted between officers and men, are other features that receive special examination.

M. Barrière is careful from the beginning to disown all

idea of the Revenge and the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine. In this matter he says that prescription has done its work. But, putting aside the question of the two provinces, we cannot admit that the idea of revenge is entirely absent from these pages. If there is one thing that galls the author, we should say it was the "Gott mit uns" of Kaiser Wilhelm I.; he credits his own Kaiser, grandson of the present one, and ruling, we suppose, in about 1930, with a very crude piety and a tactless and unseasonable method of expressing it. The worst thing about his counsellors also appears to be their "pietism." The triumph of the French Revolution is the uppermost idea in "La Nouvelle Europe," but the "French" is to the full as important as the "Revolution." Baratine objects to Fouché-Lahache's ruthlessness—"Le patriotisme n'est après tout que l'égoïsme des nations;" and the Dictator's reply is: "Soit. Mais la France n'est pas une nation quelconque; c'est la nation modèle."

The German and Austrian sovereigns are, then, the two obstacles to an international millennium. It is a very simple gospel, and, with important reservations and a substitution of the shade of Bismarck for the Imperial office and its holders, one that might command in many quarters a certain popularity. M. Barrière's war is the inevitable consequence of internal Socialistic troubles in Germany; it is the red-herring of the Imperialists. The French Government foresees the crisis and encourages it; England is bound to help for the sake of secular janglings and present interest. Of course, the war, in the hands of a French neo-Jacobin, could only go one way, and after a short campaign, most graphically and credibly described, and a tremendous battle on the banks of the Moselle, between Nancy and Metz, the Germans are completely routed. What follows is the end of the Prussian and Austrian dynasties, and the gradual disbanding of European armies. Baratine dies from the effects of a wound, and the Dictator quits his office in a moment of disillusionment. It is right that the book should end on a rather hopeless note, as there must be work left for the volumes yet to be written.

The part of the English forces in the war is distinctly gratifying to the national pride. National service has become an established fact, and English cavalry play a great part in the big battle. As for the naval duel, that is very soon over, and "the London Government was astonished to have been, for a moment, afraid of such an unworthy adversary." We are pained, however, to find that most of the victorious fleet are subsequently sunk in harbour by submarines—it seems a wanton blow, after the annihilation of the German battle-fleet.

Baratine's black troops play a decisive part in the big battle, more by their reputation—for they arrive at the last moment—than by their actual fighting. We quite understand the supposed cry of protest from Europe at this feature of the war; so does M. Barrière, though he is too much engaged in following one of his hobbies to endorse the protest.

The verisimilitude of the story is most complete. We were driven into getting out a map of the Franco-German frontier, and into following the campaign step by step. One possible horror of a modern battle is indicated; days of continuous cannonade produce such a disturbance of the elements that a storm of incredible violence is provoked, and most of the supplies and accessories of the two armies are destroyed by the wind and the rain.

The book might serve as a pendant to Mr. H. G. Wells's "War in the Air," only whereas in that grisly forecast civilisation is torn up by the roots, in the present case its cause is advanced. But then, if M. Barrière's conception were the first to be realised, it would cut the ground from under the other's feet. And if we must have one or the other, we prefer M. Barrière's catastrophe.

SOUTH AMERICA IN A NUTSHELL

The Ten Republics. An Introduction to the South American Series in Porter's "Progress of Nations." By ROBERT P. PORTER. With 12 Maps. (George Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE ten Republics with which Mr. Porter deals are those which comprise the continent of South America. The field, therefore, is exceptionally formidable in its proportions. Each of the ten countries has supported the weight of many and bulky volumes, and the mass of literature that is now extant on the subject is a little fearsome to contemplate. But Mr. Porter is not in the least concerned with bulk. He has placed the ten countries together, has boiled them down, and has given us his contribution in as condensed a form as that which a few tins of meat-extract represent to a weighty herd of live cattle. To desert bovine metaphor, his summary of the continent that extends from Cape Horn to Panama occupies rather less than three hundred pages.

Now this in itself is a notable feat, by the side of which the majority of merely commercial compressions pale. It was Columbus who probably gave the most rapid description of a country ever known. When asked to picture a certain mountainous island—which I believe, from recollection, was Madeira—the explorer, yielding to his weakness for graphic illustration, crushed together a smooth piece of paper in his hand, and thus produced an eloquent vista of peaks and valleys. Mr. Porter has dealt more tenderly and elaborately with his paper; nevertheless, he has contrived to give an astonishingly full measure of information in the space he has allowed himself for the purpose.

Although history is lightly touched on, the main interest of a volume of this size is inevitably confined to the industrial and commercial ethics of the various countries. Stress is very rightly laid on the enormous expansion of railways that has occurred within the last decade, and that is undoubtedly increasing in impetus with the passage of each year. The latest phase of this notable movement is, of course, the opening-up of those great districts of the far interior that until the present have partaken almost of the nature of *hinterlände*, so great were the distances that separated them from the centres of practical commerce. This more ambitious system of development is still in its comparative infancy; but in another two or three years it will undoubtedly have matured sufficiently to produce results that cannot fail to astonish the world. This, it should be understood, applies less to Argentina than to Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Peru, for, as the author justly remarks, Argentina "now stands fourth among the nations of the whole world in the matter of railway development in proportion to population."

So far as Argentina is concerned, Mr. Porter renders full justice to the progressive spirit with which the inhabitants of the Republic are permeated:—

Meanwhile Argentina progresses by leaps and bounds, a land of plenty for all but the naturally inept and incapable. Its people are frankly and entirely occupied in the pursuit or the enjoyment of wealth, caring but little how they are governed and regarding politics with indifference, so long as it rains. . . . The national prosperity rests on the surest of foundations, since an inexhaustible source supplies its constituents, and for these, the prime necessity of mankind, the demand can never even waver, so that in summing up Argentina's prospects of future material welfare the slightest fringe of pessimism would appear to be inadmissible.

It is, of course, impossible to follow the full scope of Mr. Porter's work in this notice. Let it suffice to say that each

Republic is adequately dealt with, and we have an ample summary of Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay, with their pastoral and agricultural wealth; of Chile with its nitrate fields; of Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru with their coffee, rubber, and minerals; and of the various industries of Venezuela, Ecuador, and Colombia. It is a large field—in lozenge form!

The historical portions of the book are, on the whole, ably and fairly accurately rendered, although here and there occurs a slip that cannot well be passed over in silence. The author, for instance, in dealing with the history of Paraguay states that in 1814 the country "became independent under Dr. Francia, a beneficent despot, who ruled the country firmly and encouraged agriculture and industry."

Now the adjective beneficent is one that can scarcely be applied with justice to the first Dictator of Paraguay. As a matter of fact, Doctor Francia was a tyrant whose methods can scarcely have been outdone in cruelty by any other despot in the history of the entire world. Indeed, the adjective now applied to him renders the relation of a few of his deeds essential, if for nothing more than for the purpose of comparison and for a subsequent alteration of opinion concerning the character of the man.

According to the testimony of reliable eye-witnesses resident in the country at the time of the tyranny the merest chance criticism of the methods of the Dictator was in itself quite sufficient to cause its rash author to be cast into prison. But these prisons were no ordinary places of incarceration. Each was a small cell without windows or air-holes into which some forty miserable wretches were packed tightly together, and this in a tropical atmosphere! Nevertheless, had Francia's cruelties ended at this point all would have been comparatively well. The ghastly interior of the prison, however, formed merely the prelude to a series of torturings and floggings beneath the stress of which a large proportion of the prisoners died ere the official time for their execution had arrived. Irrespective of cause or reason the very existence of the highest and lowest in Paraguay lay at the mercy of the tyrant's whim, and Francia valued human life as little as terrier treasures that of a rat. Here is a record of this "beneficent" Dictator that will reveal something of the strange workings of his mind:—

A poor woman, knowing no other way of getting an audience of the Dictator, went up to his closet window; she was sent to prison for her temerity, and her husband, who had not even heard of the pretended crime, was obliged to share in her punishment. The Dictator was so deeply offended at this want of respect, as he called it, towards his person, that he gave to the sentinel placed before his door the following order: "If any passenger should dare to fix his eyes upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, this is for a second shot (handing him another musket loaded with ball), and if you miss again I shall take care not to miss you." This order being quickly known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace; or, if any person were obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly bent upon the ground.

This story might be received with some incredulity were it not in the company of so many others of similar nature and of undoubted authenticity.

Perhaps these remarks will help to prevent an unduly rosy passage down posterity on the part of Dr. Francia. As a matter of fact, an historical slip of the kind does not detract from the industrial and commercial value of Mr. Porter's book. He has succeeded admirably in bringing together a store of information in a handy form that cannot fail to be invaluable as a work of reference.

INDIAN WILD TRIBES

The Kacháris. By the late REV. SIDNEY ENDLE. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

WE have here another volume of the valuable series of monographs of the numerous tribes in Assam which are being published officially under the orders of the Government of the Province, the companion volume to which, "The Naga Tribes of Manipur," by Mr. T. C. Hodson, we lately noticed in THE ACADEMY (April 1st, 1911). It is very proper for the Government to undertake the publication of such books, which are useful both for administrative purposes and as contributions to the knowledge of ethnology, folk-lore, tribal customs, &c. They testify to the efforts of the Government to understand the people with whom their officers have to deal, and they certainly must prevent the perpetration of many mistakes and conduce to improved relations, as these semi-civilised people find themselves better understood and their motives appreciated. The history of the whole of Assam has been well written by Mr. Gait, the accomplished Civil Service officer who has conducted the recent Census of all India and is now engaged in writing the report on it. But these monographs go more into detail than is possible for a comprehensive work.

The little book before us was compiled by the Rev. Sidney Endle, who laboured as missionary and planters' chaplain for upwards of forty years in the Darrang district, north of the Brahmaputra River, with his headquarters at Tezpur. His life was devoted to his beloved Kacháris of that district, as Mr. J. D. Anderson, late I.C.S., in his Introduction shows. His popularity with the natives and his familiarity with their language enabled him to acquire information which a Civil Service officer can rarely hope to gather. He could preach with equal ease and eloquence in English, Assamese, and Kachári, and he compiled a manual of the latter language. The people known to the English as Kacháris and elsewhere termed Chutiyas are by themselves called Bodo (or Bada, Boro, Bara). In Assam proper the Hindus designate them Kacháris, in Bengal they are known as Meches, the same word as Mleccha, barbarian, a term applied offensively to the English in India. The origin of the Kachári race is still obscure, but it is not unlikely that it was in earlier days the dominant race in Assam; its Mongolian type, however, indicates Tibet and China as its original home. Immigrations from the north and north-east probably occurred, by which the Ahoms left their mark on the country. These aggressions account for the division of the Kacháris into two distinct groups: the northern located north of the Brahmaputra, as previously stated, and the southern, the Dimasa, Great River Folk, who were driven out of the Brahmaputra valley and sought refuge in the country now known as Cachar, the hills and the district of that name. Tribes of the same race, but known by other names, such as the Koch and the Garos, are included in these groups. Within Assam the whole race numbers probably more than a million souls. The Bodo language has survived, in spite of Hindu and Shan invaders and settlers.

These people are described as being among the most innocent (through ignorance) and kindly of semi-savage races, intellectually inferior, strong rather than skilful labourers, intensely clannish and obstinate, possessed of many virtues, but yielding at their festivals to a weakness for the national beverage—rice-beer. In their social and domestic life they generally resemble other rude folk, with differences. The system of mutual help prevails among them, their food is not limited or restricted, except that no orthodox, old-fashioned Kachári will ever touch milk, and their women do much of their fishing. Mr. Endle attributed their internal and tribal organisation to a totemistic basis; his description

of their sub-division into septs or clans is very interesting, but the restrictions on marriages have long since passed away. Kacháris of the old-fashioned, conservative school still think it a duty to show respect to their totem (the tiger) by formally going into mourning whenever they learn that one of these animals has died in the immediate vicinity of their village. Polyandry is absolutely prohibited. Respect for chastity is maintained; in certain cases of suspicion the rice ordeal is adopted. A certain quantity is given to each grown-up girl to be masticated; the offender, under the pressure of the fear of imminent detection, is unable to masticate her portion, the faculty of secreting saliva failing her in her terror of discovery and disgrace. The Kacháris' religion is of the animistic type, its underlying principle being characteristically one of fear or dread. As a rule no idol or temple is seen, "but to the Kachári mind and imagination earth, air, and sky are alike peopled with a vast number of invisible spiritual beings, known usually as 'Molui,' all possessing powers and faculties far greater than those of man, and almost invariably inclined to use these powers for malignant and malevolent, rather than benevolent, purposes." They have borrowed many deities from their Hindu neighbours, some household, some village, including a cholera demon. But the Kacháris have no priestly class and employ no Brahmans in religious ceremonies, though in times of special emergency the services of the "possessed woman" (the *Deodani*) are requisitioned for an appropriate ceremony. The Kachári has some vague and unsatisfactory belief in a life after physical death. He is often regarded by his Hindu neighbours as a Boetian, but he has practical qualities and a saving sense of humour which lighten the cares and toils of existence. Mr. Endle devoted a chapter to the Kachári language which belongs to the agglutinative, as distinct from the inflexional, family of languages, and Mr. Anderson has appended some specimens of interlineal literal translation of folk-tales which linguistic students will appreciate.

We have said enough to convey information of the character of the book and of its utility to certain classes—local officials and students of mankind. Such works are written by specialists for specialists, and have their value accordingly. The four coloured pictures are very good, and the illustrations generally are realistic; the map showing the area occupied by the Bodo races will be helpful to ethnologists.

LIFE IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

A Resident's Wife in Nigeria. By CONSTANCE LARYMORE. Second Edition, Revised. (George Routledge and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is with great pleasure that we welcome the second edition of Mrs. Larymore's little volume on Northern Nigeria, the first edition of which, we notice, is placed amongst the "authorities" on which the article on that country is based in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Major Larymore, C.M.G., was appointed a Third-class Resident in Northern Nigeria in 1902, and our authoress elected to accompany her husband, and, as she puts it, "no Englishwoman yet had gone where I meant to go, or done what I hoped to do." She was courageous, and disposed to bear with cheerfulness any risks and discomforts which she might encounter, and any one who reads her book will acknowledge that few women have roughed it more and been in more tight places, and faced both with greater equanimity.

The risks run were not the outcome of any unfriendly disposition on the part of the natives, who seem invariably to

have behaved like nature's gentlemen, and in many cases regarded her with genuine admiration and affection. At Katágum, where she was the first white woman ever seen, she tells us that—

The Sariki explained to me that as I had evidently been "sent" to them as a special mark of favour, it was quite necessary for them to know my name—what should they call me? "A man's name," I remarked, "is given to him by his friends. Give me a name yourselves." After cogitating in whispers, the old man said, smiling, that they would in future know me as "Uwama" (our mother).

The dangers which she escaped arose rather from the menacing forces of nature, such as the navigating of cataracts in the higher reaches of the Niger, and the tropical cyclones which render landing on the harbourless West African coast a frequent source of accident. She was never nearer death than when, in transshipping from the mail-steamer to the branch boat *Dodo* outside the bar at Forcados during an October hurricane, the *Dodo* was hove-to on the lee side of the mail-boat, and the transfer of passengers, mails, and baggage made in an open ship's boat. The heavy sea threatened to swamp the boat at any moment, which after having almost reached the *Dodo* in safety, was sucked in towards the propeller, and barely escaped being crushed on the heaving swell beneath the stern of the vessel.

Another bad quarter of an hour was when she returned from leave in 1908, and was steaming up the Niger at night in a stern-wheeler, and the vessel began to sink by the bows in forty feet of water. An iron barge had been lashed alongside, into which the crew and passengers hurried, and, struggling desperately to sever the lashings, only just succeeded in cutting it adrift before the steamer made its final plunge. Major Larymore, who had rushed below to save his dog, was imprisoned in the cabin by a mass of sliding baggage, which blocked the companion as the bow sunk and the stern rose. His wife fought fiercely to clear away the heavy packages, while he smashed his way through the jammed door of the cabin, and just in time he, she, and the dog dropped over the rail into the arms of the men in the barge.

Mrs. Larymore appears to have been very devoted to animals and pets of divers kinds. She seldom returned from leave to commence a new tour without a dog or two of sorts, and on one occasion had the enterprise to import a crate of buff Orpingtons and black Minorcas; and we read on various occasions of native cats, of marabouts, a baby ostrich, and even a baby hippopotamus.

One story she tells about a pony which is very remarkable. The pony got colic, and was doctored all the afternoon with hot fomentations and other remedies, and was given up for dead. The native vet. then asked if he might take him in hand, and having got the pony on his legs, "passed his hands five or six times down the animal's flanks, murmuring to himself the while; finally, taking the muzzle in both hands, he looked very hard into the pony's eyes, recited a string of Arabic sentences, and, stooping low, blew into each nostril three times." Whereupon the pony eat a bran-mash, "and never showed another symptom of pain or illness." Perhaps after all the fomentations had something to do with the cure.

We have all read something of the great city of Kano, with its 40ft.-high wall and its thirteen gates; but Mrs. Larymore adds some interesting details concerning the interior of the town. Her account of Hadeija, a similarly walled town still further north, and the reception of the party by the Emir, makes a striking picture of the grandeur of the native rulers, and their clouds of expert horsemen in the chainmail and plate armour which the Arabs of the Soudan borrowed from the Crusaders—a

scene which reminds us of the account given by the present Governor of Northern Nigeria of his reception at Kano some twelve months ago.

This book will be read with interest by all who follow with intelligence the growth of the Empire, and the sturdy enterprise and patient endurance of the King's servants in the Dominions beyond the Seas.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Hebrew Satire. By J. CHOTZNER, Ph.D. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

IN our notice of Dr. Chotzner's previous work, "*Hebrew Humour*," in our issue of the 30th of September, 1905, we pointed out that the author had apparently mistaken the meaning of his title, inasmuch as there was little of humour to be found in the essay which gave the title to his volume. After a perusal of the present work we find ourselves justified in passing a similar criticism upon it; for in this book Dr. Chotzner has apparently again mistaken the meaning of his title, as there is but little of satire to be found within its pages. This cannot mean that the Hebrew genius is devoid of satire. Rather otherwise should, we think, be the case. Satire must be almost the natural resource of a highly intellectual race such as the Jews, which through various methods of oppression is debarred from the natural processes of rejoinder and attack. One would have thought that Dr. Chotzner, in choosing such a field as he has, had obtained the opportunity of developing an unlimited estate wherein the rough material of a dozen volumes similar to that of "*Hebrew Satire*" lies ready to hand. Either we are sorely mistaken or the author has very strangely overlooked the wealth lying at his feet, for his garner of Hebrew satire is quite insufficient to justify anything more pretentious than a newspaper article at the most. The anecdotes which he has collected are in the main devoid of satire, and some appear to have no particular point in them whatsoever. The same may be said of the translations in verse, whose form, moulded by the hands of our author, gives no consolation to the disappointed reader, falsely attracted by the title of the book; for these examples do not serve to support Dr. Chotzner's claim to the poet's wreath. No, it cannot be gainsaid that the book is quite unworthy of its subject.

The Wonder Book of Railways. Edited by HARRY GOLDING. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)

FOR all boys who love engines, and are curious to learn something about the way in which a big railway is managed, this well-illustrated book will be a treasure. Articles dealing with the whole life of the iron road, from signal-cabins to sleeping-cars, and from the lowly yard-locomotive to the magnificent expresses which travel hundreds of miles without a stop, are contributed by various authorities, and little fault can be found with them. It was perhaps a mistake to attempt the explanation of the valve gear of a locomotive without diagrams in a book written especially for youngsters; we almost wonder the writers did not expatiate on the mysteries of "lap" and "lead" while they were about it. On the whole, however, the technical portions, when they are necessary, are very clearly put. A capital chapter on the alteration of the Great Western Railway's broad-gauge is included, and a picture of the departure of the last broad-gauge through train to Penzance on May 20th,

1892, reminds the present writer that he caught that train, amid great excitement, at Plymouth. The changing of the gauge in two days was a feat of which the Great Western may well be proud, in spite of the fact that Brunel's obstinacy cost them so dear. Sections dealing with the Tube Railways, with headlights, uniforms, bridges, mails, help to make this volume really valuable; it should become a well-handled item on every boy's shelf of favourites.

Tyrannical Revision. By the REV. PONSONBY A. M. SULLIVAN.
(Catholic Literature Association. 1d.)

MR. SULLIVAN has brought together within the limits of a small pamphlet a very able and concise appeal for the proper understanding of what would ensue should the resolution proposed by Convocation and giving much greater power to the Bishop of a Diocese to settle "any question which may arise between the minister of a parish and the people with regard to . . . conduct of the services" be added to the Preface of the Prayer-book. He views both this resolution and the much-disputed Ornaments Rubric from a very broad standpoint, and endeavours to point out many of the disputes and tyrannies which would take place should the suggested alterations be made. It is rightly pointed out that the priests and laity are often more loyal to the Church than the Bishops themselves, and that to allow an individual Bishop to over-ride the law is to entrust far too much power into his hands. We think that all who take an interest in Church matters would do well to purchase Mr. Sullivan's booklet.

FICTION

MISREPRESENTED DARTMOOR

The Beacon. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

It would be well, we believe, if Mr. Eden Phillpotts were to wait two or three years before he writes another novel of Dartmoor and its inhabitants, for there are not wanting signs that his point of view is becoming distorted. In his last story, "Demeter's Daughter," the heroine is drowned; her eldest son is a scamp; her second son is killed in South Africa, and her husband falls in love with another woman—a wintry affair altogether, as we remarked at the time. In the present book the heroine—if the word may be thus mis-used—decides to leave her husband and live with the patient, stage-managed strong man who has waited for the moment when life will send her to his arms; she goes to him, and he is murdered on the same night; his murderer soon after drowns himself. Another mis-married couple have their place in the tangle, and solve the difficulty in the unconventional method which in fiction seems rapidly becoming conventional; and so the weary round goes on, until we begin to think that the author must have conceived his plot while suffering from severe melancholia.

Why pile Mount Ossa upon Pelion, to scale the heights of disaster, in this sorry fashion? Why not give us a memorable idyll or two of Dartmoor, in the manner, shall we say, of "Under the Greenwood Tree"—for, knowing that heathery moorland as we do, we can reassure any readers who may be tempted to regard it as the black home of broken marriage vows, of men who are as the beast, of love that ends in misery, and misery that ends in suicide. Hearts of men and women beat as healthily and happily on Dartmoor's hills as elsewhere, and although there are tragedies

which must be immortal—such as "Tess"—Mr. Phillpotts has not yet the excuse of having written one on the grand scale, one to move the soul to its depths with an irresistible natural sympathy and pain.

Despite all this complaining, we must not convey the impression that "The Beacon" is a poor or an uninteresting book. It has many chapters which we would not willingly have missed, many characters who are the salt of the story with their quaint wisdom and their pungent conversations. Lizzie, the London barmaid, curiously drawn to take up her life under the shadow of Cosdon Beacon, has "notions." She marries Trevail, a weak man, and strives constantly to uplift him, to give him larger ideas, and to release him from the domination of his savage uncle; the tale of her efforts forms the main theme. She fails, and goes to Dunning, the waiting rival, on the very evening when her husband, unknown to her, has decided to free himself and to start life afresh with her on another part of the moor. Then comes the murder, and Trevail is under suspicion. It is difficult to find oneself in sympathy with any of the principal characters; but the secondary ones—Aunt Fanny, who plays the Greek chorus with her advice and comment, the various wisecracks of the district who gather and chatter in the bar of the Oxenham Arms—these are excellently drawn. "The Beacon" which so strongly attracts Lizzie and repels her husband, who is all for the comfortable valleys, is meant to play the same part as does Egdon Heath in "The Return of the Native;" but the magic is not here. Something is missing. Let Mr. Phillpotts discard his dark spectacles and take a pair that shall correct his astigmatism and show him pleasant lands and a healthy-minded people; then let him write about them, and we shall be surprised if he does not give us a novel of splendid Dartmoor that shall get near to the truth, close to humanity, and rank as a classic of the West Country which he is so thoroughly misrepresenting in his present mood.

Phoebe and Ernest. By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE. Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE authoress of "Phoebe and Ernest" has written a most amusing account of the home and school life of two youthful Americans who are brother and sister. We are introduced to Phoebe, who has just turned seventeen, on the day she first wears a long skirt. She is two years older than her brother Ernest, who is then in the hobbledohoy stage of adolescence, with a supreme contempt for girls. In matters of calf-love the American youth seems very much akin to his British cousin, as Ernest's behaviour, when he receives the first arrow from Cupid's bow, shows us:—

Ernest was sixteen, and for the first time in his life he had seen a girl when he looked at her. . . . As long as she was engaged with the front of the class Ernest's gaze adhered as closely to her as if it had been glued. But suddenly the big, black eyes darted up a whole row and pounced on Ernest. It was like having a pair of burning-glasses trained on him. Ernest's look sank like a plummet to his book. To his amazement, the type began to perform an intricate fancy dance. He fried in a blush that worked inward as well as outward. A clammy perspiration broke out all over him. His shoulders twitched, and he seemed to have no control over his mouth. He had never before known a sensation that was rapture and agony in equal parts. But the most perplexing part of it was that he liked it more than he loathed it.

Hitherto he had been careless of his personal appearance, but now he becomes the "mould of fashion" and the "glass

of form." Nevertheless Fay Faxon, with her "maverick members" (Yankee for curls of a sort), eloped with "a dreadful man, a summer boarder," from Akron in New Hampshire.

It is Phoebe, however, who is the ruling spirit in this entertaining book. She practically runs the Martin household "with a gaze of seraphic, star-eyed innocence." And even her brother, who, when in a hurry, "dove into his coat," admitted that "though a girl, Phoebe was almost human . . . and a crackerjack at tennis." We have to thank Inez Haynes Gillmore for a pleasant hour or two spent over these delightful sketches which so vividly portray the free-and-easy life of the American home, and which *inter alia* have enriched our vocabulary with such choice Americanisms (or are they Elizabethan English?) as "Mutt!" "I gussied up so for Minnie," "Hasn't she a corking figure?" "Sasshayed," "The stunt is to have everything on a level with the eye—search me why;" and many others. We would that the publishers had seen their way to add a glossary to the blank pages at the end of the volume, but we are grateful that they have not enriched the cover of the book with "a female of a winning blonde pulchritude smiling archly on the world at large," which is what they do in the States with "the month's best sellers." From the pictorial point of view, the illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz are attraction enough.

Our Guests. By ST. JOHN TREVOR. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WE have searched, and searched diligently, among the pages of Mr. Trevor's story for a "guest" who could be said in any possible way to be at least human, even if not interesting, but without success. The guests, so-called, are persons usually known as "paying," and in the present instance live, move, and have their being in a country-house known as the Chateau. There is a broken-down son of the nobility; a young coloured gentleman named Aboo from South Africa; a Mrs. Blunderall, who holds prayer-meetings for the benefit of the South African gentleman; to say nothing of an exceedingly rude person who goes under the name of Trimmer, and is described as "a business man;" and Mr. Croucher, who, when he is not riding part of a bicycle round the country, spends his time in digging potatoes. There is not a humorous passage in the book, unless Mr. Trimmer's remarks to Aboo are supposed to pass for such. "They've splashed the tar on *you* pretty thick, anyway," is the greeting extended to him by our business friend upon his introduction to Mrs. Blunderall's protégé; and when Aboo merely smiles by way of reply, he is met with "a very fine smile too; what's the price of ivory?"

On one occasion Mr. Croucher leaves his potato-patch and agrees to go for a cycle ride with Aboo, and the following is the way in which an accident to Mr. Croucher's machine is described:—

It became gradually afflicted with a sort of leprosy. It had locomotor ataxy down one side, and was partially paralysed on the other. The break got lockjaw, and the bearings developed acute appendicitis. Then the left pedal got housemaid's knee, the handle-bars had a dislocation of the umbilical cord, the seat contracted *angina pectoris*, the free-wheel suffered severely from *rathumial argitis*, till, in fact, every part seemed affected with some chronic and virulent ailment.

If this is the kind of fare we are to expect from works of fiction, we suppose that the only thing to do is to

turn to medical treatises in the hope of finding a little recreation.

One Ash: a Barn-door Story. By ALGERNON GISSING. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

No particular reason appears to be given why a girl like Linda Champion should ever have consented to marry such a crafty, suspicious, and mean man as Master Kench proved himself to be. Neither of them professed any semblance of love for the other, Kench's main idea apparently being that he was obtaining a capable woman whose "fortin be in her hands," and who was well able to take her position as a farmer's wife. Of course such a union could prove nothing but disastrous, and the reader is led through complications and situations which are often strained very near to breaking point. Linda is a noble woman who does her duty in that state of life in which she is placed; and although she ardently longs for a single ray of tender sympathy, she is "spiritually and physically incapable of approaching within the remotest glimpse of actual error," so that when temptation assails her in the offer of the protection of Dick Botherway, her husband's nephew, she entirely and resolutely refuses to listen to him. As a character-study of a man whose whole thoughts are bent upon laying up treasures upon earth, who is callous and tyrannical to a degree, and who regards his women-kind as beings specially sent to minister to his material comfort, Master Kench is exceedingly well portrayed. So also is Harriet, his daughter, a selfish and altogether most objectionable person, who is banished to take charge of "The Pothooks," a village inn, when Linda enters One Ash as its mistress. The book ends amid the peal of marriage bells, this time solemnising the nuptials of Dick with his cousin Harriet—another union which, having regard for the dispositions of the parties concerned, to say nothing of their great desire to be "even" with each other, can scarcely be expected to prove a happy one. However, we suppose that if all had gone smoothly there would have been no need to write the story, and we should then have missed the pleasant hour or so which has been devoted to its perusal.

The Silver Shamrock. By CAPTAIN HENRY CURTIES. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS" should be the motto of the gallant captain's namby-pamby, lachrymose story. When Violet, the heroine, is not bursting into tears, Mr. Duncasson, "the head of the Society of the Silver Shamrock," is burying his face in his hands and sobbing. Such moments of weakness, and they are by no means few and far between, spoil a story which, improbable as it undoubtedly is, depends for success on taut nerves and rapid action. The osculatory performances of Harold, the hero, are quite as irritating, and what might and should have been a virile account of mysterious plots and counterplots becomes no more than a feeble sentimental tale with a few exciting incidents thrown in. As a pourtrayer of the tenderer emotions Captain Curties does not shine, and he certainly makes Violet as yielding and silly a girl as could be. He is more at home when dealing with revolvers, knives, and anarchist bombs, and shows some knowledge of English high and low life, and also of "le continong," though his French is at times faulty. The Silver Shamrock on this occasion has nothing to do with Ireland; it is the symbol of a society, formed in the days of Napoleon I., which "takes charge of the whole of the private fortunes of kings and their relatives," and further protects them against anarchism and assassination. No tear-shedding weakling could successfully direct such a gigantic undertaking.

THE THEATRE

THE SPRING SEASON OF 1911

WHILE nearly all the leading theatres are preparing to face a new season, it will be interesting to make a sort of summary of what they have achieved in the one that is over. At a first leap, in the spirit of pessimistic irritation into which the London manager drives the enthusiast by his invertebrate methods and utter ignorance of his business, it might be said that the Spring season has achieved nothing, that it has given yet another striking proof of the dire need for theatre reconstruction. So far as the productions of London managers are concerned, with one or two exceptions, such a statement can be made. Whatever good there has been in the season that is now over is due to outside managers and—if the term may be used—to alien companies; and it will be remembered, and gratefully remembered, simply for the admirable and imaginative work of the Irish and Scottish players. The former, at the Court Theatre, with no blatant flourish of trumpets, and without the assistance of elaborate scenery and effects, made something of a sensation. Not for many a year have London playgoers seen acting so true, so sincere, so strong or so humorous, or plays so poetic, so human, so atmospheric or so simple. The Irish players drew all intellectual people to Sloane Square not once, but many times, and achieved, we are glad to know, infinitely more than a great artistic success. It is much to be hoped that they will continue to pay a yearly visit to London, and so provide those people who have not yet been forced by the reiteration of foolish plays and inept actors to desert the Theatre with plays and acting which satisfy their requirements. Of the Scottish players, their plays and methods, less has been seen, but in "Buntz Pulls the Strings," first produced as an experiment to an invited audience, they showed themselves to be to English acting what the sea is to the Serpentine—fresh, alive, spontaneous, irresistible.

Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier are the only London managers who have done anything which deserves to be remembered. The former did well with Mr. A. E. W. Mason's play "The Witness for the Defence." Because Mr. Mason is not a dramatist his play was worth seeing. As a novelist he was careful to look to his story, and that was the only thing that mattered. Had he been a practised playwright he would, in all probability, have expertised most of the sincerity and ingenuousness that was so pleasant out of the play, and left it a mere machine-made thing, a Suture affair, something a long way after the master-machinist Sardou. Miss Ethel Irving did admirable work in this play, and Mr. Alfred Bishop was altogether delightful. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, with wisdom quite foreign to his profession, chose a play for its own sake, and not because he could exploit himself in a showy part. In selecting it he paid no consideration at all to the sort of thing he knew very well would be written of it by the ordinary penny-a-line critics. They wrote of it as sentimental. They scoffed at the long arm of coincidence, which, as a matter of fact, never entered into it. "Passers By" is the one really charming entertainment of the season, and Mr. Haddon Chambers is to be congratulated on the excellence of his character-drawing, the simplicity and point of his dialogue, and the freshness of his ideas.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey just managed to run through the season, but with a very feeble and uninteresting adaptation of a very nearly as feeble and uninteresting French play. Mr. Hawtrey must really make up his mind at last to take up a fresh part. We have had all we can bear of the

inveterate liar with the all too tight coat and lavender tie. Mr. Cyril Maude has not done well. He frequently sees fun in what is to an audience dreadfully banal and foolish. "A Single Man" was dragged into a hundred nights, but Mr. Hubert Henry Davies must be a little more careful in future. The most charming play which Mr. Maude has found for years was Mr. L. N. Parker's "Pomander Walk." How injudicious it was to have put it on at the fag-end of the season, in the hottest weather of the year, has been proved from the fact that it only ran a few weeks. We see that Mr. Maude is to do a new version of "Rip van Winkle." Who is to play Rip? There is no Fred Leslie nowadays. Rip is not a comic little gentleman, all over make-up. It is certainly far more in the way of Mr. Martin Harvey.

Mr. J. E. Vedrenne and Mr. Dennis Eadie made an unfortunate start at the Royalty Theatre with Mr. Jerome's play, "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers." They would have had a success had it been written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his lightest mood. Having failed to attract with this piece, which was, at any rate, made to resemble a sovereign, they lost their heads, and asked a sophisticated London audience to accept a handful of small change. Their second attempt shut the theatre, which has been let for the autumn to Miss Marie Tempest. It will be interesting to see whether this bright little actress will succeed in drawing a public away from the lights. Mrs. Patrick Campbell once did very well at the Royalty Theatre with "Magda," an admirable revival of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and Mr. Frank Harris's daring piece, "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry." She was, however, supported by such actors as Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. Arliss.

Mr. Charles Frohman, who has always aimed at breaking records, achieved an epoch-making series of failures at the London theatres which are under his control. Mr. Somerset Maugham's cynicism found no sympathisers at the Duke of York's, and Sir Arthur Pinero's warped conception of human nature angered people who went to the Comedy Theatre. The latter play, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," had nothing in its favour except really wonderful stage-craft. At the Globe Theatre Mr. Frohman was on sharing terms with Mr. Lewis Waller. Their first production, "Bardelys the Magnificent," was a poor, pretentious thing, in which all characters were marionettes. Their second was "A Butterfly on the Wheel," and, because it contained one good act, ran something over a hundred nights. Like Mr. Hemmerde's other play, "The Crucible," in which, as in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," he was joined in authorship by Mr. Francis Neilson, it was crude, amateurish, and stagey. The dialogue was the sort of thing that is written by the authors of halfpenny novels and Mr. Garvice, and it was only rendered possible by the carefully-chosen company of finished actors and actresses. Without them, not even the exciting Court scene would have saved the play.

Mr. Fred Terry produced a vulgarised version of a celebrated French novel in which he gave an extremely able and interesting performance and one moment of exquisite feeling. "The Popinjay" was valuable for nothing else. "Kismet" is a success of scenery and suggestion, and in spite of the utterly un-Oriental acting and appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche. It owes everything to "Sumurun." "Fanny's First Play" has brought prosperity to the Little Theatre. As a finished example of strenuous freakishness it is without comparison. It contains many amazing moments, much smart dialogue, some superb characterisation, and it is played to perfection. Miss Dorothy Minto's performance is an unforgettable thing. Miss Lillah McCarthy deserves success. She is a fine, sincere actress, and a courageous woman. Everything she does is infinitely better than the thing she did last. There

is no question whatever as to the fact that Miss McCarthy is the best actress on the London stage, far and away.

In coming to the work of the Haymarket Theatre there have to be recorded the productions of two total and inevitable failures and a sort of success. The latter, "Lady Patricia," was a very amusing, polished, mechanical play of the "Importance of Being Earnest" school. It was delightfully well played and staged. In it Mrs. Patrick Campbell burlesqued herself in a manner which must have made Mr. Pélissier envious. All the same, her methods puzzled and even annoyed those of the British public to whom Mrs. Campbell is a stranger socially, and told against the play. Of the two failures, the first—"All that Matters," by Mr. Charles McEvoy—contained several scenes of rich comedy and some really excellent characterisation, but the three leading parts were sadly miscast. Miss Neilson-Terry made the country girl one who obviously stepped out of a bad school of acting. She was terribly self-conscious, theatrical, and unnatural. Mr. Norman Trevor was flat and uninteresting, and Mr. Lyall Swete unwittingly comic. Of "Above Suspicion" nothing favourable can be written.

Mr. Laurence Irving made two brave attempts to capture success. In his choice of plays he went from one extreme to the other. "The Lily," which was intensely interesting and strong, was too problematic and foreign for ordinary English consumption. Mr. Irving achieved a notable personal success in this play, and astonished even those who believe in him most. "Margaret Catchpole" was a *tour de force*, and but for the sudden hot weather would have developed into a financial success. It cannot be long before Mr. Laurence Irving occupies a permanent place in a London theatre.

His Majesty's Theatre continued to "present" revivals of Shakespeare's plays. After the much-talked-of representation of Henry VIII. Sir Herbert Tree gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "Julius Cæsar," in all of which Mr. Arthur Bourchier was exploited, being amazingly miscast always. The Gala Performance at His Majesty's was memorable, and has already been fully described in these columns.

THE FIRST ENGLISH EDITOR

HINGHAM is an important village in Norfolk, which possesses a remarkably fine old parish church, and its Vicar during the greater part of the first half of the seventeenth century was the Rev. Robert Pecke, or Peck, according to the somewhat confused spelling of the times. The Peckes of Norfolk were an influential family, for the most part Royalists, but Robert Pecke was an obstinate Puritan, who had for years been in trouble with his Bishop; so that when Matthew Wren, uncle to the famous Sir Christopher and one of Laud's most uncompromising supporters, was appointed to the See of Norwich, strife between the two was a foregone conclusion.

The Bishop at first carried everything before him. When he ordered the Communion-table in Hingham Church to be removed to the chancel and to be railed in, the Vicar, mindful of his own previous convictions for nonconformity in 1615, 1617, and 1622, at once signified his willingness to obey, and the Communion-table was placed at the east end of the church accordingly. But when the report came to the Bishop that the Vicar, in order to testify his personal disrespect for the "altar" thus made, had not only torn up the floor of the chancel, utterly wrecking all the monuments, but had also levelled it below the level of the body of the church in order to render the Communion-table invisible, his wrath was great. Robert Pecke then was prosecuted for his

vandalism and had to flee to New England, where he founded the town of Hingham, near Boston, Massachusetts. For the moment victory remained with the Bishop, though the parishioners refused to pay their tithes to the Curate-in-Charge when Pecke's living was sequestrated.

Robert Pecke had three sons—Samuel, Thomas, and Joseph—and a daughter named Anne, who married Captain John M. Seabrooks. Samuel had been apprenticed to a scrivener, perhaps partly with a view to having some one in the family with a knowledge of the law; for litigation was an expensive matter in the seventeenth century, as no doubt the Vicar of Hingham had found out, and a scrivener, or "writer of the Court letter," had to spend seven years in the study of the law before he was permitted to draw up the wills or deeds of his clients.

Just out of his apprenticeship indentures when his father fled to New England, probably with little or no means owing to the ruin of the family fortunes, and, like all other Puritans of the time, with his hopes fixed on the newly-met Long Parliament as the avenger of his cause, Samuel Pecke took steps to place himself in a position calculated to render his New England friends good service. He rented a stall in Westminster Hall and was thus able to let his friends know from first-hand information how affairs progressed at home.

We do not know much about the occupants of the stalls in Westminster Hall, save that they were booksellers as a rule, and that their little shops were sandwiched in between the Courts of Law which sat round the hall. Bold Boughey, warden of the Fleet Prison, received their rents as a perquisite of his office, but only two of his tenants are known to us apart from Pecke. Both were booksellers who printed their names on their pamphlets: Thomas Banks "at the sign of the Seal in Westminster Hall," and a "fat old woman," called Mrs. Breach, who carried on business "at the foot of the stone-stairs going up to the Court of Requests." Mrs. Breach must have seen many stirring sights in her time. She was still at her place in the hall at the end of the reign of Charles II., when she was prosecuted for selling a seditious pamphlet.

Up to the year 1641 no "news-book"—or pamphlet of domestic news—had been periodically issued in England. Archer, Nathaniel Butter, and others had issued periodicals called "currantoes," but these were simply translations from foreign sources, and had no connection with home affairs. Pecke, therefore, at first confined himself to one of the ordinary ways in which a scrivener supplemented his income. He wrote "newsletters"—an occupation in which, so we are told, he might earn as much as fifteen shillings a week (about £3 of our money). At the same time, he appears to have acquired the newly-invented art of "short-writing"; probably practising it in taking down the speeches of the House of Commons. To this we owe our modern newspapers, for the debates waxed fast and furious, and everyone was anxious to know what was being said in the House.

Pecke's opportunity came with the abolition of the Star Chamber in June, 1641. With the Star Chamber went the whole system of licensing, and instead of seeking the permission of the licensees (who most assuredly would have refused it), Pecke was at once able to obtain the authority of Parliament to print the speeches which he had taken down. Accordingly, in the same month, Pecke published a bulky volume, entitled "Speeches and passages of this Great and Happy Parliament from the third of June 1640 to this instant June 1641. Collected into one volume according to the most perfect originals exactly published. Printed for William Cooke," &c. Five months later he published a second volume, entitled "The Diurnall Occurrences; or, Dayly Proceedings of both Houses in this Great and Happy Parliament from the 3rd of Nov. 1640 to the 3rd of Nov. 1641," also printed for the book-

seller Cooke. The success of these was evidently great, for when, in the same month of November, 1641, the Irish broke out into open rebellion, general permission was given by Parliament to publish its "Diurnall Occurrences" weekly, and Pecke's little pamphlets flew all over the kingdom in lieu of his newsletters. Of course he at once had competitors enough and to spare, so that the various pamphlets of "Diurnall Occurrences" at the commencement of 1642 will be found to differ in the most extraordinary manner. So Pecke hit upon the idea of calling his "newsbook" the "Perfect Diurnall"—a title in the end recognised to be his only. The "Perfect Diurnall" survived, with varying fortunes, until Cromwell suppressed the whole of the licensed Press in September, 1655, in favour of his own official bi-weekly, written by Marchamont Nedham. In this way Pecke's little pamphlet, at first of eight and afterwards of sixteen pages quarto, became the ancestor of the great sheets we now buy for a penny or a halfpenny.

The journalist's lot in the days of the Great Rebellion was not a happy one. He was liberally abused by everybody, including his own side, and the slightest freedom in criticising the actions of Parliament met with prompt punishment. Samuel Pecke, Father of the Press, was twice imprisoned, and the little we know of him can only be gathered from the abuse of opponents. Nevertheless, one such enemy, the Rev. Samuel Sheppard, Royalist poet and journalist, passed one word of encomium upon him which deserves to be recorded to the honour of both. Writing in 1652, Sheppard says of Pecke. He is "no doubt of the humour of the Samseans in Epiphanius, who were neither Jews nor Gentiles nor Christians, but preserved a commodious correspondency with all. He is very impartial in his intelligence, which shall save him from further castigation." These remarks, for the times, were very high praise indeed. It is only fair to add that Pecke, as a rule, will be found to be truthful when his competitors on the same side manifestly were not.

The Rev. Robert Pecke returned to Hingham somewhere about the year 1644. He did not survive to see the return in triumph at the Restoration of his old enemy Bishop Wren (after twenty years' imprisonment in the Tower), but died about the commencement of April, 1658. Samuel Pecke was his executor and principal legatee, and, no doubt, also ended his days in peace at Hingham.

J. B. W.

EIGHTY IN THE SHADE

We have had an old-fashioned summer. How often during the last few sun-starved years has the lament gone up that the seasons are not as they used to be when we were young. That assertion and its sequel remind one of Leech's reply to a complainant that *Punch* was not as good as it used to be: "It never has been." The summers of the two years of Victorian Jubilee and that of the marriage year of the King were very similar to this present summer of the Coronation. The sun has lately given us a rare taste of his quality. We have had spells of tropical heat that have well-nigh broken the record. Already in the early days of August the dry leaves come pattering down in clouds; the horse-chestnut is turning rusty; and even the bracken begins to look played out. The blossom of that glorious weed the great convolvulus begins to assert itself like the modern Teuton. It reminds us that we are drawing on toward the fringe of autumn.

He who has not seen tropical forest trees half-smothered in the embrace of their attendant creepers can have little conception of the meaning of the phrase "the struggle for existence." The great convolvulus, clutching and seeking to

strangle any living tissue which blocks its way, is perhaps our nearest approach to those villainous weeds which the tropical tree nurtures in their youth, protects from the fierce heat of a point-blank sun, and which later in the season reward their protector by a hug more deadly than that of an anaconda or a grizzly. The struggle of most living things as we see them in the Tropics is for light and air. When streams of heat quiver across our line of vision, the dog will coil up in the hottest corner he can find and absorb as much of the actinic force as he may. A healthy child will do the same. He will bask and bathe in the sunlight, and rejoice in its abounding sense of growth. "Dogs and Englishmen," say the Mexicans, "walk in the sun."

It would be a curious study to trace the special physical conditions of night-haunting creatures. The bat is a survival of vast tribes of extinct forms. Did the earth-environment of his remote ancestors in the dim Mesozoic Ages foster a habit which still persists? The race of the owl, again, has physical differences which separate it from all other birds. Night-prowlers of the day and the beasts of prey which stalk them are, perchance, relics of a cosmic story that is told. The primitive forests of the world are shrinking fast. Vast areas of the New World since it has come under the ken of the Old—and that is not time enough for turning over a page of the world's story—have lost their covering of impenetrable vegetation. Before Man came on the scene, with his restless inquisition, the only causes that could start a forest fire would be lightning or earthquake. Now hundreds of square miles of forest are mown down every year as the result of artificial fires.

Locked in the dim recesses of primitive twilight forest-ways, we may be certain that life-types lived and moved—the hunter and hunted. Did they pass on the trick of shunning the light of day to night-wandering creatures of our time? The lion and tiger and other skulking foes of vegetable-feeding animals in this respect have grown amphibian. They prefer the dusk and the dark, but they do not dread the light, as does the veritable night-prowler or the underground digger. It might be worth the while of some leisured naturalist to follow up our trail of a possible clue. The human tribes who frequent great tropical forests are wanting in vivacity and the sense of humour. Even so the nightgoing world of animal life is shrinking—we had almost written anæmic. The jackdaw and the dog have a sense of fun; the owl and the iguana no trace of it. If present animal life-types reflex earth-conditions which have disappeared, an investigation of our point might lead to a truer conception of what the surface of this earth was like when hidden in the dark womb of time. We hear guesses of Mars as a planet screened in ruddy foliage. Was the earth once close-mantled in green, save where rivers and oceans flowed?

The genus *Salenia* of sea urchins was a few years ago believed to have died out in Cretaceous days, the only trace of a later date being *Acrosalenia* of the London clay. When dredging off Cape St. Vincent, at a depth of about two miles, and of course thus in Cimmerian darkness, *Salenia varispina* was brought up still flourishing in the dredges of the Challenger Expedition. The cousins several times removed of many a chalk fossil still haunt the bed of the Atlantic Ocean.

We all read and re-read with perpetual delight Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Is the Pythagorean basis of his creed mere chimæra? Surely not. Shelley, with sublime inconsistency, wove its root-idea into imperishable verse, for it is—

That sustaining Love
Which, through the web of being blindly wove,
By man and beast and earth and air and sea
Burns bright or dim.

As we look across the mellowing ranks of corn, or listen to the sigh of summer breezes whispering in the glades of a forest, or gaze on the ineffable glory of sunrise kindling a waste of waters, we know that no dead hand has twisted the strands of intelligent life. "Lift the stone and thou shalt find Me. Cleave the tree and I am there." Life is an unrolling drama, the acts of which are supreme world-moulding forces. In its scenes men and women are merely players. We can never shake ourselves free of the environment of all our yesterdays.

We are justly proud of the record of our race. It has grown "dominant over sea and land." If we learn to rely upon the shows of things, grow artificial, shallow, materialistic, then the knell of our decadence will surely sound. History is but the story of empires that have been swept off the board. The German Emperor believes himself inspired by a higher Power. If he can imbue a due proportion of the German nation with his conviction, that nation, if and when it acts within the bounds of equity, will doubtless reach its destined goal. But to what is the Prussian race, at any rate, tending? It is a race trained and cultured to a high degree, instinct with patriotism, imbued with a sense of swaggering ill-sufficiency, ready to trample down any obstacle in the way of its material aggrandisement. It has grown materialistic to the core, and in that lies its Nemesis, for no nation has achieved, or ever will achieve, permanent success which is wanting in idealism. This is the spring and fountain of all that is great in men and peoples. It was this, perhaps, in a perverted form, which enabled Napoleon almost to grasp the sovereignty of the world. The light of idealism waned, he fell, and his house of cards fell with him. By idealism Cromwell trampled first on the wrongs then on the rights of England; Havelock swept across India like an avenging hurricane; Gordon held China in the hollow of his hand.

Statesmen may labour to build up systems and devise codes. Their petty parchment bonds will be interred with their bones if they fail to embody equity and honesty of purpose and a higher standard than mere material gain to themselves or the nation they profess to serve.

THE BARRENDERO

IN and out of the creeks of the Pasig River are floating a number of nipa-bancas—small barges piled high with nipa palms, of which unsubstantial material the native builds his frail shacks. This is the "fire-season" in Manila.

Fires here are not like those at home. They are not generally confined to the quarter in which they commence, but sweep whole districts clean, so that the most strenuous efforts on the part of the Fire Service—and any ready helpers—can but somewhat check the progress of the flames. I have said "somewhat," for well the people in Manila know that doomed houses, when built of nipa, are usually left to their fate—a swift and final one, and all endeavours are concentrated upon the extinction of any objects that may form fuel for the blaze, and the pulling down of intervening shacks, clearing of the ground before the oncoming conflagration.

At the first alarm, even as the engines are upon the scene—(within a few minutes)—the work of demolition is begun. The neighbouring roads are crowded with natives, —men, women, and children—all carrying bundles of their household goods. Here we meet a wee boy, a saucepan flung over his shoulder almost as big as himself; a bigger boy carries a sack of clothing in his arms, and tears of fear and weariness run down his small, brown face unchecked, in all probability unnoticed. Behind will follow the mother of

the family, maybe two smaller children clinging to her skirts and a baby tied across her back. Some secure native rigs and carramatas upon which they pile their valued possessions, ready for instant flight at the approach of the fire.

Such scenes are common enough in Manila during this time of the year, when, on an average, three or four fires are notified in a single day. The rapidity with which these conflagrations are started and are over is scarcely credible. Under two hours a small village will be burnt out, nothing being left to mark the cause of the disaster but a few charred poles and heaps of ashes, with perhaps a single house left standing here and there, witness to the vagaries of the winds and flames in that vast field of desolation. For these solitary buildings only accentuate the misery of the scene and enforce upon our notice the ruined space about them.

In a previous article we have seen that the Americans are doing their utmost to protect the city against these recurring fires. Within a certain district nipa-shacks are forbidden to be built. As these houses fall into disrepair, or become otherwise uninhabitable, strong and securer dwellings are put up under more sanitary conditions. But there still remain too many of the old nipa-huts, and where they are, the chance of resistance in the case of fire is small indeed. At the first spark of flame they are gone, burnt out like a box of matches, and nothing on earth can save them from total destruction. During the last nineteen hours seven fires have taken place in the city, and the suspicions of the authorities have been fully awakened. It is possible that the general excitement prevalent, the atmosphere of expectation, hurry, and danger has acted unhealthily upon morbid minds. Oil-soaked rags have been found in several houses; but it has been proved in one or two cases that such attempts to start new fires have been made by those who are mentally weak rather than with criminal instinct.

Again, it is declared that some of the houses are set on fire by the owners themselves, or by enemies who take this opportunity of revenge as least likely to meet with retribution at the hands of the law. Kill in the open they dare not, but a fire is another matter. Who can say how a fire is started in an empty shack? The family are taking their afternoon siesta, or have left their house to attend mass, leaving the prescribed light burning before the altars of their favourite patron saints. What so dangerous as this unprotected light in a deserted house?

But fires are become so common that they are treated by many almost with indifference. The attitude of Stoic calm in the homeless ones is indeed wonderful. By the bounty of the Government and other big institutions they are fed, whilst accommodation is generally found for them in a neighbouring church or barn. There they are huddled until they can set about putting their fragile homes together again.

Once again the nipa-palms are demanded; the vendors have brought them to the walls of the city, and their provision is not in vain. It is a difficult question, this building of the nipa-shack. Nothing can quite take its place in this country. It is an excellent roofing, cool, cheap, and in every way suitable for the needs of the people. And yet it has this one great danger of extreme inflammability. What are the authorities to do? It has been suggested that they would like to see every nipa-shack burnt to the ground, and that the fires are started at their instigation, but the sensible can afford to dismiss such rumours as malicious and utterly without foundation. Let us instead give them credit for doing their best in a situation bristling with difficulties; in certain districts they have forbidden the rebuilding of nipa dwellings, and are making every possible endeavour to prevent the extension of fires and to capture those who are, maliciously or otherwise, responsible for their origin. They

are doing their best, let the landlords and the people come to their assistance now. Let the landlords refuse to build any more houses of such inflammable description, let the people show greater care in protecting their property, and much trouble and loss will be saved this city.

Yesterday I could look across a well-covered area, dotted over with the dwellings of the people, busy with native women and children, intent on their morning tasks, alive with the clatter of their tongues and the crowing of the favourite rooster. To-day there is silence. The trees are charred and blackened, piles of scorched wood are strewn upon the ground. In some places there is nothing save the earth itself, broken and burnt by the hungry flames. This is all that remains of a once populous district.

And the hot sun shines over the Pasig river, and the skies are clear and blue again after the reddened and smoky haze that clung to it the day before. It is clear and fresh and sweet; in the air is the scent of flowers from the wonderful medicine tree, and the breeze sweeps unobstructed across the charred plains. But the barges, piled high with nipa, are drawn up to the banks of the *estera* very close. They are ready, and they will be wanted very soon now.

THE NEW DECADENCE

A CASUAL survey of the condition of the arts in this country at the present day, in contrast to that of twenty years ago, would seem to provide small foundation for a jeremiad. England has emerged, during the last two decades, from the slough of Victorian mediocrity—a morass which engulfed all save a few great spirits. The drama is gradually shaking off the toils of the bad playwright and the worse actor; the Impressionists, despite their excesses, have broken the back of the Still Lifeless school of painting; the heights of Wagnerian music have been scaled; Meredith and Hardy have come into their own after long exile (with due respect to those public libraries in the provinces which have placed "Jude the Obscure" on the Index!), whilst Mr. Yeats and his companions in the Irish literary renaissance have infused a new vitality into Poetry, and reclothed it in its ancient beauty. Admittedly, the sight of the new Museum building at South Kensington, or of the Victoria Memorial, reflects small glory on the sister arts of sculpture and architecture. But then one cannot have everything. Certain it is, says our casual observer, that the arts are cherished to an extent which would cause considerable uneasiness to the typical sturdy, but stupid, Englishman of fifty years ago, could that worthy person revisit the glimpses of the moon. Culture is in the ascendant nationally, say our optimists, and if we have not yet succeeded in rediscovering the age of gold, we are, without doubt, questing in the right direction. They bid us take note of the young generation, which struts before the sun clad in the glittering habiliments of culture, girt round with courage and helmed with shining thought. The spectacle is inspiring. Alas! to one who, undazzled by the accoutrements of the heir of the English ages, ventures to examine them at reasonably close quarters, it is plain that the old saw concerning glittering substances is justified once more. Neither in regal gold, nor in chaste silver, nor in honest steel does the young generation disport itself, but in nickel plate.

We are living, as certain Radical politicians are never tired of telling us, in an age of transition. The nation, we are assured, is now in the throes of a revolution in thought which will, ere long, usher in the golden age of Socialism—though, in our opinion, the connection between Communism and the Stone Age could be more easily demon-

strated. The great majority of the working classes, who (not being members of trade unions) must be convinced rather than dragooned into support of the Marxian gospel, have turned a deaf ear to the apostles of Socialism. As a result, the latter are wearying of the task of enlightening the lower orders, and are transferring their attentions to the "thoughtful" section of the middle and lower-middle classes, convinced that it is with these standard-bearers of the younger generation that their hopes of success must ultimately rest. This view may prove as mistaken as that of the Socialist agitator of the 'eighties, to whom the proletariat was the *hortus inclusus* in which alone Socialism would take root and flower. As this faith in our young "intellectuals" is not confined to the Socialists, however, a cursory analysis of their credentials will not be amiss.

The "intellectual" young man, as becomes a self-elected member of the new *samurai* caste, marks himself off from the herd sartorially. He not infrequently garbs himself in aggressive tweeds and wears a cloth hat of indeterminate shape, or goes hatless to the four-and-forty winds of heaven. As an additional means of instilling terror into the hearts of his imaginary foes he is prone to entrench himself behind *pince-nez*, through which he glares defiance of conventions and creeds. But tweeds or no tweeds, hat or no hat, *pince-nez* or naked een, he never forgets Ibsen's dictum: one should never put on one's best trousers when one goes out to battle for freedom. To this end he will even don knickerbockers.

The young "intellectual" of the fair sex is less easily recognisable from her outward appearance. She has learned from the mistakes of the happily-defunct New Woman that the advantages to be derived from an approximation to masculine attire are considerably outweighed by the disadvantages—a fact of which her female ancestors of a thousand years ago were fully cognisant. She rarely indulges in the potato-sack for soaring souls, preferring to take her gowns from Bond-street, even though she derives her ideas from Balham. The charm of her femininity is broken, however, when conversation begins. Yet it is possible that, though the dear creature carries her soul in her eyes, and a perfect swarm of bees in her bonnet, her heart is in the right place. The fact that she professes a profound contempt for that organ tends to confirm this supposition.

The subjects of conversation among our "intellectuals" of both sexes are well-nigh unlimited, although this cannot be said of their comprehension thereof. Should you be of a gambling nature, it is safe to wager that before you have conversed for ten minutes with the average adherent of the new "culture" (who would, by the way, promptly deny that he or she was "average") the name of Friedrich Nietzsche will be flung in your teeth. True, they refer to the German philologist as "Nitshi," but they are terribly in earnest about him, nevertheless. His name is ever on their tongues. Not to have read "Also sprach Zarathustra" (with which, fortunately, they rarely have more than a nodding acquaintance) is to place oneself beyond the pale of polite "intellectual" conversation. Ignorant of his claims to be regarded as a poet, claims by no means negligible, they insist on his greatness as a philosopher. Needless to say, the attempt to extract anything approaching to a concrete philosophy from his writings has proved a difficult task. These neo-Nietzscheans, not taking kindly to difficulties of this description, have consequently adopted the easier method of fathoming upon the "master" the farrago of half-baked ideas which fill to overflowing their own "advanced" intellects. Where Nietzsche fails them in this respect, Mr. G. B. Shaw is requisitioned to give countenance to the outpourings of their precious egos. When neither the Irishman nor the German can be pressed into service, recourse is had to the inevitable Ibsen. Whether these three writers, who, with

all their shortcomings, are not mere posturing apes, deserve such treatment at the hands of their would-be disciples is a moot point.

Yet even this intellectual triumvirate is sometimes incapable of supplying the needs of our pseudo-intellectuals. In the case of an apparently brand-new idea, however, its very novelty is relied upon to secure it a place in the patch-work *credo* of "advanced" thought. Thus, eugenics, which is, at the most, but an embryo science, is hastily acclaimed. Scores of "intellectual aristocrats," pallid and purposeful young people for the most part, meet in little groups to discuss, with an impudence as colossal as it is well meaning, the laws that shall regulate the procreative tendencies of the human herd—themselves excepted. One would imagine that these half-fledged reformers, many of whom seriously regard themselves as the natural progenitors of that rather tiresome person the Superman, would begin their charity at home so far as State-regulated breeding is concerned.

Eugenics, of course, is only one of the many problems which engage the activities of these leaders of the young generation. Their sole aim in life is to be regarded as "advanced"—a term which, stripped of all disguise, means simply to be different. Thus it is that these cults are constantly engaged in a frantic adhesion to outworn heresies and out-moded ideas which, recurring after long cycles of neglect, are hailed as new and original, and therefore (such is the mentality of these intellectual giants) worthy to be believed. They must be considered advanced at all costs, or they perish.

Bearing this in mind, it is easy to see that it will not be long before their present gods are dethroned. Ibsen is already coming to be tolerated, rather than revered as of yore, though Nietzsche is possibly good for another ten years' run. Mr. Shaw is in hourly danger of being voted a "back number" by some enterprising youth, not because his pronouncements are less defensible, or indefensible, than they were, but solely because "everybody reads Shaw nowadays," as one tweed-clad but disgusted individual remarked to the writer. This phenomenon covers the secret weakness of the "intellectual aristocrat." He, like all braggarts, is essentially a coward. The "advanced" young person lives in constant fear lest he should wake to find that the Philistines—i.e., those members of the community outside his own select group of egomaniacs—have invaded his camp. He does not believe in the ideas which he champions so loudly, and dare not risk his reputation as an "advanced" thinker by advocating any single one of them once it has ceased to be denounced by the Philistines aforesaid. Were he transported to the Middle Ages, where he would find so many of his ideas in full bloom amongst the various sects of heretics, he would die of very shame.

How far, then, are these *pseudo*-intellectuals of ours a danger? The question is not easily answered, so incalculable are the results of folly. It should not be forgotten, however, that though they have constituted themselves the standard-bearers of the new generation of Englishmen, the great bulk of our young men have not accepted their leadership. One cannot but regard this as fortunate, since, beyond a vague desire for what W. L. Henley termed "the dominion of the common Fool," they have no idea as to their ultimate goal. "Carried about by every wind of doctrine," provided it be sufficiently *bizarre*, they are possessed of a childish desire to shock people, not into thinking, but into talking—about them, for preference. Having appointed themselves the arbiters of the arts and sciences, of religion and morals, they proclaim themselves the foes of convention in strident tones, though mentally incapable of distinguishing between necessary conventions and those no longer necessary. This pose of fearless iconoclasm, which veils an idolatry far from fearless, undoubtedly impresses the looker-on. But if one

continues to look on for a sufficient time, one discovers the essential vacuity of the whole game.

The only danger, perhaps—a danger remote, but not quite negligible—is that the antics of these acrobats of the intellect may be taken seriously. We have, peradventure, been misled by the vagaries of the late Victorian æsthetes into thinking that decadence is evidenced only by flowing ties and green carnations. The decadents of our day are of a different stamp, but it is questionable whether an insanely excessive devotion to sensuous beauty is more harmful to the race as a whole than the present craze for intellectual novelty at the expense of intellectual integrity.

C. W.

THE TOILS OF THOUGHT

HAMLET! The very word has become a symbol through the earth of the perplexity that holds the deed suspended in the thought. Yet no brow-furrowed, prematurely-wise student was the Prince of Denmark. How he trod the marshes of thought, in chase of a will-o'-the-wisp seen from afar yet never attainable, is the world's wonder: the world's enrichment, moreover, for in his sedgy journey he sprung on truths that have passed to apothegms. But this was not always so. He had not always been lost in his thought's mazy intricacy. It was the impact of circumstance on a rich and engaging personality that produced so dire a result—a result that was itself the tragedy, and to which the ensuing death was but the relief of sorrow.

Let it not be forgotten whose son he was. It was no filial tenderness that made the son compare the father to the usurping uncle as "Hyperion to a satyr." It is Horatio who speaks of "that fair and warlike form in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march;" and who remembers the supreme gesture with which "when, in an angry parle, he smote the sledded Polacks on the ice." It is Horatio who recalls the single combat old Denmark undertook under challenge from Fortinbras; and its glorious conclusion. It was a king of men that Hamlet had for father; and he was a very son of his. His swift and prompt action in the matter of the pirates; the manner and command that found him ready acceptance with those lawless souls; the calm, superior contempt of his manner to Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Polonius: all much resemble his father's treatment of the "sledded Polacks on the ice." The Ghost's tribute to him of a "noble youth" was not wanted for us to realise that this was a man of kingly proportions, replete with the qualities of courage, to whom nobility was an instinct, and chivalry the natural breath of his mind.

Hear him as he greets Horatio! Horatio bids him know that he is his "poor servant ever." "Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you," is his response. Which is indicative of much. For it is only the natural lords of men that can dispense with titular honours, even as it is only the pusillanimous of soul that cleave to them. He stands on false ceremony with none; he is courteous and gracious to all. He asserts his dignity with none; if it is there it will assert itself, fitly and sweetly. It is his brightest lustre that he is the touchstone for the Court of Denmark; the honest approve themselves in their love of him, the dishonest in their hate of him. He is upright and of highest integrity; but this is no achievement of his—it is his natural garment; it is more, it is himself. Yet he is aware of it, and justly proud of it. "I am myself indifferent honest," says he, and, so subtle is psychology, accuses himself of faults that the more enhance the beauty of his soul. In the very grapple of death he shrinks at leaving behind him a "wounded

name." Ophelia did well to call him "noble minded," "The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword; the expectancy and rose of the fair State."

No naturally vacillating mind was his. He wore greatness as a natural habit; and it was a greatness that could turn to the importunity of occasion with answering deed, if need be. But on the progress of so fair a promise there fell a cataclysm that turned the whole business of life awry. His father died—subtly, suddenly, mysteriously. And within a month his mother had wed his uncle, who had usurped his place. To his sorrow was added sharp suspicion; and to them both there came disgust.

His intelligence was fine and informative, and he fell to reflection. His perception was acute, so acute that the minds of all he met lay before him like an open book; and this brought an instinct that, mingling with his reflection, shattered the very founts of his sanity. Was ever problem like to his? The fact that he held his uncle in such contempt made him, in the instinctive equity of his mind, question his suspicions of him. As for his mother, she who gave him birth, whose very texture he had in him, it is her falling off racks him most:—

Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married. Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

So he cries out in his torture of soul. Yet what can he do? He may suspect his uncle of foul play, but what proof has he? He may even (soul-torturing thought!) suspect his mother's complicity. But of what avail is it? Reflect he must; a leaner soul than his would even do so much: yet this can but ruin him the more. Nevertheless, he does not forget his chivalry. When his mother chides him with his sorrow, asking, "Why seems it so particular with thee?" it is with inexpressible dignity that he replies, "Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not *seems*."

To so dire a complexity comes his father's apparition. His worst fears are confirmed. "The serpent that did sting thy father's life," he learns, "now wears his crown." "Oh, my prophetic soul! My uncle!" he cries. It was even as he feared. When revenge is demanded of him he yearns for nothing so much as "wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love" to sweep to his revenge. His melancholy is whipped to a terrible excitement. It becomes well-nigh unbearable. When his friends find him he is strange and wild: so strange, so wild, that they suspect his reason. He feels it himself, yet cannot control it.

His worst fears are confirmed and he reels at the blow, but he still has no proof, and this throws his whole soul into confusion. He cannot take action without proof; for there are others to whom he is responsible. That they should think him but a felon striking at the crown for himself, that they should think him even such another as his despicable uncle, makes him shrink from a blow that would end all. How dare he strike such a blow, with no more than an apparition's breath to back him? Yet how dare he resist the blow in the face of his father's solemn injunction?

Thwarted from action, he flies to reflection. Denied the action of a hot insurgent blow, his mind flies to the fury of thought. His own nobility undoes him. Yet it is not vacillation; it is too furious for vacillation. His intelligence undermines all nature, and is suspicious of all honesty. Particularly, and above all else, is he revolted at his mother's grossness: touched by so fell a wand the whole matter of sex reeks in his nostrils, overwhelming him with nausea. His mother! His own mother! Yet he, too, loved. So he turns to his gentle Ophelia for comfort. But his letters are

returned; audience, even, is denied him. If there was one thing lacking to complete destruction in him, it was this. He finds her out; and passes his hand over her face, scanning her, to assure himself that this was even she, she whom lately he had loved. It was; and he passes from her with sighs "so piteous and profound that it did seem to shatter all his bulk." Later, the loathing of the thing upon him, he bids her get to a nunnery: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." It has disaffected him. Thereafter he regards her as but a subject for bawdy speech, his disgust taking vent thus.

Strange mood this for the achievement of revenge! It makes him doubtful even of himself. He becomes more and more introspective—all things drive him that way. Addicted thereto naturally by his nobleness, the perilous state of his mind makes him even more given over to the "craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event." "Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument" is a principle of his thought, and he cast about how to prove murder on his uncle, and so prove the Ghost's words true, and the Ghost himself a true ghost.

His uncle sees through him, however. Polonius endeavours to attribute the state of Hamlet's mind to his love for Ophelia; but the King will have nothing of that. He says, "There is something in his soul o'er which his melancholy sits at brood." He imagines his secret discovered, and it becomes a play of thrust and parry between him and Hamlet. He sets Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to watch him, and hatches a plot to hurry him off to England, even as Hamlet in his turn hatches a plot to bring him to self-conviction in a play of his construction. They both proceed together, but it must needs be that Hamlet's plot, being a home matter, should mature first.

"The play's the thing wherein to catch the conscience of the King," Hamlet had said. It did more. It revealed them each to the other as open foes. Above all it cleared Hamlet's mind of all doubt. Now there only remained for him to spring his deed with promptness. Yet, with the proof he needed lying in his grasp, there still remain two prime impediments to action. One is the terrible state into which his mind has been plunged, making him doubtful even of himself. The other is the urgent question of ways and means. His delicacy of mind revolts at so crude and disorderly a settlement as a stealthy chamber-blow afforded. Yet there is no court whereat to arraign him. He sees the King at his prayers, and shudders at the crude opportunity thus presented. Moreover, he is about to see his mother, hoping to discover if indeed she had any complicity in his father's murder. That is now his chief business, and he passes on, folding his intention in dark thoughts.

So the two antagonists fence each other, looking for occasion to furnish the necessary opportunity. Each fears to brave opportunity. The King is hedged by fear. Hamlet is caught in the toil of scruples; conscience has indeed made a coward of him. His "native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Yet opportunity is not long ere it falls. And it falls to the advantage of the King, for Hamlet has killed Polonius. On a plea of public safety he is dispatched to England.

A short solution, this! It is not long ere an over-ruling fate and his daring courage win Hamlet back to the arena. He comes armed with the thought that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." His demeanour is calmer, his mood is more resolute, he is more watchful and tense. He knows the King has some plot afoot, though he knows not what it is. He knows, above all, that the end is now sure of swift arrival. Therefore, when young Osric comes to him, as he talks with Horatio, telling him that the King has wagered on him in a fencing bout against Laertes, his instincts scent the final crisis. "Thou would'st

not think," says he to Horatio, "how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter." Horatio protests; but Hamlet derides it. He "defies augury." "It is," says he, "such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman."

His instinct did not err. The tragedy has grown ripe, for he falls to a poisoned thrust from Laertes' foil. All trouble, all grief, all difficulty is over. Learning his fate, he completes his revenge, smiting the King to death in the very heyday of his crimes; and with the same breath wins the coveted death. It was so, it had to come neither earlier nor later, despite the fury that the trammels of thought and self-censure wrought in him. Yet to the last he proves himself quick and sensitive to the charge of dishonour. Says he to stout, Roman-hearted Horatio:—

If ever thou didst hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in the harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

Had Horatio searched the gamut of praise he could have found nothing fitter to his subject than when he said, "Now cracks a noble heart." Noble from first to last, it was his nobleness that destroyed him.

A TRIPTYCH OF GENOA

III.

THE alleys of Genoa are incredible. You thread your way through their network swarming with half-naked children and loud-voiced women. Lean cats nose furtively amid *débris* from the kitchens, broken flasks, and filth unnamable. Suddenly you come upon the remnant of a marble column scrawled over with obscenities, and still supporting the marred cornice of an acanthus capital, from which a tuft of dry weed waves in the light breeze borne up from the port with its burden of coaldust from the mines of Newcastle or Aberdare. Gay loops of tattered garments hang limply in the turbid lower air, and tethered macaws shriek from the verandahs of cheap *albergoes* like frantic sybils prophesying doom. Skeins of taut wire zig-zag across narrow slits of blue sky; for, amid all this picturesque dilapidation and filth, Genoa is a great port, and has urgent business with the ships of all the world.

The cathedral is of black and white marble in alternate bars; its doorway columns are covered with a strange flotsam of arabesques that drifted in with Eastern argosies centuries before the Genoese had learnt to bargain for freights of coal that should compel fire and water—those volatile fiends—to the service of man. Huge lop-eared mules draw cartloads of it along the quays; and, hard by, the intolerable clang of the boiler-makers is heard in gloomy shipyards.

Liners from New York are waiting in port for their freight of raw labour for the American market; iron-gorged monsters from Swansea or Bilbao, whose swift screws trample down the surge with the suave energy of assured power, snarl out a strident warning as they sight the tall "Lanterna" that guards the harbour's western bound; and, encircling the port in a magnificent sweep—like a theatrical back-cloth suddenly shot out from the wings—one sees the superb line of hills heaped with houses, terrace above terrace, crowned with the grey ramparts of the old castle, towards which the slender bell-towers point like so many fingers. Trams dart hither and thither amidst this busy hive; they burrow through hills, they mount viaducts, they curve along the coast-line until at last, clear of the dense foreground of quays, warehouses, and giant funnels,

one sees the blue gulf waters casting their blind riot of white foam against the black rocks.

There is eager speculation on the fate of cargoes overdue in buildings plastered with the announcement of cheap fares to far-off Eldorados or nearer Edens on the Riviera; while a few yards away the priest is chanting to Christ and all His saints in the glory of a hundred candles. Only a few women are there to worship; and two small ragamuffins play hide-and-seek in and out of the central portico and the great tethered red curtain which shuts out the unhallowed glare of day. In the *cafés* and bars the electric fans winnow ceaselessly, and the glasses shine and tinkle their cool allure through curtains of beaded strings.

Down at the dock-side, among gay funnels and grimy pontoons, the boatmen are fixing up awnings of striped canvas, while the oars lie idle in the rowlocks and the water-shadows ripple on the bows. There, too, a brown boy is swimming, a small charm dangling from his throat. He dives under the broad belly of a red boat and comes up on the far side, puffing like a seal. He grips something black in one hand. It is a mussel that his fingers have raked away as he wriggled under the weed-clogged keel. He yells to a boatman, throws the prize aboard, and dives again.

The tug *Paolo Guiseppe* slips by, making a V-like trail of silvery bubbles that slap the quay wall and subside. Steam—seen only by an impalpable tremor in the air above it—hums and hisses from the funnel like swarming bees. The glaze of offal oil makes a strange dazzle on the water, and the air is sickly with the reek of raw molasses. A near crane winces under its heavy burden and squeals shrilly as it swings round. Coalheavers, naked save for a slip of sacking round the loins and shoulder-blades, trot noiselessly up and down long planks, unloading a broad barge of its dark burden. Their smooth copper skins are smudged over with coal-grit to the colour of a dirty penny. They plant their bare feet deftly on the sun-baked planks, and pass ceaselessly up and down like a revolving chain.

The gaunt, featureless, six to ten storied houses gaze down blankly, through windows that look like eyeless sockets, on the live clamour of the port below. Their colour and the company of little odds-and-ends of castellated towers, barocco belfries, and grey rock-ridges alone relieve their deadening aspect; the cleverly-painted mimic balconies and masonry, blistered and crackled by the sun like a dry biscuit, serve only to enhance their haggard frowns with the mockery of splendour. I think I should choose to be a topmost dweller, in spite of the climb, for he alone may take his ease in his own roof-garden, among hen-pens and potted vine, with light-winged pigeons to hint of heavenly company and sing him a daily canticle for sprinkled grain.

For a few *soldi* the tramcar will carry you, in a swirl of dust, to a wave-washed cove where you may breast the billows under a little white citadel perched on the terraced rock. Here the sea has wrought like some fantastic lapidary, studding the half-merged rocks with tooth-like barnacles and a myriad tiny pinnacles of tented shell. They are little havens of faery that feel no rude stress of time or tide; the absorbent fringe of beech-sand shines like shot-silk as the waves withdraw, and the rock pathways are tufted with aloe-trees and palm. Gazing down airy fathoms from the rock-summits, you may see the tanned youth of Genoa crowding the diving-boards, as thick as aphides on a rose-stem.

But yonder, in the great harbour, there is always the stir of brave labour and of a wind that is made an universal ambassador to all the nations of the world, for the giving and taking of tribute. The very Babel of the shipyards is heartening, and the spirit leaps skyward with the corded spires.

WILFRID THORLEY.

THE GENTEEL ARTIST

PERHAPS there was once a day when the artist was a man of toil, capable of vying in industry with the farm labourer and of excelling him in most things else. One likes, for example, to think of those mediæval gilders and carvers and stainers as sitting all day from dawn till dusk by leaded panes in queer old silent houses, plying their tasks with relentless perseverance, careless of the weather and the antics of history. One likes to think of them taking frugal meals beside their work, munching an apple while putting the finishing touches to a gilded devil, holding the tankard with one hand and the brush with the other. One feels sure that when the night came they went to bed with a very pleasant weariness, slept soundly, and did not lie awake wondering how they had managed to fizzle at the eighth green. No doubt their pleasures were simple; and the invention of some slight artistic device was the joy of many weeks. They lived quiet lives and died quiet deaths, leaving behind them arts which we mimic with a vain superficiality. No doubt, like all enthusiasts, they were capable of quarrelling violently over very small details. No doubt they were on occasion careless of their morals, and rather neglected to arrange the universe and to populate Valhalla according to their private moods. They had their faults, being human; but when we turn from them to their successors of these days, how very favourable to them is the comparison! How very garish seem the surroundings of the prosperous ladies and gentlemen who paint our successful pictures and write our successful books; the pleasant people who sit in padded chairs before mahogany writing-tables, wielding gold-banded fountain pens or dictating in a leisurely manner over a choice cigar or cigarette!

There appeared once, in one of those popular articles on contemporary painters which have long been a feature of a certain magazine, the portrait of a gentleman standing elegantly before the easel upon which one of his own creations reposed. A spotless silk handkerchief peeped from his pocket, his cuffs were stiff and white as if they had only just left the haberdasher's, his beard was as trim as an aristocratic shrubbery, the crease in his trousers was perfect, the cut of his coat ideal, the radiance of his shoes all that dreams could desire. He had a negligent air, as of being about to do something interesting with a perfect ease and politeness. A cigarette drooped from the corner of his mouth, and his half-closed eyes seemed more intent upon the floating smoke than on anything else in this transient world. In the background were rich curtains and expensive furniture. Beneath his feet was a thick carpet upon which presumably no spot of paint had ever fallen. And the sum total of one's idea of this gentleman was that he was in no danger of producing a great painting. He might be a charming companion, he was more than well-groomed, and he was very possibly more than usually clever. But the beholder felt quite sure that he was not a great artist. He had never felt the sweet bitterness of the garret, he had never dreamed a day away on a hillside, he had never shuddered at a vision or wept over a fantastic sorrow. Or, if he had, at a simpler age, done any of these things, the experience had left no mark, and had not made him any more cunning in his work,

The story goes, it is true, of one great painter of a past

century who always attired himself for his easel as if for a fashionable gathering, in the stiffest of ruffs, the richest of velvet, and the most costly lace. And it is easy to sympathise with his attitude. He looked upon his art as something to be attempted only in a perfect purity of mind and body; he clad himself for his work as the bride for her wedding or the young girl for her first Communion. And if any such sentiment was present in the breasts of our modern genteel artists and writers, one could welcome it and approve. But to them their art is a business or a whim or a side issue of some sort, a thing to do for a couple of hours in the morning before golf, or a couple of hours in the evening before dinner. It would never be permitted to interfere with a social function or a motor-excursion. It would never cause its devotees to miss a meal or to bundle a friend out of the room with a vigorous rudeness. It would never produce exhaustion or the sweat of a terrible toil. Its creators do not weep like Dickens over their imaginary deathbeds nor tremble like Poe at the horror of their own visions. They do not sit for impotent hours over a blank sheet, nor revile all created things because they cannot attain the impossible. So far from being a religion their art is scarce even a profession; it is merely an exercise. They may gather fortunes, but they are never more than dilettanti, and the poorest hack of Grub-street or the most utterly forgotten carver of Ghent is their better.

Art is not the be-all and end-all even of this present life, and it is possible for the artist to take himself and his work far too seriously. One would not have every poet and painter possessed of devils; but surely a touch of fanaticism makes for great achievement. Art has, in these days, real and apparent enemies which it never had in ages of infinitely less widespread culture, and the artist who aspires to the meagrely-rewarded success of true distinction will get through the easier if he be lightly touched with fanaticism. Nothing in a man of character breeds this healthy fanaticism more certainly than a little hardship and want of luxury. Other things being equal, one feels that a great poem is more likely to be written on a deal table than on an article of inlaid rosewood. The genius in the garret may have an uncomfortable time in many ways, but he has one great advantage over his more luxurious rivals—he is compelled to throw himself body and soul into his work. He must live with it entirely. All moods and all hours must contribute their inspiration to it, all sensations of the mind and body must wait upon it, every thought and impression must carve some line, however faint, in its ideal structure. The night spreads her wings about it, all the colours of the sun light it up, all the noises of the city, all the voices of Nature are somehow echoed in it. It lies as close to life as any work of man may lie, and in the result, be it failure or success, it has not lacked attention. The garreteer, whether he eventually dies famous or completely unknown, has been worthy of his craft. But the genteel artist, in his expensive study or studio, smiled upon by electric lights, flattered by costly mirrors, embraced by Russia-leather chairs, can seldom make any such claim. His successes are usually mere *tours de force*, like juggling with billiard balls, noteworthy only because they amuse and because not everyone can imitate them. He turns out a novel or a painting as neatly and as coldly as the machine turns out the packed ounce of tobacco, and probably in the general scheme of things the three products are of similar value.

R. T. CHANDLER.

[We much admire the satire of our esteemed contributor, but in the opinion of some his salad may be thought to be a little too sharp—we wonder.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY

WITH all the welcome relief of the bugle's "Cease fire!" came the announcement last week that the signatures of the British and French Plenipotentiaries at Washington had been affixed, together with those of the President of the United States and his Foreign Secretary, to documents that recorded the high determination of three Great Powers to abstain from the arbitrament of war, and henceforth to "seek peace and ensue it." On the eve of what promises to be one of the bitterest political struggles in the history of the oldest Dominion of the British Empire, at a time when the Mother Country herself is riven with internecine feud, and while the nations of Europe are aching to come to death grips, the news was heard like the note of a silver bell struck amid the ominous murmur of an approaching tempest. Yet only a few days are allowed to pass, and the message of peace, issuing from the Capitol, is translated into a hostile challenge by a Senate trembling with choleric anger at the mere idea that even in the cause of world morality its constitutional prerogatives should undergo the slightest formal modification.

Let us examine the facts as they relate to ourselves. For nearly a century past, ever since peace was established by the Treaty of Ghent, the two English nations have not drawn the sword against each other. It is true that differences have existed, and that these have sometimes occasioned a dangerous friction; but never has diplomacy failed to bring about an amicable settlement. When we take into consideration the fact that the destinies of the two nations have often brought them to the cross-roads of dispute, this record is a remarkable tribute to the spirit of enlightenment which has animated their rulers. Whereas, in regard to English statemanship, this spirit of enlightenment has manifested itself in a consistent but conventional diplomacy, American policy has frequently initiated startling departures from precedent. For example, in the year 1897 there was devised at Washington an instrument, now known as the abortive Olney-Pauncefote Treaty, which provided for the establishment of an International Commission whose office it was to decide and adjudicate upon all matters that might form the subject of international disagreement. But the Senate refused to give its ratification to the Treaty, and for the time being the grandiose purpose of its promoters fell to the ground. But the mantle of Elijah passed from Administration to Administration until, on April 4th, 1908, there was concluded between the two countries an Arbitration Treaty covering the settlement by consent of a variety of thorny questions. It is on this document, inconclusive and incomplete though it was, that the present instrument is framed.

Boldly agreeing to the principle that no possible cause of international complaint should remain outside the jurisdiction of an arbitral tribunal, the High Contracting Parties have determined to submit all questions of difference which it may be found impossible in future to settle by diplomacy. With the object of putting this principle into practice it has been decided to establish a joint High Commission of Inquiry, "to which, upon the request of either party, there shall be referred for impartial and conscientious investigation any controversy between the parties . . . before such controversy is submitted to arbitration." This Joint Commission is to be constituted by each nation designating three of its nationals to act, and it is further provided that the Commission shall be authorised to examine into and report

upon "particular questions or matters referred to it for the purpose of facilitating the solution of disputes by elucidating the facts and defining the issues presented in such questions." The essential clause of the document—the clause which embodies the whole principle of compulsory arbitration—stipulates that the question whether an international difference shall be subject to arbitration may be submitted to the Commission, and if all, or all but one, of the members of Commission agree to report that such difference comes within the scope of the Treaty, it shall be referred to arbitration. And here we find the cause of objection upon which a section of the Upper Chamber bases its opposition. It is contended that by delegating such powers to a few individuals, nominees of the President, the traditional and constitutional functions of the Senate would be grievously violated. Moreover, the opponents of the treaty maintain that if similar treaties are concluded with Oriental countries, it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to exclude from their operation the vexed and complicated question of Asiatic immigration. Similar complaint is made in regard to the Monroe doctrine.

It is an axiom of world-wide acceptance that the foreign policy of a country, whether that country be governed on monarchical or democratic principles, is best left in the hands of a trusted leader of the State, and no official enjoys a greater freedom from Parliamentary interference than a Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It would seem, therefore, that where questions affecting national interests and national honour are involved, they are much safer left to the consideration and adjustment of a few men of proved administrative ability and of proved integrity, than submitted to a body in which party aims are always coming into conflict. Nothing could have been more unfortunate in the interests of the Treaty than the accidental presence in Washington of Admiral Togo, for it gave the President an opportunity—which he would seem to have improved upon somewhat unnecessarily—of exercising that generous courtesy for which he is famed. At a moment when the signatures to the Treaty were scarcely dry, before even it had been submitted to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, Mr. Taft, eulogising the Japanese monarch as a royal statesman having broad, humanitarian views, saw fit to invite Japan to become a member of the select coterie of nations who have agreed to settle their differences by means of arbitrations. Naturally the opponents in the Upper Chamber whose fundamental objection to the Treaty is, as I have stated, based on constitutional grounds, immediately seized upon the incident as showing additional cause why the principle of compulsory arbitration should not be put into practice. Their argument is specious; but it is extremely doubtful whether they themselves are convinced of its soundness. For it is altogether improbable that the American members of a Commission of Inquiry, such as under the new Treaty it is proposed to institute, would ever consent to submit to arbitration any question relating either to Asiatic immigration or the Monroe Doctrine.

The opposition of the Senate, as expressed by the recommendations of the Foreign Relations Committee, has taken the form of an emasculatory amendment, which robs the Treaty of that vital clause providing for the application of the principle of compulsory arbitration. In this mutilated guise it will never pass into law, for the President has the right, and in such a case would not hesitate to exercise it, to withhold his consent from any International Treaty. But this stiff-necked attitude on the part of a section of the Upper Chamber cannot in the long run prevail against the national will of the great Republic.

MOTORING

ONE of the notable features of the present season has been the rehabilitation of the electric vehicle as the ideal town carriage for fashionable society. The tendency in this direction was most marked at the Coronation, when many of the smart and elegant broughams of the Electromobile Company were to be seen about town with the Royal Arms fitted to them. The occupants of these were guests of the King, by whose command "Electromobiles" were retained for use throughout the festivities. Among the distinguished users of these luxurious carriages during the Coronation period were Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein and Mr. C. P. Taft, brother of the President of the United States, both of whom expressed their entire satisfaction. On Coronation Day some thirty peers and peeresses were driven to the Abbey in "Electromobiles"—a rather interesting fact when one remembers that this is the first Coronation at which mechanically-propelled vehicles have been permitted to be used.

When the Automobile Association announced its intention to purchase 10,000 ruby reflex lights, and present them free of charge to as many individual cyclists as chose to apply for them, the offer was received in many cycling quarters with a certain amount of suspicion. The average cyclist could not understand such apparent generosity on the part of an organisation of motorists whom he has come to regard as his natural enemy, and was disposed to fight shy of acceptance. Probably he thought as the motorist himself thought when the proposal to build special motor-roads had been duly assimilated—namely, that the use of them would become compulsory and lead to further restrictive legislation. Common sense, however, combined with the natural desire to get something for nothing, has prevailed, and we now understand that, although the announcement was only made a month ago, over 10,000 applications for the lights have already been received. The list is therefore now closed, and the lights are being sent out as fast as delivery can be obtained. Care is being taken that the applications are dealt with strictly in the order received, and those applicants whose requests have arrived too late will be notified to that effect.

As a matter of fact the action of the Committee of the A.A. in incurring this considerable expense on behalf of cyclists is not entirely disinterested, nor do they pretend that it is. The members themselves would have a right to protest against the allocation of any portion of their subscriptions for such purely altruistic purposes. The fact is that the non-carrying of a rear light by cyclists after dark constitutes a serious source of inconvenience and danger both to motorist and cyclist; and although the danger more particularly attaches to the latter, the average motorist is not obsessed by any desire to run him down. He is, however, entitled to expect that the cyclist himself shall do something in the direction of self-protection, and when the risk of accident can be so largely minimised by the simple precaution of carrying such a useful and inexpensive device as the ruby disc, there is nothing unreasonable in expecting that this shall be done. The A.A. and M.U. is therefore to be congratulated on the offer and its acceptance. It is to be hoped that it will initiate a better understanding between these two important classes of road-users.

As evidence of the great advances that have been made in motor-car construction during the last year or two, even in vehicles of quite moderate price, the experience of a

private owner of a 14-16h.p. Belsize is worth recording. In a communication to a technical contemporary this gentleman states that he purchased his car in the early part of this year, and up to the present has driven it over 7,000 miles. Although without any previous experience in motor-driving, he had only had it three weeks when he did the whole of the Lake District, many of the daily runs ranging from 150 to 200 miles. The roads over which a large portion of the running has taken place include some of the roughest and most hilly in the country. On top gear the driver found the car to have a range of speed of six to forty-five miles per hour, and the petrol consumption to average twenty-three to twenty-four miles to the gallon. Throughout the 7,000 miles he has had no trouble whatever with engine, clutch, or carburettor, or, in fact, with anything in connection with the car, except, of course, the tyres. Altogether, he is so satisfied with his first experience of car-ownership, and with the workmanship of the North-Country firm, that he states his intention of acquiring for next season a six-cylinder car of the same make.

In view of the very considerable saving the motorist can effect by purchasing his lubricants in bulk, it is rather surprising that so many continue to buy it in the small cans. The labour involved in the packing of such small quantities, the cost of the cans, and the expense of distribution combine practically to double the cost of the oil by the time it reaches the consumer. The economical way is to buy the oil in drums or barrels—the latter preferably for those who have plenty of storage room. From a pamphlet entitled "Motor Lubrication," issued by the London Motor Garage Co., of Wardour Street, W., we see that this firm has for many years been supplying its Charron clients with lubricating oil of guaranteed high quality at 2s. per gallon in five-gallon drums, or 1s. 6d. per gallon in casks. This represents a saving of 50 to 76 per cent. on the prices paid when bought by the single gallon.

Whilst something like finality appears to have been reached in the matter of speed so far as the motor-car is concerned, fresh records are continually being established by the mechanically-propelled two-wheeler. On Saturday last, at Celtic Park, Martin beat the world's record for 2½h.p. machines by covering five miles from a standing start in 5min. 30secs. On the same occasion he established fresh Scottish records for one and three miles respectively. "Continental" tyres, which have been so conspicuous in racing successes this season, were used.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE have been drenched with misfortune, and the flood of misery still runs strongly. Just as we thought that the Strike in London had ended, the workmen all over the country began fresh agitation. This is not the place to discuss the rights and wrongs of the Labour Party. A capitalist views the matter from one side of the hedge, the workmen from the other. The struggle must go on until the end of time; it is just as much a law of Nature as is the "survival of the fittest." Like many of Nature's laws it is peculiarly disagreeable. The cause of all the trouble is, of course, the extraordinary rise in the cost of living, which has occurred all over the world during the past five

years. Wages have risen, but they have not risen in proportion to the advance of the price of commodities. Strikes appear to be the only method yet discovered whereby wages and the cost of living can be brought into agreement. The capitalist naturally views a rise in wages with distrust, for wages once put up are difficult to reduce, and it is much more difficult than it looks to advance the price to the customer. Traders all over the country have been marking up prices for some time past; but an advance in selling prices is regulated by competition. Probably the hot weather is also responsible for much of the unrest. Workmen hesitate to strike in bitter winter weather; they find it better to loaf about idle on a hot summer's day.

The Stock Exchange takes the Labour troubles seriously. Not so much because it is keen upon economics as because the House has been filled with tales of trouble amongst the members. Many lenders of money absolutely refused to advance at the settlement just concluded, and three firms have failed over the account. Yet the fall in Home Rails has not been serious, and except in Americans the differences to be paid are really unimportant. But many firms have been seriously incommoded by the failure of the public to take up new issues. Underwriters are up to their necks in securities they cannot sell and upon which the banks will not lend.

The position has been definitely cleared by the liquidation of the past few months. Stocks that were in weak hands have now gone into the portfolios of the great banking houses, who can and will hold until the market revives. I look forward to a renewed activity in the autumn, for speculation never remains dormant for any extended period, and the multitude of bears in every market makes for great strength.

CONSOLS have been steady, and the Government broker has been buying, presumably for the Post Office. It seems hopeless to expect any help from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd George was an admirable man in his last post—too good for his colleagues, who with devilish instinct felt that he must fail as Chancellor of the Exchequer. And fail he did. His two Bills, the Old Age Pensions and the Insurance Bill, will cost the country forty millions a year within a few years, and he will go down to posterity as one of the worst Chancellors England has ever had. Yet he might have left a great name had he been in Mr. Winston Churchill's place to-day, for he is a marvellous mediator and peacemaker.

FOREIGNERS have been the steadiest market in the House. This is the one gleam of sunshine in a stormy week. The great Paris banks have been supporting Russians, and the price has actually risen. These big banks are closely connected with the Quai D'Orsay, and they would have sold every Russian bond in their safes if the diplomatists had even hinted at danger. We all know that Germany does not want war, and will not fight until she is ready, but what we did not quite know was the attitude France might adopt. This the market tells us.

HOME RAILS.—The strike trouble is very annoying, both as regards its effect upon trade and its bearing upon the railway companies. A long strike will utterly destroy trade, but a short strike has less effect than people imagine. I think it will be found that the railways will get over their difficulties at less cost than was at first anticipated. I am sure of one thing, that investors have never had such a chance of buying 5 per cent. gilt-edged stocks as they have had this week. North Easterns have actually been purchasable at 128, and the dividend is $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Lancashire and Yorkshire, London and North-Western, and Great Western have all been far too low in price, and must recover. English people, who are of a careful turn of mind, know quite well that you cannot secure a 5 per cent. yield upon any really sound and safe security, and they will therefore take advantage of the slump to buy. All the dealers are short, for the strikes have scared them.

YANKES.—The American market has been slumping steadily under a vigorous attack by important people in Wall Street. The bankers have now tried to stop the selling. They have seen a chance of buying cheap shares, and they

have not missed their opportunity. The principal stock to be banged has been Unions. Frick has resigned. The story goes that he tried to force the Board to pay a higher dividend, and resigned in disgust. But I can find no confirmation of this. The Union Pacific melon will have to be cut some day, but not until the Preference shareholders have been settled with. In the meantime, houses like Kuhn, Loeb and Co. always buy Unions when they fall below 175. The traffics have not been good of late, and the actual revenue from their investments has fallen over a million dollars, yet the Union Pacific earns more than 14 per cent. on its common stock. The tales about the bad harvest appear to be exaggerated. But what is not exaggerated is the uneasiness caused by the continued political attacks. The Banking system of the United States is the most atrocious in the world, yet Congress is now examining into the crimes of the so-called "Money Trust." The National, City National, and one or two more banks, are said to manipulate money in the States. But the real trouble is that they cannot manipulate it enough. There are 20,000 Banks in America, and they are managed under laws that literally compel panics.

RUBBER is a shade off colour. The public declines to buy rubber shares at their present prices, and uses a great deal of common sense in the matter. The raw rubber market cannot rise, for the Brazilian Banks hold 8,000 tons, upon which they have lent money, which they cannot sell. We are officially informed that in a few years the Malay will turn out 65,000 tons of rubber in a year! This does not look like a rise in rubber. Yet the Brazilian banks are most confident, and declare that they can finance the new crop and hold the price. If they attempt such mad games they will end in bankruptcy. That is quite clear. I foresee a gradual dwindling away in values until the good shares yield a reasonable return. The Anglo-Dutch, which came out with such a flourish, pay a 3 per cent dividend. But this is more than we expected.

OIL.—Some of the brokers who have been allowing their clients to gamble in oil have been very hard hit, and they have made serious losses. Not only have the quotations been against them, but the market actually dried up, and would take no more shares. Maikop appears to be at its dying gasp, the result of floating without enough working capital. Shell and Spies have also been weak, but seem moderately cheap to-day. But the oil market is quite demoralised, and we may see even lower levels, for with the exception of the Shell, Burmah, and California crowds, none of the other oil people have any money.

KAFFIRS.—The market looks a shade better. But that is all that can be said. Too much importance must not be placed on the closing down of the Jubilee—an old worked-out show, whose shares stand nominally at 5s., or the value of the plant. The July figures are a record, but we must not forget that the gold reserves have been depleted to make this record. The real trouble in the Transvaal is labour. Given ample labour we might even get a four-million output. The magnates now see that the proper policy is to gut the mine as quickly as possible and as profitably also. Stopping widths are being reduced—only rich ore sent to the mill; good labour and machinery are no longer wasted upon 5-dirt rock. We must, therefore, in future take 10 per cent. at least from the life of the mines.

RHODESIANS have been flat. No agreement has been come to amongst the magnates, and Mr. Mabson's startling and really serious article in last week's *Statist* will have done no good to the market. We all know quite well the facts, but here we get an experienced editor just home from the country pointing out the dangers of the system the Rhodesian magnates have introduced, and telling us that the prospects he has seen will not bear huge capitals. Every one should read the current issue of the *Statist*. It requires a man of courage to write as Mr. Mabson writes; courage is scarce in the City, and goes unrewarded.

EGYPT.—The weather has changed. The worm has disappeared before the hot, dry winds. The experts say that the crop will hardly show a 10 per cent. decrease. The danger of Boll-worm still exists, and we cannot shout until we are out of the wood, but, given fine, dry weather until the end

of September, we should get a crop of seven million cantars. The news is good and every one hopes that it will remain good, for a bad cotton crop would have made Lord Kitchener's task ten times more difficult.

MISCELLANEOUS market has been dull, for many brokers, scenting danger, have closed up weak accounts. Hudson Bays, Cements, Marconis have been feeble. Calico Printers' preference shares seem under-priced, for the report shows a steady increase in trade. Even the ordinary are a reasonable gamble.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The very intelligent and open-minded article on "Spelling Reform" which appears in your issue of August 5th is only one—though a conspicuous one—among many symptoms of the recent spread of enlightenment on this important subject. As there has been no opportunity of submitting the article to the Committee of the Simplified Spelling Society, I cannot write officially in its name; but most of "J. R.'s" views are exactly those expressed in the various publications of the Society. As your correspondent, however, seems to write rather from inward illumination than from a knowledge of what is actually being done towards a solution of the problem, you will perhaps allow me to supplement his article in one or two important particulars.

"J. R." deals ably and, so far as his space allowed, conclusively, with the two stock arguments of conservatism, which may be called the etymological and the æsthetic fallacies. These fallacies are, to all intents and purposes, dead, though their ghosts continue to walk now and then in the newspapers, when some wiseacre is moved to enlighten the world on a matter on which he is entirely ignorant, and as to which he has all the great linguistic authorities, from Max Müller, Professor Skeat, and Sir James Murray downwards, absolutely and emphatically against him. "J. R.," in fact, has arrived at what I venture to call the incontrovertible truth of the matter—namely, that there is no valid defence for our chaotic spelling, and that conservatism would do well to give up the theoretical battle, and simply entrench itself in the assertion of the extreme difficulty of devising any practical and acceptable method of reform.

That is the difficulty—a very real one—which this Society and the American Simplified Spelling Board are now facing with a fixed resolution of overcoming it. A conference of delegates of the two Societies, summoned for that purpose, will meet in London on the 4th of next month. I shall have pleasure in sending you in a few days a list of the members of this Conference. In the meantime, I should like to point out that after several years' study of the problem, and practical efforts in the direction of reform, we are able to take up a definite position on one or two points which "J. R." leaves somewhat in the vague.

None of us, I think it safe to say, are "advocates of a purely phonetic system"—that is, of the adoption of an alphabet including a large number of new characters, and capable of reproducing with scientific accuracy the finest shades of pronunciation. This is neither practically possible nor theoretically desirable. For one thing, such an alphabet could be handled only by trained phoneticians; and though the study of phonetics is spreading very rapidly, we can scarcely look forward to a time when the whole English-speaking world shall have mastered that fascinating science. An accurately phonetic alphabet, then, may be regarded as wholly outside the sphere of practical politics. And here I may note, in parenthesis, one of the few actual errors into which "J. R." is betrayed. He says that the present method of spelling, in contradistinction to a phonetic system, "is capable of expressing not only the sounds of standard English, but also the finest shades and subtleties of local dialect." This is a very curious misconception. A phonetic alphabet which could *not* express these shades and subtleties would be obviously defective; whereas our present alphabet, in so far as it can express them at all, can do so only by means of a system of conventionally accepted modifications (diagraphs, umlauts, &c.) which render it for the purpose in view phonetic.

On the other hand, practical experience does not bear out "J. R.'s" suggestion that the only plan "at once feasible and

desirable" is to "reject forthwith all anomalous spellings which have no archæological foundation, and to adopt in their place the spellings dictated by true etymology." No doubt this is in itself desirable, though the amount of simplification thus effected would be so very slight as to be scarcely worth the trouble involved in even the smallest change. But desirable or no, it is not feasible, for the simple reason that conservatism rebels against the smallest change quite as stubbornly as against the greatest. The objection to any change springs from a purely instinctive sense of discomfort which has no rational basis and cannot be overcome by any process of reasoning. The very people who take their stand on the so-called etymological argument are found in practice to be quite as much opposed to simplifications which correct false etymologies as to those which seem to obscure true ones. Sporadic changes, in short, however scholarly and elegant, awaken just as much wrath as systematic simplification, and have no great practical utility to commend them.

What, it may be asked, do I mean by "systematic simplification," if a scientific phonetic alphabet be ruled out? I mean a system which, utilising the letters of the existing alphabet (possibly with the aid of diacritical marks, though to this I am personally opposed) shall assign to each sound its characteristic symbol (single letter or digraph), and shall possess almost all the merits, with none of the disadvantages, of a phonetic alphabet. It is no easy matter to devise such a system, but we have made a certain advance towards solving the problem, and we have very good hopes of shortly arriving at a complete, practical, and eventually acceptable solution. "Eventually acceptable," I say, for we are far from imagining that it will be received with jubilation, and instantly adopted by the whole English-speaking world. But we are not without our plans for the work of propaganda; and if, as we believe, we can put forward a system which any intelligent man can master in half an hour, which will shorten by a whole year (on an average) the time which children have now to expend on learning to spell, and which will make the acquisition of English (both spoken and written) incomparably easier to the foreigner, we are confident that the practical sense of the nation and the English-speaking world will not be slow in rallying to our side. It is very probable, as "J. R." suggests, that the literary class will be the last to follow suit. But the literary class, fortunately, will have no power to stand up against a reform which will, we believe, commend itself to reasonable men as a substantial benefaction to all future generations of English-speaking people.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

WILLIAM ARCHER, Secretary.

Simplified Spelling Society, 44, Great Russell-street, W.C.

JUSTICE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to utter a protest against the sweeping denunciations *re* the strike?

The chief trouble of the writer "W. L. R." appears to be the inconvenience caused through the strike. But that is beside the point. The public would not mind a little inconvenience if thereby the strikers obtained a living wage. With the strikers it is either to continue to live under their present conditions or of bettering their conditions.

"W. L. R." states that agitators have persuaded workmen who earn a "comfortable wage" to come out on strike—not for their own benefit, but in sympathy with the strikers, I suppose he means. But in the present strike can he give a single instance of any one section of the strikers who are earning a "comfortable wage"? I am sure he will fail.

Previous to the awards did the seamen, the stevedore, the dockers, the coalie, or the carmen get a "comfortable wage"? Is it a "fancied grievance" on their part?

They could not arrange their grievances with "a little common sense" unless the common sense of the masters went to the length of granting them a living wage.

He also bewails the fact that the "old and mutually profitable relationship between employers and employees is practically at an end." But, surely, if that ever existed, it died at the birth of the limited liability companies. Pleasant and profitable indeed—to whom? Not the employee. Which reminds me. During the Coronation festivities a large firm were very anxious to deliver their goods in time for the holidays. They promised their employees a present for the extra work—in some cases day and night. They got the work done well to time. Now for the

present. A number of these men were discharged last week owing to slackness: that was their present.

If only employers would pay their workmen a living wage there would not be any question of unpleasantness between master and man. Treat them as living men, not machines. The days of the Thomas Pinch class of workmen have long since passed away.

He is also very wroth with Mr. Churchill in not taking more drastic action. Calling out the soldiers, I suppose. Mr. Churchill did right in not doing so. London is neither Tony-pandy nor Cardiff. Call out the soldiers, and that would be the spark which would set the whole capital into a revolution, the consequences of which are too awful to contemplate. Finally, he condemns the men for attempting to improve their conditions. Yes, how dare they grumble at their lot! They have good wages, houses, food, and clothes, and plenty of time to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

But, unfortunately, they do not think so; hence the strike to improve those conditions. And—they have been successful. I fail to see how "his last state is bound to be worse than the first." At any rate, by the success of this strike the workers now know that it is by organised effort alone that any success can be obtained, and they are not likely to forget it. Their strength lies in labour, and labour only. "Omni Vincit Labor."

I was very sorry to see such an obviously one-sided article in THE ACADEMY. The whole Press have admitted that the men's claims are just. They disagree as to the strikers' methods, that is all. I trust the next time he writes upon labour troubles he will descend to realities and write of things as they are and not from the lofty heights of an academic point of view.—I remain, yours sincerely,

VIVIAN C. CROWTHER.

August 12, 1911.

P.S.—But perhaps it is "W. L. R." who is "coddled."

[We shall be pleased to hear other opinions on this important subject, and will reply to them in due course.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

AN INTOLERABLE MISCREANCY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The case for the "No Surrender" peers has been put strongly by several writers, but by no writer quite strongly enough. The fact is, we are in the midst of two revolutions—one inherent in the Parliament Bill, and the other in the astounding employment of a supposititious prerogative of the Crown—the latter the graver revolution of the two. Hence, apart from the acceptance of the Veto Bill, the supreme point of the present crisis is this—that if that exercise of the prerogative is submitted to and acquiesced in, the reign of freedom in this country may be said to be over. What is the formula that has hitherto been presented at our heads? It is the formula that the Crown has power to create peers to end a deadlock between the two Houses. There has been no deadlock between the two Houses. Hence the formula has been amended to the remarkable dictum that the Crown has power to prevent an anticipated deadlock before it has arrived.

The formula as amended confers immeasurable powers upon the Throne, which are best illustrated by the almost gratuitous ease with which the formula has been applied upon this occasion. It might have been thought that at least the crisis might have been allowed to come to a head—that the *impasse* might have been an accomplished fact. But Mr. Asquith might first even have resigned before this tremendous expedient was resorted to, if only to satisfy the formal preliminaries of a gigantic new departure, if only to bring home to the general public that there was a genuine impossibility of solving the situation without some abnormal intervention. It might also have been thought that only an utterly irreconcilable attitude on the part of the House of Lords could have redeemed such a coercion, and that the indecent haste wherewith the whole of this unspeakably grave matter has been rushed in less than two years would have received no recognition from above.

However, the formula being now widely accepted (and among others accepted by Lord Lansdowne), it bears with it certain retrospective and prospective deductions.

Retrospectively it means this: That all the time we were congratulating ourselves on the possession of the House of Lords as part of the bedrock of our Constitution and as its impregnable bulwark, it never rested on any more stable basis than this—that any Radical leader coming into office had only to bring in a Bill for its abolition to call on the Crown to create Peers to over-

whelm it, and there was an end of its existence. So that the House of Lords, so far from being founded upon a rock, was not even founded upon sand—it was founded upon straw. This is the grotesque conclusion the acceptance of the formula entails. This conclusion Lord Lansdowne is bound to accept, and yet, convinced as he therefore must have been in his own mind that the House of Lords hung upon air, he nevertheless impelled it in 1909 to the violently provocative act of throwing out the Budget.

So far retrospectively; but prospectively it is obvious that this weapon of the Crown, hitherto dimly outlined in the background as a possible hardly acknowledged expedient to be exercised perhaps once in two centuries to bridge some hopeless gulf of difference between the two parties, after all the possibilities of a protracted struggle had been exhausted, has now been resorted to in the face of no such obtusity of conditions and no such interval of contention. Hence it has now taken its place in the recognised everyday armoury of any subversive ministry and confined to the side of subversion, for amid all the unctuous homilies on the right of their case our opponents never tire of expounding, one conjures up the wild outbreak of fury and abuse that would have been expended on the Crown if the Tory party for its own ends had revived any similar submerged mediæval implement. As it is, by its aid the miserable residuum of phantom inefficacy still left to the House of Lords can at any moment be shorn away, and there is no single one of our cherished institutions the life of which is, from an insurance point of view, worth six months' purchase.

MONTAGU WOOD.

"STATE INSURANCE FROM THE WORKMAN'S POINT OF VIEW"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just read your article as above, which I approve.

The strange thing to me is that no one has taken up the case of the Domestic Servant's Insurance. The amount demanded is far more than any probable outlay on sickness could possibly come to, and to handicap a poor girl getting £12, say, a year with so much to pay seems very hard.

Can you explain why no one has referred to it in Parliament? I presume it is because as a class they have no one to interest themselves. Can you do anything?—Yours truly,

R. EDWARDS.

9, West Hill Gardens, Hastings.

A NEW COLUMBUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Frank Harris's article on Fabre is interesting, but he is scarcely correct in saying that the scientist "was only discovered by the wise men in Paris the other day." Fabre was elected a correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences in 1887—seventeen years before Metchnikoff and twenty-three years before Lord Avebury, who are both in the same section (Anatomy and Zoology) as Fabre.—I am, &c.,

H. H. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

Catholic Studies in Social Reform.—I. *Destitution and Suggested Remedies.* With a Preface by the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D.—II. *Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act.* Edited by the Rev. Thomas Wright, P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 259	Reviews (continued)—
When Time Nods 260	Here, There, and Every-
Aspiration 260	where 270
Duce Tempus Eget 260	Indian Missions 270
The Evolution of the	Shorter Reviews 271
"Cure" Humbug—I. ... 261	Fiction 273
Flaubert and his Letters—	Some Old Theatres of
II. 262	Paris 275
State Insurance in Ger-	The New Choralism 277
many—I. 263	"False Refinements" 277
Lord Kitchener 264	An Historic County Town 279
Reviews:—	Loneliness 280
Drama and Dramatists 266	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 281
Some Recent Theological	Motoring and Aviation ... 282
Works 267	In the Temple of Mam-
Stevenson's Letters—I. 268	mon 284
Sheffield and its Litera-	Correspondence 285
ture 269	Books Received 287

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE discussion of the conditions of the railway strike settlement in Parliament on Tuesday evening last was the occasion of some exceptionally straight talking. Much to the surprise of the Labour Party, there are limits to the foolhardiness of a Socialistically-inclined Government, and we can imagine that the Government, on its part, has been equally astonished—has had its eyes opened, in fact—by the virulent and utter nonsense which these precious "Labour Leaders" have emitted. "You have no right, in order to prevent a few shop-windows from being smashed," said Mr. Keir Hardie, "to run the risk of shooting scores of innocent people. . . . Men have been shot down, murdered by the Government in the interest of the capitalist system." Much more topsy-turvy logic to the same effect was vented by the same splenetic lips; the law had been violated, the railway companies favoured, &c. &c.; and finally, the prophet in Mr. Hardie arose, and said that in the event of another strike and the use of troops, "not only the railwaymen but practically every organised trade in Great Britain will stop work until your soldiers are back to barracks." For once Mr. Lloyd George kept his head; he demanded an explanation, and receiving mere subterfuges, gave the member for Merthyr a dressing down which he will not forget in a hurry; "contemptible," "one-sided," "grossly inaccurate" were the terms he used—and

used rightly—when dealing with his whipped opponent; and again, referring to Mr. Hardie's attempt to wriggle free, "there is no word," he said, "within the category of parliamentary language which can describe it." We see here signs of hope. When the Labour Party and the Socialist Government, theoretically and formerly arm-in-arm and wreathed with complacent smiles, take to snarling at each other, the critics—whatever be their political complexion—may well stand aside and exchange significant nods, remembering, perchance, certain wise words concerning "a house divided against itself."

The sensation caused in art circles by the report on Tuesday last that Leonardo da Vinci's world-famous masterpiece, "La Gioconda," had been stolen from the Louvre, was slightly lessened by the Paris correspondent of the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, who wrote to the effect that quite possibly the picture had been "removed" as a piece of newspaper enterprise. The art treasures of France seem to be very inadequately guarded, and if general attention is called to the lack of watchfulness on the part of those responsible for the safe keeping of such invaluable possessions some good may be done, although the purloining of a da Vinci, even though it be but temporary, appears to be a rather drastic method of advocating reform. Imagine the fate of the enthusiast who should be caught pocketing, as it were, our "Venus" of Velazquez, or hiding the gems of the Tate Gallery as a means of protesting against their scanty protection! He would have short shrift, whether he were a newspaper sensationalist or not. By the time these words are printed the vanished painting may have found its way back while the custodians of the Louvre are napping, and in any case we imagine that, however artfully or artlessly one of our own national pictures might be abstracted and concealed, it would be a very difficult matter to get past the inquisitive glare—and the muscular grip—of the distantly polite, blue-clad gentlemen who lean over the turnstiles of the building in Trafalgar-square.

The *Wednesday Review* of India for July 26th contains a comprehensive and thoughtful article by the Hon. Pandit Malaviya, B.A., LL.B., on "The Hindu University of Benares: Why it is wanted and what it aims at." The proposal to form such a centre dates back to 1904, and the scheme has been discussed year after year ever since, until in 1910, when an organised endeavour seemed within sight, the death of King Edward VII. caused another postponement. As a residential and teaching University, contrasted with the five "examining Universities" at present in existence, seems distinctly necessary, the project is meeting with strong support, and it is to be hoped that the difficulties of language and varying vernaculars will be judiciously overcome. Another Indian Review which reaches us, *The Parsi*, has in its issue for July 30th a good unsigned contribution dealing with the labour problem in India, and a two-column review of Walter Headlam's translation of the "Agamemnon." In the previous number an essay on "The Pleasures of Pessimism" easily takes the literary honours, although it is difficult to agree with all the writer's statements—such as the assertion that "cheerfulness is not a state of mind that has any relation to contentment," or his suggestion that "the most pessimistic sayings we have are frequently the most cheerful." As a piece of special pleading, however, for pessimism as a "genial and mellow art" the article is very pretty. A lengthy essay on Thackeray is interesting, but as it is a reproduction from the *Times Literary Supplement*, the report of the Calcutta "Thackeray Centenary Dinner" which introduces it is the only part which is new to us. The photographs of the Coronation in this issue are excellently reproduced.

WHEN TIME NODS

Now is the hour when Summer's siren song
 Woos helpless homage to her perfumed sway ;
 When tired Time ceases from his anvil-play,
 And lays him down awhile to dream among
 The nodding flowers, till shrewd Fate comes along
 On tireless feet, and hastens him away
 To forge the chains that fettered yesterday,
 And for to-morrow's hopes will prove too strong.

Yet grant him but this hour, and in its space
 Himself shall minister his wrong's repair ;
 For when, long hence, he vaunts his tyrannies,
 His mocking slaves shall twit him to his face
 That once he lay among the poppies there,
 Threading their bonds with dreamland memories.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

ASPIRATION

Thou art so near to God that I must be
 Near unto Him if I am near to thee.

Thou art so pure, this sin-stained life of mine,
 Touched by thine own, must needs become divine.

Thou art so true, the faithlessness of men
 Fades from my heart, and earth grows good again.

So sweet, so pure, so true thy life doth shine ;
 Thou art so wonderful—and thou art mine.

BERWICK SAYERS.

DUCE TEMPUS EGET

UNFORTUNATELY there is at the present moment an absolute lack of leaders in the two great political parties. In these days at least no man can be a political leader who is devoid of magnetism. The thesis was no doubt true of former epochs, but it did not attract attention to itself, because on both sides such a man has never hitherto been wanting, and indeed many alternative men have been available for choice. Now it is otherwise. On the Opposition benches are able Parliamentarians, and effective platform speakers, but not a single individuality who appeals forcibly to the public imagination. The man in the street, in whom political power now resides, is mildly amused by their permutations and combinations, but it never strikes him that the Opposition front bench man is essentially removed from the ordinary top-hatted gentleman of amiable manners who can be met in early June in Bond-street or the Row. This gentleman can, it is true, simulate a certain amount of political activity and make speeches which occasionally arouse lethargic applause or ripples of anæmic laughter. What of the Government ?

On the Government benches there is only one man who really impresses the people and compels their admiration. That man is of course Mr. Lloyd George. The very circumstance that he arouses passionate condemnation or cordial approval is a sure tribute to the position which he has earned for himself. He is a leader, and a leader of the people, and yet it would be exceeding the bounds of truth

to suggest that he is a trusted leader. He compels allegiance, but he does not inspire confidence. How can he do so ? His record is too fresh in remembrance, it is not hallowed by memories, or mellowed by proofs of principle. No man can with certainty predict from day to day on which side of a controversy the Chancellor will range himself. The element of uncertainty no doubt gives birth to interest, but it throws grave suspicion upon character. Could Mr. Lloyd George have emerged from oblivion fully equipped with his present powers and have been discovered seated on the Opposition benches, the Tory party need not have looked further for a leader.

The recent industrial upheaval and civil commotion have emphasised the hurt to the State when leaders of commanding influence, of magnetism and of established character are wanting. Ministers who had been in the habit of using inflammatory and irresponsible language in the belief that they were committing no greater crime than unduly influencing votes, suddenly found themselves confronted with the fruits of their teaching. The irony of fate exacted a rapid retribution. Mr. Churchill, who had flouted the authority of the Courts, and has done his utmost to bring law and order into disrepute, suddenly found himself in the position of being forced to champion that which he had derided and defamed. The Chancellor who, as electioneerer, had descended to adulation of the mob, and slander of all the responsible classes, stood aghast when the creation of his doctrine faced him in thunderous actuality. Hesitation was inevitable ; both Ministers were appalled by the embodiment of the spectres they had invoked. To their credit, both rallied, and both discharged their obvious duties in the midst of crisis.

Mistaken praise has however been awarded to these Ministers, and especially to Mr. Lloyd George in connection with the collapse of the Railway Strike. Both it is true, showed commendable resolution, and Mr. Lloyd George useful—if feverish—activity. The Strike however collapsed, because Mr. Thomas, Mr. Williams and others who blazoned themselves forth as leaders, found themselves woefully short of followers. The London and South Western men, to their lasting credit, refused solidarity with men who had been hurried into an illegal strike. They announced that the terms of their employment were fair, and their employers just ; they were loyal to their work, loyal to the industrial and commercial welfare of their country, and to their duty to the needs of the populations which their system serves—directly or indirectly. Other Southern lines adopted in a modified form a policy of resistance to the worthy Mr. Thomas and important Mr. Williams.

Mr. Philip Snowden, writing in a weighty and temperate tone in the *Christian Commonwealth*, lifts the veil :—

I do not know what motives induced the men's leaders to accept the terms of settlement, whether it was because they were afraid that they would not be able to carry on the strike successfully.

The railway men themselves brought the strike to a close when they let it be seen that the boastings and vapourings of loud-mouthed agitators left them serene and impervious to pressure, which they detested. If there were leaders—the leaders were the railway men themselves who stood steadfast in justice and in fair play. Do not let us be deluded that the result was due to a leader—and that leader—Mr. Lloyd George.

CECIL COWPER.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE "CURE" HUMBUG—I.

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

THE disgusting, vulgar, but nevertheless common habits of over-eating and over-drinking cannot be defended on hygienic grounds, but they undoubtedly play a very important part in the development of wealth and prosperity throughout all classes of the community. It would be extremely difficult in one short article to trace all the ramifications by which over-indulgence in the good things of life disseminates money through every civilised community, and therefore I propose to restrict myself to one phase of this good which cometh out of evil, and to show that a rebellious and dyspeptic interior is the greatest of all pioneer forces in the exploitation of new lands, new sources of wealth. The month of August is sacred to the god of Cure. We read in the history of Rome, and also of Greece, of eminent men, Emperors, statesmen, and the wealthy, hastening during the hot season to obtain the benefit of Sulphur Springs, and to drink the waters which were known even to the medical science of those days to be valuable antidotes to the devastations of excess. Up to quite recent times only the favoured few had it in their power to effect a cure. But now all is changed; the stomach has become very democratic, like the rest of the world, and the middle and lower classes have just awoken to the fact that they also have as much right to "cures" as they have to vote in common with their superiors who tried so long to withhold this great privilege. All classes now devote the month of August to recuperating from the effects of the debauches of the previous eleven months. The King goes to a cure; the nobility and the rich go to cures; the middle classes hasten away to the less fashionable resorts on the Continent or risk the deadly ennui of casinoless Harrogate; the miner in the North hastens to Blackpool or to another of Lancashire's thriving seaside towns to disport himself in the briny and to forget for a season his disagreeable labours underground.

Now this great movement means money spent all round. The railways profit by it; so also do the steamships; the hotels make fortunes and so do the shops, and the thousand-and-one individuals who cater for the needs and requirements of the traveller at home and abroad. The discovery of a goldmine is not of greater value at the present day than the discovery of a bubbling spring possessing a disagreeable odour and a still more disagreeable taste. The diviner and his rod search Europe for such sickly streams, and once a source has been discovered the path of the promoter is clear. Firstly, he must build a little hotel, and by careful advertising attract a few wandering couples to his hostelry. He must pay his visitors the most careful attention, and make them feel that they are not mere ciphers but welcome guests. One day he must suggest that they should try a drink out of the little spring, which comes bubbling so naturally from the soil, and at the same time he should add a few words, in an offhand manner, on the wonderful curative qualities it possesses. They try it; they dislike it sufficiently to feel it must be good for them. The foundation-stone of success has been laid, the "Cure" has been started, and once set rolling, it sweeps all before it like an avalanche tearing down a mountain-side. The few honey-

moon couples or lonely writers who visited the "new cure" the first year pass on their way, carrying with them the happiest recollections and promising to return the next summer. They spread the news among their friends and acquaintances: "How cheap it is!" "How wonderful the waters are!" "What a nice manager!" "What beautiful excursions in the neighbourhood!" are a few of the panegyrics they utter.

Meanwhile, the proprietor has not been idle. He must get into touch with the medical profession. He hastens to Paris or to London with samples of the water from his "source." He offers the doctor an interest in the concern. The samples of the water analysed under such conditions show the most remarkable salubrious qualities. From henceforth every patient is recommended a "cure" at this "new and hitherto unknown resort." Hundreds hasten to the spot. The proprietor cannot meet the rush. He hires any old buildings which can possibly be made habitable, and houses his guests as best he may. He promises others that the following year they will find several new hotels, with every luxury and convenience. Meanwhile his *clientèle* drink the waters and are well satisfied, but many complain that they would also like to undergo a course of baths, for which there are at present no facilities, and also that the evenings hang rather heavily on their hands. The proprietor chuckles, apologises, and promises further reforms for the following year. A sturdy Anglo-Saxon declares a golf-course to be essential. The proprietor scours the surrounding country for a suitable site. One is quickly selected; Braid, Vardon, or Massey is telegraphed for and lays it out; all through the winter gangs of peasants earn good wages digging bunkers, laying down fresh turf, and diverting streams. The second season passes. Humbugbad has become still better known. Immediately his duties release him the proprietor hastens to Paris. He sees men well known in finance, and lays his schemes before them. They are quickly examined, and still more quickly approved. A company is formed. A huge hotel is designed, and work commences at once. Several smaller hotels are also set in hand. A beautiful casino is next constructed, with a café, a dancing-hall, a roulette-room, and a little inner sanctuary of sanctuaries, where it is the hope and nightly prayer of the proprietor and promoters that they may one day see "baccarat" and "chemin de fer" being played.

The Minister of the Interior is now approached. His friends are liberally supplied with shares in the new concern. At first he is adamant, declares he does not approve of the extension of gambling, and avers that enough such resorts, if not too many, are already licensed in France. The promoters do not despair. The Minister of the Interior finds that whenever he goes out for a night in society one of his best friends always mentions the wonderful salubrious qualities of the waters of Humbugbad. All his lady-friends apparently have shares in it, and they all impress the fact upon him that only a licence to gamble is needed to ensure its success. The Minister is again officially approached. This time he yields; the licence is granted and the success of Humbugbad is assured. During the third summer thousands flock to the "Cure." The big hotel which has cost so much to lay out has already paid a big dividend on the borrowed money. The wonderful baths—the very latest thing in up-to-date cleanliness and comfort—are full morning and afternoon. The little

"source" which formerly flowed so naturally and gracefully from Mother Earth has been trapped, and over its head a marble pavilion now rises, while its taps are handled by attractive little actresses, who, with marvellous dexterity, fill and hand cup after cup of precious water from this life-restoring fount. The Casino has turned out an enormous success. Thousands wander round the band, which discourses sweet music of all countries impartially. The roulette-room is filled afternoon and night, and every evening the crowd which gathers in the "Club Privée" round the baccarat-tables increases in size. The one table has given place to two, the two to three, and finally the three to four, and thousands of pounds change hands nightly.

FLAUBERT AND HIS LETTERS—II.

BY FRANK HARRIS

THERE are five volumes of Flaubert's letters. The first letter was written on the 31st of December, 1830, when Flaubert was only nine years of age. In this letter—full of misspellings—the child talks of writing comedies and dreams. At thirteen or fourteen he declares his hatred of grocermen and traders, who think of nothing but making money and living comfortably; the heart of them, he says, oscillating between the two poles of shop and stomach. At fifteen, hearing that a dramatic censorship was to be established, and the liberty of the Press in so far curtailed, he cries against the institution as an outrage on the conscience of men of letters; but never mind, he goes on, "let us devote ourselves to our art, which is greater than peoples, greater than censors, greater than kings. . . ." And as he was at ten and at fifteen he was at forty and sixty—his heart given to letters and to nothing else. I can recall no similar instance of life-long devotion to literature!

A large part of this first volume is taken up with descriptions of his travels in Egypt and the Near East when he was twenty-eight. The impression made upon him by the desert bore fruit later in "Salammbô." But after this first volume the rest of his life—from 1850 to 1880—is practically without incident, other than the ordinary incidents of a literary life. And yet these volumes have a movement of their own and his life a *crescendo* of interest which is simply fascinating to a student of the spirit. There is in them a steady development of feeling and intelligence, a growth of mind and heart which is extraordinary.

Flaubert had the root of the matter in him very early. At thirty-two we find him writing to Madame X. about style. "Boileau and Hugo have got it," he says, "whereas Voltaire and Chateaubriand are only mediocrities, and Lamartine worthless. Style," he adds, "is the very heart's blood of thought; none of the schools know anything about it; professors are only imbecile pedants who parrot what they have learned—for they have no love in them, and love is the secret of the soul, without which one can understand nothing."

In this same letter he remarks that he has been reading a fragment of Michelet which pleases him. In it there is a satisfactory judgment on Robespierre. "This man," says Michelet, was "in himself a government, and for that reason all persons with the governing faculty in them love him."

Flaubert continues: "It is true; mediocrity loves order and rule; I hate it, I am against it, against all restrictions, against every caste, every hierarchy, every corporation, and against the dead level, too, and the sheep virtues—my very soul is filled with hatred of them all, a hatred that enables me to understand the martyr spirit."

And here is another side of him. He tells Madame X that he has been four hours without writing a phrase, or rather that he has written a hundred and blotted them all out. "The hardest thing in the world," he cries, "is to describe a common situation and to render perfectly an ordinary trivial conversation. For an artist it is diabolically difficult to give a picture of mediocrity."

I turn, in their order, to these newly published letters of Flaubert to a Mdlle. Bosquet, for they are all written between 1854 and 1869, from the time he was thirty-two till he was forty-eight. Mdlle. Bosquet was evidently one of the Madame Bovarys of his life, a sort of provincial muse, who wrote novels that were not too bad so long as she lived near Flaubert, but as soon as she went to Paris all talent is lost in pretence and literary snobbishness.

These letters to Mdlle. Bosquet stop short of passion, and therefore throw no new light on Flaubert's temperament; yet they are tender, and because of their tenderness they prevent Flaubert from letting himself go, and are therefore not illuminating.

I prefer to take up the two old volumes of letters which cover the period from 1854 to 1880, the last year of his life. With all their faults—and Flaubert was rather proud of his whimsies and humours—they are the most interesting letters I know, for they are full of literary talk, and Flaubert as a critic of literature is among the very greatest, ranking with Goethe and Coleridge, far above Sainte-Beuve and the best of those who make criticism a profession. The difference between Flaubert and Sainte-Beuve is that Sainte-Beuve praises all the mediocrities and underrates all the great creative spirits of his time—Balzac, Hugo, Baudelaire, and Flaubert himself; whereas Flaubert treats mediocrities with a becoming irreverence, while picking out and praising every man of talent of his time with the inevitable surety of kinship.

The list of those he was among the first to honour affords sufficient proof of his generosity. Of course he saw Victor Hugo and Georges Sand fairly from the beginning; he admired Hugo's "La Légende des Siècles" enthusiastically; but could not pretend to like "Les Misérables;" Georges Sand, on the other hand, he praises continually, though one feels a certain discrimination in spite of his fear of hurting his *chère bon maître*. But Renan, Gautier, Tourguénief, Daudet, Zola, Guy de Maupassant, Jules Lemaitre, the Goncourts—all the masters he recognised at once and hailed as stars, and his words about them now, after forty years, stand as if cut in marble. He writes to Renan describing the "enthusiasm" he felt on reading his "Prayer on the Acropolis." He has read it over and over again, he says, till he almost knows it by heart, and he concludes: "I don't believe there's a more beautiful page in all French literature."

Here recommends all his friends to read Tourguénief's "Virgin Soil," and calls the "Abandonnée" a masterpiece—"Tourguénief? Voilà un homme!" Zola, too, he champions again and again; "parts of 'L'Assommoir,'" he declares, "are magnificent; a great, broad river of narration full of fine things: Zola is a lusty fellow, who'll go far."

In 1880 he read "Nana" and wrote to Zola praising it: the end of the book, he asserts, is grandiose, worthy of Michelangelo. A lady friend writes to him that "'Nana' is dirty." "Read the 'Divorce' of Dumas," he answers, "that is common if you like and ignoble. 'Nana' has marvellous things in it and the end is a great epic. Zola's

work is colossal. The giant may have dirty feet; but who cares?" I call this masterly criticism.

Flaubert praises Daudet's "Jack" and Maupassant's "Boule de Suif"—sentiment and sensuality—with the same unerring certitude. Jules Lemaitre pays him a visit, and he at once recommends him and finds a perfect word for him, "Un vrai lettré."

Some one has said that there is no such proof of mediocrity as continual moderation in praise. I have just bathed myself in this enthusiasm of Flaubert, as in a warm and perfumed bath. Yet of course his critical judgment has its limitations:—

I have just been reading the correspondence of Balzac (he writes). He was a fine fellow, and one could have loved him, but how obsessed he was with the thought of money, and how small was his love of art! He never speaks of art, never once. He longs for fame, but not for the beautiful. Then he was a Catholic, a legitimist, a landed proprietor, and he would like to have been a Member of the Chamber and of the Academy: it is his ignorance which appals me; he was provincial to the marrow of his bones; he even admires riches and luxury and Walter Scott. He was assuredly a big man, a prodigious fellow, but not in the first class, I think.

In spite of all his shortcomings Balzac is not only in the first class, but perhaps the only Frenchman to be found in it.

Flaubert is a very severe critic of his own work. In a letter to M. Pichat of the *Revue de Paris*, who is publishing "Madame Bovary," and who asks for permission to cut out this and that page, Flaubert replies: "Not one word more. What you have already cut has only hurt the book and impoverished it. . . . The brutal element in 'Madame Bovary' is in the conception and not on the surface, and no alteration of this or that passage will white-wash the negro."

It is his artistic conscience I admire in Flaubert. Whether he likes people or dislikes them, he will say the truth about them as he sees it. He puts in the shadows as well as the lights. He loves Gautier, thinks him a great poet, forces him down the throat of Zola and Tourguénief, tells them they know nothing of French literature if they don't see the beauty of Gautier's prose, yet he has to add that Gautier was broken-hearted because he was not admitted to the Academy. Flaubert thunders against this modesty; "we all need more self-esteem," is his comment.

Flaubert is intensely interesting to me because he was the first to grasp and understand the new priesthood of art. He wrote to Maupassant in 1876, "Those who are called to be artists, and who take up the high career have no right to live like other men. The artist's first vow must be poverty, or at least the resolve not to write for money. He must forego all reward, even praise and honour. As he rises higher and higher he will be hated more and more, and will inevitably become more and more lonely. His life must be a life of self-denying labour; his work demands a martyr's self-sacrifice."

I love him because he is conscious of his high mission as a creator, and lives up to his belief. Even when he is mistaken his mistakes are honest. "No, no," he writes to Ernest Feydeau, "you must never use common locutions, ready-made phrases (*phrases toutes faites*). I would be skinned alive rather than use them. The weak pages of your book should be better written than any of the others." This is his way of saying what Keats said to Shelley, "Fill all the rifts with gold." Flaubert's hatred of ready-made phrases is excessive. When an artist is depicting ordinary men and women he should put nothing but ready-made phrases into their mouths. Flaubert's hatred of common tags of speech limited his palette. But listen to him when

he writes about art; the words deserve to be relieved out in letters of pure gold over the lintel of every school of art in the world. "The hands of the artist," he says, "must be white and calm; he must know nothing of base concessions;" and again, "The artist must be on strain constantly to bring himself into closer intimacy with God. He must divest himself of all hope of reward, of every shade of personal interest, determined merely to become greater and wiser, to love more strongly, to feel more intensely, to understand more completely."

On the eve of his death Socrates begged some musician or other to teach him an air on the lyre.

"What good will it be to you," questioned the musician, "since you are going to die so soon?"

"To know it before dying," replied Socrates.

"One of the noblest moralities ever uttered," cries Flaubert. "I would rather have written that than have taken a city." Heine and Flaubert are to me the two high priests of modern art; their effigies stand side by side in the porch of the Temple.

STATE INSURANCE IN GERMANY—I.

GERMAN State insurance, which, as a compulsory institution, dates back to 1884, has been gradually extended so as to include provision against accidents, invalidity, and old age. The whole legislation on the subject has been consolidated into the law of 1911. Though important modifications were introduced by this recent legislation, any attempt to describe exhaustively the system would prove not only wearisome to the reader, but difficult of accomplishment. I propose, therefore, to give a short account of the system in two of its three branches, confining myself to questions which arise both in Germany and here under our proposed system of insurance.

SICK INSURANCE.

The new law, which for the first time embraces agricultural labourers, foresters, small employers, casual labourers, &c., may be said to be of universal application to persons having an income not exceeding £100 per annum. The sick insurance is organised into various kinds of clubs. These include (1) Local, (2) Factory, (3) Country (*Landeskrankenkassen*), (4) Guild, (5) Mining, (6) Admitted Friendly Societies. These clubs will not in future be permitted to compete with one another (as was the case hitherto), and a minimum standard of membership will thus be assured. This minimum membership is 250 for local and country and 150 for factory clubs. Should this membership not be attained, after due delay the club having the deficiency will be merged in a larger body. It is hoped that the disappearance of the smaller and weaker organisations will ensure the prosperity, influence, and efficiency of the larger bodies. The Friendly Societies may act as sick clubs if their membership exceeds 1,000. They are entitled to refuse admission to candidates on account of age or ill-health. For the first time, employers are compelled to pay their share (one-third) of contributions to the Society. The absence of this provision gave a preference in obtaining employment to members of these Societies, as their employer, of course, avoided all sick insurance contributions.

Benefits are of two kinds—minimum and additional.

The minimum benefits include:—

1. Sick benefit from the third day's illness if the patient is incapable of earning (for a maximum period of twenty-six weeks).
2. Medical benefit, medicine, and the use of appliances.
3. Maternity allowance for a period of eight weeks, granted to every woman member of six months' standing.

4. Burial money equal in amount to twenty times the deceased's daily wages.

5. Free keep and treatment in hospital in lieu of medical and sick benefit: in this case the dependents, if any, of the patient receive half this sick pay as maintenance allowance.

The sick and maternity benefits amount to half the average daily wage of that class of insured persons for whom the club is formed, but such wage must in no case be reckoned as exceeding 5s. per diem. The club statutes can, however, graduate the average pay according to different rates up to 6s. per diem, and can fix the real earnings of the individual at 6s. per diem.

The additional benefits are numerous. They include:—

1. Grant of sick benefit for the first three days.
2. Grant of sick benefit for Sundays and holidays and free medical benefit for the family of the insured man.
3. Grant of pocket-money to a patient in hospital to a maximum amount of one-quarter of his pay (half such pay if unmarried) and an increased maintenance allowance to his dependents of one-half his daily pay.
4. Increase of the sick benefit to three-quarters of the patient's pay and of the burial money to forty times the daily pay, or to a minimum of £2 10s.
5. Use of further appliances.
6. Grant of half burial money on the death of wife or child of the insured person.
7. A pregnancy allowance for six weeks, medical attendance during pregnancy, and the services of a midwife to a female member of six months' standing.
8. Grant of the same benefits to the wife of an insured member.
9. Treatment in a convalescent home for a maximum period of one year from the termination of the patient's illness.
10. A grant of money up to a fixed maximum towards the purchase of appliances.
11. Provision of sick diet.
12. A grant to mothers nursing their children of a nursing allowance equal to half the sick benefit for a maximum period of twelve weeks.

The funds of the sick clubs are provided by masters and men in the proportion of one and two thirds respectively. The amount of the employee's contribution is deducted weekly by the employer and paid in directly to the club together with his own contribution. The club's statutes can graduate the contributions by professions, and can fix the employer's contribution at a higher rate for certain establishments where the risk of illness is high. This, it is hoped, will prove efficacious as a preventive measure against illness. It is now introduced for the first time as an alternative to requiring small employers unconditionally to set up factory clubs. When a club is formed, contributions may not exceed $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the wages unless the grant of minimum benefits cannot otherwise be effected. They may only be raised beyond this limit for other purposes with the assent of both masters and men. If a 6 per cent. contribution does not cover the minimum requirements, the local authority will, in future, have to provide the balance. Agricultural labourers may be exempted on the demand of their employer, the latter being bound in case of illness to give them benefits equal to those provided by the sick-club, and entirely at his expense. With the assent of the authorities the country club can also give "extended sick treatment" to its members in lieu of granting sick and medical benefit. This means, of course, universal compulsory hospital treatment, and is expected to prove a deterrent to malingering. The provisions including servants, casual labourers, &c., are complicated. The English reader may be interested to hear that, in the case of illness among domestic servants the master

can deduct the amount of the sick benefit from the latter's wages.

Germany has not been exempt from her "doctor question" and the same difficulties which face us here have been raised there in a very acute form. No agreement has been reached, and every attempt to secure a *modus vivendi* between the clubs and the medical profession has failed of success. But it may be said that in localities where the free choice of doctor system can be introduced the club-doctor system is being gradually displaced. It may further be remarked that, although the sum expended on medical benefit is steadily increasing (in the year 1908 medical benefit accounted for a sum exceeding $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling), the remuneration of the doctors has by no means been placed on a satisfactory basis. From the doctor difficulty the question of malingering cannot be dissociated—it is bound to appear in any system of State insurance, and it is used, of course, both here and in Germany as a great argument against the free choice of doctor system.

INVALIDITY INSURANCE

Insurance against invalidity and old age was introduced by the law of 1899, and has in turn received serious modification both in the amending law of 1899 and the consolidation law of 1911 when widow and orphan insurance was included. The funds for this class of insurance are raised by equal contributions on the part of both masters and men, the State adding a sum which varies according to the kind of pension involved. Practically all workmen above sixteen in receipt of wages or salaries not exceeding £100 per annum are compulsorily included. Certain categories of persons not in receipt of more than £150 per annum are entitled to insure themselves voluntarily up to the age of forty.

The following conditions must be observed as a necessary preliminary to obtaining pensions. A waiting time of 200 weeks is imposed on compulsorily insured persons. Those persons retain the privilege of this diminished waiting time who have already paid 100 contributions under compulsion. Purely voluntary insurers, on the other hand, must undergo a waiting time of 500 weeks. In order to maintain the claim for a pension, after the waiting period has elapsed twenty contributions must have been paid during the two immediately preceding years. Voluntary insurers must pay forty contributions within the same period unless they have already subscribed sixty payments under compulsion. If a compulsory or voluntary insurer renews his insurance when over sixty years of age he can only establish his claim if he has paid 1,000 contributions prior to the lapse of his original claim, or, being over forty years of age, if he has already paid five hundred contributions. These necessary limitations being made clear, next week we shall proceed to consider the different kinds of pension and the contributions thereby entailed.

LORD KITCHENER

By "SUDANI."

WHEN first Lord Kitchener's name was mentioned in connection with the post in Egypt rendered vacant by the painful illness of the late Sir Eldon Gorst, not a few among the popular Field-Marshal's admirers were of opinion that the appointment was hardly worthy his acceptance. It was held that whatever it may have been in a past time, the tutorship of Egypt is not to-day of adequate importance to claim the undivided energies of a soldier still at the meridian of life, whose career of strenuous achievement is a long record of brilliant successes sternly won. And at first sight the contention is not unnatural.

Lord Kitchener, at the age of sixty-one, has attained the position of a Field-Marshal of His Majesty's Forces; he has

reclaimed from barbarism and restored to civilised administration a vast tract of Africa; he has brought to an honourable peace a long and disastrous war; he has rearranged and brought up to date the defences of our great Indian Empire; he has won on several occasions the thanks of his country and of its rulers, with the additional further gratification of a peerage and of financial awards severally of £30,000 and £50,000; and now, having vacated but recently his command-in-chief in India—the greatest and perhaps the most onerous that can be given to a British soldier—his retirement to Egypt in what is claimed to be a purely civil capacity appears, on the surface, almost as an abnegation of the exalted goal he has ever had in view.

Lord Kitchener's career has been an unbroken record of steadfast, unremitting toil of the sternest description, a tale of unflinching devotion to the work of his life pursued in the teeth of all obstacles that man, Nature, and the elements could place in his path. He is a man without leisures or pleasures, without passions or hobbies, without recreations, or need of them. He has a brain that works with clock-like precision, and a will-force joined to an accuracy of intention and a recognition of limit that resembles the unerring, calculated action of the Nasmyth hammer—that force which drives irresistibly to its given end with uniform equality, and which stops instantly when that end is attained. The element of luck has never had a place in Lord Kitchener's soldier career. Everything that he has achieved, every victory he has gained, every difficulty he has patiently overcome, has owed nothing to aught save mathematical calculation of natural sequences coupled with meticulous preparation for each impending issue. Of course, he is pre-eminently a soldier, but a soldier of this age—the age of scientific and machine-made war. It is questionable whether in a former period of bluff onset and the crude hurling of massed forces against an army or a fortress he would have won his signal triumphs.

It is perhaps strange that so many misconceptions should have found place in print of a man so much written about and so much in the public view as the new Field-Marshal Consul-General. Take, for instance, one small item among many. Ever since Lord Kitchener first became prominent, in the 'nineties, the Press, and through the Press the public, has cherished a pleasing fiction as to certain attributes of his personal appearance which are wholly at variance with actuality. In any account of Lord Kitchener a marked reference will be found to his keen, cold, piercing, steely eyes. Now this description cannot be pleasing to its subject, for throughout the whole of his military career Lord Kitchener's eyesight has been a matter of deep concern to him, and during a considerable portion of his earlier years of service he was obsessed with apprehension lest his career as a soldier should be prematurely cut short by reason of his defective vision. Lord Kitchener joined the Royal Engineers in 1891, but he had already had a taste of soldiering, for in the great war of 1870 he served for a time as a volunteer under the French flag; and it was during an action in which he took part in that campaign that a splinter from a shell injured, if it did not permanently destroy, the sight of one eye. For years the result of this wound was a cause of anxiety to the gallant soldier, who was in constant dread lest the sight of the other eye should become impaired. But the public, long wedded to its opinion as to the steely brilliance of the General's orbs, certainly will not now be divorced from it.

On one occasion—it was in the Sudan—this writer was riding, with members of the staff, behind Lord Kitchener, when the latter turned to his aide-de-camp with a question. "Who," he asked, "is that dirty, ragged-looking officer over there?" It was the A.D.C.'s opportunity, and, of course, he took it. "That, Sir," he said politely, "is

your brother." The General was not disconcerted. "Oh," he said lightly, "of course, I ought to have known Wally; he always wears those red things on his collar in the wrong place."

Of course, Lord Kitchener made the Sudan as we know it to-day; but equally, of course, the Sudan made Kitchener. Indeed, his subsequent triumphs, his patient wearing out of the enemy in South Africa, were but the outcome of his long Sudan experiences and the development of the policy of no hurry that he had carefully thought out during many years of dealing with the Dervishes. Kitchener, it may be said, had in his soul the determination to reconquer the Sudan and to dominate the immense horde of fanatical Arabs and tribesmen ranged against the Egyptian authority from so far back as 1885, when, after the failure of the Gordon relief expedition, we withdrew our forces and those of Egypt and abandoned the whole country south of the second Nile Cataract to the misrule of the Khalifa and his Emirs.

One may even go so far as to say that had Kitchener been given his way, the martyrdom of Gordon, the Fall of Khartum, and the massacre of its populace might well have been averted. In the spring and summer of 1884, when Gordon was alive in Khartum and the swelling Mahdist hordes were still at some distance from the Sudan capital, Lord Kitchener, a major in the young Egyptian Army formed by Sir Evelyn Wood, had his headquarters at Korosko on the Nile. There he was engaged with a Bimbashi colleague—Sir Leslie Rundle, now Governor of Malta—in organising a force of native levies drawn from the great desert tribe of Ababdeh, half of which was loyal to Egypt, whose chief, Hussein Pasha Khalifa, was Governor of Berber. The official and ostensible object of this force of irregulars was to keep in touch with the brave general who had obstinately constituted himself a prisoner in Khartum; but Lord Kitchener's instruction was to make a raid on that citadel and to bring General Gordon away *nolens volens*. It is more than probable that Gordon had a shrewd suspicion as to the young Caimakam's real intentions, and that this accounted for the constant abuse and bitter derision of Kitchener that filled his correspondence and his diaries.

But the project came to nothing, owing mainly to the vacillations and delays of the authorities which controlled operations in Egypt from Downing Street. Kitchener was ready to move, but the order came not. Berber fell in May; yet still the people at home held their hands. Dongola was invested by a great horde of fanatical Arabs flushed with success, and Dongola's Albanian commander, Sir Mustapha Gawar, was left, despite Kitchener's appeals, to work out his own salvation. He succeeded, and earned, as a characteristic reward, two orders from Her Majesty's Government of that day. The first was the K.C.M.G., the second that of Exile to Cairo.

To such a man as the ex-Commander-in-Chief of India, the forced inaction thrust upon him at so vital a moment must have been in the last degree galling; yet Kitchener never suffered aught of his heart-bitterness to find expression in words. In the long burning evenings in the huddled camp on the Nile bank he would instead elaborate somewhat dreamily a private scheme that he fancied for the subjugation and dominion of the Sudan savages.

"Give me," he would say, "a sum of £20,000 and a staff of highly-skilled electricians and I will guarantee to build up and maintain Empire throughout the Sudan. Where I would establish my capital I will not say, but it would not be at Khartum," and here he went on to explain how he would rule the Sudan people primarily through their ignorance and their superstition. He would conquer fanaticism

by mysticism. He outlined a capital to which access should always be free and unguarded, and in its centre he placed in imagination a palace whose many doors should at all times be open, and whose entrances should be wholly unprotected by visible sentries. Himself was to be the unseen ruler within the palace, whom, though apparently approach was easy, no man would ever see. "There," he would say, "come in my electricians. All the doors will be open, all the corridors empty; but to any but the few initiated one step beyond a given point would entail instant and incomprehensible death." He did not, as he allowed, attempt to discuss the moralities of such a form of rule, urging that the Sudan was not ripe for civilised methods. This was unquestionably true, for even after fourteen years of such hideous suffering as not even the Congo tribes have experienced the Khalifa could still find a hundred thousand faithful fanatics to resist our redemption of their country and defend his rule of blood and torture. Howbeit, thus Lord Kitchener in meditative mood in 1884. But time brings changes. Next January, doubtless, he will be present in Khartum at the consecration of the Sudan Cathedral, whose first architect, of course, he was.

Lord Kitchener's methods during the years in which he was engaged in the actual reconquest of the Sudan typify the whole mental trend of the man, the organiser and the soldier. For years he had devoted infinite study to the question, and from the first (even before he became Sirdar of the Egyptian Army) he had determined that, when the great task came to be carried out, no other Power should be associated with England in it. The Italians, it will be remembered, cherished pretensions for some time, but these vanished, amid disaster and spent cartridges, at their great defeat at Adowa early in 1896. From the very first Kitchener's policy had been formed. He had no intention of forcing the issue. He knew always that the Sudan could only be conquered by machinery, and that the first-needed machinery was a railway. The recurrent failures of the Gordon Expedition had made patent to him how alone the weary deserts and long, waterless marches of the Sudan could be overcome, and, working always for his end, when in March, 1896, there came out from London that astonishing telegram which ordered Kitchener—before even the Khedive had been informed—to advance on Akasheh (the most impossible goal ever yet held out to an expedition), he had already his whole plan for the three years' campaign ready prepared, his route mapped out, and his bill of costs accurately estimated.

Though that sudden order to advance in the Sudan did not catch Lord Kitchener napping, it certainly found him asleep. The now famous telegram reached Cairo after midnight. Kitchener—a bachelor—lived alone in a small house near the English Club where his aide-de-camp (now Sir J. Watson Pasha, a high official in the Khedive's service), to whom the missive was carried, was playing a final game of billiards. The A.D.C. took the telegram to his chief, against whose bedroom window he threw pebbles until the future conqueror of Khartum and Commander-in-Chief of India came down in pyjamas and opened the door. And then, it is said, the joyful mandate perused, Sirdar and A.D.C. danced a wild fandango around the hall until such time as they could master their emotions.

At the time, no doubt, the mighty task of reconquering the Sudan was not in the minds of the framers of that message. But to Lord Kitchener the word to go was all-sufficient. He had been given the thin end of the wedge to insert and he did not stay his hand until he had driven it home.

To-day he returns to Egypt in a civil capacity. Has he again got hold of a wedge the thin end of which to insert, and if so whither will he drive it?

REVIEWS

DRAMA AND DRAMATISTS

Modern Dramatists. By ASHLEY DUKES. (Frank Palmer. 5s. net.)

THERE are not wanting many evidences that a strong feeling for the Renaissance is afoot. There is, for example, the movement outside drama. Men of letters who have hitherto had their interest confined to the novel and to poetry are turning to the dramatic form with considerable speculative interest. This does not only mean that novelists have taken to the dramatisation of their novels; nor that some novelists have so wearied their readers with their novels that some manner of change has been demanded of them; nor that other novelists have been lured into making the most of their fame to allocate to themselves some of the stupendous profits that they have seen workers in the dramatic field appropriate to their luckier pockets. It is in itself something very disinterested. The old forms have wearied, both by their diffuseness and by their satiety. On the other hand, there has been the revival within the dramatic field. Dramatists have themselves desired to make of their art something more satisfactory than the machine-made product of Sardou or the sentimental and artificial puffiness of Robertson. Even in circles where a literary taste might least be suspected there has come about a distaste with a drama that has no ambition, however remote, to be literature. We have lately had the avowal from a prominent critic that drama, even as drama, is doomed unless there is a substantial incursion to the ranks of dramatists of craftsmen whose first and primary desire it is to make literature first and drama afterwards.

Perhaps, however, an even more emphatic sign is that certain critics have seen fit of late to cast their eyes around with a desire to "report progress." Of these not the least worthy, both in equipment of knowledge and in earnestness of desire, is Mr. Ashley Dukes. One should not, possibly, expect too much of an independent contribution from such a book as this. Books are but limited things, and an author must take his decision as to what his intention is to be. Nevertheless one is disappointed at first with the lack of independent criticism: one feels that in the past there has been too much looking at the achievement of others, and too little occupation with ideals, first principles, and proper ambitions. For example, it is a purely arbitrary assertion to say that poetic drama is a thing of the past. It may be right, and it may be wrong; but, right or wrong, the fact remains that the assertion as hitherto made has not been a reasoned thing, but an arbitrary dictum. If a critic who made such an assertion were to be asked why poetic drama was a thing of the past, he would not argue the root principles of drama, and thus seek to deduce from matters that are not difficult of discovery; he would merely content himself with mentioning the name "Ibsen." That has been the prime fault of criticism hitherto; it has burked difficult examinations in favour of historical exemplars. And this is not only the fault of this present book; it is its avowed and definitive scope.

From a certain standpoint it is quite necessary to find fault with a point of view in a critic. In Art the tacit or overt point of view must be accepted or rejected with its achievement. There can be no medium course. But in criticism a point of view is much. In the present matter, for instance, we are being called upon to look at the immediate dramatic situation in the light of the past achievement of noteworthy dramatists; whereas we suspect Mr. Ashley Dukes is really interested in the future of drama, which may

very likely date rather from an older and conceivably a healthier stock. Mr. Dukes himself feels this. In a significant sentence he says:—"Ibsen marked not only the beginning, but the close, of a period." Elsewhere he says, speaking of D'Annunzio:—

"He has his place in the European chain, not far removed from Maeterlinck and Hofmannsthal. Recall for a moment the quality which distinguishes these two dramatists (together, perhaps, with Tchekhov) from all the authors of their time. It is their revolt, conscious or unconscious, against the *bourgeois* theatre—that theatre which is concerned mainly with the social conditions of a period filled with moral indignation and designed to replace convention by an ethical standard."

It is easy to catch a certain healthy and personal leaning in this: but compare it with the sentence on Ibsen, who was incomparably the thing that Hofmannsthal, Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio set aside, and attain their greatness in setting aside. Carefully thought over, such a comparison leads to the conclusion that the bulk of the dramatists who occupy the attention of this volume, most of them with Ibsen for master, are of no more interest for future drama than specimens in a museum; which may be a mortifying conclusion from the standpoint of the past, but may also be a most inspiring conclusion from the point of view of the future. And it is here that one would so much have desired the leading questions of a personal criticism of these portents of the time. One would like to have seen them placed beside what Mr. Dukes considers the vital principles of great drama.

In other words, Mr. Dukes has undertaken to distinguish his book by the same fault that characterises the dramatists of whom he treats: even as they, he chooses to compile rather than to create. There is a difference, of course; in the majority of cases their compilations are done indifferent well, whereas his are always readable, and often stimulate the thought to embrace wider and more imaginative vistas. Such is the criticism of Galsworthy's "Justice": "One feels that it is inhuman, barbaric, detestable; but never that it is tragic. It arouses anger and pity, not inspiration. And inspiration is the test of tragedy." That is illuminating because it is true, in spite of the fact that "barbaric" is an ill-chosen word. Such is the whole of the criticism on Granville Barker, which in its very fairness (or seeming unfairness) to his subject fastens with sure attention on the essential weakness that underlies it, and ruins it, for all Shaw's protestations of its eternal value.

It is when one comes to examine the scope of this book that one realises its true value. In strict truth, there is no other book like it; and there are perhaps few other critics of drama who would be equipped with the apparatus necessary to the writing of such a book. In succeeding chapters the different nations are taken in turn; and their leading dramatists are handled shortly, though with sufficient detail to give their total achievement and its characteristics. In an opening chapter Mr. Dukes declares what he means by the word modern as applied to dramatists. To declare his distinction in a few words, it is sufficient to say that he would include such a writer as Shaw, were he good or bad of his kind, on principle, and exclude such a writer as Pinero on the same grounds. Proceeding on this plan, he passes in review the dramatic achievement of such nations as Scandinavia, Germany, England, Austria, Russia, France, Belgium and Holland, and Italy. With the majority of the national exemplars he has seen fit to choose we have in the main very little reason to quarrel, though we would certainly take exception to Alfred Capus and Brieux as either apt or desirable in their character as Gallic representatives. Moreover, in a highly valuable Appendix Mr. Dukes has given a complete

list of plays beneath the name of each of his chosen dramatists, which makes his book doubly valuable for the student. But we would like to ask, in conclusion, what has Ireland done that Mr. Dukes should add to her numerous grievances? Neither she nor her eminent representatives are given a place in his category of dramatic greatness. Seeing that in some of the very nations that Mr. Dukes is deeply concerned with the doings of Ireland in drama are considered as of more moment than most modern portents, this is especially unfair. Yet this is not all. Mr. Dukes does indeed mention "The Playboy" once, though only then by way of illustration. This is his comment on it:—"In his 'Playboy of the Western World' Mr. J. N. Synge satirised bitterly the effect of even a self-styled giant upon a race of pigmies." Well, well: this is the first time that we saw the Playboy in that light; and, with all respect for Mr. Dukes, we devoutly pray, in a not too confident hope of sanity, that it may be the last.

SOME RECENT THEOLOGICAL WORKS

The Nature and Evidence of the Resurrection of Christ. By the REV. E. H. ARCHER-SHEPHERD, M.A. (Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Modern Views of the Bible. By PERCY ANSLEY ELLIS. With an Introduction by the VERY REV. DR. ARMITAGE ROBINSON. (John Ouseley. 2s. net.)

The Problem of Deuteronomy. By the REV. J. S. GRIFFITHS. (S.P.C.K. 2s.)

Messianic Interpretation, and other Studies. By the REV. R. J. KNOWLING, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 3s.)

Christian Thought to the Reformation. By DR. WORKMAN. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Cecil F. J. Bourke (late Archdeacon of Buckingham). Retreat Addresses, and other Papers, with a Short Memoir. Edited by S. HARVEY GEM, M.A. Portrait Frontispiece. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Onward Cry, and Other Sermons. By the REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE. With Portrait. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)

SOME people are pessimistic about the fancied decline of church-going, but whatever may be alleged on this count, there is no diminution in the output of books on religion, nor in the widespread interest shown in theology, more especially in Christian evidences and the so-called Higher Criticism. In this field Mr. Archer-Shepherd has already appeared as a "Higher Critic" from the positive side. For the work before us he does not claim originality, but, in following the usual lines of defence, he presents theory, fact, and criticism in clear and succinct form. It is remarkable how little advance has been made in half a century on either side in dealing with the Resurrection. Negative criticism is still divided against itself in respect of many of its own theories, while defenders of the Faith must yet maintain the only standpoint, that the Resurrection is an historical fact, and therefore must simply offer again the theses of, say, Westcott and Milligan. As Professor Mahaffy once observed, it was the dogmatic preaching of the Resurrection which converted the world. We may add that were this teaching to cease to be absolute, Christianity as a positive force would be doomed.

"Modern Views of the Bible" runs upon parallel lines, but it is specially written to give spiritual help to those who have an intellectual sympathy with Modernism, but

who are troubled with very natural misgivings about its trend. They feel that the older views about the Bible can no longer be upheld, but they have no mind to part with positive Faith. Such people, and they are many, should find great help from this book, which is admirably calculated to allay unnecessary doubts, and which deals in a really able manner with the deeper spiritual truths and principles which underlie Biblical narrative; even though Mr. Ellis goes further than may be necessary in his estimate of the human limitations of our Lord's knowledge, as when he writes:—"We may accept the position that our Lord held the views of His disciples about His return, and shared with them in their mistake."

"The Problem of Deuteronomy" is a close treatise, in which the author essays the difficult task of refuting all the higher critics, from De Wette to Cheyne and Driver, as to the probable date of the book. His examination of the internal evidence leads him to uphold the Mosaic authorship and altogether to reject the seventh century theory. Whatever opinion may be held as to his success, we cannot agree that "the case for the truth and inspiration of Deuteronomy stands or falls with that for its Mosaic origin." At the same time, Mr. Griffiths presents a good case for an earlier origin than the seventh century, say, in the time of Solomon, which would fit in with Professor Edouard Naville's remarkable theory (which he does not notice) that the Book of the Law discovered in Josiah's reign was a cuneiform papyrus buried in the foundations of Solomon's Temple. Such a view might possibly agree with a partial Mosaic origin for this complex book.

"Messianic Interpretation" consists of some essays on the Apocalyptic aspect of our Lord's teaching; one about the medical language of St. Luke, and an interesting discussion of the newly-recovered letter of St. Irenæus. The first essay (the Macbride Sermon at Oxford) considers the Jewish and Christian conflicting ideas of the Messiah, "Jesus or Christ," and this subject is ably followed up in the second, on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity; while in the third, the Eschatology of St. Paul, we are given a clever though short examination of the ultimate outcome, our Lord's position as Judge of the world, denied absolutely in most of the "Lives of Jesus" which still pour from the Press in Germany. Canon Knowling exhibits throughout a discriminating scholarship and an intimate knowledge of modern German criticism. His work is a really useful addition to the literature of Christian defence.

"Christian Thought to the Reformation" is a well-written summary of the varying phases of Christian doctrine and philosophy from the standpoint of one who does not believe in what he calls a "rigid Church," and to whom the idea of "the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints" would be as unintelligible as the view held by many that the so-called "Dark Ages," notwithstanding much pagan superstition, were still the ages of a simple and devoted faith. Even from one who is separated from the visible Catholic Church it is curious to find the Apostles' Creed estimated merely as a symbol which formed an advantageous asset for the Roman Church. St. Augustine is described as "the greatest of Christian philosophers," but the writer naïvely adds, "His teaching we may reject."

On the other hand, we are not surprised that the author holds the view that the Catholic victory over Montanism "riveted upon the Church the very fetters of traditionalism and authority against which the Montanists had made their protest," and that, with regard to the special gifts to the Twelve Apostles, and the "Apostolic" office of the Bishops, "the Church has been misled ever since." It is difficult to see why the Church should not "emphasise historical Christianity." But some light is thrown on the writer's idea of development by a passage in the Preface:—"True Christianity is not to be

found by going back to some ill-defined period of antiquity, the beliefs and practices of which it is now almost impossible to reconstruct; but by the incorporation into itself of the ever-enlarging knowledge, the ever-expanding horizons of life." Such vague generalities are a poor substitute for the historic faith.

Cecil Bourke was for fifteen years Archdeacon of Buckingham. Mr. Harvey Gem has compiled a short memoir of his good life and work, adding some selections from his spiritual addresses and sermons. Books like this suggest the reflection that, although controversy cannot be avoided, the best and truest form of Church defence is to be found in Church-work inspired by earnestness and devotion.

"The Onward Cry" is a collection of sermons, or rather, we should be inclined to say, dignified essays on the higher ideals of life, somewhat after the manner of Robertson of Brighton, though scarcely possessing that famous preacher's downright force. Smoothly roll on in pleasant diction the cultured paragraphs of the literary theologian.

STEVENSON'S LETTERS—I.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. Four Volumes. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net each.)

WHEN a few months ago we devoted an article to Stevenson's work in general we made but casual reference to his correspondence in view of this promised new edition. We may say at once that we find it wholly satisfactory. It includes the "Letters to his Family and Friends," the "Vailima Letters," and a hundred and fifty new letters, the whole arranged in a single chronological series. We feel, as we felt when the original volumes were published, that Sir Sidney Colvin has performed his editorial task with admirable judgment and discretion; while the new form, which makes it difficult for us not to keep one of these pretty little volumes permanently in our pocket, shows a nice appreciation of the attitude of mind of Stevenson's admirers towards the posthumous collection wherein the author undoubtedly drew his own portrait in fullest detail.

In the case of an artist so conscientious and so painstaking as Stevenson it seems at first sight paradoxical that his most significant contribution to literature should prove to be the letters which he wrote in hours of relaxation; but to us it is quite clear that if Stevenson had not laboured as he did over his more ambitious work—if, for instance, he had not taken six months to write the essay called "Ordered South"—he would never have achieved the ease of expression that makes his correspondence delightful. His oft-quoted aphorism, "In moments of effort one learns to do the easy things that people like," was truer than he knew. The easiest things that he did were his letters, and they are the part of his work that we like best. We are willing to go even farther, and say that the Vailima letters, which he wrote, at all events in part, with some view to future publication, are the least satisfactory in the collection. It seems as though he had a mistrust of his own personality that prevented him from expressing it frankly to the public. It was only to his friends that he was willing to play the enchanting chatterbox; to the world in general he wished to appear as the dignified man of letters, and even, after the manner of too many of our contemporary artists, as the serious politician. The part he played in the affairs of Samoa may or may not have been justified at the moment, but from our point of view it was so much time wasted, and the "Foot-note to History," the letters to the *Times*, and the bulk of

the Vailima letters are now valueless, while the careless notes that he scribbled to his friends have revealed him as ranking with the very best of English letter-writers.

Though it would be a little cruel to Stevenson to measure him as an artist with such a giant as Flaubert, a curious parallel can be drawn between the two writers. Both were artists with what we hold to be an exaggerated regard for style, in the narrower sense of the word; both sought to construct books out of carefully-perfected sentences, instead of encouraging the reader to regard the book as a whole, and forget the words with which it was written; both, to use Mr. Frank Harris's phrase, let themselves go in their letters, and painted themselves to the life.

And there the parallel ceases, for Flaubert, as Mr. Harris has said, shows himself as "a prodigious big and kindly fellow, worthy to stand side by side with the greatest," while Stevenson emerges as a man of common stature, a man of small virtues and small vices, a man with all the doubts and hesitations and timid self-questionings that form the moral and intellectual equipment of ordinary men. We hasten to add that, to our mind, this does not make his correspondence less interesting or significant. It is inevitable that our literature should be largely written by supermen; but the study of their lives is hardly helpful to those who lack the comfortable certitudes of genius. The giants compel our admiration; but it is the pigmies, the Lambs and the Stevensons, who secure our love. So we permitted ourselves to smile at the critic who, in reviewing Stevenson's letters in the pages of a weekly contemporary, was at pains to draw up a list of the minor human weaknesses and frailties therein revealed, and triumphantly labelled this piece of devil's advocacy "An Aspect of Stevenson." So, indeed, it was, and not an unimportant aspect either, but the writer should not have called Stevenson inhuman because he was sometimes thoughtless, often egoistical, and always fond of money, for these are among the common failings of men; nor do we think that Stevenson's eagerness to confess his weaknesses to his friends deserves our censure.

From a literary point of view the letters are remarkable, not only for the graceful ease with which they are written, but also for the variety of moods which they represent. They range from the light-hearted triflings of a high-spirited schoolboy to the utterances of heart of a Scotchman concerned for his soul. Moreover, as a critic has well pointed out, Stevenson had that subtlest art of the ideal correspondent which lies in not only expressing the mood of the moment, but in expressing it in terms of the person to whom the letter is addressed, so that from many of these letters we derive a pleasant sense of the characters of Stevenson's many friends. Stevenson, doubtless, wrote letters to please himself; but he did not, like many letter-writers, write them to himself. These thirteen hundred pages do not afflict us with the monotony of a long-drawn-out soliloquy; the other speakers are there, though we cannot hear their voices.

And apart from their reflection of the writer's personality and of the personalities of his friends, the letters deal with an amazing variety of topics. Stevenson was a passionate observer of the life about him, and whether he is at Edinburgh or Monterey, Menton or Samoa, he is always eager to fix his impressions in words. The literary criticisms with which his letters are lavishly sown are always individual, and certainly as a critic he erred on the pleasant side of appreciation. Sometimes he was shrewd enough—witness his well-known judgment on "Cashel Byron's Profession," which Time and Mr. Bernard Shaw have proved to be only too well founded. Another of his literary criticisms deserves mention. Three times, he wrote to Mr. Yeats, he had fallen in emotional slavery under the spell of lyric poetry—first to Swinburne's poems and ballads, secondly to Meredith's

"Love in a Valley," and thirdly to Mr. Yeats's "Lake Isle of Innisfree." No one who knows that exquisite little poem will deem the compliment excessive.

Considerations of space compel us to postpone our examination of some of the more important of these letters to a further article.

SHEFFIELD AND ITS LITERATURE

A Bibliography of Sheffield and Vicinity. (Section I. to the end of 1700.) By W. T. FREEMANTLE. (Pawson and Brailsford, Sheffield. 10s. 6d.)

SHEFFIELD is essentially one of those modern centres of population which owe their importance to the marvellous industrial progress which this country showed during the last century. But it must not be thought that its importance depends entirely on nineteenth-century development. In the year 1801 its population already exceeded 45,000, and the reputation of the town for the forging of steel can be traced back as far as the fourteenth century, from the references to be found in Chaucer. The Cutlers Company itself dates from the reign of James I. Sheffield-plate, which still easily holds the field against all competitors, is just a century younger than the renowned Company of Cutlers. The town, formed by the aggregation of a number of workers in iron around the baronial castle, goes back to the period of the earliest of the Plantagenets, but even earlier than that, before the advent of an industry, Sheffield, then known as Escafeld, was as the capital of Hallamshire a place of some importance.

Sheffield is thus a city with a history, and also, it may be added, with a literature of its own. Of this latter fact one can have no doubt after only a casual perusal of Mr. Freemantle's remarkably well-compiled volume. There is no need to mention that his work was a labour of love, for his affection for it is breathed out on every page. The care with which he has rummaged out all books which have any connection, through either their subject or their author, with the city for which he has such an obvious liking, the thorough manner in which he transcribes the title-pages of these volumes, his valuable notes, all bespeak the ardent bibliographer. Mr. Freemantle is, moreover, a pioneer in the work, for, as he points out, there is no book of a similar nature dealing with the district of which Sheffield is the centre.

One of the most interesting personalities, and also one of the most prominent that appears in this volume, is Nevill Simmons, bookseller and publisher of Sheffield, of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, to the elucidation of the mystery of whose relationship to other booksellers of the same name in London and elsewhere Mr. Freemantle devotes the greater portion of his appendix. Nevill Simmons has already been the subject of a *brochure* by Mr. Giles Hester. Mr. Freemantle, however, supplements Mr. Hester's information, and by a series of ingenious suggestions he certainly establishes some connection between Simmons and Richard Baxter's publisher of the same name who has been traced in Kidderminster and London, as well as with other members of the profession who flourished during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Hester's account of the Nevill Simmons of Sheffield dates from 1692, the year in which he suggests that he settled in that city. Mr. Freemantle has, however, delved much deeper since the publication of the *brochure* of his predecessor in 1893, and he has found evidence of the presence of this noted bookseller in his town at least five years earlier. He has, however, not yet abandoned the search, and he hopes to throw

still further light on this personage who has absorbed so much of his attention.

The best known authors who appear in the Bibliography, which concludes with the year 1700—later years are to be dealt with in succeeding volumes—are Hobbs, of Leviathan fame, although the identification might well be overlooked if we rely on Mr. Freemantle's biographical note alone, to whom nine items connected with Sheffield and district are attributed; the employers of Hobbs, viz., the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle—of the works of the former five items are given, and of those of the latter eight; and Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who came of a local family and is supposed to have been buried near Rotherham. There are a large number of items concerning him, the most pathetic being a letter to his wife dated from the Tower of London, of the original print of which a facsimile is reproduced. So touching does it read that we cannot refrain from reprinting the text:—

Sweet Harte. It is long since I writt unto you, for I am here in such a trouble as gives me little or noe respetto. The Chardge is now cum inn, and I am now able I prayse god to tell you, that I conceive ther is nothing capitall, and for the rest I knowe at the worse his Majy will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then wee shall be happy by gods grace. Therefore comfortt your self for I trust thes cloudes will away, and that wee shall have faire weather afterwarde. Farewell. Your loving husbände. Strafford.
Tower of London 4 Feb 1640.

Unfortunately Strafford was all too optimistic.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

Talk of the Town. By MRS. JOHN LANE. (John Lane. 6s.)

MRS. JOHN LANE has for some time been known as an author who, by her lively wit and satire, as well as by the grace and charm of her description, has given many an hour's pleasant recreation to the reading public. Keen observation, a clear understanding, and general kindness are to be detected in nearly all the essays which form the present interesting volume. Whether she treats of "The Tyranny of the Past," "The Camel at Home," "The Gutter Sphinx," or "The Toast Master," Mrs. Lane manages, somehow or other, to find a way of bringing her good-natured ridicule to bear sympathetically upon her subject. She does not try to catch our passing fancy by presenting that which is best first, for, in our opinion, the two articles which go to fill up the earlier pages are by no means the best wares in the basket. For instance, in "The Tyranny of Clothes" there is an account—short, it is true, but even the bare mention of it is tiring, because it has been repeated so often—of that time-honoured old negro who, we suppose, in order to win the admiration of his gaping neighbours, arrayed himself in the top-hat of a bygone generation.

In "The New Fashion in Heroes" Mrs. Lane divests herself for a few moments of the sandals of her hilarity and mirth and enters a little way into the temple of human pain and suffering. She pleads for a better recognition for the hero who has done nothing which, judged by the world's standard, can be called heroic—for the man who is never "in greater danger than the going to and from business . . . twice a day" (although probably in the present stirring times even *he* may be regarded as more of a hero than usual). This, of course, is part of the unrecognised, and probably very often unthought-of, tragedy of life. We are rather apt to look upon people who perform certain acts which we do not consider particularly elevating or exalting, as being incapable of pursuing or even of wishing to pursue any

more congenial task. Who is there who does not know the quiet, staid, gentle, eldest daughter of a family, who is always looked upon as a fixture in the home? That she should ever have had thoughts or aspirations beyond the trivial round of mending, making, and generally attending to other people's wants does not dawn upon the minds of many people. It may be that she likes pretty things quite as much as her younger sisters, and that it is not from choice that she is clothed according to the fashions of previous years, that her shoes are not of the shape prescribed by the Cubans, Americans, or the Court of Louis XIV., or that the stocking visible above the "useful" shoe traces no witching pattern, curve, or twist. The wife, whose love-dream ended almost with the Marriage Service, but who loyally, silently, and bravely performs her now dreary tasks without swerving one iota from her allegiance, although all the time there is a dull, leaden pain somewhere behind it all which refuses to go away; the man, who takes to his home one whom he had waited for so long, expecting to find a loyal companion and friend—who proves to be neither the one nor the other, and, now that the mask can be dropped, rather a stumbling-block in the way of his material and spiritual progress, caring for nothing but admiration and empty frivolity—these all have their part and lot in that long procession of heroes. Presenting a brave front to the world, they come blamelessly, and in many cases still hopefully, through their great tribulation, all the time caring much, very much, for the better part, which they watch others enjoy but about which they can only dream.

Thus must we consign the "Talk of the Town" to take its place side by side with "The Champagne Standard" and "According to Maria," trusting that at no very distant date an equally fresh and delightful volume may be written by the same pen.

INDIAN MISSIONS

Thirty-four Years in Poona City: being the History of the Panch Howds Poona City Mission, India. By the REV. FATHER ELWIN, S.S.J.E. Illustrated. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)

THERE were missions and missionaries in Southern India for centuries before the Parliamentary Statute of 1813 legalised their presence in the country, and provided for the creation of a limited ecclesiastical establishment. The several Christian religions and sects, and various European nations, have all contributed their quotas, and vied with each other in the dissemination of the Faith. The names of St. Francis Xavier, Ziegenbalg, Schultze, Swartz, Carey, Henry Martyn, Dr. Duff, are household words in mission annals. It must be admitted that the methods of missionaries, their attitude towards secular affairs, and their quarrels, have before now greatly exercised successive Governments. But by this time their relations with the civil power on the one hand, and the country religions on the other, have been practically determined, and friction seldom arises.

One of the best of the larger missions on the Bombay side is that which was established in Poona city as the Panch Howds (Five Tanks) Poona City Mission, in 1877, by Bishop Mylne, of Bombay. This little work is a plain history, by one of the staff, of its extension and labours, of the opposition encountered, of the losses experienced, and the difficulties surmounted. No better place could have been selected for missionary enterprise than Poona. Its geographical situation is excellent; it was once the capital of the Maratha dominion; it is still a Brahmin stronghold, and a focus of latter-day sedition; there is probably no

city, except Benares, where idolatry can be seen more openly practised. As great military commanders strike at the heart of the enemy's position, so the mission was wisely located in the centre of Brahminical heathendom. But this fact in itself facilitated initial opposition, which had to be overcome. We need not follow the author in his full account of the mission's commencement and history, the co-operation of Sisters from Wantage, the clerical staff, the erection of a capacious church and other buildings, the hospital accommodation, the assistance received from England, the favourable attitude of the natives in many cases, the evangelistic work in the city and adjacent villages, the visitations of famine and plague and their consequences, the street-preaching and its difficulties successfully met, the dispensaries, the industrial work and education provided, the numerous schools and hostels for girls and boys, the hill-retreats—all now supported and furthered by the Missionary Association of St. Mary and St. John.

A marvellous bit of testimony to missionary work is quoted from a speech of a distinguished Hindu Judge of the Bombay High Court, delivered to a Christian audience, when he said only last year:—

The process of the conversion of India to Christ is not going on as rapidly as you hope, or in exactly the manner that you hope; but, nevertheless, I say that India is being converted. The ideas that lie at the heart of the Gospel of Christ are slowly but surely permeating every part of Hindu society, and modifying every phase of Hindu thought. And this process must go on so long as those who preach this Gospel seek above all things to commend it, not so much by what they say, as by what they do, and by the way in which they live.

Any one who cares to understand how missionary work is conducted in India will like to have his attention drawn to this little book, which tells its story simply and clearly, without too many statistics.

SHORTER REVIEWS

SCOTTISH HISTORY

The Awakening of Scotland: a History from 1747 to 1797.
By WILLIAM L. MATHIESON. (J. MacLehose and Sons, Glasgow. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. MATHIESON is already well known as an able and original writer on Scottish history by his former works, "Politics and Religion in Scotland" (1550-1695) and "Scotland and the Union" (1695-1747).

In this book he continues his study and research, and with great discrimination delineates the peculiar and remarkable development of Scotland in the eighteenth century, which, as he says, "owes much of its interest to the awakening of industry, and to the brilliant though expensive victory won by liberalism in the Church. But the change from stagnation to the full current of life was no less remarkable in the political than in the industrial sphere; and here perhaps the significance of the period is not so generally understood." Here we may observe that difficulty has been removed from the path of the careful student by the writer's bold and clear perspective of history.

The first three chapters lie mainly in the political field: "Scotland at Westminster," the American War, and the Political Awakening. During the eighteenth century there was much jealousy, rancour and animosity between English and Scotch, which were specially manifested in political life.

Some idea of the general feeling may be gathered from lines quoted from the "Prophecy of Famine":—

Considered as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life or throw away;
Which form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never entered in creation's book;
Branded as traitors who, for love of gold,
Would sell their God as once their king they sold.

But after the American War, Scotland, "profoundly affected by the French Revolution," awakened to new ideas of democracy, which asserted themselves in a spirit of liberty and independence which demanded and obtained a fuller recognition of right. How this spirit was dominated by the economic forces which transformed the industrial life of the country is admirably traced by the author in his concluding chapter, while the large part played by ecclesiastical politics (as ever in Scotland) and the growth of the movement towards Liberalism are both minutely portrayed. Moderatism, before it gained any sort of supremacy, had a long and severe struggle with the intolerant fanaticism of an hereditary Calvinism. One very curious move in the game is noted—the promotion of a liberal end by altogether illiberal means, as when the Moderates showed "no compunction in using patronage to crush popular prejudice and passion." How far Scotland has really advanced in the true principles of toleration and liberalism in religion is a point on which opinions may widely differ, and we shall look with interest for a history of the nineteenth century from the untiring pen of this talented writer.

Nietzsche et les Théories Biologiques Contemporaines. By
CLAIRE RICHTER. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3fr. 50c.)

NIETZSCHE is a name to conjure with, especially in France. He is one of the few philosophers who have enjoyed something approaching to wide popularity, and we may almost say that he has deserved it. He has splashed the canvas of philosophy with great daubs of sanguine colour, and he has varied his expositions with the poetical rhapsodisings of an Eastern prophet. To discover a method in his at times unquestionable madness is a task that has attracted a host of writers. Mme. Richter has found a useful clue to the labyrinth. Nietzsche was, it seems, in his early years, and during the period of his earlier writings, very inadequately equipped in the matter of Natural Science for his generalisings. He recognised the defect and laboured to remedy it, but his lack of special training rendered it difficult for him to assimilate perfectly all that the modern thinkers had to teach. It seems doubtful even whether he ever read Darwin, of whom he constitutes himself the exponent and the critic; in any case, he thoroughly misrepresented him. One of Mme. Richter's tasks is to prove that Nietzsche has been only influenced in a secondary degree by the English biologist. She is also concerned to show that it is to Lamarck rather than to Darwin that he owes a starting-point for his ideas. The curious contradictions in Nietzsche's later writings are ascribed to the encroachments of insanity; of course, the great difficulty with this peculiar thinker is to know where the line between his sanity and his ravings is to be drawn. Dr. Nordau, for instance, draws it very early; Mme. Richter places the borderland quite late in his career, and even at that stage manages to disentangle some shreds of his original purpose from the wreckage of his intellect. For us Nietzsche is an inspired neurotic, whose worship of strength

is but a symptom of weakness, a phenomenon for which we may find parallels every day in politics and the Press. And yet his influence for good or ill is so palpable and enormous that a sound, pithy, and clear critique, such as this of Mme. Richter, should have a great value for readers over-anxious about the future of the race.

William Ford Stanley: his Life and Work. Edited by RICHARD INWARDS, F.R.A.S. (Crosby Lockwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE first five chapters of this most interesting little book are autobiography, and have been left almost untouched. From them we can gather much information regarding the strong character, perseverance, and courage of one whose name is now known all over the world in connection with scientific instruments and accurate mechanical devices. William Ford Stanley was born in 1829, and died in 1909, and for many years carried on his business in a little shop in Great Turnstile, Holborn. He started it at the age of twenty-five, with a capital of £100. A modest success followed him almost from the beginning, since his name became a hall-mark for fine and skilful workmanship; and of late years Norwood and the district have had reason to be grateful for his generosity and interest. For a long period of his youth, however, he had a really hard time, and it is fascinating to read of his determination and his methodical way of grappling with difficulties. Stanley was one of those men who can work to a system. During the five years of his life at Buntingford, where he did all kinds of metal-working, and the odd artistic jobs of a country town, he took for study a separate subject each year, the first twelvemonth being occupied with Architecture and Theology. "In this manner I studied the English language, then Astronomy, and Geology. I adhered to this plan of study all my life." Such a man was bound in time to make his mark.

Mr. Inwards continues the story of this busy career, and adds tabulated information with regard to Stanley's literary work and many inventions, so that, as a record of a pioneer in certain branches of industry requiring mathematical exactness and special knowledge, the book is of value to a wider circle than would otherwise have been the case.

Maryland under the Commonwealth. ("University Studies in Historical and Political Science." Series XXIX. No. 1.) By BERNARD STEINER. (The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, U.S.A.)

THE present monograph is a piece of quiet, sound historical work, with that large treatment that is often to be found in American historians who have soaked themselves in the style of their respective periods. It is concerned with the struggles of Lord Baltimore to keep possession of his hereditary province, which was threatened with absorption by Virginia, while the Puritans tried to do away with the toleration which he maintained in favour of his co-religionaries, the Roman Catholics. The position was an anomalous one, Baltimore's patriarchal Government suddenly finding itself under the orders of a regicide and republican Parliament. It is curious to read of the defence made in a pamphlet, "that a Monarchical Government, subordinate to a Commonwealth, is consistent with it, as is seen by the King's tributary to Rome and by the lords of manors in England." A more practical and universal reason that would have found favour with Mr. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" is that England is one place and Maryland another, and that what may be bad for the one is necessary to the other. A battle

was fought, though matters had become so complicated that it would be none too easy to say under what flags the respective combatants were fighting. Baltimore lost his province for a moment, but patience, policy, and the favour of the Protector finally restored it to him.

Bell's Simplified Classics:—I. Caesar's Invasions of Britain. (Extracted from "De Bello Gallico," Lib. IV., V.) II. *Livy's Kings of Rome.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. each.)

SHOULD Latin be taught in our schools is a question which has been agitating the world of preceptors and the public generally for a considerable time past, and there are many who have shown themselves in favour of the withdrawal of the study of the dead languages from our scholastic curriculum. Several eminent scholars, including Professor E. V. Arnold, believe, however, that a simplified Latin will be the salvation of that ancient language as an ordinary school subject, and, acting upon this conception, and the expression of opinion published by the Classical Association, Messrs. Bell and Sons are issuing this helpful series of "Simplified Classics" intended for use in a pupil's second, or possibly third, year of Latin. Apart from their educational value, these booklets will also prove of interest to every pupil with an inquiring mind. They are handy in size, printed in good, legible type, and, in addition to the many elucidatory Notes, the text is made still clearer by the aid of some useful maps and several apposite illustrations.

WE have now received the June number of the monthly magazine *Peru To-day*. The style of this publication alone affords sufficient evidence of the commercial and intellectual progress of this important Republic of South America. The subject-matter is, naturally enough, confined for the greater part to the industrial progress of the country, and the text has the advantage of being illustrated by a number of admirable photographs.

To those unacquainted with the conditions of the Republic the June number of this magazine cannot fail to prove a mine of knowledge, since the majority of its pages are designed to impart information to Europeans and to foreigners non-resident in the country. Thus we are given a short and very concise account of the various industries of the land, ranging from mining and the guano-fields to the growth of cotton, rubber, coffee, fruit, tobacco, and agriculture in general.

A few interesting paragraphs are devoted to the manufacture of Panama hats, the only headgear in the world in the purchase of which mere man is permitted to enjoy an extravagance comparable with that indulged in by women. The industry is a thriving one in Peru, although it should be noted that the greater part of the straw employed for the purpose is not grown within the country itself, but is imported from Ecuador.

Nevertheless, however thriving, the commerce in Panama hats is, of course, not to be compared in importance with such industries as that of cotton, the production of which in 1909 exceeded £1,200,000 in value. The rubber industry, moreover, is now a thriving one in Peru, and on this subject there is much in the magazine that is of exceptional interest. Some very frank comments are made on the labour question in the rubber district:—

They are mainly a satisfied lot of natives, but in some of the distant concessions Indians have been forced to work, and even taken from their native villages and transported

against their will to places where labour is scarce, and there have been authenticated reports of inhuman treatment which the Government, aided by the "Pro-Indigena," or indigenous protection league, is working to eradicate. The region is so vast and means of communication so inadequate that universal control is all but impossible.

The publication is distinctly instructive, and, in view of the notable progress of Peru, should appeal to a large public in this country.

FICTION

MR. WELLS AND THE SHORT STORY

The Country of the Blind, and Other Stories. By H. G. WELLS. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)

THE short story, placing on record a mood, an idea, an incident, is one of the most difficult forms of literature, and the English masters of the art can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Fantastic ideas, curious incidents, memorable moods arrive in plenty, and superficially it might seem easy, given a certain intimacy with language and its rules, to "write them up" for the edification or amusement of others. But the magic is as elusive as a moonbeam. The art which can make the most improbable events seem natural and inevitable is the rarest of possessions; the skill which can select just the happy touch, the convincing phrase, that shall turn to thrilling wonder what would in the hands of a bungler have been a mere absurdity, is attained by few. When, as in the case of Mr. H. G. Wells, this art and skill are combined with an imagination that is simply uncanny in its scope and liveliness, all the conditions are present for the production of masterpieces. And that some of the stories in this collection are worthy of being so ranked no one can deny. "There was a time," says Mr. Wells in his fascinating introduction, "when life bubbled with short stories:"—

They were always coming to the surface of my mind. . . . I found that, taking almost anything as a starting-point, and letting my thoughts play about it, there would presently come out of the darkness, in a manner quite inexplicable, some absurd or vivid little incident more or less relevant to that initial nucleus. Little men in canoes upon sunlit oceans would come floating out of nothingness, incubating the eggs of prehistoric monsters unawares; violent conflicts would break out amidst the flower-beds of suburban gardens; I would discover I was peering into remote and mysterious worlds ruled by an order logical indeed, but other than our common sanity.

Many pages of this book seem to prove these words indubitably; the author peers into half a dozen different worlds, terrible, fantastic, comic, and often in our own sober world finds a kaleidoscopic shifting of the scene that leaves the reader amazed—as in the story of "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." Mr. Fotheringay, a clerk and a very ordinary person, suddenly discovers that his will-power is of "a particularly rare and pungent quality" which enables him to upset the laws of gravity and of Nature. Step by step he proceeds until, emulating Joshua, he desires the earth to stand still. "Jest stop rotating, will you?" he exclaims, in the "Kipps" manner. But, having forgotten the movables on the earth's surface and the atmosphere, his modest request results in a catastrophe.

Take, again, "The Country of the Blind"—a country where the inhabitants have been blind for many generations and possess mere rudimentary eyes. Into this land a man

slips by means of an avalanche—a man with all his faculties acute, and, remembering the proverb that "in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king," he forecasts for himself a good time as ruler. But, on the contrary, he discovers that the Blind People regard him as a fool who speaks meaningless words when he endeavours to tell them about sight, about the stars and heavens and mountains; and their sense of hearing is so acutely developed that they have him practically at their mercy. Several times, in reading this book, we have been reminded of Mr. Kipling's work in the same field. "A Dream of Armageddon" and "The Door in the Wall" are in parts reminiscent of "The Brushwood Boy;" "Armageddon," too, brings to memory "The Finest Story in the World," although in Mr. Wells' plot the hero has lived and died, as it were, in the future, while "Charlie Mears," Mr. Kipling's bank clerk of literary aspirations, had been a Greek galley-slave.

There are thirty-three stories in the volume, and they are all good; some, especially those which should not be read late at night, are of a fearful fascination. "The Empire of the Ants," which, with four others, is reprinted for the first time, is one of the grimmest conceptions we have read for a long period; this, again, calls up in its introductory passages "Judson and the Empire." In both stories we have a small gunboat creeping up a tropical river; but the horror of Wells is on a larger scale than the humour of Kipling in this case. It is a relief to turn to the pages written in lighter vein, where the author's fancy plays like a lambent flame round ordinary things. "The Jilting of Jane," "The Purple Pileus," "The New Accelerator," "The Truth about Pyecraft," and "The Magic Shop" are pleasantly contrasted with the creepiness of many of the stories; and in "Miss Winchelsea's Heart" Mr. Wells has written a whimsical little love-tale which glows softly as a pearl amid the somewhat hard brilliance of cleverly-faceted, clear-cut gems. Miss Winchelsea, a teacher of some pretensions to intellect, on a glorious tour to Rome with two companions, lost her heart to a pleasant young man who read poetry in the train, looked after her luggage, and made himself unobtrusively agreeable. But, alas! just as affairs were progressing nicely and revelations of sympathetic tastes were being made on both sides, and Miss Winchelsea is imagining a pretty little home "with white shelves of high-class books," and reproductions of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, a friend of the young man addresses him as "Snooks:"—

The name struck Miss Winchelsea like a blow in the face. . . . A sort of mental paralysis was upon her. . . . All that afternoon she lived the life of a heroine under the indescribable outrage of that name—chatting, observing, with "Snooks" gnawing at her heart. From the moment that it first rang upon her ears the dream of her happiness was prostrate in the dust. All the refinement she had figured was ruined and defaced by that cognomen's unavoidable vulgarity. What was that refined little home to her now, spite of autotypes, Morris papers, and bureaus? Athwart it, in letters of fire, ran an incredible inscription: "Mrs. Snooks. . . ."

"It is impossible," she muttered; "impossible!"

Of how she chilled to him, and he, transferring his affections to her companion, cleverly developed his patronymic until it became "Sevenoaks" and aristocratic, we need not tell. Enough to say that the story is an admirable example of Mr. Wells' best descriptive and humorous manner.

The whole book is aptly termed "a miscellany of inventions" by its author in his prefatory essay, and he urges that it should be dipped into again and again rather than "read severely through." We have read straight through, recognising here and there an old friend, and thoroughly enjoyed the process—a fairly sharp test. On his own ground Mr. Wells is master. There is nothing here of

psychological interest and accumulative terror to match Mr. Henry James' "The Beast in the Jungle," nor is there anything to equal Conrad's "Typhoon," but there are stories which neither of these could write, and as examples of skill in the art of the *conte* they must be considered unsurpassed.

A NOVEL OF CORNWALL

The Horseshoe. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

IN "The Horseshoe" Mrs. Fred Reynolds has written a very carefully thought-out story of Cornish life, although the plot—that of the elegant young man from town who disturbs the hearts of the local fair—is by no means new. "Lorry" Grainger, somewhat contemptible and weak of character, is finely contrasted with the sturdy fishing community of the village near Land's End, and the two girls with whose lives he becomes entangled—Maggie Penrose, full-bosomed, coarse, loquacious, eager, and Cassin her cousin, slim, shy, reticent—form excellent foils to one another. Maggie is sensuous, artless, and at times fierce in her love-making—so much so, in fact, that she completely disgusts both the susceptible stranger and the young fisherman, Andrew Thomas. Cassin's personality, on the other hand, appeals to them both, and that portion of the book which deals with the rebuffs of Grainger in his pertinacious wooing is capitally told. The two irritated and jealous men, in course of time, come to open war, and blows are exchanged. Soon afterwards Grainger, "showing off" in front of the girls with a new gun, has the misfortune to shoot his rival, and affairs become complicated owing to Maggie's furious declaration that the deed was purposeful and malicious. All ends well for Andrew and Cassin, but Maggie, disdainful of the limited village existence, and disillusioned with regard to the "lucky" horseshoe which she stole from her cousin, sets off for London to live her own life.

Because Mrs. Reynolds has given us so good a story, we must indicate some faults the avoidance of which would have strengthened her work considerably. The paragraphing of the book is often wretched; it is far too much cut up, as in this instance from page 162:—

A hearty, good-tempered girl anyone might have thought.
Yet black hatred held possession of Maggie's heart.

Hatred of Cassin.

In spite of what she had said, she loved Andrew as never before.

She meant to have him too.

This is the method of the penny novelette, and prejudices the effect of the story. Many pages suffer from this blemish, which neither publisher nor author should have permitted. The composition occasionally is heavy. Maggie, restless and discontent, "had no intention of giving her idle fingers work to do; unless, indeed, drumming them upon the window-ledge could be considered in that light." "These were lustily greeted by the query, 'Any coals, George?—Billie?—or Thomas?' as the case might be." "A third person, had such been privileged to be present. . . ." These phrases will illustrate our point; but, curiously, when severity and restraint are absolutely essential, as in the excellently-conceived situation (p. 121) where Maggie, flouted by Grainger, reviles him, and then, in a revulsion of feeling, calls him back, an attempt at ease and lightness spoils the whole thing:—

Lorry, even if he heard her call, was little likely to come back. He was only too glad to get away. He felt sick,

physically sick, cruelly ill-used. Such things the girl had said! Oh! oh!—for once he wanted his mother.

What a devil of a dog, to be sure!

This is extremely amateurish, and a very great pity, for on the previous pages the scene is nearly flawless. As to the dialect, with many years' close knowledge of Cornwall, its ways, and its people, we must decline to accept it as possessing much verisimilitude. It is not much use writing phrases such as the following:—

"It isn't dark keeps of she 'up to.'"

"I do suppose it belongs to be a change."

A Cornish man or woman would be more likely to say, "A change be comen, sure enough;" but, however correct they may be, they convey nothing to the reader who has not lived in the West Country, and dialect laboriously reproduced makes readers impatient. And, surely, there was no need to explain in a footnote that the "parish lantern" means the moon?

We have noted these drawbacks to the author's work at some length simply because it is worth while to do so. Few authors can convey the charm of Cornwall well. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch can do it; Mr. Hugh Walpole did it exquisitely in "The Wooden Horse;" Mrs. Fred Reynolds has done it in many parts of this book; and if in future work she will exercise a little drastic self-criticism, those of her readers who know and love the county will be better pleased, while those on whom the magic spell has not yet fallen will more nearly comprehend its possibilities.

The Pink Shop. By FERGUS HUME. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

THE Pink Shop lay somewhat conspicuously, being painted pink, in a narrow lane off the High Street, Kensington, and was the abode of Madame Coralie, who beautified Society ladies. It was got up in the Oriental style with—

Arabesque fancies, interspersed with poetic sentences from the poems of Sadi, Hafiz, and Omar Khayyám, written in flowery Turkish script. Broad divans of pink silk filled in various alcoves, masked by pierced horseshoe arches of thin white-painted wood. In the centre bubbled a tiny fountain from a basin of snowy marble.

This ensemble Mr. Fergus Hume considers "looked very much like an ordinary drawing-room." Obviously the difference from an ordinary drawing-room was very slight, but just enough to make the Pink Shop an ideal place for a quiet murder. So the murder took place, and as the police gave it up after one guess, most of the other characters in the story took up the question, especially the daughter of the murdered lady, her fiancé, and a lady detective. They asked everyone they could think of whether they had committed the crime, but being baffled by denials, did not know what to make of it. But when the beautifier's husband was accused he said he only wanted to steal the diamonds, and added further that the lady in question was not dead at all. Thereupon Madame Coralie confessed that she was the murdered lady, and that the lady who was really murdered was Madame Coralie, and that she, the lady who was not murdered, had murdered her. The company seemed to think this in rather bad taste, so she disappeared in a convenient fog, and went to the seaside. There she found her husband on the pier with still another lady. Embracing him she plunged with him into the sea. Both drowned, and only two thousand a year was left for the daughter, who was really someone else's daughter. Thereupon the daughter and her husband (she had been married in the meantime)

booked their passages to Australia. It is an artless tale, and we have only to find fault with the price and the binding. The former should have been a penny, and the latter shiny paper with a coloured picture of the corpse on the front.

Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout. By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON.
(Blackie and Son. 3s. 6d.)

If any writer of boys' books may lay claim to rival Henty as well in the quantity and variety of his output as in the unflagging zest of relating adventure and the judicious combination of excitement and morality, it is Captain Brereton. He knows all the difficulties of juvenile fiction, and overcomes them with unfailing skill. It requires no little dexterity, for example, to make youngsters of fourteen and fifteen rival the deeds of muscular heroes without too great improbability, and this is a necessity of all boys' books. In this volume, which is dedicated by permission to Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and becomes as a consequence in some measure an official *saga* of the Boy Scouts, Captain Brereton relates the doings of the Slimington Scouts in following a pair of criminals through the countryside, and another pair right across the Atlantic Ocean. Two of them, Tom Stapleton and his chum, have a violent encounter with the quarry in a stable loft at night, and more than hold their own. Later on the Scouts succeed where the police have failed in tracking a motor-car across England by the marks of its tyres. Such deeds are of the right stuff, and not less sweet for being a trifle unlikely. Tom, who is an Eton boy and the ward of the local squire, is the object of several attempts at kidnapping and murder because he stands between his father's half-brother and a considerable fortune. The villains succeed in casting him into mid-Atlantic, but he reappears serenely on an iceberg, where the ship has grounded almost as if by appointment. The culprits escape for the moment, but are tracked to the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, and there is an exciting chase to the finish. A good deal of the technical side of boy-scouting is here shown, and helps to make a thoroughly good yarn still more interesting.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

LE GYMNASE

THOSE who a century and a half ago loitered in the old cemetery adjoining the Église Bonnenouvelle would have been vastly surprised if one had told them that in after-years a playhouse, destined to become one of the leading theatres of the French capital, would be erected on the same site. The instability of all things is well known, especially in France where, according to the celebrated axiom, "Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse." Thus it happened that in 1820 the Gymnase-Dramatique opened its doors for the first time. But, as vaudevilles were already represented on the boards of six Parisian theatres, it was deemed preferable to have recourse to a stratagem in order that the authorisation granted to the new theatre should not appear too palpably a privilege. It was accordingly decided that the Gymnase should be allowed to open on the express stipulation that only single acts of a play were performed there, and that these should be interpreted by young students of the Conservatoire.

Such an exaction on the part of the Théâtre Français was not considered particularly extraordinary, for it had always used and abused its many prerogatives. We see that in the eighteenth century it had even the power of depriving other theatres of plays thought interesting for its own use, whilst

under similar circumstances it calmly appropriated those actors whose talents were deemed sufficiently mature to grace the first stage of France. The conditions thus exacted caused the Gymnase to become a sort of "rehearsal theatre," where budding geniuses were allowed to flutter mildly before spreading their wings to undertake the great flight towards the dazzling heights of the Opéra Comique and the Comédie Française. It thus formed one of the favourite resorts of Parisian girlhood of that period; the sedate *jeunes filles* of the time went there accompanied by their mothers, and listened religiously to the romantic "tirades" declaimed by the juvenile actors. It is even amusing to note how very far the Gymnase has strayed from its original programme, for it is to-day one of the French stages on which the most ultra-modern plays are represented.

The management of the Gymnase soon neglected, however, to observe the regulation concerning the portions of plays presented, and substituted complete comedies in place of the mutilated samples at first given. The real inauguration of the theatre took place when "La Visite à la Campagne," a comic opera in two acts, and a comedy entitled "La Maison en Loterie," preceded by a prologue signed Eugène Scribe, were produced. This is the first occasion that the name of that well-known dramatic author appears on the playbills of the Gymnase, although from that time forth most of his plays faced "les feux de la rampe" on the stage of that playhouse. He even signed a contract with the management of the Gymnase, according to which he was forbidden to write for any other theatre. Scribe's plays proved the making of the Gymnase, for, although many modern writers now affect to mock and adversely criticise him, he still remains for all that a great dramatist. He possessed especially the faculty of knowing thoroughly the taste of the period, which was an epoch of transition between two forms of government of the most different types. Brazier, who was certainly one of the best authorities on theatrical matters of that time, says, speaking of Scribe:—

Scribe a bien compris son temps; il a parfaitement senti qu'il se plaçait entre deux aristocraties, la vieille et la nouvelle; il a compris surtout que nous n'étions plus dans l'âge d'or, mais dans l'âge de l'or; il a voulu avoir pour lui tout ce qui possédait, mais il ne fallait heurter personne. Il a dû se dire: "Si je flatte les idées du temps passé aux dépens de celles du temps actuel, je n'aurai qu'un public. En les confondant, j'en aurai deux." Et alors il a refait la société moderne avec tous les éléments de l'ancienne. . . . Il a, dans ses ouvrages tout sacrifié à l'argent, l'idole du siècle. . . . Les plus jolis ouvrages de M. Scribe sont tous parsemés d'or et d'argent.

Scribe's plays drew to the Gymnase all the theatre-going public of the best classes, so that the prosperity of the new playhouse provoked much discontent, and numerous attempts were made to check its good fortune. The management, however, took a happy initiative which assured its success for some time to come. Madame la Duchesse de Berry received an humble petition, signed by the management of the Gymnase, asking her to deign to patronise their unworthy theatre, stating that they ventured to address her this solicitation as she had graciously seemed pleased by the acting of the little Léontine Fay, who had been playing for some time at the Gymnase, after having met with immense success in Germany. Her Royal Highness condescended to grant her patronage, and the 8th of September, 1824, the Gymnase took officially the title of "Théâtre de Son Altesse Royale, Madame la Duchesse de Berry." But, as that name was considered rather lengthy, it was shortened to "Théâtre de Madame," by which denomination it was more generally known. Thus protected, the Gymnase ranked directly after the larger playhouses, coming "after the Odéon."

From that time its vogue continued to increase steadily, and this is hardly surprising, as the actors and actresses forming part of its troupe were amongst the best of their time. To mention only one, we will cite Virginie Déjazet—the wonderful Déjazet—who created a real school amongst comedians, and who remains indisputably the most exquisite “disease” of the last century.

The Gymnase had reached the zenith of its prosperity when a play signed “Scribe and Rougemont” compromised momentarily its success. The play itself, be it said, obtained a real triumph; never had the house rung with such thunders of applause. Both authors had rivalised with each other in wit, and each word drew blood. But the subject was far too audacious, being a bitter and satirical criticism of French society under the *ancien régime*. Madame la Duchesse de Berry, hearing of its obnoxious tendency, manifested her extreme discontent by withdrawing her patronage. The management was so distressed by this painful incident, that, after lengthy negotiations, her Royal Highness consented to continue to extend her protection to her favourite theatre on the express understanding that similar productions should never again be represented. The Gymnase was thus restored to favour.

This was not the only time that Scribe, subtle as he was, had seen one of his plays attacked. Even he, the favourite of the public, had occasionally incurred the displeasure of his audiences. For in a comedy called “Le Combat des Montagnes,” which he wrote in collaboration with M. Dupin, he had sketched the character of a young and extremely pretentious shopman, whom he had named Calicot—term which has ever since remained proverbial to designate personages of that type; and one night, a crowd of young men belonging to the category they believed insulted caused the curtain to be lowered by their objectionable whistling and shrieking. They even went so far as to threaten the manager if he had the audacity of continuing to represent the comedy. But the police soon intervened, and the cabal ended by being the best possible advertisement for M. Scribe.

The new vogue of the Gymnase was fated to be momentarily broken by the advent of the Revolution of July, which obliged Madame la Duchesse de Berry to flee, and forced the Théâtre de Madame to re-assume its former modest name. For a time its destiny seemed compromised, as Scribe, not content with the successes obtained by his plays “Le Mariage de Raison,” “Le Diplomate,” “Avant, Pendant et Après,” became ambitious of still greater triumphs. He ceased to write exclusively for the Gymnase; but the manager, being a practical man, engaged other writers, such as Melesville and Bayard, whose plays, “Michel Perrin” and “Le Gamin de Paris,” achieved enormous success. The latter play especially drew full houses during the Revolution of July, when Bouffé interpreted the part he had created. It is of this actor that Brazier declares:—

Bouffé était le comédien le plus fin, le plus nuancé, le plus parfait, le plus amusant, le plus comédien de tous les comédiens, l'homme qui jouait un rôle comme Molière l'aurait créé, l'acteur de la raison, l'acteur de la folie, l'acteur des larmes. Bouffé en veste, portant casquette et col débraillé, jouant à la toupie sur la scène du Marivaux moderne, criant, chantant, sautant, se débattant, tirant la langue aux passants. C'est “Le Gamin de Paris” qui, sous le bon plaisir de Bouffé, a contribué à la Révolution du Gymnase en 1835, comme le vrai gamin a pu revendiquer sa petite part dans le grand drame insurrectionnel de 1830.

In 1844 the management passed into the hands of Montigny, an ex-actor, known especially as being the author of a grotesque drama, “Amazampa ou la Découverte du Quinquina;” but as a manager he proved himself extremely capable, and engaged for his theatre some marvellous actors,

amongst whom Geffroy, one of the greatest artists who ever appeared on a French stage. It is about him that the following amusing anecdote is narrated:—

An actor, named Firmin, who had the misfortune of having a very bad memory, was acting in a new play the part of Camille Desmoulins. The personality of Fouquier Tinville was represented by Geffroy, and in this particular scene he was supposed to refuse the condemned man the right of defending himself. Camille Desmoulins (Firmin) then used to exclaim vehemently:—“Ah! you miserable scoundrel, monster of a . . . !” He could not remember the name he ought to pronounce! He tried vainly to do so—repeated the words—but the name did not for all that recur to him. The prompter, being young and inexperienced, and far more interested in the expression of Geffroy's physiognomy than in the M.S. of the play, awoke suddenly to the gravity of the situation. In his agitation he threw wildly to Firmin the name of Geffroy, which Firmin, in his distress, repeated unconsciously:—“Ah! you miserable scoundrel, monster of a Geffroy!”

Needless to say that the most pathetic situation of the play was thus greeted with a long and hearty peal of laughter.

In 1845 the Gymnase welcomed a new recruit in the person of Rose Chéri, who became later Madame Montigny. She played for the first time in “La Belle et la Bête,” and, although making her *début* in the rôle of an *ingénue*, which she acted with a delightfully naive candour, she soon acquired much celebrity by her personifications of the characters of great *amoureuses*. It was Rose Chéri who assured the success of “Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier” and “Le Demi-Monde,” plays which now both form part of the *répertoire* of the Comédie Française. For, a fact curious to note, the Gymnase has ever been a sort of trial-scene for the “Théâtre de Molière.” Scribe's position at the Gymnase in the early 'thirties was later occupied by Emile Augier, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, and Victorien Sardou. For henceforth the Gymnase completely abandoned its former standard of plays; it no longer presented innocuous productions for the edification of “young persons” so dear to the hearts of many well-intentioned though misguided people. It now either staged works based on social or psychological theses, in which the situations were subtly analysed and dissected, or comedies in which satire and wit abounded. After the prodigious success of “Le Demi-Monde,” Dumas *fils* next triumphed with “Le Fils Naturel,” in 1858, whilst two years later Victorien Sardou, the master-dramatist, scored his first real recognition by the public with “Pattes de Mouche.” The Gymnase next produced in rapid succession “Don Quichotte” and “Les Bons Villageois;” at the first night of the latter the enthusiasm of the audience knew no limits, and Sardou's name was announced amidst frenzied acclamations. Somewhat later the whilom Théâtre de Madame was to know nights of turbulence and discussion when “Les Idées de Madame Aubray,” by Dumas *fils*, was represented, for the audacity of the theme, exposed and defended, shocked many persons. The chief protagonists of this fine work were Porel, the now eminent director of the Vaudeville, and the beautiful Mme. Pasca.

The Gymnase has witnessed the *débuts* of many of the leading actors and actresses of our time, amongst whom we must not omit to mention Lucien Guitry, whose fame is universally recognised, and whose marvellous creations are innumerable. It was also on the stage of the Gymnase that Mme. Simone appeared for the first time in public in “Le Détour,” by Bernstein; whilst it was also at this house that she rose to celebrity in “Le Retour de Jérusalem,” by Maurice Donnay, a curious and highly developed psychological study of the differences existing between the characters of Jews and Christians. For some years past the Gymnase has been scoring triumphs with the delightful

comedies by Flers and Caillavet, most of which have been translated into English. They are the essence of Parisianism—light, amusing, witty, and yet containing in their apparent light-heartedness a very sound and deep philosophy of life. "Papa," the latest work of these charming authors, is at present valiantly rounding the Cape of Fortune.

As will have been seen, the history of the Gymnase is not so curious or complex as that of some of the other old theatres of Paris, and yet in many respects it presents a more serious interest, as being the stage on which many of the greatest actors of the last century assured the success of some of the most renowned *chefs d'œuvre*. It has not either been dedicated to one particular kind of play like so many of its rivals of the capital; it has staged indistinctively comedies, dramas, and even farces, thus remaining by the very variety of its productions one of the truest incarnations of the Parisian tone and spirit.

MARC LOGÉ.

THE NEWEST CHORALISM

WE frequently hear the question put as to where the modern composer of orchestral music is leading us; but not so frequently by any means do we hear such a question as to the trend of choral music. Yet choral music is passing through a revolution as vital, and in its way as striking, as that through which the orchestra and its music is passing. The developments of choral-singing brought about by the wonderful *technique* of choirs under such trainers as Henry Coward, A. S. Vogt, and Siegfried Ochs have aroused a new and keener interest on the part of the public in the manner of rendering standard works, and of composers in the possibilities of new effects and new methods of expression. This has been the case particularly in England, where choral music fills the place which in Germany is occupied by the orchestra. Sir Edward Elgar was the first to realise this fully, and in "The Dream of Gerontius" he indicated some of the lines on which the development is taking place. He was closely followed by Professor Bantock in "Omar Khayyám," Rutland Boughton in "Midnight," Frederick Delius in "Sea Drift," and many others whose work, if less striking, is nevertheless helping forward the cause of the higher and more detailed choral singing. What are the actual possibilities of the human voice with regard to varied and contrasted tone quality is a question that has been strongly debated by the theorists, but as a rule the experiments of composers have been confined to the method of using the voices rather than to the quality of the voices themselves. Almost too great a realisation of the limitations of their material has kept their experiments within certain bounds, and, while the contrast between voices nominally as well actually of a different *timbre* and the descriptive force of verbal and tonal onomatopœia have been utilised, the varied characteristics of voices nominally the same have not attracted the attention they deserve.

Now, however, Professor Granville Bantock has come forward with two short works in which he has made use of these varied characteristics. The words he has chosen for his experiments are two choral odes from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," which admirably suit their purpose. One commencing "Before the beginning of years" he has set for mixed voices in twenty parts, and the other, "We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair," for female voices in twelve parts, both without instrumental accompaniment. Some of the ideas as to the selection and division of the voices are suggested rather than expressed, and the composer certainly has made possible much more than the written music actually achieves. With first-rate choruses under conductors of the

same standing effects as yet unheard will be obtained. In the former and longer of the two odes the voice-parts are grouped into five choirs, but as two are for female voices only, and two for male voices, the effect is practically that of three choirs of mixed voices. Of these three choirs one in six parts is to consist presumably (for it is not indicated) of robust voices, another in eight parts of light voices of flexible and expressive character, and the third in six parts for voices of the mixed quality of an ordinary chorus. "Not less than ten voices to each part" is the stipulation of the composer, and the requirement is the smallest possible to get a proper effect. It is also little short of the largest, for with many more the distinctive characteristics of the individual choirs might easily be lost. Further effects are obtained by contrasted expression and contrasted rhythm; such, for instance, occurring where the words "with weeping" are sung to sustained, dolorous notes at the same time as the words "with laughter" are sung to light, staccato accents. The total result is something quite new in the range of vocal effects, which should lead to further and even more exact definitions of vocal tone qualities. It will never be within the capabilities of inferior choirs to sing such works, but the study of them should do much to strengthen the improvement that the last decade has seen in choral-singing.

Apart from their experimental and technical sides, the two settings are pleasing little works, accentuating and enforcing the meaning of the words and aiding the appreciation of their rhythm. Their importance is not to be judged by their size, for since "Omar Khayyám" Professor Bantock has issued nothing more striking or meritorious than these.

"FALSE REFINEMENTS"

"THERE are some abuses among us," wrote Jonathan Swift to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, "of great consequence, the reformation of which is probably your province. These are the deplorable ignorance that for some time hath reigned among our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. . . . These two evils, ignorance and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our English tongue which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred."

Is there any period since English was written freely at which exactly the same words might not have been used with as much justice—and the same futility? Swift's experience is not of the sort to encourage self-appointed guardians of the language to write in the same uncompromising tone of the "false refinements" of modern style or to prophesy with the same sureness its final corruption. Only Swift himself could do proper justice to the completeness of the failure of his protest. The truth of the matter is that much which to the purist seems "corruption" deserves no stronger a word than change. Of the words against which Swift raised his bitter complaint nearly all have long since this passed into the language and hold there a well-established position. But have they enriched or corrupted it? Swift himself might hesitate to say "corrupted" now.

"The war," says he—for he was writing about the time of the "war of the Spanish Succession"—"has introduced abundance of polysyllables which will never be able to live many more campaigns." Then he gives a list of these unhappy words foredoomed to quick destruction. They are—"speculations," "operations," "preliminaries," "ambassadors," "pallisades," "communication," "circum-

vallation," "battalions." It was an unfortunate prophecy. They have all survived, though one of them at the cost of a single letter—a small price to pay for the distinction of becoming a part of the English language—and seven of the eight have been promoted from their special office, and have passed into the current speech.

Nor was Swift more successful in his protest against certain other words, "invented by some pretty fellows," which were "struggling for the vogue" against his bitter opposition. The victory rests with them; they have struggled successfully. "Sham," "banter," "mob," "bubble," "bully," and so forth—they are all in the vogue. Swift's ire in particular was roused—for Swift was always thoughtful for the dignity and purity of the Church—against the fashion of employing such terms as these in sermons. Because of that fashion, or in spite of it, the words have survived. Indeed, only one of the phrases against which he makes protest has proved weakly, the phrase "country put," and that though it has the authority of Addison behind it.

Against another form of "false refinement," however, Swift did raise his voice with a greater measure of success. That is to say, for one reason or another this particular "false refinement" has passed away. It was an unscientific anticipation of phonetic spelling. The "pretty fellows" of Swift's day sought to give a conversational sprightliness to their letters by writing the words as they spoke them. And they spoke them as badly as we speak them to-day.

"I couldn't get the things you sent for all about town—I thot to ha come down myself, and then I'd h' brot 'um; but I ha'nt don't, and I believe I can't do 't," and so forth.

Such is Swift's example of the "present polite way of writing." The trick has passed. It survives only with a few words such as can't and don't. But with these, unhappily the contractions seem in a fair way to become permanent. Mr. Shaw has already dropped the apostrophe. It may be that he is laying up much trouble in the future for German philologists. One would like to anticipate their theories on the relation between the two cants. Doubtless, if occasion is given them, they will produce something as ingeniously perverted as the German scholar's essay on the pretty housemaid's cry of "Lor do adun, Mr. Weller," in "Pickwick," which expression he found, after elaborate research, to be of Persian origin. That story is an awful warning to dramatists and novelists who attempt, sometimes laboriously, as does Mr. Shaw with the character of Drinkwater in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," to represent the perversions of pronunciation in daily speech. In this matter Shakespeare showed the properer instinct. In the first few speeches which he gives to Fluellen he indicates roughly how, in his opinion, a Welshman would have spoken. The rest he leaves to the actor. One would like to see the novelist trust his readers in the same way. For it is well wherever possible to keep the written language free from the tricks of passing fashion in the spoken language. "If a man of wit," says Swift, "who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? And after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it?"

Swift's failure may well deter us from hastily proscribing new words. It is an unprofitable business. We must show an easy tolerance even to those of foreign extraction, and trust to a certain natural vigour which every language seems to have, a mysterious power, comparable only with the instinct of animals in their choice of food, by which it assimilates what is suited to it, and after a time rejects the rest. But there are other directions in which protest may be made to greater advantage.

Mr. Chesterton has written in one of his essays of the high danger to the language of the burden of dead metaphors and dead words—metaphors and words, that is, which are

used in a colourless way, often, indeed, in an incorrect way, because the force of their origin and associations has been forgotten. That is profoundly true, but, curiously enough, we have to fear at the same time the contrary danger. It is becoming increasingly difficult for the language to enrich itself with any new phrases. A clever simile, let us say, in a political speech is at once caught up by half the newspapers in the kingdom. It is flung about, used and misused; quoted by some, stolen by others; sensitive people at once abandon it, and it is flung aside. For it has been circulated so freely even before it has had time to harden in the mould, that it loses at once all trace of its stamp. It is dead of senile decay before it is out of the cradle. It might have remained in the language as a living phrase; it is killed so quickly that in all probability it will not remain even as a dead phrase.

Many readers, and certainly all writers, will confess to having their own private Index of proscribed words and phrases. Much which such an Index contains will have been capriciously chosen; but there will be also a certain number of phrases, admirable in themselves, which are proscribed, and properly so, only because they have become too common and popular. It is a not infrequent and a melancholy experience to come suddenly, in a book of an earlier time, upon a phrase which is there in its original vigour, but has since been worried to death.

This burdensome use of *clichés* is one of the results of hurried writing; but there is another "false refinement" of modern style, coming from the same source, which is a heavier danger to the language. It is easier to say a thing quickly, as every one knows, in two words than in one, and in furiously hurried writing it is simplest to use nothing but superlatives. Thus unnecessary epithets and adverbs are piled one upon another. Few nouns or verbs are permitted to go about nowadays unattended. They must all have at least one adjective or adverb in their train. And so we are losing the fine, natural terseness of English speech. No language is richer in strong, short words. But they are rarely permitted to stand in their own strength. Their natural force is destroyed, for they are never left unqualified. "Excellent" has already lost its superlative force. Even reputable people will countenance the use of "very" before it. How long will it be before "unique," by the same process, has sunk to the position of a mere synonym of "strange"? So it is with many other words. The double superlative is the chief "false refinement" of our day, the real danger of voluminous and hurried writing, and a greater than the hasty introduction of new words because its effect is permanent. A superlative once robbed of its superlative force will never regain it.

There are two words which might well be expunged from the language, the words "very" and "somewhat." They do more harm to it than any dozen of foreign polysyllables together. They are the natural allies of every careless writer who may select his adjectives as loosely as he will, and with the help of these words raise them or reduce them to the strength required, and by the same token they are the determined foes of clear thought and precise speech. Nor is that all. "Very," useless enough in itself, has enlisted a battalion of other words to do occasional duty for it. And when "dreadfully" and "awfully," and "fearfully," and "terribly," and "horribly" have passed definitely into the written speech as mere synonyms of "very," have become colourless words whose whole duty is to give a spurious emphasis, the language will be doubly cursed; it will be the poorer for the want of those words in their natural sense, and the more verbose for their use where they are not required.

There are two reforms which might well be made in the interests of good English. The first, to be recommended to

the Exchequer, is a small tax on adverbs. The second is for the Board of Education to enforce. It is that part of the daily lesson in English composition should consist of reading two or three columns of a newspaper, reports of political speeches by preference, and cutting out all the superfluous adjectives and adverbs. Thus the rising generation might be taught an economy in speech which its elders lack.

AN HISTORIC COUNTY TOWN

THERE is charm in a backwater which the hurrying stream of a river lacks. Under the fierce rays of a sun—for the nonce tropical—what is more delightful than to pull the bows of one's boat out of the surging current and laze under a canopy of fresh foliage in waters almost as still as those of a lake? To loiter thus appeals to us when the end of the busy season draws near and the dominant note in our minds is that of the futility and pettiness of its fussy demands. When a man comes back, like a giant refreshed, from a yachting cruise, from days of tramping over moors, from mountain-climbing, or such other holiday recreation as specially appeals to him, he is apt to be impatient of the charms of the backwater. A clean, sharp pull with the current of the river for or against him is more to his fancy.

Of the same charm are our backwater towns. Until a few years ago the county town of Sussex was such. Now it is being borne along the modern stream, and thus losing some of its old-time insularity. In days not far distant every man who came to stay in Lewes from beyond a circuit of say ten miles reckoned from the Castle was a "foreigner," until he had been under observation a quarter of a century or so. During this period of apprenticeship it sufficed if the native-born vouchsafed him a nod or passed a gruff time of day with him. This was the tone of the man in the street, but of course there was always a large cultured minority with whom unfeigned hospitality to the stranger within the gates of the town was a first principle.

There are few spots in England so favoured in natural situation or with which history has had more commerce than the town of Lewes. Here you are in the very heart and core of Saxon England. The wide, silent spaces of the Downs lie all around, even as they did when King Alfred wandered a fugitive amongst them. Man's tillage and surface scratchings on their "broad backs" are almost as transient as cat-paw foam flecks on the all-girdling sea.

Climb to the crest of Mount Harry and you cross the battlefield of Lewes, a spot sacred to the liberties of England. Tennyson knew this countryside well—at the Bay Tree Inn, Seaford, he wrote his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington"—and yet in his lines on "The Third of February, 1852" he penned this extraordinary lapse:—

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse
In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—
Where those your sires who fought at Lewes."

At Lewes the Barons of England overthrew an intolerable tyranny. The lineal descendants of Simon de Montfort, the popular hero of that struggle, are happily still with us. It must not be forgotten that he was a powerful noble and brother-in-law of the King. He fought with a gaunt army of half-starved men behind him. There is no argument against an empty stomach. Magna Charta had been wrung from the unwilling King John by a former generation of Barons. In 1258 a Council was held between the King and his Barons at Oxford, and in October of that year the Oxford Statutes were proclaimed in Latin, French, and English. This fact alone made the proclamation memor-

able, for no State paper had ever before been promulgated in the English tongue. It soon became obvious that the people were to be duped by a specious misuse of language. In 1261, during the absence in France of Simon de Montfort, King Henry threw off his disguise and abrogated the Statutes. Civil war was the result. The Earl of Warren held Lewes Castle for the King, and in 1264 the opposing forces met. De Montfort and his small force, made up mostly of tatterdemalions, had to pick their way through the vast forests which at the time covered the Weald. Henry, with seasoned soldiers, had advanced from Seaford across the Downs. The forces headed by De Montfort and the Barons passed the night before the battle in vigil and prayer, and each soldier bore on breast and back a white cross. They clambered up the downside near Coombe Place, and struck across the crest of the hill toward the town of Lewes, where the Royalist forces lay. Now occurred one of those incidents which show how strangely men's standards have changed. De Montfort's advance-guards in the grey dawn came upon the enemy and could have easily overcome them, had "such villainie" been permissible under the rules of the game. But the laws of chivalry forbade. The foe had to be informed ere an attack could fairly be made upon them. Each side therefore manoeuvred and marshalled its forces.

The King, whose base was Lewes Castle, marched up from Southover. De Montfort's disposition of his troops proves him to have had a keen, soldierly eye for tactical advantage. The details of the fight are to modern ideas quaint in the extreme. The King advanced behind the royal banner, on which was emblazoned a "dragon full austere." He shouted as he came, "Simon, je vous défie." Prince Edward's fiery attack from the royal right scattered De Montfort's left wing, and with the impetuosity of youth the Prince pursued his flying enemy along the Coombe to the north of the town. De Montfort instantly seized his advantage. He swung his right wing upon the centre and left of the foe. The result was that after a fierce contest the Royalists broke and fled. The King, badly wounded, was borne off the field and narrowly escaped capture, and, as Charles Kingsley used to say with gusto, "then began a murder grim and great." The royal forces still held the castle, and to this Prince Edward cut his way on his return from victorious pursuit in the afternoon. During that troubled night, however, a body of seasoned royal troops fled from Lewes Castle to Pevensey Castle and thence to France. De Montfort, who appears to have been in advance of his age in humanity as well as in fighting skill, called an armistice. As a result the invested castle was ultimately surrendered, and Prince Edward and his cousin Prince Henry were delivered up as hostages to the Barons' forces. The Mise of Lewes, which followed, led to the summons to Parliament of knights, citizens and burgesses. It laid the foundation of our Parliamentary system. Truly the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges. The castle, perched high on a chalky knoll, still dominates the town. How often have travellers by railway remarked on the mediæval aspect of the town and the likeness of the castle to some stronghold on the Rhine!

The bones of William the Conqueror's daughter, Gundrada, and her lord, the Earl of Warren, were unearthed at the time of the making of the railway. Under the shadow of the castle, in 1077, sprang up the Priory. Its foundation-charter, after the manner of such documents, calls down "anger, wrath, vengeance and everlasting curses" on all such as should seek to invalidate its rights. In March, 1538, John Portmari, who had been deputed to destroy this ancient church, wrote to Lord Cromwell, the King's Vicar-General: "Now we ar pluckyng down an hygher vaute, borne up by fower thicke and grose pillars xiiij fote fro syde to syde abowt in circumference xlv fote." He says, moreover, that the Prior had been brought over to the side

of the destroyers, "my Lord of Norfolk's Grace promysing him to have all the goods of the monastery and one halfe the dettes."

On the high chalk ridges which overhung the wide tidal estuary, now the Ouse, and were themselves flanked by vast, impenetrable forests, the Romans threw up earthworks. These were the strongholds of other dominant races who in their turn held sway. Perhaps Phœnician craft have landed swarthy pirates on the bases of these hills. At the summit of Firls Beacon, a few miles away, is an old earthwork having an orientation held to indicate a cult of Oriental worshippers of dim antiquity. The crest of Mount Caburn is ringed with huge earthworks, whose origin probably goes far beyond Roman times. In Edward the Confessor's day, so "Doomsday" tells us, the King had 127 burgesses in Lewes, vassals who could be lawfully sent overseas to fight his battles. The same document records that the seller and buyer of a horse had each to pay to the Mayor one penny, those of an ox one-halfpenny, and those of a man fourpence.

It would be easy to gossip on about this old-world quarter of England if we had the space. Monuments of masterful Elizabethans are to be found in most of its many churches. Perhaps the epitaph of the Earl of Warren and of Alicia his Countess, who died at the Priory in 1255, may not inappropriately sum up its strange, eventful history:—

Vous qe pazez on bouche close
Priez pur cely ke cy repose
En vie come vous estis jadis fu
Et vous tiel serretz come je su.

LONELINESS

IF you were to ask a child what he meant by loneliness he would probably say, "Being alone." Then if you were unwise you would say, "Yes, I know; but what else does it mean?" And if you were exceedingly stupid you would fetch the dictionary and read aloud something about "A state of solitude, hence lone, lonely, alone," for it is the mark of the perfect fool that he regards children as ignorant until they have been educated.

The truth is that the definitions of children usually have an illuminating quality denied to dictionaries. Or, to put it in another way, intelligent children are naturally gifted in the art, whereas dictionaries restrict themselves to the science of definition. The description of loneliness is an instance. It requires intuition and imagination to recognise the value of the child's definition. It is a matter of sympathy and appreciation. But the dictionary announces a fact which no argument can withstand. It calls for the direct negation or assent of reason.

To a self-conscious person, be he nine or ninety, being alone does not necessarily imply loneliness; but to the child, who is a child by virtue of the fact that he has not yet attained to self-consciousness, there is perhaps no definition equally true. A child alone, with his attention unabsorbed in some occupation, is always lonely. To find some resistance to the outgoing of his little spirit he will fly to anybody or anything. A coalman is not too ugly nor a telegraph-post too unresponsive. It is this gregariousness, this instinctive fear of loneliness which makes children exercise their fancies so wonderfully that a ragbag may become a royal wardrobe or a broken chair an Atlantic liner. Incidentally it is this which makes the amateur lover of children grow utterly weary after the first hour of their company.

A child has no reserve, and truly he expects none. His little mansion stands wide open to every passer-by. Wipe

your boots, and though you be the poorest beggar in the land he will show you over from basement to roof (he has no cellars), even inviting you to spend the night if you so much as show your pleasure. You may really be a most undesirable person—children are royally entertaining the most objectionable people every day—but if you have a kind heart here is one who is always ready to esteem it above coronets. Companionship is all he asks, and if you deny it he will surround himself with the people of his imagination, and make the very furniture companionable that his house may be full.

Or perhaps it would be truer to say that a child is the only destitute thing in the world. Without a sign of fear, he comes into the land of grown-up folk and with perfect *naïveté* proceeds to the inspection of their homes. He will spend as much strength in this work in one day as would weary a grown-up soul in a year. Good, bad, and indifferent, he passes sound judgment without equivocation. Show him welcome and he will lay all the jewels of his nature before you without a qualm, and if, like the basest of thieves, you try to filch one of them he will look at you with wonderment for a moment, but never question your right nor contend his loss.

Conscious as distinct from instinctive choice he has yet to learn. He has yet to discover that heart and mind can fall out. Alas, that he should ever find it possible! For the passage leading to maturity is a narrow isthmus strewn with wreckage. Alas, that he should so often make of instinct and of will the Scylla and Charybdis of his life!

The spirit of a child has no natural protecting boundaries. Left to himself he will take the moon into his hands and fill his pockets with stars as with marbles. And so he asks constant companionship to prevent his little ego from being dispersed to the four winds of heaven. He asks for boundaries as for sanity's sake we ask for limits in an infinite world. But these boundaries, like our own, must be wide or narrow according to his growth and capacity. The boundaries of last year will not do for this, and herein lies the whole art of retaining a child's confidence; if you make them too narrow he will become fretful like a spirit in prison. That is the meaning of a spirit child. If you make them too wide for his age or capacity he will suffer not merely the pain but the sheer terror of loneliness. There are parents so humane and so wise that year by year they move these boundaries back as a retreating army moves at night, until at last with the coming of self-consciousness he all unwittingly makes his own. Then the child that was becomes with equal gain to parent and to child the companion of age. Happy the man who has reached maturity unhampered by his bounds.

As we grow older loneliness ceases to be defined by being alone. It then becomes a question of the depth of self-consciousness. A healthy, well-grown soul may spend a whole day in solitude without ever experiencing the sense of loneliness. Self-consciousness, like a provident housewife, will have stores within himself—knowledge, and a multitude of past experiences, and with these he may be well employed and building the world of his imagination. The saints, though they valued solitude far more highly than we do, were not lonely men and women. But neither, it may be objected, is the constant reveller. Unhappily never since childhood has he attained the height where loneliness is possible. If he is not overwhelmed by the tide it is because he is constantly fleeing in fear of it. Let him stop for one moment and he will be drowned in loneliness.

The greatest misery of loneliness most often comes with adolescence. Outwardly it makes no show. Its victim has yet to know the arts of self-pity and indulgence. He cuts a brave figure with a heart like lead, wondering if he is going to spend the remaining years of his life in a kind of

living death. It is the time when character waits its mould and self-consciousness still hovers on the brink. The bounds of childhood are gone, the self-determined bounds wait to be defined, and in the interim personality itself seems almost a myth. Doubts, fears, insane presentiments cloud the sky or surround the wayfarer like mist before dawn. The pitiable tragedy of Hamlet was that he had almost climbed out of such a slough of misery when the ghost of his father pulled him back into it. Such a state cannot long be endured, and Nature with her great providence has provided that this above all other times is the season when Love wakes the lonely soul and makes him king of the world. It is like that moment of silence in a concert when the whole orchestra waits the chord that shall usher in the fuller harmony. When it is passed would the emotion be so full, would the sense of gratitude be so great but for that instant when we suffered an agony of silence?

It is unhappy to think that for want of confidence in life, confidence in ourselves, and mistrust of one another much loneliness is needlessly endured. We will allow whole years to elapse before we discover that the friend we have been unconsciously seeking all the while happens to be living next door. We shroud ourselves in a cloud of reserve lest by any chance what is most excellent within might suffer rebuff. Like attracts like, and this is neither generous nor wise. Happily signs are not wanting that the fashion of such a day is passing away.

Perhaps some of the worst tragedies of loneliness are being suffered at this hour, for it is an age of rapid transition, and when the traffic of the world moves quickly the accompaniments of Juggernaut are hard to avoid. Never before has the mind of the "young person" been so awakened to possibilities. Never have such tremendous efforts been made by every educative means to give youth so wide a horizon. Thus the average well-educated girl has developed a capacity for companionship undreamt of by her mother. And to what end? In a thousand instances to be restrained and shut in to loneliness by every means that craven-hearted convention can devise. Taught to regard the world as a garden, they are required, under the hideous but well-meaning rule of parents, steeped in Victorian idealism, to learn also that nothing but the storming of the family garrison by some knight-errant will ever win for them other enfranchisement than liberty to command the household servants and to play the part of studied ennui at every social function of the house. Delicate, sensitive, yet ardent natures, words cannot paint the torture of their loneliness.

At the period of middle life most people are too busy to be lonely. Busy with the "busyness" of routine, or with that wasteful restlessness Wordsworth had in mind when he wrote—

The world is too much with us,

many a man has been bored into loneliness by just such a moment as inspired Wordsworth to that sonnet. Many a man spends the best years of his life in a kind of point-to-point race. His whole existence becomes one series of appointments, which he keeps with the regularity of a cogwheel. If he miss one there is the inevitable knocking. If the machinery stops, loneliness falls like the vacant silence in an engine-room. The man who lives in crowds carries his life like a cup for the lips of every tippler. The cup runs dry, and, lacking that reverie which is the joy of all retirement, is not refilled. When it does it cracks, and men put stones into it and rattle it to keep away crows.

Of course "busyness" is not confined to the man of affairs with what is grotesquely miscalled his "well-ordered" life. His wife, with her household duties, her suzerainty over a world in miniature, often falls a victim to it. Actions which were once the expression of her care, her fortitude,

her zest, or her love, become uninformed habits—joyless, apathetic things done for their own sake, or worshipped in the place of what they once expressed.

We do not speak a paradox when we say it is wise to cultivate solitude for fear of loneliness. Solitude is a rich, benign guest, the sweet and luscious autumn of the mind. Loneliness is a poor hungry ghost, an unwelcomed visitant at an empty board.

Old people are often needlessly commiserated for their loneliness. It has been said by some cynic that we spend the first half of our lives anticipating to-morrow, and the second half trying to recall yesterday. If we allow such a statement the modest quantity of truth common to cynicism, even so loneliness should not be the portion of old age. Doubtless there are moments when, in a flash of vision, old faces are upcalled and old scenes visualised with such clearness that the present stands in abeyance. When such visions fade as swiftly as they came, a sense of coldness, of isolation, and of great loneliness must ensue, even as it came to Mytyl and Tytyl in "The Blue Bird." But wise age knows with greater assurance than youth that it was for no material end that mortal friendship was enjoyed, nor aught else which falls to our lot in a material world. Neither is it for want of wisdom that he refrains from seeking fresh fields to conquer. It is his to survey with appreciation and enjoyment those territories which the past has made most really his own. The door of his house stands no longer open, but, though the house be empty save for himself, what things his old guests came to bestow remain. The freight of his soul is a heavy cargo. Let him pull down the blind and sit by the fire in solitude without loneliness. He of all men may cheerfully wait the call of Death as of one who will unload his hold and refurbish his tattered sails. He who has journeyed to the walls of the world can say with the authority that is without pride—

The battering of stubborn sense
This clay can understand;
Out of the great unknown Immense
I came to take my stand,
That I might learn at Time's expense
Eternity's command.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

THE past week has been a period of absorbing interest to the students of world politics. Much in the same way as with the destinies of family and community, there are moments in the grand affairs of nations when the detached observer can unravel the long and tangled skein of seemingly inconsequent incident and event and expose the end of definite purpose. To do so, however, it is necessary to emphasise that the quality of detachment is essential. If we take the history of the past week we shall find that this quality has, for the most part, been lacking wherever positive opinion has been permitted to express itself in print.

The signing of the Russo-German Agreement has once more brought into the light of day two great purposes, which form the principal factors in world dynamics. These two purposes, it seems hardly necessary to say, are expressed in the policy of Germany, with the somewhat dubious support of her satellites, on the one hand, and of England, France, and Russia on the other. The ultimate irreconcilability which characterises the aims of the two groups makes it a difficult matter, even when such apparently satisfactory compromises as the recently concluded

Agreement are effected, to deal with the problem, as it were, in compartments. When the difficulty is accentuated by the intrusion of partisan tendencies, truth is most likely to be conspicuous by its absence. Should this dictum be questioned, it is only necessary to refer to the comments of the German Press in order to establish its legality. But, first of all, perhaps, it would be as well to examine briefly not only the terms of the actual understanding arrived at, but also the *raison d'être* behind that understanding. When the Russo-Persian agreement prohibiting foreign railway enterprise within the Shah's territories terminated last year Germany was faced with the possibility of a Russian line extending to Teheran from the North—a possibility which, had it been allowed to materialise, would have threatened the economic value of the proposed Baghdad route. At the same time it was realised by Russian statesmen that Germany had at last a free hand to seek for railway concessions beyond the Turkish frontier, and it was not lost sight of that this "thin-end-of-the-wedge" privilege might conceivably bring her European neighbour's means of communication to within dangerously strategic proximity to the borders of the Tsar's dominions. Moreover, Russia had always been labouring under the disadvantage of having failed to secure German recognition of that special position occupied by her in Northern Persia, and defined clearly by the 1907 Agreement with Great Britain.

Such, then, were in the main the underlying motives which prompted the now historic meeting of the Emperors at Potsdam some ten months ago, and surely no one will deny that they constituted sufficient basis for negotiation. And now, to turn to the question of mutual concessions and advantages under the agreement, we find first of all that the preamble—the primary and essential clause in all international compacts determining the spirit in which the letter, as subsequently set forth, is to be interpreted—makes absolutely no mention of matters appertaining to the political relations of the two Empires. For the rest Russia has pledged herself to take the necessary steps towards building, within a stipulated time, a railway link between Khanakin and Teheran when the main Baghdad trunk-line shall have been completed under German auspices to the latter point. Apart from the somewhat unnecessary assurance that she need expect no opposition on the part of Russia to the construction of the Baghdad Railway Germany gains little else. As *quid pro quo* Russia has obtained that long-looked-for recognition of her paramount political interests in Northern Persia (inferentially this recognition must be interpreted as embracing the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907), thus affording her substantial relief from the potential menace of German aggression upon her frontiers in that particular part of the world. Surely, therefore, nothing was more natural than that these two Powers should have sought to come to an agreement over questions which, as we have indicated, were calculated, sooner or later, to raise a barrier between them.

The Potsdam Agreement, now for the first time made known to the world in the form of an international treaty, is remarkable chiefly for its clearly-defined limitations. In other words, it is a simple document which he who runs may read, and nothing in the nature of *arrière pensée* lurks behind any of its clauses. And yet an attempt is made to prove that this instrument was framed for the express purpose of drawing Russia away from her partners in the Triple Entente. It is even suggested that Germany timed the conclusion of the negotiations so as to bring pressure to bear upon France in the dispute now being waged between the two Governments. Moreover, a report, emanating from Vienna, is being widely circulated to the effect that, simultaneously with the published treaty, a secret understanding has been arrived at whereby the high contracting parties

mutually agree to abstain from joining any combination directed against either the one or the other. While the history of the past few years leaves no room for doubt that in seeking to come to an understanding with Russia German statesmen surreptitiously endeavoured to impair the vitality of the Triple Entente, there is literally no ground for the supposition that this compact has in reality been weakened in the slightest degree. The facts are indisputable. Throughout the whole course of the negotiations, not excepting the final stages, Russia has kept her partners fully and frankly informed, and time after time responsible statesmen both in England and France have emphatically declared their complete concurrence with her action. No serious student of international affairs requires convincing that it would be impossible for Russia to play a dual part.

The day has not yet come for the friend and the ally of France to step resolutely across that narrow border which divides moral support from active assistance. But it is not inconceivable that positive co-operation between the three Powers may be necessary in the near future. At the present moment the outlook in Europe is dark and threatening. The optimistic tone of official utterances from Berlin and Paris is merely symptomatic of the extreme gravity of the situation. These utterances convey but one impression—that of excessive protestation; for they must be considered side by side with two utterly irreconcilable factors, the arrogant and humiliating demands of Germany and the proud refusal of France to submit to humiliation. The height of the crisis has yet to be reached. Meanwhile France need entertain no misgivings as to the part her friends will play when the crucial hour of her trial has arrived.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

IN view of the great extension of international motor touring during recent years, the proceedings at the thirteenth annual congress of the League of Touring Associations, which has just completed its sittings at Geneva, are of considerable interest to the motoring community. One of the principal subjects of discussion was that of the feasibility of establishing a universal and simplified "triptique" system, for the purpose of relieving the touring motorist from the inconvenience of having to deposit the substantial sums of money demanded by the various countries in which they desired to tour. In some cases these have amounted to as much as £700, so that it can readily be understood that many motorists have been debarred from the pleasures of Continental touring solely on account of the inconvenience of having to make such heavy deposits. The chief advocates of a simplified and universal "triptique" system were the representatives of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, Captain L. A. Kingston and the Secretary (Mr. Stenson Cooke), and, in spite of opposition on the part of other representatives, they were eventually successful in inducing the Congress to decide to suggest to the various Governments the summoning of an International Customs Congress to consider the means of bringing such a system into operation. The A.A. and M.U. deserves great credit for its strenuous efforts to smooth the way for the touring motorist. If successful, as seems likely to be the case, touring by motor-car on the Continent will be freed from its most serious remaining drawback, and immense impetus will be given to a movement which has already done so much to promote international understanding and amity.

In the opinion of many who, in spite of the phenomenally rapid strides that have recently been made in the development of the science of aviation, have not allowed their enthusiasm to outrun their judgment, the true functions of

the flying-machine will be found to lie in naval and military service and in rapid postal work. So far as can be seen, aviation must always and necessarily be attended by risks which the average individual will not undertake, even for the delights which are presumably experienced by the chosen few who can "float in the wake of the evening star." In the utilisation of the aeroplane for naval and military purposes we are admittedly behind other countries, as we were in grasping the possibilities of the motor-car, but we have at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that to Great Britain belongs the honour of having established the first aerial postal service in Europe. A definite contract has been entered into with the Postmaster-General by the organisers of the "First United Kingdom Aerial Post" whereby on and from Saturday, September 9th, letters and postcards will be collected from special boxes located at some dozen of the most important business places in London and taken to a central post-office, whence they will be transmitted to the Hendon Aerodrome for conveyance by aeroplane to Windsor. The project is purely experimental, and the unique service will only be in operation for a limited period; but there is little doubt that it will be followed at no distant date by the inauguration of a permanent and regular aerial postal service.

A case of some interest to motorists generally was heard at the Lambeth Police-court the other day, when a private owner was summoned by the London County Council for "keeping a motor-car without a proper licence, and for delivering a declaration wherein the particulars required to be therein set forth were not fully and truly stated." It transpired that the defendant, when making application for his licence, delivered a declaration in which the particulars and cylinder measurements of his car were correctly stated, but in which he worked out the licence duty at four guineas, whereas, worked out by the Treasury regulations, the figures specified showed the car to be liable to the six-guinea tax. His contention was that the car, being an old one, did not develop the horse-power which its measurements indicated according to the official formula. Before making his declaration he had had the car carefully tested and found its actual horse-power to be such as to bring it within the four-guinea tax—a contention in which he was supported by the makers of the car. Of course, however, this defence was held to be invalid by the magistrate, who pointed out that the Treasury regulations made no distinction whatever between old and new cars. The result was that the defendant was ordered to pay a small fine for taking out an inadequate licence, whilst the summons for making an incorrect declaration was withdrawn.

The makers of the Victor Vest inform us that gratifying testimonies to the remarkable efficiency of the device as a factor in tyre economy are received from users by almost every post. Calling at the works of the Challenge Rubber Mills the other day to ascertain whether the Vest was maintaining its popularity, the present writer was shown a number of testimonials received on the same morning from private motorists. All were highly eulogistic, and several gave figures which showed that the Vest had enabled many hundreds of miles of additional running to be obtained from old covers which would otherwise have been discarded as useless.

The Rover Company, Ltd., of Coventry, desire to draw the attention of owners of "Rovers" to the fact that they are always glad to hear from them as to the running of their cars, and to write them fully giving any advice they may require in the matter of care and upkeep.

R. B. H.

A NEW FACTOR IN MOTORING.

The best is generally good enough for most people; but generally most people are lamentably unsuccessful in getting the best. How, for example, may the motorist get the best tyre? It is the matter of moment to him; but only the costly experiment will answer the question satisfactorily.

If he could exhaustively test every tyre on the market until the best had been determined; if his years of experience and an expert knowledge of rubber and its preparation, had given him ideas for improvement which he could incorporate in that best tyre, and again exhaustively test until he was entirely satisfied with the results, he would be able to claim that he had the best. Is that not so?

Then we have the best tyre because that has been our method. With entire liberty of choice we made our selection, incorporated our ideas, entered into a binding contract with the manufacturers (a firm of the highest reputation and experience), and produced—the **VICTOR TYRE**. Indisputably the **VICTOR TYRE** is the best.

The VICTOR VEST continues its extraordinary successful career. The VICTOR VEST is a new foundation, and a new life, for any old cover. It prevents punctures and bursts, and enables the cover to be run to its last shred of tread. We give a written guarantee that it will save 50 per cent. on normal tyre cost—£5 on every £10 spent on tyres.

These two make a new factor in motoring. With the VICTOR RETREADS (sound covers for unsound free) they make the most effective trio available to the motorist to-day. We shall be glad to prove that.

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IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

SINCE I last wrote a railway strike has begun and ended—ended in a complete victory for the Companies. The men, however, will obtain a rise in wages, which, after all, is what they desire, and the Companies will obtain the right to advance rates, which is also what they have been struggling to accomplish for a long time past. Thus both sides ought to be happy. But the strike will have done more than this, for it has taught us that if we desire to end these perpetual labour struggles we must enforce labour contracts just as we enforce all other contracts. If a man belongs to a Union, and if that Union makes an agreement on his behalf, then the organisation must be responsible, and the members themselves must be responsible. It is impossible to enforce labour contracts against the workmen separately, and they can only be made valid through their Unions. The railway men had absolutely no right to strike, and strikes out of sympathy must be rigidly forbidden. They must be made illegal, otherwise we get a tyranny which can only end in revolution. Mr. Asquith, no doubt, did perfectly right to call in the aid of the military, and the men behaved very sensibly in submitting. But military rule in a democratic country like England is extremely dangerous, as we have seen in the case of Llanelly. We had another instance of the danger, and indeed futility, of military rule in the great American railway strike, where many hundreds of people were killed and the whole trade of the United States disorganised and crippled for some years. Hard-and-fast rules cannot be made in a country like England. Compromise is the very essence of government. Last week I complained of the incompetence of Mr. Lloyd George as a Chancellor. This week I must praise his marvellous powers as a mediator. Neither Mr. Asquith, who tried bullying, nor Mr. Buxton, who tried suave officialism, could make the smallest impression on the labour men. But Mr. Lloyd George, who has a *flair* for peacemaking, settled the whole question very quickly. The railway strike has shown the Liberal party who is their real master. It is not the Prime Minister, but the Chancellor.

Markets have naturally been dull and depressed during the whole week, but prices have not fallen as much as one would have expected. In plain truth, the bear has shown himself a most useful animal, and I cannot understand why bear tactics are not more encouraged on the Stock Exchange. If everybody were allowed to sell short just as they are in the United States we should have much stronger and steadier markets. But in England we all buy at the same time, rush prices up to an unhealthy level, and invite a collapse—which always comes. The Stock Exchange has been bearish for weeks past, and when the railway strike came the bears thought it a good opportunity to buy back. As a result, if we add the dividends to the present quotations we shall find that the heavy Home Rails have fallen very little.

MONEY.—The money markets have been fairly steady. There is no demand from the speculative point of view, and prices are sufficiently low to release a great deal of money that is usually employed when quotations are at a high figure. Copper and rubber, two speculative commodities, are only half the price they were some time back. Thus many millions have been freed. The Bank of England has gradually strengthened its position, and its ratio of reserve

to liabilities is now very high. Its actual cash in hand is also above the average. The great banks on their side are carrying much larger supplies of cash than they usually do. Indeed the Bank of England and the joint stock banks have been taking in sail for some months past. There is no doubt that they were completely scared by the Birkbeck Bank failure, so scared that rather than permit the Yorkshire Penny Bank to collapse they took the unusual course of taking it over themselves and guaranteeing the assets. It is said in the City that there is further banking trouble ahead of us. This is possible, for banks that have invested a large portion of their funds in gilt-edged stocks and have failed to write them down are now face to face with a very serious depreciation.

FOREIGNERS.—All foreign stocks, except the gambling counters, keep as steady as a rock. There is not the smallest attempt to sell. On the contrary, it would almost seem as though there had been some buying. For instance, Egyptian Unified have actually risen, and Russians are steady at higher prices. Perus, in which there was once a bull account, have naturally fallen, and Tintos, also a great gambling counter on the Paris Bourse, have been weak. Such stocks as these we expect to find weak in days of trouble.

HOME RAILS.—The man who has courage will buy Home Railway stocks to-day. Of course the really wise purchased last account, when the heavy stocks were full of dividend. Notwithstanding the semi-panic in this market last week, the fall was nominal, for if we added the dividends we should find that Great Westerns, Midland deferred, Brums, Great Easterns had fallen very little. North-Easterns have of course their own special troubles to face. But even they are quoted at 128 ex-dividend, which would leave them 131½. Lancashire and Yorkshire are 96½ ex-dividend. As we have pointed out, the Companies, although they have lost considerably in traffics during the past six weeks, will certainly recoup themselves next year in the advance in rates. North-Eastern traffics are certain to be bad, for they have had now nearly a week of disturbance. But all the lines will show serious losses, especially in the passenger traffics. Losses in goods traffic will probably be made up when the goods go forward. People having goods to send must send them. But passenger traffic, once lost, cannot be regained.

YANKEES.—The American market has not recovered, and Unions still remain the one weak spot. Lovett denies all the bear rumours; and declares the line is in perfect order and business good. Nevertheless thousands of shares are sold, and quite 50 per cent. of the stocks sold are on bear account. Atchisons keep steady, no doubt in the hope that shareholders will get a plum out of the hundred million convertible bonds that are to be issued after the meeting on October 26th. The Atchison proposes to acquire 242 miles from Needles to Mojaava. Although it is part of the Atchison main line system, it really belongs to the Southern Pacific, who leased it to the Atchison in 1885. Eventually Atchison will double track its system from Chicago to San Francisco. It seems that some arrangement has been come to with the Southern Pacific for an immediate purchase instead of waiting till the end of the lease, which expires in 1979.

RUBBER.—From the point of view of the shareholder, rubber continues to be a depressing memory. Prices do not move, and reports from all the outside shows are gloomy. It will be remembered that the Henriquez Estates, a rubber company owning a plantation on the Isthmus of Panama, issued a prospectus promising the usual gigantic profits. The public were not in the mood for rubber, and the issue

was a failure; but the promoters found the necessary money and marketed the shares at a huge premium during the boom. As there was very little chance of a Castilloa plantation in Panama ever paying a dividend the same promoters sold off a portion of the property to the Henriquez South, and again marketed the shares at a substantial premium. They now have the audacity to issue a circular asking shareholders in both companies to allow a combine to take place, and they propose to assess the shares. Therefore the two companies, whose total capital was £76,000, are now to be capitalised at £100,000, although they have been conspicuous failures. Practically nothing is said about rubber in the circular, but the whole talk is of timber. Mr. Gillingham, who was put forth as a great rubber expert, now poses as a reporter on the timber prospects, and altogether the whole thing is extremely impudent, and no shareholder in either company should dream of joining the reconstruction. It is useless to throw good money after bad.

OIL.—Shells have hardened up during the past few days, and it is possible that they may improve still further. The Anglo-Maikop Corporation, which reconstructed itself some little time back with the idea of giving the deferred shareholders ordinary shares in place of their deferred, and allowing them to sell out if they desired, has now issued its statutory report, by which we find that only 79,363 shares were applied for by the shareholders, who were offered 153,750. But there is a note appended to the report which states that there is a further sum of £38,213 due to the Corporation in respect of shares sold but not yet delivered. Can it be that these shares were taken up but not paid for? The meeting will be held on September 1st, and probably some shareholder will ask for an explanation of this curious item. It is possible, of course, that Anglo-Maikop has sold some of its other holdings to the Stock Exchange, which did not deliver them at the date of the statutory report.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir Market remains in a most depressed condition, and nothing seems to cheer it up, not even the record of gold for the month of July, which record, by the way, was obtained by poaching on the reserves of gold. Paris is quite determined to have no more to do with Kaffirs. The working costs appear to be going up, and the yield to be going down. The price of all the leading Kaffir shares is even now quite high enough, and the yield of most of the best is under 10 per cent. This is not enough, because as the life of the mine grows less so has the price of the share a tendency to fall out of all due proportion to the life. No one should invest in Kaffirs unless he can obtain a clear 10 per cent. on his money after allowing for amortisation.

RHODESIANS.—The Rhodesian Market goes from bad to worse, and during the past account one of the dealers failed. The matter was not of any importance, but it was nevertheless depressing, and prices did not improve in consequence. It seems hopeless to expect the big houses to do anything just now. Sir Abe Bailey takes very little interest, and he is really the only man who can lead the market to success. He now intends to lead a bride to the altar, which will be much easier and infinitely more satisfactory to himself. He is an extremely able man with an infinite capacity for making money.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cements are very flat, but Marconis are quite strong and are talked much higher. Nevertheless a good many people are unloading their miscellaneous shares, for they are afraid of labour troubles. I think they are wrong, for I believe that our industrial market has some of the best investments in the Stock Exchange.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

JUSTICE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You very properly ask for opinions. This strike, *per se*, is of comparatively small importance save for the moment. A transient period, and we shall be as usual again, with perhaps a few more pence added to wages here and there, and naturally a little less straw for the making of bricks. When will mankind learn the greatest of all laws—you cannot add to without taking from?

Instead of fretting over the present eruption between employed and employer—so-called—should we not be better occupied in seeking a solution of the problem that gave us last week in the Labour world?

Is it not the fact that for the past fifty years—ever since the gasp of relief ascended for the completion of the Crimean War—this country has been resting on its laurels, living in a state of false security—asleep? Where have been the Governments, of either party, who have awakened and warned us that Great Britain has but a given acreage, and that Nature favours it annually with four seasons only? Where has been the political foresight at Westminster these past decades that would have averted the labour and capital collisions of to-day? One Government gave us the Suez Canal—thank God! What else has been done save that wholesale making of increasingly bewildering laws which have succeeded in sapping and crippling hopelessly the capital and industries of the country, and have apparently ended in little or no good for the masses for whom they were intended, and were as so much "sop."

Is it without the bounds of calculation that we owe the condition of things as they are to-day between employer and employed to the fact that the masses had the franchise and free education too soon and have lost their heads—thanks largely to the lavender-gloved Labour agitators who, by their cupidity, flourish on the Labour funds both in times of peace and war. The worker thinks he is cute. So, too, is the official agitator!

The John Bull orange has been sucked ravenously by all in power, from the highest to the lowest, for the past five or six decades. During the while we have made unnecessary and unjust wars; caved in at international diplomacy; and accomplished but little politically beyond fulsome talk and blithering bathos. If Science and Art had not been in the rear, God help poor old England! Had there not been private enterprise building up huge businesses where would the country have been? Sovereigns, Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, Judges, Bishops, priests, and deacons ever take but do not create.

Let the employer and employed be told the truth. We may patch to serve a time, but capital is on its last legs. Export figures are of no avail when, as in my business, they represent an article made up or put together of materials and machinery bought from abroad: and which when for sale to America has a 25 per cent. duty plastered on to it. When shall we have a new public Department—a *National Business Department*?—Yours obediently,

ARTHUR VITTON.

Constitutional Club, Heworth-on-Tyne.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The inconvenience to the nation from the anarchy caused through strikes is not the only inconvenience from which it suffers. What about the inconvenience from the anarchy emanating through a breach of legal procedure, not to mention incompetence, on the part of the Government itself? Are we justified in our censure of the strikers when our Prime Minister is himself a striker, a striker of the darkest hue—a State wrecker?

If we appeal for justice, let us have, for our own sakes, a wise and not a mean dispensation of it. Without strikes—and I am

not pleading the cause of the agitator who thinks of nothing but filling his own pockets, neither am I sanctioning riots—how are our industrial evils and inequalities to be righted? We all know the prime duty of Government consists in the maintenance of insular unity and peace, but Government policies which are grounded upon economic inconsistencies or contradiction must ever fail in this prime duty.

The fact is, Sir, the nation is made to suffer through its own weaknesses—for giving incompetent persons and law-breakers absolute power. After all is said and done, it is the people, and the people alone, who are to blame, and there is no way of escape from this fundamental truth.—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

"WHO PAYS?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—During the Liberal Party's occupation of office the country has had legislation passed avowedly for the benefit of the Democracy. Admitted that the object of the Liberal Party (especially the out-and-out Lloyd Georgians) may be for the greatest benefit, and has the highest and most pure motive, it must also be acknowledged by every responsible member that in spite of all this beneficial legislation all is not well in the State. The continuous and serious unrest throughout the country, particularly among the Democracy, as evinced by the industrial wars recurring one after another, prove the failure of a policy of government for the benefit of one class, whose vote, but not responsibility or stake, may preponderate over all others, at the expense of and to the detriment of other classes.

The present Government have failed in their highest duty because they have attempted this policy and neglected to govern the land for the common weal. In order to provide the money necessary for the working of all their "wild-cat" schemes they have taxed every capitalist, every employer of labour, penalised every enterprise, and boasted that in so doing they were compelling the rich to contribute more to the support of the poor. But they forgot that they were increasing the cost of production, and consequently increasing the cost of the very necessities of life for that class whom they through their schemes would benefit.

On every side they have been compelled to intervene between Capital and Labour, and every time they have so acted they have seen evidence of the severity of the struggle for existence for both employer and employed. Yet not once have they attempted to remove the cause of these disputes, but have gone on, and on, adding daily to the burden which both have to bear, till now at last they are compelled in this their latest intervention, "to give assurances to the railway companies that they will propose to Parliament next Session that an increase in the cost of labour, due to improvements of condition for the staff, would be a valid justification for a reasonable general increase of charges within the legal maxima if challenged under the Act of 1894." In plain words, the Government have sown the wind and are now reaping the whirlwind, because they are pledged to assist in still further increasing the cost of living.

What honour will the harvest bring when, on every side, in every trade, there is more discontent? The Democracy will find it still more difficult to live, and will demand and fight for yet higher wages until the breaking-point is reached, when capital has been driven from the country, and employment fails. Then the Democracy will arise and demand from the Government and from their own leaders an account of their stewardship, and in the desire for revenge depose all lawful authority. The Democracy will thereupon say, and say truly: "You promised us all these grand measures for our benefit. You told us that the dukes, the landed proprietors, and the bloated capitalists would be made to pay; but we have found that we, the great Democracy, have had to pay, and the benefit is not worth the expense. We have found that it costs us 15 per cent. more to live, and our wages have only increased 5 per cent. We are 10 per cent. worse off now than we were six years ago, and we can get more and greater

benefits from our own societies for less expenditure without your help. We have found that the burden you have placed upon us is greater than we can bear, and we demand that you, the Government of this country, shall either place our employers in a more equitable position on the home and foreign markets to enable them to give us more work and higher pay, so that we may bear the load, or give place to better men, who will know our needs, and who will govern the country for the country's good, and not attempt to set class against class, brother against brother, but will seek to legislate so as to bring peace, love, and understanding among all classes in the land, and make us strong as a nation, ready at all times to present a united front to every foe in defence of our interests, our flag, and our King."

T. McLEOD.

West Hartlepool, August 22nd, 1911.

THE REFERENDUM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—Recent events have again emphasised the necessity of ascertaining by means of an impartial referendum the opinion of the public in regard to the wisest means of permanently adjusting the grave differences that exist between capital and labour. As wisdom is not confined to politicians or restricted to Cabinet Ministers, we consider that the collective opinion of the people should always be obtained in reference to matters that directly concern the national welfare. The Independent Political Association is establishing the necessary machinery for taking a referendum of the people on all subjects of supreme importance and particularly in cases where the will of the people is ignored, suppressed, or misconstrued. The questions of Home Rule and Payment of Members are two matters that we desire to submit to a referendum without delay, and the result of the comprehensive poll we propose to take will be published in due course.

I think it will be agreed that work of this character can best be conducted by an independent association without party bias; one, moreover, animated with the object of recording and tabulating public opinion in the exact form it is expressed. Might I be permitted to mention to all interested in this proposal that our ability to carry it out efficiently depends entirely upon the amount of practical support we receive?—Yours faithfully,

S. SKELHORN,

Literary Secretary.

The Independent Political Association,
Westminster Chambers,
1, Victoria-street, S.W.

MOROCCO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With the Morocco imbroglio in full swing, a volume just published by M. Lucian Hubert, Deputy, "Politique Extérieure," chez Alcan, Paris, 3f. 50c., is quite a welcome event.

M. Hubert was a reporter of the Algeciras Act in the French Chamber, and his speech delivered at this occasion, and also subsequently on the debate on the same problem, is reproduced in this volume, and show with mathematical precision that the French statesmen were quite prepared to Herr v. Kiderlen-Waechter's coup. In a nutshell, the whole problem is as follows.

The French have to pay the piper and the Germans have to call the tune. Moreover, the latter expect that all countries shall help them, and as nobody is inclined to do it they shout that "the Germans are hemmed in."

M. Hubert quotes also a sentence from the *Gazette de Cologne*, which shows the German mentality, "You cannot arrest the evolution of a people with a wall of paper." Of course the superman is German's deity, and we have to pay homage to his chief, Herr v. Kiderlen-Waechter.

In this volume is also a report from M. Hubert about the

Franco-Belgian Treaty of the 28th December, 1908, and the French pre-emption rights upon the Belgian Congo, which is not yet ratified by the French Parliament. The over-cleverness of the late King Leopold has delayed the discussion and the ratification of this Treaty.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. GERSONY.

59, Ronalds-road, N., August 21, 1911.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As one who is responsible for a "purely phonetic" alphabet, I am not able to agree with all of Mr. Archer's statements on the above subject, though I am thoroughly in accord with his opposition to the use of diacritical marks. The use of the diagraphs, *th*, *sh*, *ch*, &c., is not satisfactory from a scientific point of view; and new symbols are preferable, and are, moreover, already in existence.

Any one who cares to do so may see the result of my own investigations in "The English Language Simplified" (Kegan Paul, price one penny). I regret that only the alphabet and a few illustrative words are there given; but careful experimentation on a large scale has been made and shows the applicability of the system to ordinary use.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury-circus, E.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Harvest.* By Evelyne Close. Lynwood and Co. 6s.
A Rolling Stone. By B. M. Croker. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
Bermadu: A Tale of Modern Malaya. By Mrs. R. M. Connolly. Greening and Co. 3s. 6d.
A Bavarian Village Player. By Frances G. Burmester. Greening and Co. 6s.
The Disaster. By Paul and Victor Margueritte. Translated, with an Introductory Memoir, by Frederic Lees. Frontispiece. Greening and Co. 1s. 6d. net.
Wife to Peter. By Louise Mack. Alston Rivers. 6s.
The Little Green Gate. By Stella Callaghan. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 5s.
A Painter of Souls. By David Lisle. Methuen and Co. 6s.
La Chanoinesse. By André Theuriet. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.
The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
The Country of the Blind, and Other Stories. By H. G. Wells. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
Anthea's Guest. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Methuen and Co. 6s.
Margaret Harding. By Perceval Gibbon. Methuen and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Le Légendaire du Mont St. Michel.* By Etienne Dupont. Robert Duval, Paris. 3f.
Studies in History, Economics and Public Law:—Vol. XXXIX.
 No. 2. *Political History of New York State during the Period of the Civil War.* By S. D. Brummer, Ph.D. (12s.)
 Vol. XL. No. 1. *A Survey of Constitutional Development in China.* By Hawking L. Yen, Ph.D. (4s.) Vol. XL.

- No. 2. *Ohio Politics during the Civil War Period.* By G. H. Porter, Ph.D. (7s.) Vol. XL. No. 3. *The Territorial Basis of Government under the State Constitutions.* By A. Zantzing Reed, Ph.D. (7s.) Vol. XLIII. No. 2. *Education and the Mores.* By F. Stuart Chapin, Ph.D. (3s.)—Columbia University, N.Y., and P. S. King and Son.
A Gate Beautiful: The Story of the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society 1910-1911. Illustrated. Ragged School Union. 6d.
Carlo Goldoni. (Corso di Lezioni fatte nell' Università di Roma nell' anno scolastico 1910-1911.) By Angelo de Gubernatis Successori Le Monnier, Florence. 6 lire.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Five Centuries of London.* A Series of Illustrations. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
Cathedrals of England. A Series of Illustrations. Constable and Co. 1s. net.
The Panama Canal: A Study in International Law and Diplomacy. By Harmodio Arias, B.A., LL.B. P. S. King and Son. 10s. 6d. net.
Guide to the Exhibition of Animals, Plants, and Minerals Mentioned in the Bible. British Museum (Natural History). 6d.
Indian Languages of Mexico and Central America and their Geographical Distribution. By Cyrus Thomas, assisted by John R. Swanton. With a Linguistic Map. Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.
Antiquities of the Mesa Verde National Park Cliff Palace. By Jesse Walter Fewkes. Illustrated. Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.
Caractères. By Jean de La Bruyère. Coloured Frontispiece. T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- Latin and Greek in American Education. With Symposia on the Value of Humanistic Studies.* Edited by Francis W. Kelsey. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1 50c.
Bell's Simplified Latin Classics: I.—Cæsar's Invasions of Britain. (Extracted from "De Bello Gallico," Lib. IV., V.) Edited with Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. Illustrated. II.—*Livy's Kings of Rome.* Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. Illustrated. G. Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d each.

VERSE

- Sonnets and Songs.* By Lawrence Forth. Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
Selected Poems of Oscar Wilde, including "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." Methuen and Co. 1s. net.
The Parson and Clerk: A Legend of the Devon Coast. By Weston South. With Frontispiece by Ida M. Bogue. The Wessex Press, Taunton. 6d.

THEOLOGY

- Croyances, Rites, Institutions: Tome I.—Hiérogaphie, Archéologie et Histoire Religieuse. Tome II.—Hiérologie, Questions de Méthode et d'Origines. Tome III.—Hiérosophie, Problèmes du Temps Présent.* By Comte Goblet d'Alviella. Paul Geuthner, Paris. 3 vols. 22f. 50c.
Comfortable Words for Christ's Lovers. Being the Visions and Voices Vouchsafed to Lady Julian, Recluse at Norwich in 1373. Transcribed and Edited from the Recently Discovered Manuscript (Brit. Mus. Addit., 37,790) by the Rev Dundas Harford, M.A. H. R. Allenson. 1s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALS

- The Open Window; The Near East; Good Health; The Book-seller; London University Gazette; Publishers' Circular; Constitution Papers; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Parsi, Bombay; Revue Bleue; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.*



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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Review of the Week	291	Reviews (continued)—	
Reality	292	Shorter Reviews	300
The Strike—and After ...	292	Fiction	301
The Evolution of the		Magazines	303
“Cure” Humbug—II....	293	Troublous Liverpool	304
State Insurance in Ger-		What is Label?	305
many—II.	294	Foreign Reviews	307
French and English		The Hero	308
Scenery.....	295	Imperial & Foreign Affairs	310
Reviews :—		Motoring and Aviation ...	311
Wagner's Autobiography	297	In the Temple of Mammon	312
Stevenson's Letters—II.	298	Correspondence	314
A Nation's Love Songs	299	Books Received	315

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The INDEX to VOLUME LXXX. (January-June, 1911) of THE ACADEMY will be forwarded post-free for ½d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 93-94, Long Acre, W.C.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

LAST week we insisted that neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Lloyd George was entitled to the praise of having brought the railway strike to an end, although both should be commended for their belated efforts to repair the mischief for which they were primarily responsible. The Home Secretary is apparently incapable of learning wisdom by experience, which it is usually said conveys a message even to persons of limited intelligence. In another column we publish an interesting interview with a Justice of the Peace for Liverpool, graphically describing the arduous work and dangers which fall to the lot of these unpaid servants of the public. They do no talking, and therefore there is no suggestion of salaries ranging from £400 per annum. This may possibly be because they do something useful. In this country the paid judiciary numbers about three hundred; in Germany the same work is performed—no better—by nearly two thousand paid Judges and magistrates. It is a little hard that men who willingly give their time, and incur hardships and dangers, such as are depicted in the interview we print elsewhere, should be the sport of an ignorant occupant of the Home Office. This person, as we have said, learns nothing. So late as August 14th, he remitted half the penalty on a man who had very properly been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for being drunk and disorderly, the man having previously been convicted over three hundred

times. We lately referred to Mr. Neil Primrose as an incorrigible nincompoop, and we now have the pleasure of including the Home Secretary in the same category.

The agricultural labourer of Norfolk who rashly boasted last week that he would be pleased to “change jobs” with the local clergyman, and challenged the Rev. A. C. Mackie to this peaceful duel, found himself scared at the last moment, and withdrew as gracefully as may be. His challenge was unexpectedly accepted, although, as the layman naturally could not officiate in church, the day chosen was last Saturday. Mr. Mackie was perfectly willing to plough and sow and reap and mow “and be a farmer's boy,” and in consideration of the fact that he had occasionally taken his share in the work of the field he generously agreed to give his friend two hours start. When, however, the belligerent tiller of the soil caught a glimpse of the duties awaiting him, his dreams of a cosy day in the Vicar's armchair with a pipe in his mouth and his feet on the table vanished incontinently; for among the items on Mr. Mackie's programme figured the translation of English into Greek, the preparation of two sermons, the choosing of Sunday's hymns, some house-to-house visiting, and the writing of an address to children. So he backed out, acknowledging, doubtless, that, however faulty the reverend gentleman's hoeing or reaping might prove to be, his own Greek would be faultier still; admitting, too, that there is considerable truth in the old maxim “Each man to his trade.” And perhaps some of his *confrères* will now recognise that a man who works with his brain in apparent ease may tackle tasks just as important and difficult as those of the man who bears literally the burden and heat of the day. Both play their part, and both are necessary.

Fifty-five original letters of George Eliot, written by her to Mrs. Alma Stuart, have been presented to the British Museum by Mr. Roland Stuart; in the same volume are bound a few letters by G. H. Lewes written to George Eliot. The extracts given in the *Times* of Monday last are extremely interesting, and show a tenderness and a sympathy which are not always to be deduced from a perusal of her novels. There can be no “more substantial good,” she writes, “than the certitude of having helped another to bear some heavy burthen—of having lessened pain and given the sweetness of fellowship in sorrow. That is just the one good which seems the more worth having the more our own life is encompassed with shadows.” There is not much of the cynic or the stern outlook here, and the letters seem to prove that true character and the true attitude to life are more often betrayed in notes penned at odd times to intimate friends than in the more calculated words which are meant for the world at large.

It is stated that a clever mechanical genius of Berlin—*anxious, doubtless, to improve the quality of the human race*—has succeeded, after years of labour, in constructing an artificial man. This new species of the *genus homo* can walk and talk, sing and whistle, laugh and “make all movements.” Whether it can carry on an intelligent conversation, throw unpleasant persons downstairs, answer the bell or play golf is not stated, but at any rate it is reputed to reply to questions and obey certain words of command, and, since it is a life-sized figure practically indistinguishable from flesh and blood a yard or two away, it may have its uses. If only the inventor will give us a man guaranteed not to go on strike we foresee for his factory a huge sheaf of urgent orders, and for himself a large fortune.

REALITY

I.

When we, the old wise Deities
 Who rule by Life's Realities,
 Whose fingers crush the Golden Keys
 And bar the Ivory Gate,
 Would claim a child from cradle-head,
 To Truth's best, sternest service bred,
 To win from lies the long-misled
 And break the spells we hate,

II.

Think you, we to his christening bring
 The gifts whereof our vassals sing,
 The household fire, the marriage ring,
 That gentler fates unfold?
 No! In his hand we lay the dower
 Of stranger gods—a primrose flower,
 An elfin-lamp, a glittering shower
 Of dead-leaf faëry gold!

III.

And thro' youth's tireless nights and days
 We doom him to the dreamer's ways,
 To seek (as men seek us) the praise
 Of our worst enemies;
 By starlit hill and lamplit town,
 We bind him to go up and down,
 And rail against the fair renown
 Of Life's Realities.

IV.

And when we've led him, half his years,
 Far-seeing, in the blinding tears,
 And fearless, in the growing fears
 The long rebellion brings,
 In one quiet hour, we grant him sight
 Of us, unveiled, in his dream's light. . . .
 Did aught but dreams e'er praise aright
 The Sacred Common Things?

G. M. HORT.

THE STRIKE—AND AFTER

THE after-effects of the great strike are making themselves felt, and considerable tact will be required if they are to be prevented from doing further damage. Great Eastern railwaymen are complaining that they have not been reinstated in their old positions—are grumbling angrily because men who honourably fulfilled the duties demanded of them, in spite of the wild appeals of the agitators, have been allowed to retain positions dishonourably vacated by the grumblers. Thus rumours of another sectional railway rebellion are in the air; and in unhappy Wales—where Mr. Lloyd George, taking the opportunity afforded by laying the foundation-stone of a chapel, has been smoothing matters over by reminding the populace that Liverpool was just as bad as Llanelly—the Labour unrest has spread to the coal-miners. We sincerely trust that during the next month or two, while negotiations are in progress, the Rhondda Valley workers will control their inflammable tempers, and strive to see both sides of a question; at present they seem to be of the opinion, to paraphrase a well-known saying, that

“What South Wales thinks to-day England will think to-morrow.”

Meanwhile it may not be out of place to consider briefly one or two points raised in our correspondence columns by our article entitled “The Fruits of Coddle,” appearing in the issue of August 12th. Our chief trouble, said the writer of a letter which we printed the following week, is “the inconvenience” caused by strikes. “Inconvenience” is a mild word; had he said the wicked waste and the danger, he would have been nearer the mark. No objection was made to the workman earning a “living wage;” such an objection would be fatuous indeed. No sane man, whatever position in life he may occupy, objects to fair payment for labour, whether that labour be skilled or unskilled; but when the unskilled worker, adequately paid, clamours for shorter hours and more money (both time and money so gained being, we fear, in the great majority of cases, entirely wasted), there is need for vigorous protest. And when the willing worker, skilled or unskilled, not in sympathy with the strikers and their trail of wastrel followers, is compelled to be idle under threats of bodily harm, where does sanity or justice come in?

For their needs, many sections of the strikers were earning a comfortable wage; those who were underpaid have undoubtedly the right to strive to alter the conditions of their labour, but have not the shadow of a right to wreck or to impede the work of others. Again, relations between employer and employed were “pleasant and profitable” at one time, both to masters and men; the writer of the letter exposes his ignorance by doubting it. His example of injustice is valueless without a knowledge of further facts relative to the men's discharge.

“Their strength,” says our correspondent, “lies in Labour, and Labour only.” How logical, then, to cease work at the bidding of raucous-voiced orators, and to risk misery of every kind! He should descend—or ascend—to the level of a common-sense point of view, and listen thoughtfully to the pathetic distortions of truth to be heard at any Socialist gathering in the parks on any evening, before he puts pen to paper again. “To argue that the dock-hands struck because their wives and children were starving,” said one of our contemporaries in a well-considered leading article, “or, as Mr. Ben Tillett maintains, that it is the Pharaohs of capital who, by hardening their hearts to all appeals, brought about the crisis, is an execrable perversion of the facts. It is far nearer the truth to say that the country has been brought face to face with an industrial war of unprecedented magnitude mainly because Trade Unionism, combined with Socialism, has produced evils which palliatives and mild remedies can never cure.”

The plea of another correspondent, whose letter we published last week, for a “National Business Department” can hardly be taken as a serious suggestion to ameliorate the present situation. With more Departments comes more complication, and already we have as much machinery in motion in the way of Conciliation Boards, Special Commissions, &c., as can be conveniently managed; nor would a “Business Department,” which, in the nature of its constitution, would have to specialise in interference with the work of others, be long in favour. His opinion that the masses, being supplied too soon with free education and fresh liberties, have lost their heads, carries much weight. Into another aspect of the question, raised by “H. C. D.,” concerning the responsibility of the present Government for the extraordinary events of the past month, there is no necessity now to enter. From time to time we have pointed out, and shall continue to point out, that legislative irresponsibility reacts upon, and degrades, and disorganises the very heart of the nation.

W. L. R.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE "CURE" HUMBUG—II.

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

UNDER the electric lights appear all the types of faces which are familiar at Monte Carlo or at Enghien—fair-haired Anglo-Saxons losing their money without turning a hair; callous Slavs, half-drunk, and caring not two straws whether they win or lose; nervous and excitable Italians and French, who seem to feel the loss of a five-franc piece more than the Anglo-Saxon or Slav does his thousands. All the familiar mascots are laid on the table—old knives, bunches of keys, teddy bears, and knick-knacks. But still the game goes on as it has ever done, up and down for the punters, one night ahead and the next down, while every evening the steady dropping of the five francs and louis pieces sounds as the sweetest music to the delighted ears of the proprietor and his shareholders. The third year at Humbugbad has been a gigantic success. It encourages the proprietor and promoters to indulge in a gigantic scheme of advertisement for the following year. Agencies are established in London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. The Press is filled with advertisements, and beautiful photographs of the leading features of the district and of the hotels are reproduced in divers colours. Patrons are invited to book their rooms in advance to ensure them.

The promoters, however, are not altogether satisfied with the class of visitors they are attracting. There are not enough of the Anglo-Saxon race, who are the heavy gamblers; and there are not enough well-known names in the society circles of London and Paris who fill the society columns year in and year out. In a word, something must be done to make Humbugbad a little more fashionable. If only a Grand Duke or a meandering-homeless-throneless Prince or a real live Duchess could be induced to come, the future status of Humbugbad would be assured. Then, again, up to the present there has been a singular and most unfortunate absence of coquettes—those vultures who follow wealth and prosperity. Special terms are arranged for the coquettes, but the Grand Duke presents greater difficulties. Steps are taken to find an indigent one who would be delighted to live free of charge for a month or six weeks in such pleasant surroundings. He is found, fixed upon, and approached. Now persons who apply for rooms are informed that those they require are reserved for the "Grand Duke." The news spreads like wildfire. The attraction is irresistible. Applications from the familiar names in the society columns now come pouring in by the score. A record season is anticipated. Especial efforts are made to provide attractions at the Casino. A priceless band is hired; the best companies from Paris are engaged to appear at the theatre; the coquettes come pouring in, and once you have the coquettes and the Grand Duke, there is and can be no looking back.

And what a season that was at Humbugbad! The hotels were filled to overflowing, and yet hundreds were turned away disappointed; the restaurants were nightly packed, and prices went up fifty per cent. all round. The shop from Paris which had set up branches made huge profits. The names of those who dined at the Grand Duke's tables were duly reported day by day in

a special article written by "Our Correspondent on the Spot" to the *New York Herald*. The amount of money which changed hands at the baccarat-tables surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Every evening the Grand Duke sallied forth to try his luck with several thousand francs borrowed from the hotel; but this was willingly given, and repaid throughout the town an enormous percentage of profit.

The season closed in unparalleled splendour with a magnificent floral fête. The promoters saw their last guests depart with a chuckle of joy and devoted the winter months to counting their profits. The coquettes swore to return in a body the following season. Next year the Grand Duke was not invited. The proprietors had still greater ambitions. The process of evolution from an impoverished Grand Duke to a real live reigning monarch is not a difficult one. The proprietors received orders well in advance to reserve an entire floor of the Imperial Hotel for a King. Again the news spread like wildfire. Alterations to provide for the monarch's comfort were made in the rooms. Again the prices went up with a bound. Again another record season was anticipated. But the spring had been a dry one; the summer had been drier still, and the surrounding country was as parched and arid as the Sahara. Six weeks before the season was due to commence the head of the syndicate received the following telegram, "Source dried up; water will no longer flow. What are we to do?" The awful news almost stunned the proprietor. His face turned ashen grey, his hair still greyer. He called a meeting of his directors. Like condemned criminals awaiting the hangman's cart they sat round in solemn silence. They saw the profits and labours of five years dashed from their hands. The last to arrive at this momentous board meeting was the chief doctor of Humbugbad, who had been given a seat on the board. "Why, what is wrong with you all?" he said. "You look scared out of your wits." They broke the news to him. The doctor smiled a cynical smile. "Is that all?" he coolly remarked. "I thought the hotel had caught fire, which would indeed have been a disaster." "But what is the use of Humbugbad without the 'source'?" asked the trembling chairman of the syndicate. "Oh, Humbugbad shall have its 'source' all right," replied the doctor. "But how?" asked a chorus of eager voices. "I can make it by a very simple chemical process," answered the doctor, "provided there is a river or a stream somewhere in the neighbourhood which still flows." "But will it have the same marvellous curative qualities?" asked the chairman, anxiously. "My dear fellow," replied the doctor, dryly, "the chairman of a great syndicate like ours should be a man of the world. Do you suppose that that little, warm, iron-charged stream really does any good or harm to any one? Not a bit of it. It is not the waters which provide those wonderful cures; it is the moderation which people practise whilst taking them which does the good, and carries on all these worn-out, old, over-fed *roués* and gamblers for another year of dissipation. My chemically prepared water will have exactly the same result, and we need not have any anxiety for the future."

For the next six weeks workmen toiled night and day to divert a stream from the little river half a mile from the "source," and in building a small reservoir underneath the marble cupola and installing the necessary chemical filters and heaters to give it the same warmth and same taste. The work was just completed in time. The royal monarch came,

and with him a magnificent retinue of officials, Ministers, favourites, and satellites. Pictures of him, cup in hand, taking his turn in truly democratic fashion with the rest, filled the illustrated papers of the Continent. At the end of six weeks he left, but the head of the syndicate was at the railway station to see him off. Just before the train started some such charming and characteristic incident as the following was duly reported in the Press:—

His Majesty then stepped up to the manager of Humbugbad and grasped him warmly by the hand, saying: "I am delighted with my cure; I have never taken any waters which suited me so well. I feel better than I have felt for years, and will certainly return next year." Then, taking it from his A.D.C., his Majesty handed the manager the Second Class of the Universal Order.

STATE INSURANCE IN GERMANY—II.

OLD-AGE PENSION

THIS is granted to every one of seventy who has paid 1,200 contributions and has maintained his claim. In the five different classes of contributors this pension amounts to £5 10s. per annum in the lowest class, £7 in the second, £8 10s. in the third, £10 in the fourth, and £11 10s. in the fifth and highest class. In each case a subsidy of £2 10s. is contributed by the Imperial Government, the Insurance Institute finding the balance.

THE INVALIDITY PENSION

is somewhat complicated, and I must give some examples to make my meaning clear. The contributors are divided into five classes of wage-earners:

Class I. receiving	£17 10s. p.a. or less.
„ II. „	from £17 10s. p.a. to £27 10s.
„ III. „	from £27 10s. p.a. to £42 10s.
„ IV. „	from £42 10s. p.a. to £57 10s.
„ V. „	£57 10s. and upwards.

Three factors go to make up the pension—

- Firstly, the Imperial subsidy of £2 10s.
- Then a foundation payment equal to 500 times a supposed weekly contribution according to class.

SUPPOSED CONTRIBUTION.	FOUNDATION SUM.
Class I. 12pf. × 500 =	60 marks or £3
„ II. 14pf. × 500 =	70 marks or £3 10s.
„ III. 16pf. × 500 =	80 marks or £4
„ IV. 18pf. × 500 =	90 marks or £4 10s.
„ V. 20pf. × 500 =	100 marks or £5

Should less than 500 contributions have been paid, the missing weeks are reckoned as being in Class I. If more than 500 contributions have been paid the contributions of the lowest class are eliminated.

(c) An increment sum is paid for each week's contribution. These sums amount in Class I. to 3 pfennigs per week, in Class II. to 6, in Class III. to 8, in Class IV. to 10, in Class V. to 12 (10 pf. = one penny).

For different classes of over 500 weeks, the higher 500 count.

Example: 100 contributions in Class III., 150 in Class IV., 50 in Class V., 40 illness weeks (reckoned as payments in

Class II.), 160 weeks to make up, reckoned in Class I.: 500 weeks.

Foundation sum—

$$100 \times 80 + 150 \times 90 + 50 \times 100 + 40 \times 70 + 160 \times 60 = 500$$

$$\text{or } 100 \times 16 \text{ pfennigs} + 150 \times 18 \text{ pf.} + 50 \times 20 \text{ pf.} + 40 \times 14 \text{ pf.} + 160 \times 12 \text{ pf.} = 77.80 \text{ marks.}$$

$$\text{Increment—} 100 \times 8 + 150 \times 10 \text{ pf.} + 50 \times 12 \text{ pf.} + 40 \times 6 \text{ pf.} = 31.40 \text{ marks.}$$

Total annuity—50m. Imperial subsidy. 77.80m. foundation sum, 31.40m. increment = 159 marks 20pf., or nearly £8 per annum.

Example II.: 50 contributions in Class I., 100 in Class II., 200 in Class III., 300 in Class IV., 100 in Class V.

The 500 highest contributions are 100 in Class V., 300 in Class IV., and 100 in Class III.

$$\text{Foundation sum—} 100 \times 20 \text{ pf.} + 300 \times 18 \text{ pf.} + 100 \times 16 \text{ pf.} = 90 \text{ marks.}$$

$$\text{Increment—} 50 \times 3 \text{ pf.} + 100 \times 6 \text{ pf.} + 200 \times 8 \text{ pf.} + 300 \times 10 \text{ pf.} + 100 \times 12 \text{ pf.} = 65.50 \text{ marks.}$$

Total annuity—50 marks + 90 marks + 65.50 marks; total, 205.50 marks, or £10 5s. 6d.

A widow's annuity is paid to a widow permanently disabled, or disabled for more than twenty-six weeks, on the death of her husband, he being an insured person. An orphan's annuity is paid for the children under fifteen years of a deceased insured man and for the orphan children of a deceased insured widow. Widow money is paid on the death of the husband. Orphan endowments are paid on the completion of a child's fifteenth year. The Imperial subvention towards each widow's annuity amounts to £2 10s., to £1 5s. in the case of an orphan's annuity, to a single payment of £1 10s. towards each grant of widow money, and of 16s. 8d. towards each orphan's endowment.

The widow's and orphan's pension is made up in addition by contributions from the Insurance Institute concerned amounting to three-tenths in the case of a widow, three-twentieths in the case of an orphan, one-fortieth in the case of every further child of the invalidity pension drawn by deceased, less the Imperial subsidy. Thus if the pension, less subsidy, was 160 marks, and a man leaves a widow and four children, the widow gets £2 10s. State subsidy *plus* £2 8s., or 48 marks, as her annuity. For the eldest orphan she receives 24 marks, or £1 4s., per annum, and three-fortieths, or 12 marks (12s.) altogether, for the three younger children.

Widow-money amounts to one year's widow-annuity *plus* a lump sum of £2 10s. paid by the Government. Orphan's endowment amounts to two-thirds the orphan annuity *plus* a Government contribution of 16s. 8d.

The contributions as recently altered amount in Class I. to 16pf., in Class II. to 24pf., in Class III. to 32pf., in Class IV. to 40pf., and in Class V. to 48pf. (10pf. = one penny), and are paid in equal shares by masters and men, being generally speaking deducted by the former from the men's wages and paid in the form of stamps—a procedure with which we are about to become familiar. The Invalidity Insurance is at present administered by thirty-one Insurance Institutes and ten "admitted Club Institutes," the latter being large semi-public industrial establishments or bodies which, by reason of the guarantees they offer, are allowed to undertake the administration of the law. Both masters and men enjoy equal representation on the Insurance Institutes. Appeals against the decision of these Institutes lie with the Insurance Office (*Obersicherungsamt*), on which both masters and men have representation, and finally with the Imperial Insurance Office, where like conditions prevail.

I must not forget to call attention to a fact with which

the public here are only beginning to be familiar—the great boon that this insurance has proved to be to the working classes as an agent for combating disease.

Before going into the subject of curative treatment, I must mention parenthetically that not only do the Insurance Institutes undertake these cures, with a view to permanently relieving their funds, but that also at the expiration of twenty-six weeks they give temporary allowances to insured persons incapacitated through illness. The invalidity insurance and sickness insurance supplement one another it will thus be seen in a most perfect manner. With the object of insuring the success of such treatment many hospitals and convalescent homes have been built. At the end of 1909 the 41 Insurance Institutes and admitted Club Institutes owned 71 hospitals, &c., of which 37 were for the use of consumptive patients. The remaining 34 consist of 25 convalescent homes, 2 hospitals for nervous disorders, 1 for venereal diseases, 1 for rheumatic patients, 1 open-air cure establishment, and four general hospitals. The average cost per day per head is 4s. 7d. in the consumptive hospitals, and 4s. 0½d. in the convalescent homes. The Insurance Institutes treat in their own establishments about 50 per cent. of the patients whose cure they undertake. Open-air homes have been largely made use of for persons not actually requiring medical treatment, but whose general state of health leaves much to be desired. In 1909 2,811 persons were treated in these establishments.

The fall in the death-rate from tuberculosis has been largely due to the energetic efforts made by the Insurance organisation to combat this disease, efforts which have been heartily supported by the Imperial Insurance Office in many ways. Under its presidency conferences of doctors have decided upon the best uniform method of treatment for consumptives, and have drawn up model plans and general arrangements of future consumptive hospitals. At one of these conferences a revision of the health statistics of the Insurance Institutes was effected. On another occasion the insistence by the Insurance Office on the necessity of deciding promptly if a patient was suffering from tuberculosis, led to the adoption of a uniform method of early diagnosis. The questions of subscribing money towards the disinfection of the dwellings of tuberculous persons and of the participation of the Institutes in the fight against lupus and of emigrating consumptives to South-west Africa were debated in these conferences, in many cases with positive results.

The co-operation of the military authorities has of late been successfully enlisted, with the result that recruits suffering from tuberculosis are handed over to the Insurance organisation for treatment. While the organisation has in two instances undertaken the treatment of lupus, it has up to now refused to undertake cases of venereal disease. Only one institute, that of Berlin, which is quite at the head of the movement, has founded a hospital for treatment of such cases. But the Imperial Insurance Office is of opinion that this disease—which is so rife in Germany—must be seriously tackled without undue delay, and treatment of it on an extensive scale is only a question of time. The Berlin Institute has established a dental hospital, but this is an isolated case. This institute has further distinguished itself by establishing home-treatment for the sick. I add a few figures illustrative of the results that have been accomplished. In the years 1897 to 1909 over 600,000 persons were treated, of whom 275,000 were suffering from tuberculosis. In the year 1897 nine persons were treated per 10,000 of the insured. In the year 1909 sixty-nine persons per 10,000 were so treated. The cost of treatment amounted in 1909 to £1,213,778, being 10·3 per cent. of the contributions and 12·2 per cent. of the annuities.

As regards the success of the treatment, in 1909, 83 per cent. of tuberculous patients, as well as 84 per cent. of those suffering from other diseases, were dismissed as being capable of earning a living. A system whereby these patients are kept under observation for five years has been adopted. The successful cases on discharge averaged in the last thirteen years 76 per cent. In the observation period since 1897 the percentage of these cases sank to 37 per cent. The Insurance Institute of the Province of Brandenburg, in its report for 1909, gives the result obtained by it during the five years 1905-9. It appears that the percentage of successful treatment sank in this period from 76·74 per cent. to 44·21 per cent. in male and from 79·53 per cent. to 59·29 per cent. in female cases.

These figures will perhaps help us to realise the magnitude of the task that has been accomplished, and the painstaking industry with which this great organisation has been built up. In my conversations with German authorities on this subject I have never yet found any pretension on their part either to claim perfection for or to resent criticism of the work achieved. Want of money is the great obstacle that stands in the way of the accomplishment of many further reforms. The fact remains that State insurance had to be inaugurated, and that while other nations hesitated Germany went ahead. She faced not only the scepticism of the intellectual classes, but the opposition of the workers. The latter, from convinced opponents, have become thorough-going supporters of State insurance, and their objections to the new law which have been so loudly voiced have nothing to do with insurance *per se*, but relate to social discords from which we may claim to be exempt. Reference in articles on the subject is frequently made to the Imperial message to the Reichstag of November, 1881. May we not at thirty years' distance now estimate at their true value the boldness, tempered with discretion, so characteristic of Prince Bismarck and his aged master, and take for our guiding principle in these matters the motto of the latter: "Erst wägen, dann wagen"?

CHRISTOPHER R. TURNER.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCENERY

By FRANK HARRIS

To the artist all things are beautiful. But the loveliness of English scenery is more retiring and discreet than the gorgeous beauty of French landscape. The other day I wandered about in the forest of Fontainebleau, and was ravished by scene after scene that caught the breath and left me thrilling; now it was simply an aisle of trees in fairyland, filled with mystic blue shadows—but as Ruskin said, there are no trees in the world so graceful-lovely as the trees of Northern France; now the vision of a great hill, flaming with massive red boles of firs, all crowned with purple-black plumes, in sharp contrast with the lighter greenery of chestnuts, sycamores, and limes. Now we came on a little open plateau, with an outlook that recalled Turner's pictures. Below us the forest rolled away in wave after wave of green; in the middle distance a river like a thread of silver, a bridge, and a few cottages, with their red tiles glowing bright rose in the sunshine; over the river and the adjacent forest on both banks lay a mist of gossamer; further away beyond the rolling wave of forest a broad upland like a skein of many-coloured silks, the brown of tilth, the pale green of barley intermingling with the silver of ripening wheat and the gold of corn through which the sickle had passed. The width of view, the effect of the

sunshine on the evening mist, the bridge, the little rose-tiled houses, the wide upland aglow with many colours—it all looked as if arranged by a master-artist. I have in mind, too, scenes in Burgundy and in the Dauphiny of a width and grandeur that lift the spirit.

On returning from France our English scenery all seemed cramped and shut in—the view bounded everywhere by hedgerows and trees. I felt like a South African friend who, when I took him for a run through Surrey and showed him the view from Boxhill said, “Yes, it is pretty; but where’s the veldt? Have you no country without houses, lonely like the sea, and like the sea unpath’d, untamed?”

After living a little while in England this sense of cramp and garden and park—of nature combed and washed, and precisely dressed in Sunday clothes—gradually left me, and I began to recognise again the special appeal of the English countryside.

A visit to Wimbledon Common one afternoon made me ashamed of my vagrant faithlessness. There is a walk which skirts the whole length of the common, from the old “pound” on Putney Hill to the older “pound” near the village of Wimbledon. The walk is a sandy track wide enough for two, which meanders at its own sweet will with uncertain curves and hesitations to suit the wandering, vague steps of lovers. The trees shading it on both sides are for the most part silver birches with their boles gleaming like mother-of-pearl flecked with patches of russet. I always think of these trees as the girl-children of the forest: there is the same slim grace in both, the same adorable awkwardness of unexpected curves; the colouring, too, and feathery foliage seem purely ornamental. Thanks to the secluding trees and the windings of the shadowed path the walk is everywhere discreet and secret, made for confidences and shy caresses: naturally it is called “The Lovers’ Walk.” The reticence and modest charm of it are emphasised here and there by momentary vistas over the level heather-clad plain: these glimpses into the larger world of plateau and sky lend enchantment to the withdrawn, embowered way.

I made my way across the common, and lo! the grass and heather in the distance suddenly took on lustre and reddish glow like the hide of some strange animal: I could fancy the earth breathing under the tawny, hot skin.

A few hundred yards and I came to a patch of woodland scarcely more than an acre; a little dell between two sandy banks a few yards in height. The ground was clothed sparsely with harsh tufts of grey-green grass across which dead leaves of birch and walnut and oak had drifted. I paused in wonder: why had I never before noticed the beauty of it? It was as if some artist had seen this splendour of green grass and copper-red leaves and with subtle cunning had blended and subdued them to this magnificence of colour. Little silver birches and willows climbed the banks; behind them, on one hand, a sturdy, half-grown oak showed dark, strong foliage amid the light feathers of the other trees—it was nothing, a few common things, and yet the loveliness of the little glade and its magic carpet and the faint blue of the sky above were enough to bring tears to one’s eyes.

All this common is a pageant of pleasures. Walking over the heathery moorland I came suddenly on a little tree-fringed lake. It was a silent, luminous evening, when the colours fading in the sky were in harmony with the colours of shadowed water, dim, yet with a spiritual, strange transparency. The trees fringing the dark, peaty shore mirrored themselves in the still water so that I could hardly tell shape from shadow. It seemed to me an artistic symbol of this incomprehensible world in which realities are dreams and dreams realities—this world in itself so mysterious, with the surprise everywhere of beauty in spite of the simplicity

of things, and the miracle everywhere of happiness in spite of the eternal sameness of things as they are.

I came out from among the trees on the open common. It had not rained for weeks, and the dry air was astonishingly clear, the cope of sky uplifted to infinity. The only blue like this blue dome of the heavens is the blue of the thrush’s egg. This word “dome” is a misnomer; it is a blue-bell, or rather a bubble resting on rose rims with green spaces set in the blue side by side with crimson islands.

Why are the heavens painted for us, or, rather, why do our eyes see beauty in the clouds? For it is our eyes that transform the illimitable spaces of air into a blue bubble; our eyes that select the gorgeous colours for the sky-palette.

And, above all, if the beauty is in our seeing, why is it that we only notice it now and then? The artist sees beauty often where the ordinary man can see nothing but ugliness. Whistler taught most of us the mysterious charm of black fogs and the magic of the purple shadows in our moisture-laden air. The moral of it all is that the overmen who are coming after us will see beauty everywhere, and in all natural things.

And as the consciousness of beauty grows in us we shall ask for it even in the things made by man: in our cities and our streets, in our monuments, and perhaps at last even in the souls of our shopkeeping-masters. Fancy what it would be like to see a beautiful city, or even a lovely street, when now one can wander for miles in London without a moment’s joy in any lovely sight. Think of our street lamps, all as stiff as policemen, and all alike hideous, unlike policemen, who are all different in spite of the brutal uniformity of their clothes, and then imagine what street-lighting might be if we had the sense even to imitate the heavens, and throw constellations here and there, starring Regent Street with Orion’s belt and flaming another Southern Cross as a symbol above that dull Hall of discord at Westminster.

And why should we not have a Comic Street, too, for childish people without imagination, like Strachey of the *Spectator*, or George Russell—a street in which the lamp-posts would curtsy to each other, or indeed kneel or stand sadly alone, like lilies with drooping heads? Of course, the paving-stones would arrange themselves here and there into card-castles; the chimneys, too, might be trained to lean naturally over the eaves to listen to the street gossip below, and some windows should be given thick heavy brows and deep, shadowful sockets; and then the railings—the prim English railings—should be a bestiary of little fantastic figures interlinked with trails of vine and broad-leaved foliage; delightful birds and beasts seated or kneeling with more than human gravity, awful dragons and tailed monsters, eagles with round owl’s eyes, and dogs with human faces. Here I would make my railings all of gargoyles, and there of comic men’s heads held round the chin by linking hands. The doors should be of all patterns, differentiated like the owners: this one should be deep set like the miser’s soul, and of wrought iron like his hands, menacing dark in colour, too, with a sombre sense of power; but in it a little loophole should be practised, and above it a child’s face, painted of gay colours and all laughing, just to show that even the miser is human still. Another door should be fashioned to hold a ladder emblazoned on it, for the owner is a lady with social ambitions and belongs to the set known as “The Climbers,” and the ladder would naturally be of gold, or at least gilded to show off against the green background; and here should be a poet’s door, all lattice-work to let you see inside, and always a-jar to welcome the wanderer and wastrel: and this door must be very poor, for those who give love and joy have nothing else to give, and those who have money have never enough for themselves.

REVIEWS

WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

My Life. By RICHARD WAGNER. Two Vols. (Constable and Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

WE have read this extraordinary book with feelings of shame, dismay, humiliation. From the enormous mass of literature which has been written about Wagner one had learned that it was impossible to respect or like the man, to whatever extent one might admire his genius. That such a composer could, as a man, have been so contemptible has made men wonder ever since the main facts of his life became known. But his amazing genius seems to have blinded his family, as it hypnotised his long-suffering friends; for on any other hypothesis it is incomprehensible that those he left behind him should have permitted the circulation of this autobiography, which must set an indelible seal of shame on its author, though he bears one of the greatest names in music. We have here the callous confession of a man who can have had neither heart nor conscience, neither conduct nor character. In these miserable pages there is never a gleam of kindly, natural affection to lighten the sad story of a man who must have been one of the most colossally selfish persons that ever existed. The boy who was ready to rob his mother of the greater part of her fortune in order to gamble with it was, in truth, the father of the man who in later life could calmly dictate to a second wife the details of his treatment of her predecessor, and that with a view to ultimate publication. There are incidents in this autobiography which fill the reader with a sense of indescribable loathing for the unmanly creature who could bring himself to transcribe them. We said that he was colossally selfish, but what shall be said of the stupendous vanity which made it possible for Wagner thus to proclaim his shamelessness? He considered himself, as it seems, so great as to be above and independent of all the ordinary rules by which men's character is to be judged. Self-love and self-advertisement can surely go no further than this, that a man should be anxious for the public to know the evil of his private life, as if anything, forsooth, can be pardoned to a genius! We are reminded by this book of what Macaulay said of Boswell: "Everything which another man would have hidden, everything the publication of which would have made another man go and hang himself, that he has told about himself; he has used many people ill, but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself."

But if this book is in many respects the most painful human document we remember to have read, it is none the less true that it is a wonderfully well done piece of autobiography, and that it is, on the whole, absorbingly interesting. It suffers, as does all Wagner's work, literary as well as musical, from its length, and the minuteness, which is its chief merit, becomes tiresome when episodes which were not worth remembering are treated with the same care for detail which is so valuable at other times. Wagner had no "tact of omission." The first volume is decidedly the more interesting of the two. Here we are given an extraordinarily vivid portrait of Wagner in his younger days. It may be that the unsettled circumstances of his boyhood had something to do with the marring of his character. He was moved about from pillar to post in the charge of fathers and stepfathers, uncles and step-uncles; sometimes he was with his mother, who was not perhaps very tender or wise. She "threatened him with her curse if he should ever go on the stage," and her conduct when the

son confessed that he had gambled with her money was certainly singular. Now he lives in poor lodgings; then we hear of him with relations who occupied a suite of rooms occasionally used by the Electoral family and decorated under Augustus the Strong. He was a trouble to his teachers (not that there was any great harm in that), except when one of them found that he could write what was called "poetry," and desired him to compose a "grand epic."

He was always enormously imaginative. Such "parties" as he was admitted to seemed to him "brilliant," and picnics at which Weber acted as cook were, no doubt, interesting enough. Like Charles Lamb, he was horribly afraid of ghosts, and he believed this fear was an important factor in the development of his mind. Left in a room for some time, gazing at lifeless objects such as furniture, he would suddenly scream with fright, because they seemed alive. Bits of scenery and costumes at the theatre seemed to come from another world. His sisters were actresses, and "my heart would beat madly at the touch of one of their dresses." From an early age he was susceptible of female charms, and he remembers that he used to pretend to be too helplessly sleepy to move, so that he might have the pleasure of being carried up to bed by the girls. Of course he adored music, but was the only child in the large family who was not given music-lessons, not, that is, until he was twelve years old. Weber was his delight, "'Don Juan' appeared frivolous to me, but perhaps that was because it was Italian." His joy in the orchestra was always intense. The sounding of bare fifths on the violin seemed like a greeting from a spirit world, and he never could pass a certain house without a shudder, for there he had first heard a violin, and its tones seemed to him to come not from the spirit world, but from one of the stone figures with which the façade was adorned. When he hears music of Beethoven for the first time the boy is overwhelmed with emotion: "I conceived of him as a sublime and unique supernatural being; this image was connected with that of Shakespeare; in ecstatic dreams I met both of them, saw and spoke to them, and, on awaking, found myself bathed in tears."

To learn enough of the technique of music to enable him to compose, he borrowed Logier's "Methode des General-basses" on a weekly payment system from old Wieck, Clara Schumann's father, and then began the financial difficulties with which he was to be familiar for so many years. He did not like the book when he had got it: "Music seemed to me a spirit, a noble, mystic monster, and any attempt to regulate it seemed to lower it in my eyes." His friends were a queer lot, and he does not appear to have come under any wholesome influence. Wayward, undisciplined, he must always have been a law unto himself; his education, if such it can be called, was proceeded with intermittently, though he was conscious of a desire to know everything except mathematics. He longed to study Greek and read Sophocles, and we cannot wonder that his first attempt to enjoy the classics came to nothing, "for my tutor's room overlooked a tanner's yard." The smell overcame the desire for Sophocles. An epoch in his life was the hearing "Fidelio" sung by Schoeder-Devrient, "young, beautiful, ardent, whose like I have never again seen on the stage: if I look back upon my life as a whole, I can find no event that produced so profound an impression on me." Only one other musical impression was as strong as this one: the first hearing of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Thus the story of the gradual evolution of musical genius is told, and we cannot deny that to every one who has been under the spell of Wagner's gigantic power as a composer its details must be of surpassing interest. But all this legitimate interest is set in a background of sordid horrors,

and this background is the main part of the picture. We are spared no detail of the rowdy unseemliness and coarse vulgarity of the scenes amid which Wagner's early life was passed, and through it all there stands out the pitiless figure of the youth for whom self and music were the only two objects in life. Then he meets Minna Planer, makes her his mistress, and settles that the child she has borne to some previous lover shall always be considered as her sister. Into the further story of this wretched union, into the tiresome intrigues of the provincial theatre world through which this dismal pair threaded their way, only kept alive, as it seems, by the tireless generosity of friends on whom Wagner was never weary of sponging; into the hardships of the life in Paris; the hopes and fears of the life at Zurich, with its guilty secrets, we have neither the inclination nor the space to enter. Everything is told in the autobiography, which is carried up to the year 1864, when the summons to Munich came from the young King of Bavaria. It is an unhappy story, and Wagner must have been an unhappy man.

Never had any one more loyal or more devoted friends, but he was incapable of enjoying their friendship, and valued them only as almoners. We think he mentions no one at whom he has not at one time or another a nasty innuendo to deliver. His praise is seldom anything but niggardly, and he was ever ready to quarrel with his staunchest ally. How could such a man be happy? He mentions a two days' trip to Saxon Switzerland made in his youth, and is able, when approaching age, to say of it, "This is the sweetest and almost sole remembrance of unalloyed happiness in the whole of my life as a young man." Of his wedding-day he could write: "There was not one real friend amongst all those present;" and, again, "No lasting personal bond of friendship ever found its way into my life." That this loveless soul could not appreciate friends is not surprising, and it is not surprising that a being so magnificent as Liszt should have been great enough to regard only the genius and be blind to the baseness of the *ingrat* whom he succoured so nobly. But it is only by admitting the inexplicably constraining power of one who has genius that we can understand how Wagner had so many friends.

One thing we must set down to his credit. He worked hard, and his perseverance was indomitable. He admired the novels of Walter Scott as well as the dramas of Shakespeare, and he was foolishly fond of animals. "Robber," the Newfoundland, "Peps the petulant," and "Fips," his successor, "Papo" the parrot, with other animals, were objects of intense, wrong-hearted affection. When the first parrot died, "my inconsolable grief over this melancholy loss united me once again to my wife;" but when the third dog met his end we read: "The sudden death of this lively and lovable creature acted as the final rift in a union which had long since become impossible." No true dog-lover will like Wagner the better for this.

We have not had the opportunity of comparing the translation of the autobiography with the original German, and are therefore unable to pronounce upon its qualities of fidelity to the text. From what we know of Wagner's prose, we should be inclined to hazard a guess that the translator has sought, not unsuccessfully, to lighten the literary style of the book as it left the author's hands. Amateurs who wish to read about the genesis and growth of Wagner's operas will not find much that is new or important in these volumes. They will learn much more from such a book as the correspondence with Mathilde Wesendonk. Here they will be rewarded by being let into the secrets of the ignominy of a man of vast genius who has unveiled himself with a hand as unshrinking as that of Balzac.

STEVENSON'S LETTERS—II.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. Four Volumes. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net each.)

WE have mentioned that one of the most striking features of Stevenson's letters is their many-sidedness, and in this they reflect faithfully enough the brilliant variety of his conversation. He wrote in strict obedience to the mood of the moment, and his moods were as changeable as those of a child, though, like a child, he was predisposed in favour of cheerfulness. One consequence of this quick alternation of grave and gay has been to lead certain critics to question his sincerity. For instance, after writing beautiful letters to Henley and Miss Ferrier on the death of the latter's father, he wrote to his cousin, "Poor Ferrier, it bust me horrid," and this has been charged against him as a proof of soullessness. Yet to any one who has seen a child laughing when it is hurt for fear that it should cry, the flippant wording of the phrase is evidence in favour of the sincerity of his regret. This flippancy of Stevenson was as much a part of his character as his desire to preach, but those who have escaped the influence of his enchantment will forgive him neither the one nor the other. That the author of "Jekyll and Hyde" should also have written "The Wrong Box" is interesting, but not unnatural; that the farce is better done than the parable touches the author's art rather than his sincerity. So when he writes to his friends with laughter on his lips we are not always sure that there is laughter in his heart. Touchstone is labelled a comic character, though his is a more tragic case than Hamlet's; and Stevenson for all his schoolboy fun and courage, could cry on occasion, "and if it had not been for my small strength I might have been a different man in all things." Your airy trifler does not write like that.

This emotional variety, while enhancing the value of Stevenson's correspondence to the reader, does not make it easy to do justice to it by quotation. His painful contests with his father on matters of belief, his methods of work, his joyous appreciation of children, his relationship with the natives of Samoa, his happy use of slang and his advice to young authors would each supply materials for a complete article, and still the great bulk of his letters would rest untouched. In THE ACADEMY, however, a paper for which at one time he did a certain amount of literary criticism, his judgments on books and their writers, to which we made some reference last week, call for fuller notice.

Stevenson was a good critic, in the sense that his criticism was individual and based on no academic theories of art. He stated his preferences with agreeable energy. "I mean to read Boswell now until the day I die." "'Le Crime et le Châtiment' is easily the greatest book that I have read in ten years. . . . Dostoeffsky is a devil of a swell, to be sure." "The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet." He reads a book by Anatole France and vows he has no use for him; then he falls across the Abbé Coignard, proclaims himself a faithful adorer and records his impression that no better book has ever been written. His less appreciative criticisms are no less emphatic. George Eliot is "a high but, may we not add? a rather dry lady." Zola's books are "Romance with the smallpox . . . diseased anyway and blackhearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy." "Ugliness is only the prose of horror. It is when you are not able to write 'Macbeth' that you write 'Thérèse Raquin.'" Yet later he expresses a great admiration for that unsatisfactory book "La Débâcle."

When we come to his criticisms of his English contem-

poraries we find no diminution of energy. Mr. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" is "a real chivalrous yarn," Mr. Gosse's well-known lines to his infant daughter are "blooming good." His contrast between the poetry of Henley and Mr. Kipling is piquant. Writing of Henley, he says:—

There is perhaps no more genuine poet living, bar the Big Guns. How poorly Kipling compares! He is all smart journalism and cleverness: it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business-paper—a good one *s'enten!*; but there is no blot of heart's blood and the Old Night: there are no harmonics, there is scarce harmony to his music; and in Henley—all of these; a touch, a sense within sense, a sound outside the sound, the shadow of the inscrutable, eloquent beyond all definition.

A sense within sense, a sound outside the sound, that is praise that any poet would be content to earn. It should be added that Stevenson had a high appreciation of Mr. Kipling's prose works. Of Mr. Barrie, the Barrie of "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums," he wrote "stuff in that young man; but he must see, and not be too funny. Genius in him, but there's a journalist at his elbow, there's the risk." For Meredith, both as poet and novelist, he had an unbounded admiration. "Have you read Meredith's 'Love in the Valley'? It got me, I wept; I remembered that poetry existed." On Meredith the man there is a strange criticism that the Editor only partially softens in a footnote. "There is something in that potent, *genialisch* affectation that puts one on the strain even to address him in a letter. He is not an easy man to be yourself with; there is so much of him, and the veracity, and the high intellectual humbug are so intermixed."

In a letter to Henley, written in his thirty-fourth year, we find a statement of his attitude towards art in general. "My view of life is essentially the comic, and the romantically comic. 'As You Like It' is to me the most bird-haunted spot in letters; 'Tempest' and 'Twelfth Night' follow. These are what I mean by poetry and nature." He refers to Molière, Musset, and Meredith, and continues:—

And to me these things are the good; beauty, touched with sex and laughter; beauty, with God's earth for the background. Tragedy does not seem to me to come off; and when it does, it does so by the heroic illusion; the anti-masque has been omitted; laughter, which attends on all our steps in life, and sits by the deathbed, and certainly redacts the epitaph, laughter has been lost from these great-hearted lies.

Yet afterwards, as we have seen, he was to praise "Crime and Punishment," which certainly does not succeed by aid of the heroic illusion; and in any case he would have been well advised to substitute the "Midsummer Night's Dream" for "The Tempest" in his trio of romantically-comic plays. "The Tempest" is not haunted by birds, but by rather disquieting ghosts.

We will not specifically mention his numerous appreciations of Scott and Dumas; these were to be expected from the author of "Kidnapped" and the "Master of Ballantrae." But it is interesting to read that in his opinion Scott, Balzac, and Thackeray were the three people who had had the "true creator's brush." In a famous passage he severely criticises Balzac, and states a theory of art that is, in our judgment, mistaken. Balzac

Was a man who never found his method. An inarticulate Shakespeare, smothered under forcible-feeble detail. It is astounding to the riper mind how bad he is, how feeble, how untrue, how tedious; and, of course, when he surrendered to his temperament, how good and powerful. And yet never plain nor clear. He would not consent to be dull, and thus became so. He would leave nothing

undeveloped, and thus drowned out of sight of land amid the multitude of crying and incongruous details. There is but one art—to omit! O if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper.

We have been more concerned with stating Stevenson's criticisms than debating them, but we fancy that few readers of Balzac would subscribe to the above criticism as it stands, and equally few perhaps would be found to say that it was wholly unjust. But it may safely be said that the art of omission never produced one line of literature by itself, and that practically all writers of genius have patently lacked it.

Here, then, are a bare handful of the opinions of a very stimulating and individual critic, and in considering Stevenson in this light we have merely chosen one of a hundred that are faithfully reflected in the pages of his correspondence. By so doing we have naturally failed to do justice to the effervescent gaiety which bubbles quenchlessly in these letters and fills them with delightful surprises. We must leave the sure discovery of their further merits to the many thousands of readers who should take advantage of this definitive edition to make the acquaintance of a letter-writer who can have had few equals in the English language. When we express the opinion that on these letters Stevenson's name as an artist will ultimately depend, we are confident that we are giving him no mean measure of fame. It is hard to believe that an age will be born that will not find them charming.

A NATION'S LOVE SONGS

La Lyre d'Amour. An Anthology of French Love-Poems from the Earliest Times down to 1866. Selected and Annotated by CHARLES B. LEWIS. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)

POETRY is the cult of the elemental. There are other definitions, but this one is convenient for our purpose, and contains besides a fair share of the truth. Poetry teaches our carnal eyes to look on the sea and the mountains, and our spiritual eyes to look on Life, Death, and Love. The last-named of this great trio of mysteries has, in the common estimation, claims to a special and almost exclusive dominion in the realms of poetry. This vulgar notion has a certain justification. Whenever a commonplace or prosaic mind has found expression for a moment in poetry, it is always love that has been the source of inspiration. But what is undoubtedly true of the occasional lapse into song is far from applying absolutely to the whole field of poetry. There are other high themes, other lofty conceptions. We have only to look through the pages of any judicious anthology, in any language, through a volume of any of the poets whom Time has consecrated, to be convinced of this truth—that love, in any ordinary sense, is not the whole stuff of imagination. In a wider sense, no doubt, love and poetry may be taken to be synonymous, just as love and Christianity are synonymous; but the synthesis is rather too enormous for subsequent analytical processes.

An anthology entirely devoted to love-poetry would probably have a rather cloying effect if treated like most ordinary books of verse. Such a selection, if made on very strict principles, would form, we venture to think, one of the most intolerable volumes to spend an afternoon with that could possibly be imagined. When we speak of strict principles, we mean roughly that nothing should be considered under the heading of love-poetry but which has reference to a particular passion, or—a rare case—that which deals with love in the abstract. In his very excellent Anthology Mr. Lewis has included certain poems that seem

to us to have rather doubtful claims; the book is none the worse on that account—gold is the better for an alloy. We should, for instance, be rather disposed to quarrel with the inclusion of those two exquisite and famous poems, the “Ballade des Dames du Temps jadis,” and “Mignonne, allons voir si la Rose”—the first-named would be very difficult to justify as a love-poem, and the other strikes us as more properly an Epicurean ode, in the manner of Horace, on the instability of human things, with an incidental love-element.

Love is a universal passion, and we cannot believe that there is any really great and essential difference between the feelings of lovers in different ages and in different countries. But as there are great differences of degree between various temperaments, so there is enormous divergence in conventions and social conditions from country to country and from land to land. French observers of English customs are never tired of telling us, what in some cases is almost obvious, that *amour* and “love” are two very different things; it is really quite a superficial observation; *amour* and “love” both exist in both countries. All that is really certain is that “lover” cannot be translated by *amant*. Mr. Lewis has given in the course of an excellent introduction a very clear view of the development of the idea of love in French poetry. The early traditional poems exhibit a curious social phenomenon; the woman is the suitor, and is often treated and regarded with indifference by the man. Then came the age of chivalry, and the positions were reversed. The *trouvères* prostrated themselves before their *dames* as before a deity, and initiated a fashion that lasted through centuries. Ronsard and his school put new life and variety into this conception, which waxed fainter and fainter, till it was once again awakened by the trumpets of the Revolution and the Romantic Movement. Victor Hugo, de Musset, and Lamartine explored every corner of the domain of love, and realised the Golden Age of French lyric poetry. Sully Prudhomme was a survivor of the great school, and symbolists and decadents have consummated the inevitable reaction. We think it would be true to say that the great ages of lyrical expansion have generally coincided with the most stirring epochs in the world's history, or they have preluded them, or they have sung them out. In any case, the periods that have been lyrically barren have been also the periods of a general want of faith.

Poetry is not always the faithful mirror of a time or a country. It is always by its nature more or less the slave of conventions, and no kind of poetry is so liable to convention as love-poetry. The conventions sometimes acquire such strength that it is difficult for even the most tempestuous genius to break through them. We are tempted to infer that, apart from certain short periods, certain movements, and certain names, the distinction between the songs of certain nations of a similar culture, and at the same moment in their development, would be extraordinarily difficult to establish. French love-poems are not a real species. There are undoubtedly moments when French love-poetry is something apart, but these moments occur seldom, and are associated with names of overpowering genius. The structure of French verse gives an illusion of strong individuality. The alleged difference between the English and French conceptions of love does not enter into poetry. In the earlier ages lyric love was wholly in the hands of convention, and the convention was European rather than national. After the Renaissance Englishmen had not yet learned to conceal their dearest emotions, and they spoke both in prose and in verse on the great subject with as little restraint as their neighbours. After the eighteenth century our tongues were sealed in ordinary intercourse, and love was relegated to books, while Frenchmen continued to speak of *amour* wherever two or three of them fore-

gathered. Incidentally we have no word in the common speech for *patrie*, but that want seems to be secular. It is partly the horror of abstractions that makes us shudder at *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, but it is also based on the feeling that our deepest emotions are not for everyday speech. But this restriction does not apply to literature; lyrical poetry is by definition personal, as contrasted with other *genres*, but it is impersonality itself compared with familiar conversation. The difference between Byron, Burns, and Shelley on the one hand, and Musset and Hugo on the other, is entirely one of degree, and depends on the fineness of the individual perceptions. “*L'amour est fétichiste*”—we quote from one of M. Anatole France's heroes—and there is no truer word to describe the Romantic attitude towards love. It is the note in the “Lac” of Lamartine, in Hugo's “Tristesse d'Olympe,” and in the finest passages of Tennyson's “Maud.” Love levies tribute on the whole world; the lover calls in Nature to form an integral part of his passion.

Mr. Lewis' selection is by no means commonplace. He has given a large place to the Middle Ages, and has presented many charming writers and poems, from a period little known to English readers. He has taken the very sensible step of giving his explanatory notes in French, whereby a ray of light is often shed on philological obscurities. Canon de Béthune and King Thibaut of Navarre are among the singers; the poetry of their age makes us think a little of James I. of Scotland and the Scottish successors of Chaucer, though the dates do not correspond; but the mediæval uniformity justifies the comparison. Mr. Lewis is debarred by copyright obstacles from including contemporaries and recent masters; he particularly regrets the impossibility of giving some selections from Sully-Prudhomme's works. Sometimes we miss an old favourite; we have often thought that the song from “Érivadnus”—

Si tu veux, faisons un rêve,

contains the quintessence of love-poetry; but after all the old favourites are not difficult to find elsewhere. The value of the book is that it gives what is not so easily accessible, and supplies a key for the reading of it. Many of the specimens have no great intrinsic worth, but serve to illustrate periods. Mr. Lewis presents them with apologies, but it is easy to tolerate the presence of a few daubs in a gallery of masterpieces.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Some Old Devon Churches. By JOHN STABB. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

EVERYONE knows how rich Devonshire is in beautiful churches and fine old chancel-screens, about which many books have been written. Yet a new one is always welcome, especially when it is well illustrated with original photographs, of which this volume, the second of the series, contains no less than one hundred and sixty by the author. Mr. Stabb has taken great pains not only to present excellent pictures of the interiors of churches with their screens, but also of many interesting and less-known bits of architecture. Among these we notice two of Easter Sepulchres, four of the remarkable font at Dolton, made probably from the shaft of an ancient Celtic cross, carved with interlaced and serpentine patterns. Another most interesting photograph is that of the Tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament at Warkleigh, which is supposed to have been made on the

Accession of Queen Mary to take the place of the hanging Pyx, which had been appropriated to the King's use in 1552.

The descriptive letterpress is full of valuable information concisely told. Many quaint epitaphs and inscriptions on bells are given. The poet Herrick was Vicar of Dean Prior from 1629 to 1674, and in the church is an epitaph written by him on the monument of Sir Edward Giles. It is "now almost washed out by the sponge of time," and certainly ought to be restored. Mr. Stabb has rescued it from oblivion by giving a transcript. It is a pleasure to read a work so thoroughly and accurately done, and we may add one that is printed in clear and beautiful type on excellent paper, pleasant and comfortable features lacking in too many books of to-day, and—a great joy—no tiresome cutting of the leaves.

Papua: a Handbook to its History, Inhabitants, Physical Features, and Resources, &c. Compiled from Government Records and other Sources. By W. CHARLES PRITCHARD. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

PAPUA, the curiously shaped island which is so nearly joined by coral reefs to Australia, is one of those far places of the earth which most people know only by name and perhaps by rumours of cannibalism. Dr. Pritchard, Archdeacon of Broken Hill, New South Wales, who was attached to the staff of the Anglican Mission in New Guinea from May, 1907, to March, 1908, was asked to prepare a little book which might serve as a manual of information on this unfamiliar land, and this handy volume is the result. It was only in the middle of the nineteenth century that New Guinea became at all known to the civilised world, when H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, commanded by Captain Owen-Stanley, surveyed the southern shores, and the first accurate examination of the coasts was made by Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Moresby when in command of H.M.S. *Basilisk* as late as 1873.

History repeats itself. In 1884 the Germans were bothering us over their share of the island, but since 1888, when the protected territory became an acknowledged British possession, affairs have run smoothly. The horrors of cannibalism have practically vanished, although the fate of the Rev. James Chalmers on April 8th, 1901, is a sad reminder that the customs and passions of the natives cannot be held in check without many years of patience and perseverance. The chapters on the resources of Papua and the precautions to be taken for the avoidance of malarial fevers are of great interest, and the book will certainly be of valuable assistance to any one who thinks of settling in the island for business purposes. Papua is rich in possibilities, and will probably be much more before the notice of the commercial and investing public in the next twenty years than it has yet been.

Guide to the Exhibition of Animals, Plants, and Minerals mentioned in the Bible. Illustrated. Special Guide No. 5. (British Museum, Department of Natural History. 6d.)

THE enterprising trustees of the British Museum initiated this most interesting exhibition at South Kensington as a supplement to the literary and historical Biblical Exhibition arranged at Bloomsbury for the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version. Mr. R. Lydekker, F.R.S., and Dr. G. F. Herbert Smith are respectively responsible for the selection, arrangement, and labelling of the animal and

mineral specimens, and Dr. A. B. Rendle, F.R.S., performed a similar service with regard to the plants. The zoological and botanical parts of the Guide-book are virtually reprints of the exhibited labels, the information on which is, to a considerable extent, derived from the late Dr. H. B. Tristram's fine work, "The Natural History of the Bible." Notwithstanding all that has been written about them during many centuries, there is still great uncertainty as to the original signification of the Hebrew and Greek names of the Biblical minerals. They are not considered in Dr. Tristram's work, and as the subject presents much difficulty, Mr. L. Fletcher, Director of the Natural History Museum, has contributed to the Guide-book a short, erudite essay showing how modern interpretations of the ancient names of Biblical minerals have been deduced. It will thus be seen that no pains have been spared in the preparation of this booklet, which contains a rich fund of most curious, interesting, and useful information.

NEW EDITIONS

Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son. Edited by G. H. LORIMER. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

Poems of Oscar Wilde. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

The Pickwick Papers; Nicholas Nickleby. (Nelson and Sons. 2s. each net.)

THE acute and amusing letters "from John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago," to his son Pierrepont at Harvard, have reached their nineteenth edition since they were first published in the year 1903, and such a statement is high praise in itself. The stern admonitions—"You're not going to be a poet or a professor, but a packer;" the smart advice—"Have something to say: say it: stop talking;" the aphorisms, maxims, stories—all are as fresh as ever, and in its present neat and handy form the volume is certainly splendid value for a shilling.

From a literary point of view the "Poems" of Wilde are also good to possess at this small price and in this compact binding, although only a selection is given. Some of the best are included, however, and the "Ballad of Reading Gaol, which in itself should attract many purchasers.

By the use of very thin paper the 880 pages which contain the story of "Nicholas Nickleby" and the 845 pages of "Pickwick" are compressed into quite handy volumes; Messrs. Nelson and Sons are to be congratulated on issuing their "New Dickens" in such an attractive form, especially as the welcome "Phiz" illustrations are reproduced cleverly, and, wonderful to relate, appear in their correct positions with regard to the text. The novels of Charles Dickens will apparently bear the test of unlimited editions and reprints, and for those who do not possess sets of the classical—almost historic—leather-bound volumes which are so familiar a feature of many libraries, the present clearly-printed and neatly-presented series will prove a capital substitute.

FICTION

Ladies Whose Bright Eyes. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE lost age of chivalry is one which has been so often and so indifferently well revived on paper that it is always with a feeling of distrust that one opens a novel dealing with it. If Mr. Hueffer speedily removes that distrust it is not only because he is so obviously master of his subject, and without

any desire to make his characters either strutting chanciers or drunken buffoons, but also and largely because he has so cunningly connected his period with the twentieth century. He has taken a more than usually up-to-date and disillusioned man, and projecting him into the fourteenth century, has made it his business to show, among other things, how that time might appear to modern eyes, how it might affect a modern man, and how little a modern man could hope to affect it.

We first meet Mr. William Sorrel, the smart publisher, on a boat express, where he is standing in the corridor smoking and considering the mild flirtation he has recently indulged in with a Mrs. Lee-Egerton, an adventure which has caused him to lend the lady a considerable sum of money for the redemption of her scapegrace son. As security he holds the Tamworth-Egerton crucifix, a relic of the Crusades, and he is examining it when we make his acquaintance. He cannot bring himself to keep it, and presently goes back to the compartment where Mrs. Lee-Egerton is sitting to restore it; but before he can accomplish this, an accident occurs to the train, the carriage telescopes and turns over, and the collapsing roof strikes Mr. Sorrel into oblivion. He wakes to find himself clad in a turban and a shift, still holding the crucifix and trudging over Salisbury Plain to bear it to the castle of the Knight of Egerton, its owner. The immediate effects of the transition are humorous, and Mr. Sorrel vents some very amusing remarks as he notes the peculiarities of the landscape—the robbers hung on every hilltop, the unaccountable absence of train-smoke, a golden eagle long extinct floating overhead, and a nun on a white mule journeying beside him. In a short time he reaches the castle of the De Courcys, kinsfolk of the Egertons, and is welcomed by a procession of nuns and priests from a neighbouring convent, chanting and swinging censers, all very eager to obtain possession of the cross. There is a contest between them and the Lady Blanche de Courcy, who, with a few retainers too old to follow her husband to the wars, overpowers the priests and makes Mr. Sorrel her guest. He at first believes himself to be taking part in a pageant, but is soon convinced that all is real by the internal arrangements of the castle. He is appalled by its mingled filth and sybaritism, its beautiful clothes and the horrible food, the luxurious bath and the offal-strewn courtyard in which it stands. He wisely retains the cross, since its possession makes him a man of mark. Presently the Lady Dionissia, wife without ever having seen him to the Knight of Egerton, puts in another claim for it, and, in the absence of their lords, the two ladies decide to settle the matter by personal combat according to the rules of the tourney.

While this event is preparing we are taken North to the borders of Scotland, where Queen Eleanor and Earl Mortimer are conducting a series of forays, with the Knights of Courcy and Egerton in their forces. One incident, though portrayed with a wonderful attention to details of dress and manners, does not quite convince us. Surely in that day rulers were not compelled to hold audience with knights in the bedchambers of the latter while they were dressing; surely, also, knights of small power and possessions would not have flouted Mortimer and the Queen in such an easy and careless manner. About the knighting of Mr. Sorrel and the ladies' tournament, however, we have no doubts. It is a splendid picture, and Sir Ygorac, the aged master of the ceremonies, is a charming figure. Ultimately the Lady Dionissia conquers, and Sir William Sorrel rides off with her. We need not disclose in what way he is swept back again to his original century, bereft of his smartness and clothed with a new idealism. In the girl who nursed him after the accident he discovers a descendant of the Lady Dionissia, bearing the same name, and it is a fitting conclusion to the tale that he should marry her and set about the restoration of that

small castle of Winterburne St. Martin which Sir Ygorac gave to Sir William Sorrel on his knighthood.

The Little Green Gate. By STELLA CALLAGHAN. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 5s.)

MOST of us have heard the story of the frugal housewife who, when purchasing some Gruyère cheese, indignantly protested against having to pay for the holes in it. After a perusal of "*The Little Green Gate*," any purchaser of the book who is not an expert decipherer of dots and dashes will have no difficulty in understanding, and sympathising with, the worthy woman's irate feelings. What can be more tantalising to the omnivorous fiction-reader, who is ever in search of new sensations, than such a passage as this?—"Passionately, burningly, he whispered" What did he whisper? Apparently four dots. Just that and nothing more, which leaves much to the imagination, and that is all that can be pleaded in favour of such a style of writing. Dots and dashes, indeed, pervade the whole volume. There is a dash on the first page and forty-nine dots on the last one. These dots are even made to figure in a telegram—"May I come to you . . . want work . . . urgent . . . Peter." We wonder what the Post Office charged for them.

Peter is the hero of the story, and a rather despicable hero, too; for, after becoming engaged to Moonie, with whom he has, to say the least, a very "dotty" and "dashy" adventure in a punt, he makes love to Nina at the little green gate while a thunderstorm "ragged above their heads and the rain pelted on them." But that was a mere detail, of which neither took the slightest notice, as the following, dots and all, will show:—

She lifted her lips up to be kissed. He bent and kissed them, a long, long kiss, with all the world in it . . . their first, their last, their only kiss . . . but to them worth all the rest of time. There is always one moment in one's life when one understands eternity. . . .

Then Peter "became acutely conscious of the miserable dripping state of his evening clothes," and, "petering out," returned to Moonie, otherwise Muriel, and her mother, Mrs. Jimmy, who "purred from the sofa" at him. Yet before he settled down to a humdrum married life "the old cynical smile twisted his thin lips" once more, showing that he was not only a fickle lover but also an expert contortionist. The illustrations to this most emotional though somewhat lackadaisical story help to elucidate in a measure the ubiquitous dots and dashes which the printer is to be congratulated on having so generously supplied in these days of strikes, earning thereby, no doubt, the heartfelt gratitude of the fair authoress, if not that of her readers.

A Woman of Small Account. By M. E. MARTENS. (The Walter Scott Publishing Company. 6s.)

If the De Villers family, so ably depicted here by Miss Martens, is at all typical of its class, then the Boers are not people among whom we should care to live. The patriarchal and self-righteous Hendrik and his numerous daughters and sons-in-law are an extremely unpleasant lot, but their unpleasantness is that lifelike variety possessed, for example, by some of Jane Austen's and George Eliot's characters. Content that the victory is with the right side, we follow with deep satisfaction the bickerings between them and Hester, the old man's grandchild and ward of the son he has almost made a half-wit by his brutality. Family quarrels in Miss Martens' hands are anything but trivial, and we have

seldom read a more convincing domestic scene than that where the old man has married his lady-help, a bumptious girl, and has ordered his granddaughter to address her late menial as grandmother, only to be met by the information that granddaughter and son are about to leave his house for ever. Hester's love-making and marriage with John West, a type of the "wooden" Englishman, are not so good, but there is much pathos in this latter part of the book. Hester, with her strong views on sex questions (strong enough to break up her home), is a powerfully-drawn character—never insipid, far from perfect, and often touched with a human aggressiveness. Miss Martens' chief fault is her style, which, except in the dialogue, is never very good, her opening paragraph in particular being a terrible piece of writing.

MAGAZINES

FOR many readers the *pièce de résistance* of the *English Review* for September will doubtless be Mr. Alfred Noyes' article, or rather review, entitled simply "Poetry," since all who are familiar with Mr. Noyes' work recognise that in treating his special subject, whether in a deliberately written article or in a notice of the poetry of others, he must in some degree give us an essay. He will be illuminating, whether we agree with him or not, and this appreciation of an anthology, "Eyes of Youth," by one who knows well and truly what laws should go to the making of an anthology, is no exception to that rule. He protests against the tendency to be "too deliberately artistic"—the "transitional stage between that of the mere Philistine and that of the artist to whom the method of expression has become so natural that he thinks no more about it," and the whole article is good fare for the literary reader.

Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, LL.D., vice-chairman of the Middlesex County Association, contributes a reasoned study of "Our Citizen Defence," demanding close attention. In the light of recent events, however, some of its statements may have to be qualified, as when he remarks that "nowhere else in the world are the sovereign and representative institutions of a country regarded with profounder respect, supported with livelier interest, or served with readier loyalty than by the industrial class in Great Britain, which unquestionably stands unrivalled in its patriotic impulses." Despite this it is an important and thoughtful article, to be read by all who are interested in the question of home defence.

The unpublished MSS. of the late Charles Reade, "Androgynism, or Woman Playing at Man," is concluded, and proves very amusing, although one must be thankful that civilisation is not complicated by many such embarrassing cases. Mr. Arnold Bennett has one of his neat little sketches, "Watling Street," and Mr. Christopher Stone has a capital short story, "The Tutor." The article by Vernon Lee is not particularly to our mind; it is a hopeless and unprofitable task to analyse the work of an artist such as Thomas Hardy and to discover the proportion of nouns to adjectives or verbs, &c., *ad nauseam*. It seems the least permissible form of "literary" criticism, this; not in such a manner is the magic secret of style to be betrayed. Other fine essays, stories, and some moderate poetry assist in making this number of the *English Review* a budget of good things.

The most important article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, which reaches us rather late, is by Sir William H. White, K.C.B., entitled "The United States Navy." Avoiding any undue controversy, the author discusses and compares, with the accuracy and insight of comprehensive

knowledge, the navies of the United States, Japan, and Germany. Sir William White, treating of warlike themes, throws his influence strongly on the side of peace, and advisedly refrains from any comparisons of the naval strength of the two great English-speaking peoples, since he regards the question of war between them as "lying beyond the region of probability." "Their supreme interest," he writes, "is centred in the maintenance of the peace of the world:"

By united action it lies in their power to ensure the continuance of peace to an extent which is possible to no other combination of Powers, and they wish to obtain that desirable result without injury to the interests of other nations. In these circumstances it appears to be not only undesirable but useless to make comparisons of their naval strength.

Another excellent point is made when Sir William emphasises the need for practical men at the head of affairs. "It must be recognised that programmes of ship-building, the provision of naval bases, methods of training seamen, strategical plans, and all other matters incidental to preparation for war, cannot possibly be dealt with satisfactorily by politicians, Parliamentary bodies, or congressional committees." The nation must be guided by trained experts, who, however, must not be allowed to take sole charge—"they should be treated as trusted advisers on, not as full masters of, the situation." The whole article is full of sound sense, and is so free from technicalities that the ordinary reader can appreciate it thoroughly.

Mr. W. A. Smith strikes a decidedly new note in a capital article on "The Uses of the Comic Spirit in Religion," and a very interesting contribution deals with the New England of Louisa Alcott's stories. The fiction of this number and the lighter matter are well up to the *Atlantic Monthly's* usual high standard.

The illustrations to the September *Harper's Magazine* are calculated to make the casual reader purchase it at once; one of the two coloured pages, "On a Thames Backwater," is well worth framing. Miss May Sinclair concludes her study of "Miss Tarrant's Temperament"; Mr. Howard Pyle contributes a weird and rather gruesome tale entitled "The Dead Finger"; and one of the finest little stories we have read for some time is "The Turning-Point," by Alan Sullivan. The article on the River Thames is excellent, although one of its illustrations, "On a Thames Steamboat," idealises the average river steamer considerably; ladies in exquisite dresses and gentlemen in spotless flannels do not pose so exquisitely on many of the boats, we fear, nor does the man at the wheel look quite so intellectual. Many other articles and good stories complete a very fine issue.

In *The Hindustan Review* for July the place of honour is properly given to the Hon. Mr. Gokhale's article on "East and West in India," intended to be read at the late Universal Races Congress. Such a paper merits fuller consideration. It contains the views of the advanced reformers, who look forward to "representative Government on a democratic basis" for the political evolution of India. He admits that the progress must be slow. Meanwhile the requisites are, he considers, improved relations on an enduring basis between Europeans and Indians, a Government more national in spirit and sentiment, that England should send to India only her best, and that Englishmen in India should all have good manners. As a fact much political advance is being made and the pace cannot be unduly forced. It might be suggested that a preliminary requisite is an improvement in the standard of truth throughout India: nothing would bring the East and West closer together.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh recounts the unpleasant reception he met with in the United States, and has some scathing

observations to offer in return. Some of the articles are severe reading, such as "The Philosophy of Life," "A Gold Currency for India," "India and Neo-Malthusianism," "Dualistic Asceticism," "Kalidasa, a Study." It is always desirable to know what the Mahomedans have to say of Islam and its politics. A Mahomedan barrister writes cleverly of "Islam and Socialism," though his co-religionists might not all accept his views. The notices and reviews of books are rather belated; in some cases the books have been published for months. "The Man in the Public Eye" is a biographical appreciation of Lord Crewe, neatly done and brief. In the "Topics of the Day" there are slips, and passages which might be criticised if space permitted. Altogether it is a creditable number: but the price is too high.

TROUBLOUS LIVERPOOL

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FOR ten days or more during the strike some forty members of the Liverpool Bench were on duty almost without intermission. The call came to most of them when they were on holiday, but they promptly responded to the summons and hastened back to the city to do their duty, realising full well that in its discharge they might be face to face even with death itself. The periods of service were arranged by rota, and were supposed to be eight hours at a stretch, but circumstances sometimes greatly extended the hours of duty. The magistrates cheerfully roughed it with the soldiers and the police, resting as best they could on hard floors and benches, and sharing any modest refreshment that came to hand. Nobody asked or looked for special treatment, and the most dangerous duty was undertaken uncomplainingly.

Mr. R. J. Ward, J.P., one of the Liverpool Justices, gave an interview to a representative of the *Surrey Comet*. Mr. Ward said that very early in the morning of August 16th he received an urgent message asking him to proceed at once to Liverpool in view of the alarming state of affairs in that city; he arrived at 10.25 the same morning. At 1.30 he was sent on duty with the Staffordshire Regiment at St. George's Hall, and after spending four hours there he was detailed for the duty of swearing-in special constables, which lasted until 10.30. Only one hour's rest was allowed him, and from 11.30 p.m. to seven o'clock on the morning of August 17th he remained on duty with the troops, so that from the time he left home he was on the go continuously for nearly thirty hours. Each magistrate had to keep an accurate record of every duty performed, and carried with him a copy of the Riot Act for use in case of emergency.

Mr. Ward's narrative was as follows:—

A good deal of popular misapprehension exists with regard to the reading of the Riot Act by a magistrate. Many people suppose that it consists of a long document which takes a good deal of time to get through. As a matter of fact it can be read in one minute, as all that the magistrate is required to read is contained in the following proclamation:—

Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves and peacefully depart to their habitations or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the Act

made in the first year of King George the First for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the King.

In the instructions issued to the Liverpool magistrates it was stated that when a magistrate arrived at the place where the troops were stationed—

"He will find that the troops will not act unless he is present with them and accompanies them. If more than one magistrate is present, one of the number must be selected to give the orders to the commander of the troops to act. The commander of the troops will consult with the magistrate and with the senior police officer present, and the commander will decide as to the disposition of the troops. The commander will, as far as possible, move the troops to any place to which he may be directed by the magistrate. The magistrate must accompany the troops and remain as near the commanding officer as possible. In the event of a disturbance amounting to a riot, it will be the duty of the magistrate in his discretion to read the proclamation under the Riot Act, and care must be taken that the exact words of the proclamation are followed. Before reading the proclamation the magistrate should cause silence to be called for, and, whether silence has been procured or not, should then read, or cause to be read, the proclamation in a loud voice, as near to the crowd as he can safely come.

"Having read the proclamation, the magistrate should also call upon all persons present to assist him in the suppression of the riot. He should also note and write down the exact time at which it is read, and if circumstances allow he should wait for one hour before giving such orders as he may think necessary to the officer commanding the troops. The waiting for one hour is very important if it is possible, as it makes the offence of being assembled together at the expiration of that time much more serious than it otherwise would be. But if it is not possible to wait for the hour, the magistrate must not hesitate to give such orders as he may think necessary to the commanding officer for the maintenance of order and peace. In the giving of such order the magistrate will naturally consult with the commanding officer and with the senior officer of police who is present. If time permits the magistrate should write down the terms of the order which he gives to the commanding officer. When the magistrate has issued his request to the commanding officer, it will remain with that officer to decide as to what steps he shall take to accomplish the desired end, and if the officer thinks that time is not ripe for acting upon the directions of the magistrate, such commanding officer has the discretion and the responsibility of such delay. The magistrate must remain with the troops at the place of disturbance until it is decided by him and the commanding officer that they can safely withdraw."

Mr. Ward said he was not called upon to read the Riot Act, but one of his colleagues had to do so no less than five times. Some very exciting experiences, however, fell to the lot of Mr. Ward. The most narrow escape he had from a terrible scene of bloodshed was on the occasion of the funeral of the man Sutcliffe, who was shot while attempting to unhorse the officer in command of the troops. Attempts were being made to hold up the trams at different points, and it was necessary to hurry up troops and police, who were conveyed in a couple of two-decker trams, a company of the 2nd Yorkshire occupying the top deck and the police the inside of the cars. Mr. Ward was the magistrate detailed to accompany the troops, and on their appearance the crowd hurriedly decamped. Then a most unfortunate incident occurred. In returning the cars met the funeral cortege of the man Sutcliffe. It was entirely accidental, for the hour of the procession and the route it was to take had been kept

secret. "Had I known," said Mr. Ward, "that it would pass this way at this hour I should certainly have advised the choice of another route." They could not go back. There was only one thing to do, and that was to halt and await the passing of the sad procession. Fierce resentment was shown at their presence, and the respectful compliment to the dead paid by the troops was wholly misunderstood.

As the cars stopped, the men responded sharply to the command of the officer, and stood at attention, thus saluting the dead. The magistrate bared his head and silently waited. Inside the police spontaneously stood up while the cavalcade walked by. "Look at your bloody work," shrieked a woman as she pointed at the coffin. "Yes, look at your bloody work," piped a little girl of some seven or eight years, whose father lifted her up to see the procession, imitating her mother and pointing at the hearse. "Murderers!" "Assassins!" "Butchers!" yelled the crowd in savage anger. "Wait till the Germans come here," shouted some one—a phrase that was taken up by a good many. "We haven't forgotten South Africa!" cried others. These are but a few of the milder expressions used by the angry mob, who now seemed to have forgotten the reason of the assembly. Foul and filthy epithets were flung with passionate hate at the soldiers and the police, who stood calmly at attention. For a while it looked as though there would be trouble. No one on the two cars stirred, fearful, with the knowledge of the deadly powers he possessed, lest any movement might still further excite an already frenzied mob. Slowly the *cortège* passed by, and, finding themselves being left behind, the crowd contented themselves with hurling fresh abuse at the occupants of the cars, and hurried after the hearse and carriages. "We continued our journey, thankful that no act of violence had been committed to mar what had thus far been a peaceful reconnaissance."

On one occasion, near St. Anne's Street, in the very centre of the strike area, Mr. Ward saw the mob seize a large lorry laden with huge cases of bacon and hams just imported by Liptons. The shafts were broken off the lorry, the cases were torn open, and large quantities of the meat carried away before the police could get near them. The sides of bacon were cut in half, and in many cases were stowed away in dustbins and cellars. In Scotland Road, another storm centre, he saw a brewer's dray raided and a large cask of beer rolled down a side street and broached. In a third case a load of imported mutton was intercepted, and the mob divided the spoil. A police convoy had been arranged for the meat, but as the latter was four hours late in arriving the police had retired.

Mr. Ward was on duty all night on five occasions, and only once did he get a share of the refreshments sent in. The state of things was so alarming that the troops slept in their accoutrements, and had their rifles with bayonets fixed alongside of them ready at a moment's call. Both officers and men were in excellent spirits, and bore the strain of duty with the utmost cheerfulness. The public sent a supply of periodicals, and came in and gave concerts to the soldiers, who were not allowed to leave the military stations except on duty. Mr. Ward said anybody who had not seen a Liverpool mob could form no conception of its insensate fury; there was no mob in the world equal to it for determination. At Trinity Church, St. Anne's-street, they actually tore down the churchyard fence, using the iron railings and the bricks as weapons to assail the police. Asked if the disturbances were the work of hooligans or strikers, Mr. Ward said they both took part in it. The carters on strike had armed themselves with the large iron pins with which the shafts were fastened on to the lorries. Plenty of the strikers were also found with their pockets filled with stones. A large stone just missed his

face on one occasion, but he came through the ten days without injury. Considerable difficulty was experienced in driving from place to place, as taxicab drivers were very loth to take the risks involved, and only did so on compulsion. "I don't want to risk my life," said a taxi-driver to Mr. Ward, who replied "My life is as dear to me as yours is to you, but I have a duty to perform and I require you in the King's name to drive me to my destination." "I shall charge double fare," said cabby. "You can have treble fare if you like," said Mr. Ward, "so long as you do your duty."

Questioned as to the action of the police, Mr. Ward said there was not a finer body in the world than the Liverpool police, whose forbearance was marvellous, but he thought it was a mistake that they were not permitted to take the offensive until the crowd got entirely out of hand. If they were given a little more latitude they would prevent a great deal of the mischief. There was a striking contrast in the action of the Birmingham police, who had evidently been trained to attack a mob before they got too unruly. Mr. Ward was an eye-witness of the occurrence which had figured so prominently in the papers, in which it was alleged that the Birmingham police provoked a riot, and he said there was not a word of truth in the allegation. The fact was that the mob had mistaken their men, and imagined that they could treat the Birmingham police with the same defiance as those of Liverpool, and as soon as they appeared the mob began stoning them. "But," said Mr. Ward, "the Birmingham men went for their assailants for all they were worth, and gave them such a pasting that they did not want to meet them a second time."

Mr. Ward spoke very highly of the services of the Liverpool special constables, who consisted largely of fine, athletic young fellows of the middle and upper classes, and did much to quell the disturbances. Whenever he could do so unobserved, he used to get into the crowd so as to learn what their sentiments were. On one of these occasions he heard a hooligan remark to his mate, "I care nowt about our bobbies, but what I don't like is them there specials as 'its afore they're 'it." The closing of the public-houses also contributed much towards the preservation of order, and very few cases of drunkenness arose during the strike troubles. The policy of the magistrates was throughout, said Mr. Ward, to avoid infuriating the mob and yet to keep a firm hand upon them, and but for the strong action taken the whole city would have been wrecked.

WHAT IS LIBEL?

BY A NOVELIST

THE query which stands at the head of this paper should perhaps be qualified as "libel in a novel," for it is the unlucky novelist who, going gaily on his way, finds himself—too late—surrounded by mysterious pitfalls, which to avoid passes the wit of man. Once, in my innocence, anxious to be clear on the matter, I tried to discover how the law stood, to be faced with such an array of precedents, of judgments over-ridden by other judgments, of opinions and counter-opinions, all enunciated with a weight of finality, now on this side, now on that, that I withdrew discomfited, bearing away only a befogged idea that the law did not know its own mind. It would appear that any chance resemblance to a living person, albeit only in position and surroundings, any accidental use of a name, however common—at least of Christian and surname in juxtaposition—most of all a too faithful picture of a locality, may constitute grounds for an action at law—nay, even for a conviction.

Not long ago a case was reported in the newspapers in which a suit was brought by a man who found his own name

bestowed on one of the less admirable characters in a certain story. The author's defence was that she did not know the man, had never heard the name in connection with him—"it came to her," as she said, and might have been unconsciously recollected from some newspaper paragraph or obituary notice, and the two names going swimmingly together had lurked in some corner of her brain. Of intention on her part there was no trace, of injury to the aggrieved party no proof, yet the case went against her and she was mulcted in heavy damages.

Is it not time that some authoritative definition should be arrived at to save imaginative writers from sinning in ignorance and affronting the terrors of the law? As to the minor risk of incurring vexatious accusations of "showing up" not their friends merely, but persons they have never even heard of, that will have to be reckoned with by those who enjoy the dangerous gift of visualising scenes, and creating characters that come home to our common human nature. In the present vague condition of things the student of life pursues his task, making notes here, there and everywhere, clear of all evil intent, bent only on seeing distinctly in his mind's eye, and making the reader see the scenes that pass so vividly before his inward vision. If such an one fails, he fails, to sink into a safe if inglorious obscurity; if he succeeds, to find he has stirred up a hornet's nest, at least if he has not brought himself within reach of the long arm of the law.

The scene of his tale is recognised—it is far safer, let me remark, to create places, as the painter did the dromedary he had never seen, "out of your own inner consciousness," though even then you are hardly safe; some one is sure to claim to have been born there. Having established the identity of the place, somebody forthwith recognises—or imagines he does—some local celebrity, and thereupon the whole reading neighbourhood is busy with the fascinating game of fitting caps to each other's heads, till presently one, not quite flattered with the particular headgear assigned him, gets up a grievance, confides it to the ear of his lawyer and, presto! a suit is entered; for the astute man of law smells money in it, knowing full well that whoever loses he stands to win, since costs must come out of somebody's pocket.

Truly if a mere proved resemblance—proved, that is, by the fancied recognition of a certain number of readers, whatever that may be worth—is held to constitute libel, then are we novelists all in a parlous state, and owe whatever immunity we may enjoy to the sluggish reluctance of the average mortal to take up arms in what may prove an expensive quarrel, even if he establish his cause. Anyhow, the menace is always there, and not to be evaded by an absolutely rigid abstention from making copy of friend or foe, as the most purely imaginative creation is quite as likely to be recognised and sworn to as a faithful transcript from life.

It once happened to a novelist well known to the present writer to pourtray with some measure of success a certain locality with unique features, in themselves forming the substance of the plot. Though very familiar with the region, he was a total stranger to the inhabitants of the little town adjacent, and great was his astonishment, on receiving a local paper containing a review of his book, to read: "Every character, except the painter, can be easily identified by one who knows the town." It happened that the painter was the only character in any degree studied from life, though, to be sure, he, or rather his prototype, belonged to a distant part of the country, and was not a painter at all.

A similar experience befell another writer of my acquaintance, whose too lifelike pen was held to have "taken off" some local magnate whom he had never seen in the

flesh. "His very house," cried the indignant reviewer, "is accurately described!" On investigation it proved that the supposed victim dwelt in a grey stone house of a somewhat florid type standing flush with the pavement in the main street, while the offending character had built himself a house out of the town "between the sloping fields and the bay," a house described as "red—loudly, obtrusively red." An ornate style of decoration was the sole feature the real and imaginary houses had in common. This puts me in mind of an experience of my own when I was held to have "accurately described" a house I never saw on the strength of there being a door at the top of the basement staircase—a feature, I imagine, common to a good many houses of its type.

If traces of resemblance, whether accidental or designed, in places, surroundings, or characteristics, are to be held actionable, then is novel-writing indeed a perilous pastime. How readily people will pounce upon identities, given some one feature of resemblance, was amusingly related by that clever writer the author of "The Danvers Jewels," whose characters are pre-eminently life-like and convincing, in a more recent book, "The Lowest Rung." So determined were her friends to fit caps to heads in her own neighbourhood that they attacked her with—"Oh, we all knew directly that the Vicar's wife was Mrs. Blank—and we all said it was not in the least like her!" I remember reading the report of a case in which counsel proved a libel because a character was like the plaintiff, and so his neighbours thought it was intended for him, and also proved that it was a libel because it was *not* like him, and so he was not pleased. I think it was in the same case that the claim for damages was based not on an injurious portraiture, for the character was one of the best in the book, but merely because he was made to play second fiddle to the hero.

It is a truism to say that law and equity are by no means synonymous; the average lay mind could easily evolve a just law on the subject; but how get it placed on the Statute-book? To such simple conceptions of justice as we all share, unless we have had a legal education, it seems obvious that two things, or at least one or other of them, should be required as the foundation of a suit—namely, malicious intent, or proved injury to pocket or reputation. I remember a case many years ago in which the condition was fulfilled, and both things not only proved but acknowledged. The tale was used as a method of taking vengeance for an injury; the victim's character and work were shown up with relentless bitterness, and as the latter played a part in some philanthropic scheme the injury might have been serious: the law stepped in and promptly and justly quashed the book. One is by no means concerned to defend such abuse of the novelist's powers, but surely that a real person be identified with some wholly innocuous character in a story is hardly sufficient justification for haling the author before a jury. The resemblance may be more than half fancied and wholly accidental, but people go about saying "Have you read such and such? Why, So-and-so is old Blank to the life." Blank is a little annoyed, especially if So-and-so be rather funny; but to make his vexation ground for a suit for damages is a law fit for the country through the looking-glass. If, as I fear, it is hopeless to get the law either amended or defined, we must needs start an Insurance Company against possible damages and costs.

It is rather singular that certain novelists, and those by no means of the most satirical, seem always liable to incur the charge of showing up their acquaintances, while others, whose wit is far more mordant, escape scot free. Considering the matter, I perceived that novelists may be roughly divided into two classes—those who visualise and those who form intellectual conceptions of scenes and characters—though, of course, they shade off into each other

and many may be difficult to classify. The two greatest novelists of our own day are sharply divided—Thomas Hardy is the protagonist of those who see; George Meredith of those who think out their theme. It may be the masculine and feminine form of the faculty of imagination; it will be seen, I think, that the greater number of women writers belong to the school of Hardy, and of men to that of Meredith; yet are there notable exceptions. Lucas Malet may be counted pre-eminently as one who sees and makes her readers see her conceptions; on the other hand, John Oliver Hobbes must be reckoned amongst the intellectuals, though certain scenes in *The School for Saints* it is true rise in the mind's eye and claim for her the possession of the inward vision.

There is a curious experience known to those who create imaginary scenes which seems almost to indicate the possession of some faculty akin to second-sight, of recognising later places they had invented and had certainly never seen with bodily eyes. This is an awkward gift if it comes to a question of libel, and a writer may be proved to have had an intimate knowledge of houses, of rooms, of interiors in localities where he has never set foot. I remember a very odd incident of the kind; I had placed an imaginary house in a real spot where there was indeed a house, but one which I had never beheld, since it was enclosed on the side of the beach, from which alone I had approached it, with a wall too high to look over. Great was my surprise when two old ladies, sisters, whom I met in another part of the country, expressed astonishment at my familiarity with their old home. "Your description was exact," said they, "to the very green stains where the plaster had fallen off by the front door, for we saw it not long ago, and noticed how neglected it was." They refused to believe me when I told them I had never seen it. The next time I was in the neighbourhood I made a special expedition by the road which passed the front, which I had never hitherto traversed, and found it exactly as my fancy had painted it, the position of the windows, the damp stains, the mossgrown drive.

This is by no means an isolated case; such things happen again and again, far too often to be mere coincidence; I mention this one because a little personal experience lights up odd corners, and may not improbably draw forth similar incidents from other writers who have found the same thing. The material of our craft is life itself, no less, and the better we succeed in hitting it off, the greater the risk that the shaft goes home to some one. The ethic of the matter would seem to be that injury, though unintentional, should be made good, malice should be punished; but where there is neither injury nor malice, that we hold the mirror up to Nature and some one recognises his own face in it, should not be an indictable offence.

[We invite comment—legal and otherwise.—Editor THE ACADEMY.]

FOREIGN REVIEWS

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU"

THE principal feature of the August number is a selection from the letters and manuscripts of the Empress Augusta, dealing with the political situation in Germany from 1847 to 1850. The documents are of enormous value and interest, both as illustrating the views of those in authority during a period of stress and anxiety when great events were shaping themselves, and as giving an insight into a noble, womanly, and princely mind. The period was marked by Prussia's first bid for German hegemony, and by a current of agitation for internal reform. Prince, afterwards King

and Emperor, William, husband of the Empress, was considered as the head of the reactionary party, and had at one time to flee to England. The Empress was, as he told her himself, "*der progressiven Richtung zugetan*;" but that did not prevent the most cordial interchange of views between them. The Prussian effort broke down, partly through internal dissensions, partly through Austrian bluff. The Empress's comments on this momentous failure supply an object-lesson in true patriotism.

Herr Dickhuth finishes his comparison of Napoleon and Frederick the Great with an account of the preliminary campaign of 1796 against the Austrians and Piedmontese, and concludes a little obviously that if the Great Frederick had been alive in 1805, Prussia would never have got to Jena. Herr Dickhuth is amusing on the "*Rokoko-Kriegführung*" of the Austrian commander. There is a historical account of the London police by Claud W. Mullins, a rationalistic-apologetic account of the Old Testament earthquakes and the Flood by Herr B. Mendelsohn, and a discussion, by Herr von der Leyen, of Ibsen's posthumous works, with a view to giving a complete survey of the dramatist's development. "*Lotte von Brobergen*" is a series of love-letters belonging to the period of "*Werther*." We were very much struck by the story, "*Die Erscheinung*," by Anselma Heine.

"LA GRANDE REVUE"

The number for July 25th contains M. Ferrand's final article on Naval Reform. He considers that the task of restoring France's naval prestige would be a comparatively light one, needing "neither the power of a Bonaparte nor the long patience of a Bismarck." The first thing to do is to liquidate the present organisation, and to put the business part of naval administration on a business footing. Such services as commissariat, construction, and navigation are to be carefully separated, and respect is to be paid to local interests. M. Dumont-Wilden, in a very interesting article, traces the social status of painters through the eighteenth century and their own view of their art. At first simple *fournisseurs*, they ended by claiming to be the "high priests of beauty." M. de Mestral Combremont begins a series of articles on Madame Louise Colet, "*une déesse des romantiques*." The first article, introducing us to this unhumorous lady, with her great personal attractions and strong passions, her rather second-rate talent and her unbounded self-confidence, is full of graceful irony, and makes us look forward to its successors. The "*Pages Libres*" contain an extraordinary paper by Dr. Adrien Guébard, in which he exposes a diabolical conspiracy on the part of the Roman Catholic Church to monopolise the sources of archæology; it is amusing, if not quite convincing. M. Edgar-Louis Müller has an article on Politics and Economics in England, and informs his countrymen that there is a line of political cleavage between North and South. In "*A Travers la Quinzaine*," M. Maxime Leroy discusses a proposed Self-denying Ordinance, forbidding deputies to sit twice, and M. Gaston Doumergue, formerly Minister of Education, writes on the politics of the moment in France.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

In the number for August 1st Anne-Mare and Charles Lalo have a very just and entertaining article on the "inaptitude of contemporary novelists to observe questions of money." They trace this inaccuracy, which consists in making people live in impossible comfort on an inadequate income, or in practical distress on a sufficient one, to three causes—the exigences of argument, *snobisme*, and faulty observation. Zola is severely handled on the first count, and M. Bourget on the second. We wonder what the investigators would have said about Ouida. M. Gilbert de

Voisins writes charmingly in "Neuf Images de Chine." M. L. Maeterlinck has a curious and discursive account of "Péchés Primitifs."

For August 15th, M. Henri Monod shows that Mérimée's letters to Panizzi have been "edited" almost out of their identity. To give one instance, a passage in a letter in which the novelist speaks of Bismarck as a madman is completely suppressed. M. Paul-Louis Hervier narrates the love-affairs of Charles Dickens. M. Edmond Beaurepaire discusses the sites and arrangements of the theatres and arenas of Paris in Gallo-Roman times. Two pages of Arthur Rimbaud's prose are given to the world for the first time. The sketches called "L'Épopée au Faubourg," by M. Alfred Machard, are particularly spirited. In the "Revue de la Quinzaine" we may note a summing-up of the *Spectator* and *English Review* controversy by M. H.-D. Davray.

"LA REVUE"

In the first August number a conclusion is made of Marie Bashkirtseff's diary. Dr. Alfred Gottschalk tells us of certain people, chiefly in Denmark, who have brought down their food-bill to 33 centimes or less per diem, and yet manage to keep up their vigour. He guards wisely against hasty deductions from these experiments. M. Louis Holtz gives a gloomy picture of the French possessions in India, especially criticising the injudicious application of European democratic methods to Orientals. He suggests that these colonies should be transferred to England. M. Faguet reviews "L'Âge dangereux." M. Arthur Chuquet begins an account of the experiences of a certain Dr. Meyer, of Hamburg, who went to Paris in 1796, and examined everything curiously; the article is concluded in the next number. The first two instalments of "Le Mandarin" by the Portuguese writer, Eça de Queiroz, are to be found in these same two numbers, with an introduction by M. Claude Frazac, who esteems the author "unique et sans pareil," though with a touch of Zola in him.

Other contributions to the number for August 15th are some translations of Lafcadio Hearn, translated from the English by Marc Logé; an account of an asylum for abnormals at Imola, by Professor Lombroso, who is full of enthusiasm for the splendid service of the Principal, Mlle. Francia. But perhaps the two most interesting articles in this excellent number, considering the vogue of foreign politics, are those by "XXX"—"La France et l'Allemagne," and by M. A. de Pourville—"Lettres d'Asie." The latter is very pessimistic about French Indo-China, and the former, as if he could read his fellow-contributor's thoughts, suggests that the Moroccan difficulty might be solved by the cession of these regions to Germany. "XXX," as usual, speaks with authority, but he appears to ignore the position of certain other nations—Great Britain, for instance—in the event of his bold and generous schemes coming up for practical discussion.

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

The number for July 29th contains some letters of Littré's old age, edited by M. Paul Bonnefon; they give a new and less austere view of the great lexicographer and positivist. There is a short article on the "Écoles Hôtelières" of Switzerland that contains suggestions for British enterprise and reform. That excellent and upsetting writer, M. Paul Gaultier, has a short synopsis of recent philosophy. M. Serge Evans tells the story of the simple-minded and chivalrous botanist, Louis Bosc, the loyal friend of Mme. Roland. M. D. Menant begins and continues in two more numbers the story of Bassein, a decayed relic of the Portuguese Empire in India. His description of former methods of proselytising reminds us of Browning's "Holy Cross Day."

For August 5th (as also the 12th) we have letters of Ledru-Rollin. Fresh surprises! The ardent democrat

hardly pierces at all. M. Paul Louis writes on State Socialism in Ancient Rome. M. G. Miraben gives two little Japanese stories. M. Louis Villat is very illuminating on the Corsican character and the Corsican climate. M. Lucien Maury discusses a study by M. Yovanovitch of a celebrated literary imposture, "la Guzla" of Mérimée; he compares it with a similar work of Nodier.

For August 12th M. Charles Lalo begins a comparison of Taine and Zola, and undertakes that subtle task, the distinction of naturalism from realism. M. Maurice Lair, in dealing with the new constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, justifies the new phase upon which the patriotism of those regions has entered. M. Witold Lovatelli tells the story of the Abbey of Grottaferrata. M. Jacques Lux speaks of the Thackeray centenary, and gives *résumés* of articles in the *Fortnightly*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Nation*, where the great Victorian is judged.

M. Lux has another English subject for August 19th—Disraeli's youth and *début*. M. de Bonnefon edits some letters of 1815, written from Germany by the Marquis de Custine. M. Gaston Loth gives a short survey of Tunisian history, and, in contrast to other more pessimistic French writers on Colonial affairs, who appear to advocate the policy of "cutting the painter," concludes very much in favour of the French administration. M. Maury genially banters M. Clemenceau, whose book on the South American Republics has just appeared.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE"

In the number for July 29th "L'Italie Contemporaine" of M. Henri Joly is very favourably reviewed. For August 5th there is a notice of Dr. Hedgcock's "Garrick," which has already been criticised in THE ACADEMY. Vol. XII. of the "Cambridge Modern History" is noticed, and the whole work receives very high praise. "My" deals with M. Legrand's work on the "new" Greek comedy, and makes some judicious remarks of very general application on the too-ready recognition of filiation or borrowing. The number for August 12th is largely devoted to books on Phonetics. Two English works on other subjects receive the highest commendation—The Clarendon Press "Cicero's Orations," edited by Mr. Albert Clark, of Queen's, and Mr. Ashburner's "Lex Rhodia," published under the same auspices. M. Loisy occupies a good deal of space in the August 19th number. M. Feuillerat's work on Lyly is accepted by M. Bastide as definitive. For August 26th M. Meillet freely criticises the second volume of Brugmann and Delbrück's great work on the comparative grammar of the Indo-Germanic languages, while M. Hugo Koch's work on the relation of St. Cyprian to the Papacy is also reviewed. "R." treats Carlyle with small respect, while noticing a translation of his "Cromwell." In speaking of M. Boutet de Monvel's "Les Anglais à Paris," M. Baldensperger defends Thackeray against the charge of puritanical aloofness.

THE HERO

THERE have been many voices heard in definition of the hero. Hero-worship has been acclaimed in a thunder of eloquence; and it, or what is at the base of it, has been made the chief corner-stone of a philosophical edifice. Carlyle has declared the historical aspect of it by saying that "Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here;" and, having declared so much, has forthwith made it his touchstone of discovery among the sons of men. History, and Politics, which essay

to be the making of History, resolved themselves for him into the question as to where lay the hero who might sway the destinies of his fellows one way or another. Moralities, for him, well-nigh shaped themselves in people great and small. Nietzsche, a somewhat different soul, reared a philosophy in which the world ranged itself out similarly into great and small, strong and weak, Hero and Non-hero; and in it he, all unwittingly, gave logical expression to a system of politics of which it was the only possible goal.

In all these the hero had been an active force in human affairs. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a hero whose activity could be expressed in any other terms than the mundane. To do so would seem to be like cracking a paradox for the display of lawless beholders; and yet there remains the enunciation of a hero the chief perplexity of which is just this, that the hero is not concerned with this earth at all, but with another and distant sphere of activity. With the virtue of Beethoven the musical enthusiast may deal; and it must fall to the same authority to apportion the respective excellences of the various symphonies that sang themselves out of his brain: a mighty series, that fronts Time beside Shakespeare's tragic sequence and Michaelangelo's decorations for the Sistine Chapel, as the supremest energies of the human mind. Yet even a layman may be permitted to see visions and to dream dreams; and it was to such minds as these that the Third Symphony—the "Symphonie Eroica"—was addressed.

And how does this dream translate itself as the harmonies that convey it pass into the air? That there should be no doubt as to the initial mood that is to be awakened, two swift, eager chords break like percussions on the ear; and as they brace the mind to their vigour a large melody rises powerfully up from the depths. Evidently, whatever energy the hero is to be possessed of, it is not to be an energy conceived of irritation, but framed in a mighty repose, even though a more rapid energy is already expressing itself nearer the surface of emotion. Up in rushing tides from the depths of things comes the strength of repose translating itself into the energy of action, so to pass on the melodies it began with to the more eager musics that have hitherto stirred the surface of the waters: and the hero is heard rising up to put his strength into activity. Hereafter combat and conflict are in the air; exultant joy and fierce desire, mighty laughter and furious challenges rend the ear. And lest we should imagine all this to be but the chance fury of a weak soul, it is repeated again in identical terms before more sober reflections take their place. But sober reflections, though most necessary to the hero, are not in themselves the heroic quality of him; and, therefore, through the reflections philosophies play and interplay, and strange rogueries flit and flash, till at last they all flame up again into titanic energies. Again philosophic reflections rule the mind; and again tenderness lights along the surface; and again mighty strength compels its own supremacy: till the whole man stands revealed to us compact of all things, but distinguished chiefly by strength, might, and power. In truth, the power is seen as power indeed, inasmuch as it is based in the depths of emotion, and embraces a great width and variety. The hero is revealed foremostly as a man of splendid stature, yet with that stature no slender uprush to the heavens, but broad-based on the grossness of which it was the pure refinement.

Such a man, it would be thought, was fit for all things. The whole earth, surely, awaits him, that he should achieve on it the magnificent destiny for which he is so clearly fitted. The first movement was, as might have been assumed, an *Allegro con brio*. Will not the next be a *Molto vivace*, to be followed by a *Presto*, and concluded in triumph by an *Allegro maestoso*? One would imagine so. Instead of

which the next movement is a *Marcia funèbre*! All this splendid strength and power and versatility swiftly and ruthlessly is cut off from the land of the living, and with the first note of the second movement we are called in to attend at the obsequies of the hero. It certainly seems a sufficiently perplexed enough matter to engage doubt and challenging question; but that there is no doubt about it is very evident, for the earnest beat of the funeral march soon succeeds to a bitter wail. In the first was heard a certain ruthless tread that bade us know that the death was irrevocable, however untimely. In the latter is heard the human sorrow in loud lament. The first may stir revolt; in the second there is neither room nor opportunity for revolt. And then the sorrow spends itself as it dies down into the minor.

Truly it is perplexed. Nevertheless, as the funeral march closes there is heard something very like passion, and we have brought to our memory the fact that the beat of the funeral tones was heard in the philosophy of the hero when first he engaged our attention. So as the third movement opens there is in our minds a strain of eagerness to see what shall transpire. At first it is even more perplexing than the opening of the previous movement. Succeeding to the ruthless step and wailing sorrow of the strange celebration of death there comes the lightness of a *Scherzo*. This seeming gaiety after the earlier lament puzzles the wit, until at length the commingling of ravelled melodies transmutes the delicacy to a wizard aspiration of soul. No strain is developed, but there is infinite aspiration everywhere.

Then the meaning of the *Marcia funèbre* is discovered. The *Scherzo* has taken its own significance, and unravelled the purpose of all that erstwhile had seemed so perplexed. For we are witnessing the upward flight of resurrection. The very completeness of the hero, his very height, his splendour, his wisdom and gaiety, was the enunciation of the fact that he was meet for his destiny, that destiny being reserved far otherwhere than on this terrestrial globe. It was no mundane hero that was in consideration, but a man who claimed his heroism in spiritual power and beauty, which is to say that he was replete and furnished for a court, the portal to which was the grave. And in the joy and delicate radiance of the *Scherzo* he is to be discovered joining his great companions in a bright and upward flight.

Thus the concluding movement is of necessity a *Finale*. It opens with a rush of wings, to which, after a few eager chords that gather all things together, there succeeds, first in a grave *staccato*, and then in more complex bewilderment, the measures of an elaborate dance. It is no more struggle, combat, conflict and stress. These things, however exultantly they may have been engaged in, were not the end of things: they were the things that proved and fitted the soul of the hero. By them he was tested, and by them he rose. The goal at the end of all was not conflict, but joy, though it was by the conflict he was enabled to claim the joy in the splendour of soul he had achieved thereby. And now the hero is transported thither where joy is the natural function and aptitude of the soul. The hero is in the hall of his equals. Yet since the hero must needs ever aspire, even this cannot be the note of conclusion. To the dance, the symbol and symptom of joy, there succeeds a large *Andante*, full of power, full of aspiration, full of eagerness. There are further heights that must yet be reached; there must never be completion, since completion is a fashion of failure. But there is no hesitancy in this; progress upward is his of right as the proven hero.

Yet what an irony that such a conception first bore inscription the name of Napoleon, for all that it was erased thereafter!

DARBELL FIGGIS.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CABINET CRISIS IN JAPAN

THE resignation of the Katsura Cabinet affords a striking illustration of the extraordinary methods resorted to in Japan whenever it becomes necessary to steer the ship of State through more than ordinarily troubled waters. Of the crisis itself I shall have something to say at a later stage in this article. For the present it should be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to recall some of the salient features in the brief but eventful life of Constitutional Government in that country. The history of political parties in Japan goes back as far as 1874, when three leading statesmen—Soyejima, Goto, and Itagaki—began to agitate for the granting of a Constitution. Their views were regarded as revolutionary in an age which had just emerged from feudalism; but their cause appealed to those classes of the community who, having been recently delivered from the bondage of serfdom, longed for a form of liberty that would carry with it some share in Representative Government. The three statesmen who led the movement, and their supporters, became known as Liberals. In 1882 another body, whose programme was almost identical with that of the Liberals, was organised by Count Okuma, and this formed the nucleus of the now defunct Progressive party. Thus the two parties were opposed not so much on grounds of policy as by reason of personal rivalries. At the time of their inauguration there was only one object to be attained—the granting of the Constitution. When, on November 29th, 1890, at the expiration of the probationary period stipulated in the Emperor's famous Rescript, the Diet came into existence, the Liberals and the Progressives were still the only two political parties in the country. Had they chosen to unite, it is not inconceivable that, as far as Japanese politics are concerned, destiny itself would have been affected. With the whole Chamber in constant conflict with the Administration at the very outset of the establishment of Representative Government, it is probable that not even repeated dissolutions would have prevented a drastic amendment of the Constitution.

The Ministers of State, while recognising that Representative Government in the true sense of the term was sooner or later inevitable, looked with marked disfavour upon the advent of party politicians in the Legislature. They held that the Cabinet should consist of non-party statesmen, and that as it was alone responsible to the Emperor, the defeat of the Government in the House of Representatives should not necessarily involve resignation. From the earliest days the views of the Ministers were diametrically opposed to those of the party politicians, and there were frequent collisions between the Government and the Diet. Time after time, in order to enforce their will, the Government persuaded the Emperor to dissolve Parliament. Writing in the *Contemporary Review* at about this period, an anonymous contributor declared that:—

In the beginning of July of last year Japan presented the spectacle of a house completely divided against itself. Some of the best friends of the country, and some of the most intelligent amongst her citizens—men, too, who had welcomed the advent of representative institutions with enthusiasm—were anxiously and moodily discussing the advisability of the suspension of the Constitution and a reversion to the time-honoured régime of despotism, tempered by assassination, to which the nation had been so long accustomed.

The struggle between the constitutional power and the representative element grew in force. So determined,

indeed, was the opposition of the party politicians that in a brief period of eight years no less than five Extraordinary General Elections took place. But a change was at hand. In September of 1900 Prince Ito, realising the inevitable, came to the conclusion that the time had arrived when he could assume the rôle of a party leader. Instead of seeking an alliance with one or other of the organisations then in existence, he promptly proceeded to form his own party, under the title of the Seiyu-kai, or Political Association, now commonly known as the Unionists. As soon as he frankly entered the domain of party politics men of prominence in the land, appreciating the value of his enormous influence to the cause which they had at heart, made haste to rally round him. The Seiyu-kai commanded a majority in the House of Representatives, and it was not long before they made the position of the Ministry, under the premiership of Marshal Prince Yamagata, untenable. Ito was called upon to form the new Cabinet, and for the first time in the nation's history representatives of a political party were honoured with Ministerial rank. The experiment proved anything but a success, for not only were there repeated collisions with the Upper House, whose attitude towards the party politicians was bitterly hostile, but the Cabinet itself was unable to agree upon fundamental questions of policy. After being in office for only seven months Ito tendered his resignation.

With the passing of the Ito Administration it may be said that there came to be recognised as a factor of supreme importance in the affairs of the State a small group of men, who henceforth were to be known to the world as the Genro, or Elder Statesmen. By the Japanese the term is also made to apply in an historic and more comprehensive sense in that it embraces the names of those pioneers of modern statecraft, both dead and living, who guided the destinies of Japan during the early period of her transition. Not all of those who enjoy to-day the title of Elder Statesman can claim to have any influence in the Councils of the Empire; and at the time of which I am writing—the Ministerial crisis of 1901—there were but four men whose wisdom, experience, and administrative ability gave them an unchallenged authority to proffer advice alike to the Throne and to the Cabinet of the day. These four were Ito, Inouye, Matsukata, and Yamagata. Of the four, the late Prince Ito was undoubtedly the greatest. He was pre-eminently a constructive statesman and a diplomatist of the first rank. Not only had he initiated historic changes, but he had proved himself adaptable to the changing times.

When, in 1901, the Ito Ministry resigned, none of the Elder Statesmen would take upon himself the task of forming a new Government, and a younger man, the then Viscount Katsura, stepped into the breach. But the Emperor, who in the troubled days that preceded and followed the granting of constitutional government had depended for advice upon the Elder Statesmen, was not willing that their services should be even temporarily dispensed with. While he recognised that the active duties of administration called for the energies of younger men, he placed at its true value the experience of former Ministers who had been largely responsible for bringing about the national transition. He was not slow to realise that their retention in high advisory capacities would lead the country along lines of progress that were consistent with the lessons of the past, and would act as a brake upon any excess of zeal that might be displayed by statesmen new to office. In other words, he sought to combine in his councils the experience of age with the energy of comparative youth.

Governing on strictly non-party lines, Viscount Katsura, whose knowledge of modern statecraft had been acquired in the politico-military schools of Germany, succeeded in retaining office until the closing days of the year 1905. But

the longevity of his leadership was not due to any remarkable exercise of administrative ability. Throughout the whole course of the negotiations which preceded the outbreak of war with Russia, and so long as the campaign lasted, there was a tacit agreement among all parties to sink their differences, and to give whole-hearted support to the Ministry. In this respect it may well be said that Japan set a splendid example to the world. Her people were deserving of all the more credit for their patriotism inasmuch as the Cabinet, which on two occasions had advised the Emperor to dissolve peremptorily the national Assembly was not in any sense of the term a popular one. They were content to be governed by a body of men whom they regarded as essentially bureaucrats rather than show any signs of internal dissension in the face of a foreign foe. But this admirable stoicism on the part of her people disappeared as in a moment when it became known that the Treaty of Portsmouth provided not a penny in the form of the oft-promised and long-expected indemnity which was to relieve the nation of the burdensome war-taxes. The country clamoured for the resignation of Katsura and his colleagues, and the Government meekly complied with its demands. To the Emperor the retiring Premier recommended the Marquess Saionji, of the noble house which claimed direct descent from the Kamatari Fujiwara, as his successor. "Contrary to the proverbial estimate of scions of nobility in Japan (and elsewhere)," wrote a Japanese writer in a panegyric on the new Chief of the Administration, "he showed, when young, a high degree of precocity, and at an early age he came into favour with the late Prince Iwakura, then the loyal leader of the extreme Imperialist party at the Kyoto Court." Truly remarkable was the contrast between the comparatively plebeian origin, the stern training, the rigid life, and the paradoxical conservatism of his predecessor and the aristocratic descent, the courtly surroundings, and the equally paradoxical Republicanism of the Marquess.

As Chief of the Staff of the Imperialist Army Saionji had taken a prominent part in subduing the supporters of the Tokugawa Shogunate in 1867. Subsequently his leaders, recognising his ability, persuaded him to proceed to France for the purposes of study. He remained in that country for ten years, and while there allowed himself to come under the influence of the teachings of the Republican school. Consequently, from a stern Imperialist, he became an ultra-Radical. On his return to Japan he founded a newspaper called the *Toyo Jiyu Shimbun*, and devoted himself to propagating the principles of liberty and democracy. From the point of view of popular appreciation the journal was a conspicuous success. The conduct of the Marquess, however, was made the subject of earnest discussion among the nobles, and Prince Iwakura, whose *protégé* he had been in the days of his militant Imperialism, prevailed upon his elder brother, the Marquess Tokudaiji, to advise him not only to abandon the publication of his journal, but also to change his views. The Marquess Saionji, however, firmly rejected the proffered counsel, whereupon the Emperor issued an Imperial Ordinance commanding his retirement from Radical journalism. Apparently the Republicanism of the Marquess was not sufficiently sturdy to withstand pressure from so high a quarter, and, as he was not prepared to become a rebel in defence of his principles, he displayed a timely inconsistency and submitted with a gentleness that was only to be expected from one of such noble birth.

The Saionji Ministry remained in office until July, 1908. It had inherited an impoverished exchequer, an ambitious Imperial policy, and a largely inflated National Debt. In view of these distressing circumstances, and having regard to the temper of the nation, it must be conceded that the Marquess and his colleagues showed a commendable

patriotism when they consented to assume the reins of Government. It is a pity that their reputation should have been sullied by their subsequent achievements. No sooner had they come into power than they proposed an ambitious programme of armaments for which it was utterly ridiculous to expect the country to pay. That they succeeded in remaining in office for so long a period can be attributed to only two circumstances—the large automatic majority forming the party-Premier's adherents, and the fact of the very natural reluctance of Katsura and his colleagues to take up a burden which they had so eagerly cast away. But all things come to an end. And the nation, discovering that it could hope for no remission of taxation under the policy pursued by the Marquess, cried aloud for his removal from office. Once more Katsura was called upon to take over the reins of government.

When the new Cabinet accepted office something approaching to a financial crisis threatened the country. Widespread depression existed throughout the industrial and commercial classes, and the national credit had almost disappeared from the markets of Europe and America. The Premier lost no time in announcing his programme of reform. He stated that, with the object of placing the finances of the country on a sound basis, the Government would adhere strictly to the practice of fixing all expenditure as against only reliably ascertained receipts, thus forsaking the former speculative policy of prearranging disbursements in anticipation of an increase in revenue; that they would abstain entirely from future recourse to loans; and that unissued loans provided for in previous budgets would be abandoned. Other measures also were to be taken with the object of improving the financial stability of the country. During the three years in which he has held office Prince Katsura has certainly managed to maintain Japan's credit in the markets of the world. But he has not succeeded in giving any relief to a heavily over-taxed population, nor can it be claimed that he has effected much in the direction of furthering the productive undertakings of the country. Japan requires, and must have, the assistance of foreign money if she is to avert disaster. And it is here that we must look for the cause of the present crisis. For it goes without saying that a reversion of the no-loan policy could not well have been executed by Prince Katsura himself.

If we are to place reliance upon the statements that have appeared in the responsible daily journals of this country, we must accept the explanation that the Marquess Saionji succeeded to the office vacated by Prince Katsura for the simple reason that the latter was unable to carry on the Government in face of the overwhelming opposition offered by the *Sei-yukai*. In other words we must believe that the compromise arrived at in the beginning of this year, when the warrior-Premier consented to sink his Conservative convictions and to come forward as an adherent of the strongest party in the State, has proved a failure. Such an explanation is plausible, but it will not satisfy those who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the actual conditions that have existed throughout the whole of the post-bellum period.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

DURING the present season there has been an exceptionally large number of serious accidents arising from the bursting of motor tyres, and there is little doubt that in the majority of cases the carelessness of the motorist himself in the matter of maintaining correct inflation has been responsible. He is apt to overlook the fact that heat expands, and that in such tropical weather as we have been experiencing recently the expansion due entirely to the high temperature may be

so considerable as to impose a dangerous strain upon even the best-made tyre. It has been found by actual experience that the pressure in a hack tyre may rise from 20 to 25 per cent. after an hour's running in very hot weather, and, needless to say, this represents such an increase over the pressure recommended by the tyre manufacturer as to involve considerable risk of accident. The only remedy is to make frequent use of the tyre-gauge and increase or reduce the pressure, as the case may be, when it is found to have varied materially from the maker's figures. But, however careful the motorist may be in seeing that his tyres are neither under nor over inflated, it is to be feared that the risk of accident from the bursting of tyres can never be completely eliminated until the satisfactory substitute for the air-tube has been found.

An Act has recently been carried through the Minnesota Legislature making it a misdemeanour to sell a motor-tyre unless the name of the manufacturer and the year in which the tyre was made are conspicuously and indelibly marked thereon. No doubt this drastic measure is the result of concerted action on the part of car owners, who have a quite natural desire to be safeguarded against the risk—not unknown on this side—of having foisted upon them, as new, tyres which, by reason of their age, are more or less stale, flat, and unprofitable. For it is well known that tyres, the rubber in which is necessarily only semi-vulcanised, are subject to continuous deterioration by the mere effluxion of time, and that a tyre which appears to have just left the hands of the maker may, if from any reason it has been kept in stock for any length of time, have lost much of its resilience and durability. Of course, the measure has aroused a storm of opposition in tyre trade circles, and strenuous efforts are being made to secure its repeal. Whilst, however, one can understand the objection of tyre dealers and middlemen to an Act which will prevent them from palming off stale tyres on buyers, the attitude of the actual manufacturers, who are reported to be complaining bitterly of the new regulation, is not easily intelligible. In this country, at any rate, the great objective of the principal makers is to build up a reputation for the excellence and durability of their tyres, and one would think they would vigorously support a measure designed to prevent the motorist from being victimised by the dealer.

With a view of ascertaining whether the aeroplane is likely to become an important factor as an offensive instrument of warfare as apart from its utility for scouting purposes—which has already been sufficiently demonstrated—the Michelin Tyre Company has announced its intention of offering £6,000 in prizes to aviators who succeed in accomplishing certain feats designed to throw light upon the problem. The first prize of £2,000 will be presented to the aviator who by August 15th, 1912, shall have dropped the greatest number of projectiles within a circle of 32ft. from a height of not less than 650ft. A second prize of £1,000 will be awarded to the airman who, by the same date, shall have dropped most bombs into a space measuring 100 metres by 10 metres from a height of 1 kilometre. The remaining £3,000 will be given in the following year to the winners of competitions held under similar but somewhat modified conditions.

There are numerous indications that the time is at hand when the British car manufacturer will have to take American competition very seriously. Judging from published statistics, the home demand in America, enormous as it has been for years, and still is, is rapidly being overtaken

by the supply. In three years the Americans have trebled their exports of cars and accessories, and for the year ended June 30th last the export figures showed a great increase over those of any previous year. It is true that so far there has been no great influx of American cars into this country, the figures for this year being about the same as those for 1910; but that the American makers have now determined to obtain a firm footing in the British market is certain. It remains to be seen how the British makers will meet the attack—whether they will adopt the ostrich policy of attempting to ignore it, or recognise its seriousness and prepare to meet it. The principal weapon of the Americans will be that of price, as it was in the case of the memorable dumping of their cycles over here some twenty years ago; and when it comes to a question of price-cutting it is difficult to see how the British maker, with his comparatively insignificant output, can hold his own. But there is quality also to be considered, as well as the fact that there is still a considerable amount of prejudice in this country against the American-made vehicle. Whether this prejudice, due to the cycle-dumping referred to above, will ever be dissipated is an interesting subject of speculation.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE steady fall in prices that has characterised the past two months has naturally produced a crop of rumours. It can hardly be expected that the slump will pass away without victims. But rumour has been busy with big names. One big international banker has been singled out for attack; one famous English bank and two large Stock Exchange firms. I was assured last Monday that the whole of the Yankee selling came about through the financial difficulties of a great house. My informant was a serious person. I promptly went to one of the senior clerks in the house, who happens to be a friend of mine. I asked him where the partners were. They were all away enjoying themselves! Not one was left in London to face the supposed *débâcle*! So much for rumour. This same house was once talked about before, and talked about so much that its paper was actually offered at 20 per cent. discount. A terrified bill-broker rushed in to tell the senior partner. It is said that the senior partner used nearly a million of his funds in purchasing his own paper on the market at a discount of 20 per cent., and that he himself did not discourage the tales about the stability of his firm. Why should he? He made £200,000 in a few hours. These scare cries always come with any serious fall in prices. People seem to forget that great banking houses make their money out of crises. They act with just as much courage when prices fall as they do when prices rise. If they had not the capacity to act both ways they would never become great firms. They never get out of their depth. No doubt the tremendous fall in American Rails will ruin a certain number of reckless punters. But these people would have been ruined sooner or later, for no one can win who gambles on the Stock Exchange. But the big firms do not gamble. When prices are at the top they sell everything in their portfolio. When prices are at the bottom they buy back again. They know exactly the psychological moment for smashing a bull campaign, because it is they who lend money to the punters, and when they find that the bulls are borrowing beyond their strength they sell the collateral and then call upon the bull to repay the loan. In nine cases out of every ten he is unable to do this, so a forced sale takes place and a collapse ensues. We may dismiss the stories about banking

difficulties. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in them. Some Stock Exchange brokers have undoubtedly been hard hit, but they have not been crippled, and they will not fail. The liquidation that has been going on has cleared the air and prepared the way for a fresh bull campaign.

The Java Investment Agency had the courage to issue the prospectus of the Tjiwangie Estates, a Java tea property. As the Java Investment is a strong corporation with rich people connected with it, it probably does not care whether the public takes the shares or not. It hopes to market them when things improve. But no one else has followed the example of this promotion syndicate. Underwriters are difficult and shy in these days. They have all of them far too much on their books, and they are more anxious to sell what they have than to add to their stock. It is unnecessary to criticise the Tjiwangie, for the prospectus itself does not promise much more than 5 per cent., which is not enough to induce any one to take shares in a tropical plantation.

Various rumours are going about with regard to Morocco, and last week Berlin got scared and sold out its Americans and Canadians. But it is hardly likely that the German Emperor would have made a peaceful speech had he been contemplating a war. On the contrary, he would have roused his subjects—for in these days it is not easy to induce a nation to go to war in cold blood. The best-informed people anticipate no trouble whatever over the Morocco question. Germany is merely bargaining, and she is not likely to fight until she is ready; even if she fights then. English-people complain of the growth of the German Navy. They entirely forget that it grows no quicker than German commerce. The same may be said of our English Navy.

MONEY.—Our Bank balances are gradually mounting up, and we shall soon have more cash in hand than we can profitably employ. The American harvest will not be large, and although the cotton crop is prodigious, the price is gradually drooping. Egypt will require less, and it looks very much as though we should get through the autumn with great ease. The Stock Exchange Settlement was practically level, and the fall in prices has eased the position tremendously. All our Joint Stock Banks have more money in their tills than they have had for many years past. The Bank of England's position, as far as the ratio reserve to liabilities is concerned, is also much above the average. Taken all round, the banking position is now very strong, and even if the story of another bank failure were true we could view it with more or less equanimity.

FOREIGNERS.—Foreigners have not been quite so steady during the week, and German Threes have fallen. But although this national security has been weak, it is probably due to some internal arrangements amongst the Berlin Banks, and has nothing whatever to do with political considerations. Tintos were flat, but look like recovering. French Rentes keep steady, and almost everything in Paris that is good looks good. It can hardly be said that the Paris market has been seriously affected by the tales that one reads in the newspapers.

HOME RAILS.—The traffic receipts for English railways have been disgustingly bad, and it is probable that the dividends for the current half-year are irretrievably damaged. The strike cost more than we thought. Nevertheless, I still advise the purchase of English Rails mainly because the yield is far too high for such a security, and also because I feel sure that the scheme for the nationalisation of the railways will now go through with much less opposition than if the strike had not taken place. The yield on North-Easterns is about 5 per cent., on North-Westerns it is over 5 per cent., on Great Easterns it is over 5 per cent., on Great Westerns it is 5 per cent., while Midland deferred give nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$. If the railways are purchased under the Act of 1844 they will be bought at twenty-five years' purchase of the profits, plus a sum, to be settled by arbitration, for future prospects. The Great Western and Great Central would therefore come out very well, for each line has been spending large sums on which it now obtains no return, and any arbitrator would be compelled to take into consideration the fact that these lines would eventually get a considerable return on the capital

they have expended. Great Central preferred would probably be paid off at par. But even if Great Central receive but its twenty-five years' purchase of the profits for the past three years, the stock now to be bought at $28\frac{1}{2}$ would receive £50 for every £100 nominal. It is impossible, however, that any arbitrator could overlook the chance that Great Central has of earning a dividend on its preferred. The '94 preference and the '91 preference, both now under par, would of course receive their full par value. Therefore, not only are these shares cheap as a speculation, whether nationalisation is carried through or not, but they are also a good lock-up investment.

YANKEES.—It would seem to the ordinary person looking at the American market dispassionately that Yankee Rails had touched the bottom, and this is the view taken by most of the dealers in London who are in the closest touch with the Houses in Wall Street. The representatives of the big American banks in London admit that they are nonplussed. Some one must have been gambling out of all proportion to his means, and the banks must have gone for him just as they went for the Pearson Farquhar Syndicate. The tale goes that the Standard Oil are unloading, but this is a story we always hear in every slump, and there seems very little chance of it being true. Union Pacifics, at their present price, yield about $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and Northern Pacifics a shade more. Both these lines are admirably managed and are thoroughly sound investments. It is always dangerous to advise a speculation in American Railways, but it certainly seems a very fine opportunity to buy Unions to-day. There is persistent talk of a railway strike, and of course, if such a strike occurred, we should see a further fall. But it is doubtful whether the Labour party in the United States is prepared to do battle.

RUBBER.—Mincing Lane is making a strong effort to put up prices, and during the last few days the jobbers in the rubber market have been very busy gambling among themselves. But the public do not come in, and a gamble that is confined to Mincing-lane and the Stock Exchange can only end in collapse. Rubber seems harder in price, but this is probably due to the fact that the big plantations are holding back supplies. The great rubber-buying houses on the Amazon, whose head offices are in London, have also probably now made their contracts for the new season's crop, and having made these contracts they will not be averse to a rise in rubber. There may be a little battle therefore between the consumers on the one side and the dealers on the other. The dealers having bought below 4s. 6d. will try and force the consumers to pay 5s. or more. The victory depends upon whether trade in the United States springs up. At the present time it is dull, and there is no inducement for the great tyre-makers in that country to give out big orders for rubber.

OIL.—The Oil Market is depressed to the death. Not a bargain is done, and Maikop shares are simply unsaleable. I should not be surprised to hear of trouble in this market, for the public hold a good many shares, and they find them quite unrealisable. Fortunately the bull account has been cut down. The Scotch oil trade also appears to be in a very bad way, and the competition in burning-oil is extremely severe. On the whole the oil market looks to be in worse shape than that of any market in the House, for it is now admitted by everybody that Maikop has turned out a most unfortunate speculation. How any one can invest in oil shares in a new field passes my comprehension, for there is nothing that calls for more capital or is more speculative than an oil share. Some of the companies that were floated are very little better than swindles.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffirs continue weak, and if the price falls much lower I should advise my readers to abandon their attitude of reserve and purchase such stocks as Crown Mines, Nourse, City Deep. Van Ryn Deep has ore reserves of 365,000 tons, worth 6·6dwts. It also owns 764 claims. This would give it a life of fifty years, treating about 500,000 tons a year. Van Ryn Deep is short of money, but it is backed by the Joels, Sir Abe Bailey, Sir George Farrar. If these wealthy people would lend the mine a couple of hundred thousand pounds it might become a

dividend-payer in about two years time. The shares are now quoted at 9s. On paper they are therefore one of the cheapest things in the Kaffir market.

RHODESIANS.—The liquidation in this market seems to have ended, but prices have not improved. Indeed, Chartereded are now at very low level, almost low enough to tempt a purchaser. The public is completely disgusted with the tactics of the Rhodesian magnates. I am not surprised. Nevertheless there are good mines in Rhodesia. Giants, Globes, and Eldorado are all reasonable mining investments at a low price. But the speculative Rhodesian is a thing to be only purchased when the market is blazing, and when the share can be held for a few accounts and then disposed of. Perhaps when Sir Abe Bailey is married he will take up this market again. It needs some personal magnetism if it is ever going to resume its vitality.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Evidently somebody was found who could not pay for his Hudson Bays, for they have had a very severe fall. They are even now over-valued as an investment, and are only good from a lock-up point of view. Marconis seem to me the best purchase in the market. A man with £10,000 to invest might easily obtain a perfectly safe income of £600 a year if he laid it out in the Miscellaneous Market, for prices all round are below their normal level, and the yields on some of the stocks are ridiculously high. The great trouble with the Miscellaneous Market is the very poor prices made by the dealers. But the dividend record of the best companies is unblemished.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE REAL ISSUE OF THE CRISIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With the defeat of official Constitutionism (which is representative of written law or statutory procedure) the crisis is supposed to be over, though, as a matter of hard fact, we have merely had the prologue of a stupendous drama. The real part of the drama has still to be enacted. The unwritten law (which is representative of the Constitutional conscience, that is to say, of the actual laws of freedom) has yet to play its part. Thus it becomes a matter of vital importance to all free-born Englishmen to have a straight answer to the following question, which raises the whole affair out of the slough of party disputation:—

Can an Act of Parliament be held to destroy another Act of Parliament?

If it can, then written or unwritten law of whatsoever nature is an impotent thing, as all Acts of Parliament, under such conditions, must count for nothing. Each Act can be made invalid by another Act, and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus the very basis of government is an absolute absurdity. The very Parliament Act in question is, in this sense, an Act of Parliamentary impotence.

It is time we looked at our present situation honestly, and cast aside all this business of self-deception. The British Constitution can never be destroyed—not even by the present Parliament Act, nor because of the default of duty by the Lords, because it (the B.C.) was founded upon an Act of Parliament (an Act passed by King, Lords, and Commons), which constituted the legal basis of all Acts of Parliament. In other words, the Act of Parliament (Habeas Corpus Writ) upon which real freedom rests constitutes the legal basis of revolt from illegal rule or absolute forms of government. It is significant of Party ideas in this purely national matter that the principal organ of the Government (*Daily News*) has challenged me to prove my indictment of the unconstitutional nature of its own particular position. In this sense, like thousands of my fellow-countrymen, I am a free-born Englishman and belong to no particular organisation. If Unionist policy is going to act in defiance of an Englishman's free rights, then it is going to be a policy of doom to its propagators, and nothing can save it from the same fate which is dogging the actions of the present Government. Here is written the warning to the Unionist Party. If it is intent on assuming, as the Government itself assumes, the Parliament Act to be a legal form of revolt from tyranny, then the House of

Lords possessed no legal ground whatever for rejecting or even amending the said Act. The attitude of the Peers, during the crisis, was in every sense an illegal one. There is no gainsaying this. Moreover, should the Unionist Party ever be returned to power, they will have no legal ground of excuse for repealing or even modifying the Act. The Opposition will look to this, and the consequences will be a similar crisis to the present one.

If, on the other hand, the stalwart or honourable policy of resistance is adhered to as the legal and constitutional form of repudiation or rejection, then not even the use of armed force on the part of the Government can justify the executive form of the Act. But whether official Unionism remains true or disloyal to the strict demands of English law, English justice, and English freedom, it is certain that unofficial Constitutionism (the rank and file of free commoners) may be depended upon. Freedom to them is that which makes life worth living, and it needs but the patriotic soul of one man to set fire to such an inextinguishable spark. The country may be both politically and clerically rotten, and its Press, to a great extent, may be despotic, but the nation, as a nation, is not yet fallen to a level of a community of slaves or bondmen.

Here, then, is to be seen the real issue. One party in the State has, by means of craft or intimidation—it does not matter how—revived the absolute powers of the Crown which the Great Charter of freedom destroyed. The Act, with the exception of the Stalwarts, or Men of Honour, has been meekly acquiesced in by another party. It now remains for the independent people of the State to discover the whole farce of the thing by a declaration of their freedom or independence.

This Act stinks in the sight of God, since it completely wrecks what the greatest Christian apostle of freedom instituted, and this, above everything else, must eternally damn such an Act.

Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge.

CARLYLE'S PROPHECY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Now that the "Strike Mania" has subsided, there is again time for reflection and consideration as to why such things happen and what can be done to prevent their recurrence. May I suggest through your serviceable medium that all men who desire to assist a movement in this good direction should at once commence by re-reading, marking, and inwardly digesting Thomas Carlyle's essay entitled "Shooting Niagara, and After"?

This wonderful and prophetic utterance of the great teacher was published in 1867. Its masterly, brave warning to England and English leaders has not been without effect; but now, as then, his lesson will be neglected and scoffed at except by the few. Are those few "this company of poor men who will spend all their block rather"—are they a growing minority or not? This is the simple, straight question I desire your readers to ponder over.

I am confident that deep in many hearts of good men and true there is the conviction that what Carlyle wrote fifty years ago is "God's truth," and no argument is possible to alter such opinion, such faith.

The late Labour crisis is but one phase of the whole bad business, which, gradually perhaps, but surely will become worse and worse under present-day conditions and ideals.

I am no pessimist, knowing that the Universe, based as it is on evolution, will progress, and wrongs which may exist are here waiting only for the strong to conquer them. My object in troubling you at all is merely to voice again Carlyle's battle-cry (caught from Goethe), that those who have ears to hear may perhaps hear:—

"The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow.
We press still thorough,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us—Onward."

Yours faithfully,

EMPLOYER.

Southwark.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to say a few words on one or two of the points raised by Mr. William Archer in his very

interesting exposition of the work being done by the Simplified Spelling Society? If Mr. Archer's society has discovered a satisfactory system of English spelling acceptable to the Board of Education, the literary fraternity, and the people at large, it is obvious that any such restricted scheme of reform as suggested in my article would be wholly superfluous. But I must confess to considerable doubt as to the possibility of any society of men coming to an agreement upon many of the points involved in this difficult question—such, for instance, as the use of diacritical marks, in reference to which Mr. Archer admits that he himself differs from some members of his society. And even if a clear system of reform were propounded, it seems doubtful that the Board of Education could be induced to adopt it, knowing, as they would, that the whole weight of public opinion was against the change. Lastly, even supposing the scheme formulated and introduced into all our National Schools, it seems doubtful whether we should be much nearer the desired end, for all the great public schools would still be free to take their own line on the subject, which would probably be to retain the existing system, whilst literary men would almost to a man adopt the same course. This would mean that the old system would come to be regarded as a mark of breeding and education and the new system would be looked upon as a sign of illiteracy and vulgarity, with the result that the absurdities of the old method of spelling would be more prized than ever. As I understand the account given by Mr. Archer of the scheme proposed by his society, the reformed system will be introduced at the base of society and gradually spread to its apex. Our children will learn the new system at school, and we shall be surreptitiously studying their lesson-books after they are gone to bed. The illiterate will learn first, and the literate will slowly and reluctantly follow suit. It seems to me that the force of gravity, the law which ordains that fashions begin at the apex of society and spread to its base, will oppose the advance of such reform.

It was because I despaired of finding any feasible scheme of wholesale reform that I turned towards the idea of introducing it tentatively and piecemeal. There are two ideas almost universally prevalent to-day which militate irresistibly against reform, the first being that to spell correctly is a mark of education; and the second, that the question of reform is of little or no importance. Some believe (and I am among them) that by simply calling attention to the facts of the case we may hope to substitute for these ideas their exact opposites. We see no reason why the force of example and the influence of fashion, so powerful to propagate error, should not be politely invited to undertake for once the dissemination of truth. We think if it were once recognised that to spell "correctly" is often no more than a weak concession to error, and that to spell "incorrectly" is often to dispute the authority of folly and to assert our spiritual independence of fashion, the first steps towards reform will have been made.

With regard to the idea that Spelling Reform is a matter of no importance, it is, of course, impossible for those who have had no practical experience of education to understand how unsatisfactory it is to be continually warring against the natural instinct of the child to represent like sounds by like signs, and how fatiguing is the task of the teacher who has constantly to impose chaos and unreason upon the mind struggling towards system and order. There is, however, one aspect of the matter which ought to appeal with some force to all Englishmen. Our language has two points of superiority over all the other great European tongues: it has a rational system of genders, and has no case terminations. It has one point of inferiority: its chaotic spelling. If this were rectified, English would be the easiest language in the world to learn and to use correctly.

What, therefore, the cause of reform most needs at the present moment is to be discussed. Perhaps Mr. Archer would allow me to suggest that his society publish a list of a score or so of words misspelt according to the orthodox system with the proposed corrections. Let us suppose that the new forms were adopted by half-a-dozen authors and journalists of repute. The appearance of the new words would provoke discussion on all sides; the pros and cons of the new spelling would be widely discussed; and the old arguments of conservatism would be brought forward again and again, and every time they would be worsted. In short, the glacial rigidity which has held our spelling for about two hundred years would be at last thawed. The question of reform would be taken off the shelf and placed upon the carpet. If the new spellings triumphed over the old it would then be time to promulgate a more extensive programme of reform, such as the docking of superfluous *ue's*, as in *demagogue* and *picturesque*, the unification of the termination of words indicating a trade, as seen in *baker*, *sailor*, *soutar*, *pvivour*. A

series of such partial reforms would soon bring the semblance of cosmos into the existing chaos and would prepare public opinion for some more thorough scheme, such as that which the Simplified Spelling Society are engaged in formulating.

First of all, however, we want a definite scheme with which to make the first experiment—a clear programme supported by the authority of an association such as the Simplified Spelling Society; but, above all, it must be a scheme against which the most stolid conservatism can make no just reproach. To adopt the language of metaphor, the advocates of reform would, it seems to me, be well advised not to attempt a frontal attack on the massed hosts of prejudice, but dispose their forces *en échelon*. Mr. Archer will recall how Alexander of Macedon, by this famous manœuvre, twice defeated an army ten times greater than his own; but his right or attacking wing was composed of none but picked warriors.—Faithfully yours,

J. R.

August 22nd, 1911.

THE CHÂTELAINE OF VERGI

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In opposition to Mr. Frank Harris' article in THE ACADEMY (July 29th, 1911), my book entitled "Die Kastellanin von Vergi in der Literatur" (Halle, 1909) sets forth the impossibility of identifying the persons of the romance as he does—namely, the Duke with Hugue IV., the Duchess with Beatrice of Champagne, and the Châtelaine of Vergi with Laure de Lorraine.—Yours truly,

EMIL LORENZ.

Berlin, August 24th, 1911, Bredowstrasse 6.

AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a new work lately published concerning the famous Elizabeth Chudleigh there are some lines of verse attributed to Robert Burns. They are said to be published for the first time, and are certainly not included in any accessible edition of Burns' poems, and, if written by him at all, I conclude that they must have been written at a very early age. The first two lines of the poem are as follows:—

Say who is this with Heaven and Earth at strife,
At once Miss, Mistress, Mother, Maid, and Wife.

They occur in a new edition of "The Amazing Duchess," a book written by a Mr. Charles E. Pearce.

Can any of your readers throw any light on the question of the authenticity of these lines? All lovers of Burns must be interested in the discovery of any genuine production from his pen not known before.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. BURKE HENRY.

Burkeville, Dagmar-avenue, Wembley-hill,
August 29, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Earthen Drum*. By E. S. Stevens. Illustrated in Colour by C. R. Andrae. Mills and Boon. 6s.
Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist. By Robert Barr. Illustrated. Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.
The Woman Wins. By Robert Machray. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
The Woman-Haters. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. D. Appleton and Co. 6s.

PERIODICALS

- The Windsor Magazine*; *The Traveller's Gazette*; *The Literary Digest*, N.Y.; *The Bookseller*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *Cornhill Magazine*; *Publishers' Circular*; *The Atlantic Monthly*; *The Platform Bulletin*; *Revue Bleue*; *La Grande Revue*; *Wednesday Review*, Trichinopoly; *Harper's Monthly Magazine*; *The Modern World*, Madras; *Everybody's Story Magazine*; *Friendly Greetings*; *Sunday at Home*; *Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine*; *Boy's Own Paper*; *The Nineteenth Century, and After*; *The Antiquary*.



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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 319	A Dead Man's Books 332
Repentance 320	The Theatre—
Rodin 320	"Macbeth" at His
The Remarkable Hero ... 322	Majesty's 334
All on a Summer's Day ... 323	"The Concert" at the
Reviews:—	Duke of York's 335
Mr. Chesterton as a Poet 324	What is Immortality in
The Poet and the Age—I. 325	Art? 336
Indian Emperors..... 326	Nikko 338
The Panama Canal 327	Imperial and Foreign
Shorter Reviews 327	Affairs 339
Fiction 328	Motoring and Aviation ... 340
Some Aspects of the Na-	In the Temple of Mammon 341
tional Insurance Bill ... 330	Correspondence 342
The Psychology of Belief 331	Books Received 343

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

IF the Trade Union Congress does not compose itself into a more business-like frame of mind than that which characterised its first two meetings, reports of which are to hand as we go to press, we fear that not much good will result from it. After effervescence, however, comes precipitation of whatever solid matter may be found, and possibly the angry clamours of the preliminary gatherings will pass off and leave some grains of common sense. Naturally there was anger in some of the speeches, since the authority of the Union—whose title will surely soon have to be altered—has been defied many times, all over the country, of late; and anger again was shown because the Government used the military forces at its disposal to stop the recent outburst of sabotage and general lawlessness. To say, as the resolution, carried without debate, said, that such a step was "designed to hinder" the improvement of the worker, and that it signified "a grave menace to civil liberty," is the purest nonsense. It was designed to protect life and property, and the burden of blame lies with the Government that the forcible suppression of rebellion was delayed so long.

B

Noise, of course, is an inevitable attribute of any large city, but there are times and seasons when even London wants to be quiet; from the hour after midnight, let us say, until six o'clock in the morning we may expect some slight relief from the horns, sirens, and whistles which mingle with the roar of the traffic during the day. Such sounds are more noticeable, and proportionately more irritating, in the night, and the Commissioner of Police has acted wisely in issuing his reasonably worded admonition to all users of motor-vehicles during those hours when "the very houses seem asleep." The chauffeur in command of a car with a horn that "plays tunes" will have to curb his musical enthusiasm, and it is possible that the restraint thus learned may have an ameliorative effect upon the din of the day. Croydon, it is pleasant to note, gives power to its inhabitants to suppress the strepitous coalman and the shouting street-hawker, as far as their vocal powers are concerned. About the only street-cry which we hope will not be lost is the cadence of the seller of lavender, which is plaintive, haunting, and is heard but for a week or two.

Even this musical call, were it to last the whole year round, would probably become a nuisance, and we shudder to think of the discordant state of our highways and byways should the suggestion, recently made in the columns of a contemporary, that each hawker should adopt a regular chant, be put into practice. Errand-boy songsters and melodious milkmen do not appeal to us, and we fear that the complaint of "nerves," under such a régime, would be even more fearsome and more prevalent than it is now. Better the healthy and robust clamour of the present state of things than the theme of five or six notes repeated until the brain of the unwilling listener gives way, and he goes out, "seeing red," to damage the musician.

Paris, the "city of great artistic events," is to have a Festival of Music on a very large scale next Whitsuntide, and preliminary announcements with regard to the competitions and prizes are already to hand. Over two hundred orchestras, bands, and choral societies have signified their intention of competing, and it is hoped that the response from England will not lack heartiness. We note among the names of the Honorary Committee those of Sir Edward Elgar, Saint-Saëns, Widor, and Debussy—four which, standing alone, would be a guarantee of success.

The Indian reviews to hand recently contain much interesting matter, apart from affairs purely Eastern. The *Parsi*, for example, of August 13th has a very thoughtful article by Mr. Khandalavala, entitled "The Homer of Philosophy," in which the struggle between religion and philosophy in ancient Greece is happily treated; the rise of the rhetoricians and sophists in Athens also forms part of the theme. Issues of the *Wednesday Review* for August 2nd and August 9th can also be read with enjoyment by folk on this side of the globe. The *Modern World*, the first number of which has just been published, is a monthly with headquarters at Madras; the English of its leading article is most quaint and at times peculiarly expressive—as often happens when a man uses a language not completely familiar to him. Describing the Coronation festivities, the writer says: "Dinners, Cordial invitations, new Make-friends were as numerous as they were interesting"—which is capital. The contributions are of good literary quality, and cover a wide range. We wish the *Modern World* success, for it starts well, and its list of writers is a good one.

REPENTANCE

How can I bear thy sad eyes' mute regard
 And feel the deep rebuke of all their pain?
 How meet their anxious questioning again,
 And see them, by my fault, with sorrow marred?
 Soon have I found that faithlessness is hard;
 That all the joy of sin is worse than vain;
 Canst thou, amid this trial, still retain
 Some pure compassion for a soul ill-starred?

Loose now the wealth of all thy womanhood,
 Thy spendthrift love, for evermore unspent,
 To purchase peace and joy, all undeserved,
 For one who in an hour of weakness swerved
 And found sin's riches false! Lo, I repent,
 Craving thy pardon's swift beatitude!

WILLIAM DAW.

RODIN

BY FRANK HARRIS

A BOOK has just been published about Rodin and his work by a M. Gsell. It is an admirable piece of work, and shows us the very soul of the great sculptor in spite of the fact that Rodin is not very articulate, words not being his medium; M. Gsell has drawn him out and interpreted him with singular sympathy and understanding. As I have known Rodin for twenty-five years, and regard him as one in the line of great French sculptors—a worthy successor to Houdon and Rude and Barye, and certainly the greatest of living sculptors—I shall use M. Gsell's book as a sort of pedestal or frame for Rodin's portrait.

Rodin is to me the creature of his works: the bodily presentment even is a true symbol of the soul: a French peasant in figure—a short, broad man with heavy shoulders, thick thighs, and great, powerful hands. His face can best be seen in Tweed's bust. The neck is short and thick, the nose large and fleshy, the forehead high but retreating, the eyes grey, by turns reflective and piercing. There is an air of transparent sincerity about the sturdy little man, with his careless grey beard and worn clothes. Always I see the large, strong hands, the short neck and lumpy shoulders—a master craftsman with a tremendous sensual endowment.

The first chapters of this book are weak, but when Rodin talks of "the science of modelling" he begins to hold us. He learnt it when a young man, it appears, from a fellow-workman who taught him to model the human figure as if the surface were pushed out from the inside. There is no flat part of a body; it is all hills and valleys: this to him is the secret of modelling, and he declares that this was the practice of the Greeks, the only method which makes every statue a picture in black and white. No etching, he asserts, has such a boldness of light or such a velvety depth of shadow as a well-moulded statue: "By such modelling the masterpieces of sculpture take on the radiant aspect of living flesh."

The fourth chapter is still more interesting, because it brings out a modern phase of the eternal conflict in art

between what is beautiful and what is true. Gsell asks him about his "L'Homme qui Marche." Rodin begins by declaring that he wants life, and that life is movement. "I have hardly ever," he adds, "represented complete repose. . . . Fine modelling and movement are the two master qualities of good sculpture." But the moment the pair begin to study Rodin's "L'Homme qui Marche," they both notice that the movement is not true, that the man has both feet on the ground at the same time, whereas in walking one foot is always just leaving the ground as the other reaches it. A better illustration still occurs to Rodin. He takes the picture of Géricault in the Louvre, the famous "Racing at Epsom." Géricault represents the horses galloping, according to the French expression, *ventre à terre*—the front legs outstretched in front and the hind legs outstretched behind. Now instantaneous photography teaches us that this is not in accordance with fact. Before the front legs touch the ground the hind legs have already been drawn up in preparation for the next spring; so that if you picture a galloping horse properly you picture it with all four legs bunched together, the hind ones unnaturally drawn up underneath the stomach, almost overtaking the front ones, which are just leaving the ground. In fact, the animal seems to be caught in the act of jumping with its legs all hobbled together. Rodin immediately puts the matter properly: our eyes do not give us the truth of things. When we see a man walking we see both his feet on the ground; when we see a horse galloping we first see his fore-legs thrown out in front and then his hind legs stretched out behind; and thus we represent him to ourselves. The expression *ventre à terre* is true to our vision though false to fact. And the truth to us is all that matters to the artist.

The two collaborators discuss other interesting problems. Rodin insists that both painting and sculpture can represent action to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed, and he takes for example his own figures the "Bourgeois of Calais" and the masterpiece of Watteau, "L'Embarquement pour Cythère." His criticism of Watteau's masterpiece is an exercise in eulogistic analysis. The painter begins, he says, on the right, by showing a lover kneeling to his mistress and trying to persuade her to accompany him. A little more towards the centre another gallant is helping his mistress to her feet, as if they were just about to start; and so on. Below these figures on the knoll, and nearer the water's edge, a crowd of people are going towards the boat, the women as eager as the men. Rodin has nothing but praise for this conception, declares that the picture is a masterpiece—"un ravissement qu'on ne peut oublier."

This praise is fairly deserved if we look only at the painting or even at the drawing of the various figures and groups; but, architecturally considered, "L'Embarquement pour Cythère" is anything but a wonder-work. The whole action takes place from right to left of the picture, whereas it should proceed from left to right. It is probably our habit of writing and reading which makes it much easier for us to follow action from left to right than from right to left. I have always felt a certain inconvenience in regarding this masterpiece of Watteau. The action of the picture should have begun on the left, and the eye would then have passed naturally towards the right from group to group instead of unnaturally and with a certain effort as it does now.

I find a similar want of thought in the much-bepraised

French coinage of to-day : the medal of the woman sowing is effective and well modelled ; but the artist presents her with her hair flowing out straight behind as if she were sowing against a gale—a feat always avoided in actual life.

In the fifth chapter Rodin's gift as a draughtsman is discussed. It is not sufficiently known that Rodin makes hundreds of sketches both with pencil and with wash of colour. Some of these drawings are among his boldest and most characteristic work. "Ordinary people don't understand them," he says ; "but ordinary people never know anything about Art. They imagine that drawing can be beautiful in itself. In all crafts truth and simplicity are the master-qualities." And then he goes deeper :—"Colour and drawing—style at its best—is nothing but a means to display the soul of the artist. It is the soul one ought to try to know ; artists should be classed according to the soul."

The seventh chapter is taken up with a superb criticism of the great French sculptor Houdon, to whom we owe a number of busts of celebrated men, such as Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Mirabeau, and Napoleon—heads which might really be considered *Memoirs* of the time. Nothing on Voltaire, nothing on Mirabeau (except Carlyle's study), nothing on Napoleon has yet been written more soul-revealing than the busts of Houdon. Rodin, too, in this field has done memorable things ; his Rochefort, Hugo, Berthelot, and Puvis de Chavannes are all superb, worthy to rank with the best. Just here, however, a certain bitterness comes to show in him :—

There is no work (he says) so ungrateful as this : the truer your portrait, the more like it is, the more it reveals character, the less your sitter will appreciate it. Men and women both want to have insignificant, regular features ; masterpieces of expression are usually regarded as insults. One has simply to do one's best and pay no attention to the remonstrances of puerile conceit.

Like all the great moderns, Rodin is often preoccupied not with the subject but the symbol. He has fashioned the head of a young woman imprisoned to the very neck in a rough block of marble. "Thought" he christens it—thought struggling for expression, without hands to help itself and doomed to inaction as one without feet. Or take "Illusion, the Daughter of Icarus"—a young angel's figure with broken wing and face crushed against the hard ground of fact. No one of these attempts, in my opinion, can be called successful, simply because the striving itself, being purely intellectual, transcends the sculptor's art. Two lines of Goethe are more expressive :—

All things transitory but as symbols are sent ;
Earth's insufficiency leads to event. . . .

Rodin is more successful when he asserts that all artists are necessarily religious, "believers by nature :"—

No good sculptor (he says) can model a human figure without dwelling on the mystery of life ; this individual and that in fleeting variation only remind him of the immanent type ; he is led perpetually from the creature to the creator. . . . All the best work of any artist must be bathed, so to speak, in mystery. That is why many of my figures have a hand or foot still imprisoned in the marble-block ; life is everywhere, but rarely indeed does it come to complete expression or the individual to perfect freedom. . . .

Then Rodin goes on to tell how as a youth he fell in love with the serene and typical beauty of the works of Phidias, and only later, after his first visit to Italy, came to appreciate the tortured strivings of Michelangelo. The great Florentine, he exclaims, was the last and greatest of Gothic sculptors. Like all great creators, Rodin is one of the most stimulating of critics, and in especial he finds deathless words to describe the Greeks, his masters. It is the accepted idea that the Greeks of the best period treated their subjects with reverence as gods and goddesses, and showed their piety by only unveiling part of the human figure. While admitting that there is some little truth in this, Rodin insists that the spirit fashioning all their best work is an intense sensuality. "The human form," he says, "never moved any people to such sensual tenderness. The very ecstasy of sensual delight seems to be shed over every part of the figures they modelled." And any one who has ever studied the little women's figures with clinging draperies on the balustrade of the Temple of Nike Apteros must agree with him. Passionate desire is the very soul of Greek plastic art.

And here comes naturally that chapter on "The Beauty of Women," which should be at the end of this book, and not in the middle, if the true *crescendo* of interest is to be observed, for this is Rodin's special kingdom. No decadent artist of them all, no master of the Renaissance, has equalled him in this field either as craftsman or lover, either in skill of workmanship or in passionate appreciation of the loveliness of every curve and every round. His best girl-figures are the best ever modelled.

Rodin has now several studios, both at his home in Meudon and in Paris, but the one he prefers is in the old and famous Hotel de Biron, which for ages was used as the Couvent du Sacré-Cœur. Here generations of lovely and charming girls were educated, and from this retreat sent forth into the sinful world. Behind the hotel is an old, neglected garden, with trees and arbours and winding walks. In the shade here one still seems to hear the ripple of girl-laughter, or sees hot cheeks flushing with whispered confidences. Looking out over this garden is the great room which Rodin keeps for his drawings and modellings of women. Let us listen to him on his own subject. Gsell asks him : "Is it easy to find beautiful models ?" Rodin answers : "Yes." "Does the figure keep its beauty for long ?" The master replies :—

"It changes incessantly, as a landscape changes with the sun. The perfect bloom of youth, the flower-time when the slight figure is as graceful as the stem of a lily, only lasts for a few short months. . . . The young girl becomes a woman and her beauty changes its character—admirable still, it is perhaps not quite so lovely pure."

"Do you think the Greeks were more beautiful than modern women, or have you as fine models as posed for Phidias ?"

"Just as fine. Modern Italian girls have all the peculiarities of the best Greek type : the essential character of it is that the shoulders are practically as broad as the hips."

"But our French women ?"

"Generally, like the Germanic races and the Russians, they have narrow shoulders and large hips : this is the charac-

teristic of the nymphs of Goujon, the Venus of Watteau, the Diana of Houdon."

"Which is the most beautiful type?"

"Who shall say? There are hundreds of beautiful types. I have modelled little Eastern dancers whose finger-slim ankles and soft round outlines had an infinite and perverse seduction. On the other hand, the Japanese actress Hanako seemed to have no fat on her body; her muscles were all outlined and firm like those of a little fox-terrier. She was so strong that she could stand on one foot and hold the other leg at right angles with her body for ever so long; she seemed to take root in the ground like a tree; but there was a rare beauty in her singular vigour. There is nothing commoner than beauty for those who have eyes to see. . . . I often get a girl to sit on the ground just to study the adorable vaselike outlines of her torso, the sacred amphora which holds in it the promise of future life. Look at that shoulder: I have modelled the curve of it a dozen times and yet it could be improved. Often and often beauty overpowers me so that I feel like going on my knees to it. Was I right in saying that to the artist his art must be a religion?"

"Ah, they pretend that Art has no utility: it has the greatest; everything that makes for happiness is of the highest usefulness. And it must never be forgotten that we artists are the only moderns who take joy in our work and find delight in labour. Every workman ought to be an artist, and take pleasure in his toil; every mason and carpenter and house-painter should have joy in his endeavour; but with our wretched modern wage-system we have almost banished joy out of life. It will come back; we artists will bring it back."

A memorable book, which sends me to the Carfax Gallery to have another look at that "Satyr and Nymph," which is the high-water mark, so to speak, of Rodin's achievement: a masterwork in which passion finds supreme expression and bronze takes on the satin-softness of woman's flesh.

THE REMARKABLE HERO

THE time is not distant beyond the memory of living men when the hero of a typical novel had to be, if not a person of title, at any rate a man of tolerable family. If, in the days of his affluence, he did not possess a valet, or if when leaving home under a cloud he could not bestow his last sovereign on a head gardener, he was not likely to have many admirers. The snobbishness of those days was not greater than the snobbishness of these, but it was far simpler and more straightforward. It demanded quite honestly, on behalf of the middle-class reader, to mix with its social betters. No doubt it was perfectly right; if a man cannot choose his company even in novels things are in a bad way. But, however that may be, the distinction of the hero of that time was on the side of birth and breeding. He might be compelled by circumstances to associate with coal-heavers, but even when his coat was shiny at the elbows the cabmen called him "My lord." When he told the landlady of his humble lodging that he had come into a marquise and forty thousand a year, she always reminded him that she had known him at the first for a "real gent." His brains might be of feeble quality—indeed they usually were—but his manners were of the best. He might not know how to counter the most childish plot, but he invariably knew what to do with his hands in a drawing-room, a problem which has

puzzled more people than ever troubled about the riddles of life and death.

In these days, however, good breeding is usually left as a minor perquisite to the villain. The hero may, as far as his social position is concerned, be anybody. He may drop his aspirates, he may be a boor, he may be ignorant of the most elementary rules of polite behaviour. Common honesty is not in the least a necessity to him. If he is fiendishly ugly, his adventures are all the more piquant. He may even be deformed, and his Life will sell in tens of thousands. He may squint, he may be club-footed, he may wear ready-made clothes, he may smoke in church, he may shoot foxes, he may browbeat women and patronise old men, he may do any of those forbidden things, for doing the least of which we would cut our dearest friends, and yet he may charm voracious multitudes. We care nothing for his clothes, nor his manners nor his antecedents nor his actions; in these respects we are all-tolerant. But there is one quality which we demand in him: he must be a remarkable person. It matters very little in what his fate lies, whether in art, finance, sport, politics, exploration, swindling, or throat-cutting, but his intellect must be of the cast of great men.

The superficial reason is not very far to seek. Satirised out of his old, honest, matter-of-fact reverence for rank and wealth, the commonplace reader has to satisfy his inborn humility by looking up to an intellectual superior. Forbidden to act the flunkey to the aristocrat, he allows himself to adore the prima donna, the brilliant statesman, the swaggering freebooter, or the subtle master of intrigue. As he can no longer delight in the conversation of a duke, he accepts instead the conversation of an eminent house-breaker. And seeing that, however slight his knowledge of aristocratic circles might have been, his acquaintance with men of genius is even slighter—he is seldom able to detect the fraud which is so often played upon him. He may have a shrewd conception of how a duke would behave in a given situation, but a man of genius is above laws, and his actions are therefore incalculable. So the reader takes, with shut eyes and open mouth, whatever the journeyman novelist cares to offer him in the way of inspired heroes. He is unaware that the great detective whom he so much admires is as unlike any possible great detective as he is unlike a Patagonian anteater; these mysterious and incomprehensible actions pass not, as they should, for the well-meaning, but rather futile, efforts of an uninspired writer to simulate inspiration, but for the unfathomable deeds of a demigod. The more extraordinary they are, the more convinced is the reader of his hero's genuineness. In the result, one reads of a great realistic author who studies his situations by kidnapping people, and forcing them to act for him; one finds a great thief who lives, surrounded by *objets d'art*, in a castle in the middle of a sea-girt rock; one finds a great poet who, by way of seeking inspiration, wanders like a madman over the face of the earth for several months, then, returning home, scribbles for four days without stopping, and finally falls dead over his completed masterpiece. The convenience for a second-rate author of a public which accepts such creations may easily be estimated. If extravagance be a sign of genius, then it is infinitely easier to portray genius than mediocrity. The man in the street is quite capable of judging his kind, but to judge the weird antics of an inspired soul he has only the unreliable experience of nightmares. He can but devour and hold out his innocent hands for more. So the curious fashion grows, until the remarkable becomes more common than the commonplace; an amusing development enough, if one does not pause to reflect how swiftly this highly-seasoned fare can destroy any lingering taste for the products of a restrained and disciplined art.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY .

A FEW days ago a young Colonial said to the present writer, "I'm in love with your English twilights. We get nothing like them in Australia." A summer such as we have been having diverts that attitude of depreciation toward the British climate which has become a pose with so many of us. The fact is, the most perfect climates of the world are the worst, and our capricious skies are an invaluable national asset.

It is a delightful experience to make a trip to the West Indian Islands what time the drear evenings of November begin to settle about our cities. The season of the "Nortes" is then over, and the balmy north-east Trade winds blow over the Caribbean Sea without intermission. After eight or nine days spent on one of the loneliest quarters of the ocean, the look-out man sights the yellow flats of Barbadoes. There, girdled by sands, about which the white horses of the Atlantic fret, is our first glimpse of the Tropics.

The black policeman, dressed in white ducks and a little brief authority, is a humorous parody on the familiar "bobbies" we have left behind. His air of mingled majesty and condescension is truly comical to the newcomer. The European officers have a funny task to keep order amongst their constables. We went on one occasion with the Chief Commissioner on his country rounds. This was a typical inspection. In a tiny police station in a forest clearing enter a sergeant and two P.C.'s, all as black as Day and Martin could make them. Salutes. "Now, then," says the Commissioner, "what's the matter with you?" The sergeant reports you two men are quarrelling." "Dis man call me 'black fella,'" says Number 1. "I no' be called 'black fella' by dis man." Then the Commissioner talks to all three as if he were addressing a Sunday-school class, but with a suggestion of laughter in his voice, and we ride away to find a similar storm brewing in a teapot a mile or two distant.

One day we were in the queue passing through the Abbey. Behind the Coronation Chair three policemen were discussing amongst themselves a knotty problem in arrests. "What would you charge him with?" asked Number 1. "Felony," was the answer. "But he hadn't turned a key." "Then have him up for loiterin' with intent," chuckled Number 3. The constable of colour revels in that sort of discussion. He is a very Hamlet for "putting cases." The white roads of Barbadoes are glaring, and the island is too full of blacks to make the voyager regret his departure, more especially as the chain of islands to the south—St. Vincent, Grenada, and the Grenadines—are veritable fairyland. Then comes Trinidad. The steamer threads her way through the "Boca" which the captain has selected. There are the Five Islands and the mountain chain that bounds the island on the north, and the Gulf of Paria, turbid with the flotsam of the mighty Orinoco. Every adjective and epithet has been brought out of our armoury of words to describe the seraphic climate about us—the sapphire blue of sky and sea, the balmy breezes of content. You land, and out of any ten Britishers you meet nine will say to you, "Going back to London next month? Lucky beggar! I wish I were." The tropical climate is, we veritably believe, the origin of the legend of the Sirens. It is for ever wooing one to slacken pace, to take things easy, to put off any irksome duty till to-morrow. "Mafiana" is its perpetual motto. Close your eyelids to keep out the glare, get into a hammock in the shade and think. You may be awakened by the shrill horn of the mosquito; sand-flies will be sure to pay you court; but you will have to telephone peremptorily to your will if clear thinking is required or resolute work has to be done. Few of those who live in these delightful islands can resist the spell of the siren

climate. We once had to interview a Mexican resident in London. It was November, and a London particular had settled on the City like a vampire. We commiserated the Mexican on the hard fate of our grimy "blanket of the dark." His answer was, "It is better so than always blue sky."

Now that the Siren is with us, let us listen to her wiles. The stars of the summer night bear her message to all who have ears to hear. Wander out from indoor heat and glare, and the gemmed canopy of the heavens hangs over you, like a mighty swarm of fireflies, shedding tranquillity on a still world.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins."

In the quiet sky, four hours after the sun has dipped beyond the verge of our ken, the half-twilight grows a shade more still and solemn. The mountains and the sea are robed in glamour. An owl hoots dreamily; bats flit. Trees and plants are taking up the animal wastage of the day. Nature's laboratory is silently at work, moulding, withering. Birth and death, change and range. The loom is weaving or unravelling tissue in all living things. Poesy is an ocean; birth and death its ebb and flow. The dead poet does but sleep:—

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.

Stroll across the velvet terraces of Down and drink in a restless undertone, if your ears be quick enough to catch its echo, as the breakers chafe on the pebbled beach three hundred feet below. Then look upward and learn to emulate the utter calm of created things about you. The cycle of life rolls on unchanging. The wanderer on the Down headland is a partner in wide silences and deep content. Thus to him watching, the striking of the church clock in a distant village reveals the fleeting foot of Time. Two o'clock. A faint air draws up from the sea, a blush is kindling in the East. Day is coming. Soon its growing glory is suffused. The kaleidoscope of the seascape changes. The sea's sombre outline takes on a paling sheen of green. The sun is rising, and

When, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the Eastern pines,

the splendour of God is once more clothed in earthly symbols. Another day is born. Young angels pass. The blackbirds and thrushes, who had been harping on muted strings, now burst into a chorus, rising to the swelling of harmony of Nature's orchestra. The smoke of cottage chimneys floats upward into the pellucid air. Man goes forth to his labour until the evening.

Then the Sun, no longer content to woo with hint and glamour, turns tyrant, pouring on man and beast the burden of his wrath. The air grows sultry, robbed of its ozone. The birds hide themselves away, as from some fierce taskmaster. The trout lies under a ledge of rock, where swirling weeds waver in the stream. Only the merry cicala fiddles cheerily with his legs for bow and strings. He recalls to his mates the story of the birth of his race under fierce suns of yore.

Then the wanderer, as he retells the magic of the brief darkness and babbles of the majesty of the Sun-god, careering in his dazzling chariot of fire, perchance may say to those about him: "It's an old-fashioned Summer we are having. The English climate is not too bad after all."

REVIEWS

MR. CHESTERTON AS A POET

The Ballad of the White Horse. By G. K. CHESTERTON.
(Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

STRICTLY speaking, Mr. Chesterton is primarily a poet. We do not in remarking this allude to the fact that some years ago he made his first appearance in the world of letters with a volume of poems, "The Wild Knight," although that is in itself no small indication to a man's fount of inspiration; we have in mind, rather, his outlook on life, of which this was the first and most vital evidence. In a sense it is true to say that the modern economics of existence (which is frequently and wrongly referred to as life) have bent him aside from the speech of instinct, and compelled him to voice himself in the looser meanings of prose. His native outlook is that of a poet. Even his prose reasoning—sharp, sudden, and elliptical—is such reasoning as a poet, with his instinct for the simple essentials of the matter, finds most native to himself. It makes one very nearly despair to see some critic sleekly and complacently dismiss as paradox what is in fact the sudden placing of the beauty of a primary unalterable principle beside the hideous distortion of modern civilisation. There are some passages in his prose so extraordinarily right that to hear them laughed over as paradoxes makes one suspect that some one or other has been touched on a raw place. It is a churlish or timid age this, too grudging or too fearful to acclaim greatness when it sees it; yet there are perceptions strewn throughout Mr. Chesterton's work, verse or prose, that compel one to say of him, with neither sycophancy nor log-rolling, that he is a great man indeed and a poet by truth of instinct.

That, however, is a big matter—too big for the space of such a review as this. It has been prompted by the fact that this book is Mr. Chesterton's second volume of poetry, with the space of over a decade between it and its predecessor. Those who know "The Wild Knight"—those, indeed, who know no more than the various verses, authentic or travesty, which he has distributed through his prose—will scarcely need to be told that his special fitness in poetic speech is for the ballad form. Perhaps afterdays will notice to what extent some in our day are experimenting with the old poetic forms side by side with others who are rashly throwing away the old forms altogether. Here is Mr. Chesterton, for instance, giving us a long poem of eight books and 182 pages which he calls a ballad, and which, despite the straining of the borders of the form as hitherto understood, is nevertheless both in form and inspiration rightly so characterised. The subject of his ballad, since a ballad must have a personal, and, if possible, a heroic, subject, is King Alfred and his attempt to hurl the Danes out of Wessex. Ostensibly this is the subject, actually and more truly it is the defence of Christianity against the inroads of barbaric heresy, with an eye turned aside now and again in order that the gay, brave fight of the gay, brave days should awake a suggestion of what is even now happening in Mr. Chesterton's own day and clime.

To get the proper proportions for his hero, Mr. Chesterton has very wisely elected to go behind the King Alfred of the carping historian to the King Alfred of tradition, back to him who sang in the Danish camp and burnt the good wife's cakes. And in order that the proper colours should be given to this (say, brave) tale, Mr. Chesterton has introduced three characters as chieftains to aid Alfred—a Saxon, Eldred; a Celt, Colan of Caerleon; and a Roman, Marcus—each being representative of the various layers of peoples that had "fought for the Christian civilisation against the

heathen nihilism." In resonant verse Mr. Chesterton picks out the salient features of each national representative with an insight and accuracy that comes not short of actual mental fascination. This, for example, is the Celt:—

And the man was come like a shadow,
From the dusk of Druid trees,
When Usk with mighty murmurings
Past Caerleon of the fallen Kings,
Goes out to ghostly seas.

His harp was carved and cunning,
As the Celtic craftsman makes,
Carven all over with twisting shapes
Like many headless snakes.

His harp was carved and cunning,
His sword prompt and sharp;
And he was gay when he held the sword,
Sad when he held the harp.

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their ways are merry,
And all their songs are sad.

He made the sign of the Cross of God,
He knew the Roman prayer;
But he had unreason in his heart,
Because of the gods that were.

And whether in seat or saddle,
Whether with frown or smile,
Whether at feast or fight was he,
He heard the sound of a nameless sea
On an undiscovered isle.

It is a slight and trite task open to any pedant to point out that the first of these stanzas derives clearly from Kubla Khan. It is more to the point to ask where else one may find bold, free verse that is yet so subtle. This is Marcus the Roman:—

A bronzed man, with a bird's bright eye,
And a strong bird's beak and brow,
His skin was brown like buried gold,
And of certain of his sires was told
They came in the shining ship of old,
With Cæsar in the prow.

His fruit-trees stood like soldiers,
Drilled in a straight line.
His strange, stiff olives did not fail,
And all the kings of the earth drank ale,
But he drank wine.

Near the end of the book, when the fight of Ethandune has been fought, when Alfred has lost and is gathering together his distributed band for the last essay, this is how the four are differentiated. He has described the child's way of building stone-towers that fall down, as patiently to be rebuilt again; and then he adds:—

And this was the might of Alfred,
At the ending of the way;
That of such smiters, wise or wild,
He was least distant from the child
Piling the stones all day,

For Eldred fought like a frank hunter,
That killeth and goeth home;
And Mark had fought because all arms
Rang like the name of Rome.

And Colan fought with a double mind,
Moody and madly gay;
But Alfred fought as gravely
As a good child at play.

Since quotation must necessarily be a limited matter, we have so selected our quotations that they indicate a certain

manner of sequence throughout. They are also apt examples of the quality of the poem. To those who have given thought to the respective characteristics of the Celt and Saxon the last stanza is almost startling, so truly does it see, and so admirably does it express its vision.

Yet if such quotations be apt examples of its quality, the ballad contains much else besides. Mr. Chesterton has often stirred some of us strangely with his appeals for the clearness and rightness of personal combat; but never has he spoken with such effect as in his description of the Battle of Ethandune. Book Eight is a book to stir the blood and exalt the mind with the great gusto of living. There is also much in the way of such a lusty religious faith as brings other great things of life in its train. But since it is time to make an end, let this be said fairly and frankly. Mr. Chesterton will pass to the great silence, and perhaps, too, his direct contributions to life and thought will pass from regard and memory; but of few things now said and written is it more possible to aver that in that day "The Ballad of the White Horse" will not be permitted easily to die. His other works are admirable, and they are entertaining; but they are chiefly an exalted journalism. In this book he wins past to something more perdurable and permanent.

THE POET AND THE AGE—I.

Mariamne: a Conflict. By T. STURGE MOORE. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

Desiderio: a Play in Three Acts. By MAURICE BARING. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.)

Poems of Men and Hours. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

The New Hesperides and other Poems. By JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN. (Sturgis and Walton, New York. \$1 net.)

No one can say that we lack poets when confronted with four volumes of such fine and sincere poetry as these. There is true poetic fervour in each of these small books, powerfully and often exquisitely expressed. The tone of every one of them is high, and it is refreshing to note that no minor-poetical pessimism disfigures their pages. They have also escaped almost completely from the decadence which once so seriously threatened this art. But when we have said all this, and have fully recognised the worth and high purpose of these poets, the question forces itself upon us—What is the relation of their art to the age in which we live? We have here two dramas and two books of short poems; to what extent are they the product of this age, and what message have they for the times?

No doubt questions like these will incur the wrath of the "Art for Art's sake" devotees, but such questions will continue to be asked whether they are approved of by select coteries or not. It cannot be denied, at any rate, that Shakespeare had a direct relationship with the art of his age, and in some sense a message for it, though that message propounded no new moralities and was far enough removed from the style of the pulpiter. Milton, too, had a word for his times, however heedless of that word those times were. And it is eminently true of Tennyson that he was the product of the nineteenth century and spoke unmistakably and vitally to its needs. But amongst these four poets, some of whom display the technical ability of a Tennyson and possibly the equivalent of his powers of thought, not one has the same dominating spirit which would make his volume a vital book to the men of to-day. We have, indeed,

few modern poets who have attempted to make poetry out of the century in which they write, and those few have not been particularly successful. Our poets too largely derive their *technique* and their themes from an earlier age, and make of their art a temple of refuge from the storms and sordidness of the present. The new poet of his times will no doubt melt and refashion in the fires of his own poetic fervour the diverse facts of his age and compel them to serve his art, welding them all into a perfect whole of beauty and of strength.

Take, first, Mr. Sturge Moore's new dramatisation of part of the life of Herod. We have here a sinewy strength of phrase and a fine resonance of line which occasionally call to remembrance the achievements of the great masters of the past. For instance, this from Mariamne's repentance after her condemnation:—

I was too set upon a perfect life.
Must no fault be to find in Herod's love?
Because a leat was led aside to turn
The mills of darkling thought and gross desire,
Such tampering with my fortunes' copious stream
Appeared a crime inhuman—human fault
Scarce marring much less fortune, it had seemed
To women husbanded at lesser cost
Of God's supreme endowments.

Mr. Sturge Moore has caught something of that dark, passionate atmosphere of intrigue and suspicion which marked the reign of Herod the Great. His foolish, overweening jealousy for his unhappy Queen Mariamne, which led to her judicial murder, is also well displayed. As a drama it is well-knit, working to a swift and tragic conclusion, though lacking somewhat in the clear characterisation which so few dramatic poets achieve in blank verse. But this ancient story of the anger of Herod and the doom of Mariamne—what is its net value for our age? Little, that we are aware of, beyond the fact that beauty is its own excuse for being.

When we approach "Desiderio" we find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. The quality of the blank verse is less resonant, but what it loses in this respect it gains in clearness, though it has its moments of power, as the following passage testifies:—

I come to break the tyranny of dreams—
Dreams of ambition, dreams of power and wealth.
If men can only know these things are dreams,
Content, they shall inhale the quality
Of life and find it new; . . .
They, in the brutal chariot-race of life,
More glad shall pass, not thinking of the toil,
But of the splendour of the race.

The story of the idealist who was set up as king by the machinations of conspiring courtiers to serve their own ends has its suggestions for our modern problems, and in this respect comes nearer, perhaps, to the standard we have set up than any other of these poets. We are reminded of the difficulties that wait upon government of either the aristocratic or the democratic type. We see once more the ever-recurring spectacle of the martyred idealist. We behold afresh the misunderstandings caused by any man whose love is general rather than for individuals. This is a high-minded play, and we commend it to all lovers of poetry for its thoughtful qualities.

The outstanding characteristic of Mr. Drinkwater's verse is its complete sincerity. This he claims for it himself, and we are glad to be able to endorse his claim. His subject-matter is usually of a somewhat grave order, and there is more than a touch of true religious feeling, which, however, is far removed from the banal type with which we are only

too familiar. Mr. Drinkwater survives many tests in such a lyric as this entitled "Love:"—

Lord of the host of deep desires
That spare no sting, yet are to me
Sole echo of the silver choirs
Whose dwelling is eternity,

With all save thee my soul is pressed
In high dispute from day to day,
But, Love, at thy most high behest
I make no answer, and obey.

There is in all these short poems that individual note for which the critic looks so earnestly. Where this is present there is hope that achievement of a very high order may follow. Mr. Drinkwater has both thought and truth which are more or less apposite to the needs of the age, and for these we the more gladly commend him to the searcher after beauty and truth.

The author of "The New Hesperides" bears a name less familiar than any of the foregoing. He is Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University, and has already proved himself a critic of a very high order in a lecture on "The New Criticism," recently reviewed in these columns. Remembering our standard, we turned to him with large expectations as the inhabitant of a new world whence some new authentic utterance might come. Beauty of expression we found; fine technical ability also; but it is disappointing to note that this *technique* was almost all of a European type. True, America is often referred to, but she is not herself the inspiration of any mighty, compelling song. From this new land we look for something almost as individual as Whitman's compound of prose and poetry; but it is not to be found in Professor Spingarn, though we very gladly recognise the many fine qualities which proclaim him to be a true poet. There is very little of the direct lyrical cry in this collection; the work is rather that of a careful and conscientious artist who knows exactly how such things should be done. We are, however, rather surprised to find that some of the writer's sonnets depart from the pure sonnet form in certain details. Mr. Spingarn's gift is well represented in a tiny poem entitled "The Poet:"—

I have not gathered these dreams out of the reading of books;
They came to me, flowers of dusk, sweet with the odour of stars:
Some of them live not a day out of their shadowy nooks;
Some of them still show the touch where my fingers bruised them with scars.

While four such poets can be found there is no necessity to despair as to the poetical powers of our age; but we still wait with more than a little wistfulness for the commanding poet who shall speak unmistakably to our needs.

INDIAN EMPERORS

A History of the Great Moghuls; or, A History of the Badshahate of Delhi from 1605 to 1739 A.D. By PRINGLE KENNEDY, M.A. (Thacker and Co., Calcutta. 6 rupees.)

THE period of rather more than two hundred years between the invasion of the first Great Moghul, Baber, in 1526, and the sack of Delhi by Nadir Shah, the Persian, in 1738-9, is perhaps the most interesting of the different epochs of Indian history. It witnessed the rise of the Moghul Empire, its zenith, its decadence, and the subsequent anarchy, caused partly by internal misrule, partly by the development of the rival power of the Marathas, who in later

days were themselves beaten by the Afghans at Panipat in 1761, and subsequently by the English. In a previous volume Mr. Kennedy has dealt with Baber, Humayun, the usurpation of Sher Shah, and Akbar; herein he completes the period with accounts of Jahangir, Shah Jehan, Aurangzeb, and their unworthy successors. The story has often been told, and in very different styles. Mr. Kennedy avowedly writes for the man in the street, for those who know but little, but who desire to know something of mediæval Indian history, and who are not able to find exactly what they want in other books.

In this limited purpose the author has succeeded. His book has no pretension to becoming a standard work, but he gives, pleasantly enough, a lighter account of the reigns and characters of the Emperors mentioned. Comparison would show that many matters have been omitted. He has brought out well the characteristics of each Emperor and alluded to the more important events. Thus Jahangir is shown to be a drunkard and sensualist, fortunate in the possession of a wife, the famous Nur Jehan, improperly obtained, who took too leading a part in the administration. Jahangir, generally regarded as more scrupulous in religious matters than the eclectic Akbar, is pronounced tolerant, whereas Shah Jehan was intolerant, and Aurangzeb's bigotry ruined the empire. Shah Jehan's reign, 1627-56, was the golden period of Moghul rule. The empire and dynasty were firmly established, the government was conducted with ability. The State expenditure was enormous, though the figures are probably exaggerated. His buildings, including the glorious Taj Mahal, testify to his splendour. Aurangzeb's treatment of his father and brothers was inexcusable, but characteristically Oriental. His constant fruitless and exhausting contests with the Marathas, especially with Sivaji, and his fighting for twenty-five years in the Deccan in attempts to subjugate the smaller kingdoms, sapped the resources of the State, and led to the anarchy during the forty years of his successors, Bahadur Shah to Muhammad Shah, which left India a prey to Nadir Shah, and eventually to the Marathas. These matters are the commonplaces of Indian history.

There is a special feature in this book, in that it contains long quotations from Bernier, the French physician and traveller, and from the native writers, especially Khafi Khan, whose works were edited by Henry Elliot and Mr. Dowson. Aurangzeb, unfortunately, forbade the writing of history, but it was done surreptitiously. It is surprising that Mr. Kennedy, who knows India and the tendency of Orientals to flatter, and to ignore anything disagreeable, should write so strongly in favour of the native historians. "The kernel of veracity, the desire to tell what is true, and the trouble to find it out, are everywhere to be found in our Indian Muhammadan historians. They have the practical historical sense strongly developed, and their accounts are to be preferred to those of any European traveller when one wishes really to study the history of the times." This is not the generally received view of the writings of Indian historians; their works have to be accepted *pour faute de mieux*, but with a reservation engendered by their intrinsic defects.

Mr. Kennedy has some sensible remarks on England's policy and modern politics in India, but he is not literally exact in the expression "All India is British now;" nor is his statement correct that Clive, in the 'forties of the eighteenth century, defended Arcot. We have again noted some slips in his proof-reading, which he admits is not good (e.g., "Junda," "Akbar," "Ahmedabad," for "Jumla," "Abbas," "Ahmednagar"). But the class of readers for whom he has written should be grateful to him for rendering Indian history palatable, while they would be repelled by more substantial treatises. For their purposes the half is better than the whole.

THE PANAMA CANAL

The Panama Canal. By HARMODIO ARIAS, B.A., LL.B.
(P. S. King and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

SHOULD the Panama Canal be fortified? Certainly the United States have a right to do it, since self-defence is the first law of Nature; for they not only bought out the former Canal Company and paid the Republic of Panama a large sum for the right to construct a canal, but they also expended hundreds of millions of dollars to the benefit of the community. Panama and Colon, fever holes before the work was begun, were converted into healthy cities by the Americans. When finished it will save thousands of miles in ocean travel; this not only benefits the foreign ship-owners, but the countries on the West Coast of America from Mexico down to the northern part of Chili as well.

Many thousands of acres of land on the West Coast of South Central America and Mexico which now lie idle will be taken up and cultivated and produce valuable crops in the near future. European countries will have the benefit of this canal without having spent a cent to have the waterway opened. All countries could have demanded and agreed to keep the Canal neutral if a private company had completed the Canal, or even if a European Power had undertaken the work, as they had no immediate disaster to fear, since they were so far away. With the United States it is altogether different; they want to concentrate their fleet as quickly as possible to protect their own coast, either in the Pacific, Atlantic, or the Gulf of Mexico, and also to present as many hindrances as they can to the enemy. That is the principal science of warfare.

In 1850, when they entered into a treaty with Great Britain to assure the neutrality of the Canal, neither England nor the U.S.A. had any intention of constructing it, but both wanted to safeguard themselves in case Columbia had given a concession to another Power. To enter into a treaty and to keep one are two different things. A weak Power can be forced to fulfil an agreement, whereas a strong Power does as she likes. We have seen the effect of the latter policy with the treaties made by Napoleon, or rather his Minister Talleyrand, who made, signed, and constructed treaties which he did not intend to keep; some were even broken before the ink of the signature was dry.

When De Lesseps undertook to finish the Canal with French money it was to the interest of the U.S.A. to see that it was neutral, and not fortified. The French company could not finish the Canal; thus came the opportunity of the U.S.A. to construct it for themselves and to obtain the French interest as cheaply as possible. For this reason the Spooner Act was framed in America.

A cutting from San Juan del Norte (Greytown) across Nicaragua to Briton, where the Canal should enter the Pacific, would have cost considerably more money to construct than a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Greytown is a bad harbour, sanding up all the time; and Briton, on the Pacific, is open to heavy rollers during the northerly gales. Extensive and very costly breakwaters would have to be built to make any kind of smooth haven in the Pacific from which vessels might enter the Canal.

This the Americans knew well; therefore the Spooner Act was passed as a bluff, and brought the French company to terms. The other opportunity to deal with the Columbian Government came soon. The people on the Isthmus revolted against Columbia, as they had done several times before, without aid from the U.S.A., but now America saw a chance.

To help Panama would mean to help themselves, which they did to a certain extent, and Panama became independent of Columbia. Panama ceded the Canal Zone to the United States, and they started to construct; if it had not been for this there would be no Republic of Panama now.

Mr. Arias compares the Suez Canal with the Panama Canal. The former, he observes, is neutral; but how will it be in case of war? Would England allow an enemy's fleet to pass the Suez Canal to attack India? Probably not; so apparently the United States have a right to fortify the Panama Canal to protect themselves.

There is one consolation for outsiders who do not like the way Americans conduct the Canal affair: let them keep away, and send their ships around the Horn or through the Straits.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Village Sermons on Uncommon Texts. By the REV. RUSSELL H. JEFFREY. (Skeffington and Son.)

Not many weeks ago we were spending a very peaceful holiday in a delightful country village. On the Sunday we wended our way to the parish church, expecting that, amid such beautiful surroundings, we should hear a sermon which would in some way at least correspond to the charming exterior. Our hopes rose high when the text was given out: "Where there is no vision the people perish" was surely a message calculated to provide ample scope for any preacher. But we were grievously disappointed: we heard not one word about a vision; there were no haunting thoughts or inspiring allusions in the half-hour's homily; there was nothing to cause any of the congregation to hunger and thirst after the righteousness with which it is promised that seekers shall be filled. The text was used merely as a tag upon which to hang the various things the preacher wished to say, and had little or no relation to the sermon. We will not go to the length of saying that these "Village Sermons on Uncommon Texts" resemble our uninspired village sermon of a few weeks ago. It is only just and right to give a parish priest credit for knowing better than any one else the needs of his parishioners, and in all probability the sermons contained in the present volume entirely met the wants of the people to whom they were originally addressed. But when such matter is collected, printed, and presented in book form complaint must not be made if it is judged on its merits alone.

If a sermon be preached from an uncommon text it is only reasonable to suppose that a good explanation of the text will be given or a difficult meaning explained. It is futile to choose uncommon texts, drag them from their context, and bring them by a long process of illogical reasoning to ordinary deductions when the same deductions would be much better obtained by a reference to the passage from which they are usually illustrated. For instance, from "O Baal hear us" Mr. Jeffrey proceeds to teach the lesson of the Pharisee and the publican; from an exhortation of five pages on "he buildeth his house as a moth" two are devoted to an explanation of the evolution of the silk-producing caterpillar; while the idea "that there must be many mansions in the Place of Departed Spirits to suit the requirements of those abiding there" sounds very comfortable, but we have not hitherto understood that our "requirements" would carry much weight when it was a question of our position in the next world. The doctrine is also put forward that that State which is going to provide so well for our requirements will also give us an extra opportunity

of redeeming the time "made so little use of when on earth." The plea for this doctrine is that it is "a more pleasing one than that preached by Calvin and his followers." We must really read the Gospels again and search diligently for Christ's "pleasing" methods of dealing with the Scribes and Pharisees, immorality, hypocrisy, and similar vices. Is it too much to hope that the next book of sermons we have to handle will deal with "Uncommon Sermons on Familiar Texts"?

La Légende de Don Juan, son Évolution dans la Littérature :
I. *Des Origines au Romantisme.* II. *Du Romantisme à l'Époque Contemporaine.* By GEORGES GENDARME DE BÉVOTTE. Two Vols. (Hachette and Co. 3f. 50c each.)

DON JUAN, his adventures and crimes, and the episode of the statue of the Commander—"le Festin de Pierre," as it came to be inaccurately styled—belong to the common fund of European literature, and have been drawn on to an incredible extent, witness the two present volumes and the index, contained in the later of them, of writers who have in any way used the legend. Moreover, we understand that M. Gendarme de Béville is the author of a much larger work on the same question. The subject is interesting enough, and the treatment is scholarly and conscientious—almost too much so, we were on the point of saying, for the ordinary reader. It would be difficult to recall a writer who has been completely ignored, or any considerable work hinging on the adventures or the psychology of the reprobate that has escaped a detailed analysis. And moreover the volumes, quite apart from the judicial character of the more general chapters, should have a distinct value for the literary man as works of reference. They are full of suggestions for the study of many phases of literary history.

The development of "Donjuanism" in literature is very curious. Though nowadays it is common property, it is a comparatively modern growth. The first "Don Juan" in the classical shape, as we know it in Molière's great play and Mozart's opera, was a Spanish play of the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Tirso de Molina. In the original version the moral was of course edifying, being the long-suffering of Heaven and the certain punishment of the sinner. Then greater interest began to be taken in the character of the hero himself, which became more complex. Already in Molière a sort of apology is hinted at. Romanticism turns the whole situation inside out; the libertine becomes a repentant sinner, a victim of the tyranny of society, or, as in some very recent works, its possible regenerator. Mr. Bernard Shaw is a good representative of the last-mentioned point of view, and "Man and Superman" marks the last stage in the history of Donjuanism. Byron, though his poem is analysed at great length, had too independent and irresponsible a fancy to be really important in the development of the legend.

M. Gendarme de Béville gives good reasons for the late invention of Don Juan. He attributes him, and Faust as well—the intellectual and the moral rebel—to the revolt against mediævalism. Antiquity had no place for Juans or Fausts. We feel that it is so, but we have a kind of uneasy feeling about Prometheus and Alcibiades. The protest was not quite the same perhaps, but moral or intellectual revolt has always been at any rate possible, though its forms and fashions change.

Loretto School, Past and Present. By H. B. TRISTRAM. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE story of Loretto School is centralised in the robust and unconventional figure of its famous Head Master, Hely

Hutchinson Almond, whose reign of over forty years makes quite a remarkable chapter in the history of educational enterprise. An autocrat, not hampered by Governors or Committee, a man of strong personality and original character, keenly alive to mistakes and abuses, he sets himself the task, in defiance of theory, practice, and tradition, of building up an altogether distinctive school, having its own very peculiar methods in work and games. His struggles and ultimate success are alike well known. He waged war against all convention. Boys were allowed to go about hatless and coatless. He himself taught, and even read prayers in flannels, without his coat. Caps and gowns for masters were unheard of. But this apparent disregard of discipline and dignity begot no corresponding impudence. Almond was too strong for that. Yet the strength of such a system lies solely in the strength of its administrators. Where Almond might succeed, numbers would fail. It is alleged, though we have our doubts, that he was "the first Head Master who openly set himself to make the physical education of his boys part of the regular school system." Quite the finest part of his system was his contempt for examinations, but here, unfortunately, the rising tide of competition proved too strong. His idea of independence of thought was based on the narrow and negative spirit of Protestantism which he instilled into the boys. He published a volume of sermons with the title "Christ the Protestant." The measure of his great personal success is best described by saying that he achieved the position, very rare among Head Masters, of becoming a hero to his boys. All this, the fortunes of Loretto School and its original experiments, is very well told by Mr. H. B. Tristram, Almond's brother-in-law and successor. The book should be read with interest, not only in the Loretto circle, but generally in the scholastic world. Original experiments always have their value in showing what is best to copy and what to avoid. On both sides, Mr. Tristram writes with as fair and sound a judgment as may be possible to hero worship and natural patriotism; and he gives an admirable picture of school life and work under novel and empirical conditions.

FICTION

THE FASCINATING CHAUFFEUR

A Rolling Stone. By B. M. CROKER. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Sylvia's Chauffeur. By LOUIS TRACY. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THERE are few present-day novels that cannot boast a chauffeur and an automobile, for the daring motorist has been rapidly supplanting older types of hero in popular favour, though the advent of the more venturesome airman bids fair in no short time to deprive him, in his turn, of his pride of place. In the two novels before us the leather suit, the holland coat, and the goggles occupy a prominent position, for Mrs. B. M. Croker and Mr. Louis Tracy have each chosen a chauffeur, or rather a handsome young aristocrat more or less masquerading as such, for hero. These two scions of ancient houses have many points in common, and there is a "strange coincidence" in the adventures that befall them.

"A ROLLING STONE"

is Owen St. John Willoughby FitzGibbon, "a wild, harum-scarum young fellow," nephew and heir to Sir Richard Wynyard of Wynyard, Bart., a county magnate of ancient lineage and considerable wealth. Having sown his wild oats "not wisely, but too well," young Owen is cast adrift by his irate

uncle for a period of two years, during which time he must maintain himself honourably by working for his living and earning his daily bread. He is quite at a loss what to do with himself, but fortunately he has a sister, Lady Kesters, who, besides being the happy possessor of a "smart new Rolls-Royce," can also boast a "clever and contriving mind." On her advice the nonplussed young prodigal becomes chauffeur to two maiden ladies who have just been cheated into acquiring a faked-up ramshackle old motor "lined with real morocco leather" and newly painted dark green. The Misses Parrett have a niece, Aurea Morven, and, after the way of the chauffeur of fiction, Owen at once falls desperately in love with her; and though he feels that his passion is reciprocated, he is debarred from declaring himself until his period of probation is over. Nevertheless, pleasant interludes like the following, when the crazy motor came to grief at a time of flood, helped to make his trial less unbearable:—

Little, little did Aurea guess that, as she leant her head upon his leather shoulder, how Owen, the chauffeur, had to fight with a frantic, almost overmastering, desire to kiss her! . . . Fortunately, with a superhuman effort, he pulled himself together, steadied his racing pulses, and thrust the dreadful idea behind him.

Eventually, after "a few cuts and bruises, a slight concussion, and a broken collar-bone," the result of the inevitable accident, Owen was received back into Sir Richard's good graces, and then Aurea "wondered, was any girl in all the wide world as happy as herself?" For, you see, she had married her aunts' chauffeur!

In the course of her pleasantly conceived, interesting, and wholesome story Mrs. Croker displays her intimate acquaintance with things rural, as witness Mrs. Hogben's *post-mortem* reminiscence of her last pet pig:—

"Well, of course, he grew fat, and ready for the butcher, and when he was prime, he had to go—but it just broke my heart, so it did; for nights before I couldn't sleep for crying," here she became lachrymose; "but it had to be, and me bound to be about when the men came, and the cries and yells of him drove me wild; though of course, once he was scalded and hung up, and a fine weight, it wor a nice thing to have one's own pork and bacon."

"SYLVIA'S CHAUFFEUR"

is also a Fitz, if you please—George Augustus Fitzroy, Viscount Medenham, son and heir to the Earl of Fairholme. He takes the place of a real chauffeur whose car has broken down on Derby day, and in his stead drives a charming and wealthy American girl, Sylvia Vanrenen, and her chaperon from the Savoy Hotel to Epsom Downs. Fitzroy, whose family motto is "I dare all," drives a "purring Mercury," which "sang the song of the free highway, and sped through the leafy lanes of Surrey with a fine disregard for Acts of Parliament and the 'rules and regulations therein made and provided.'" After the Derby the noble viscount drives the ladies on a tour through the South and West of England, and Mr. Tracy gives a fine picture of a run through the Cheddar gorge on to the bleak and desolate tableland of the Mendips, though some of his descriptive writing savours rather of the guide-book. At Symond's Yat Sylvia goes for a moonlight row on the Wye with her aristocratic chauffeur. The boat fouls something, and a whole seam is torn open, followed by an inrush of water. Whereupon Fitzroy leaps overboard and carries Sylvia to dry land—on his shoulder, much in the same way that Owen carried Aurea:—

Her hair brushed his forehead, his eyes, his lips, as he lifted her down. His hands rested for an instant on the warm softness of her neck and shoulders. His heart leaped in a mad riot of joy at the belief that she would have

uttered no protest if he had drawn her nearer instead of setting her decorously on her feet.

He next fights a duel with a French count, who has designs on Sylvia and her fortune, and receives a sword thrust "in perilous proximity to the right lung." A wedding at St. George's, Hanover-square, naturally follows, and more American dollars go to enrich the British aristocracy.

Love—and the People. By EDITH ANNE STEWART. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

FOR the theme of her story Miss Stewart has chosen some of the subjects which are now uppermost in people's minds, Socialism and the woman's movement having a large hearing in the present romance. There are portions of lectures delivered by Socialists at Socialistic meetings, scribblings of a young girl eager to enter any sphere that will give her more excitement than keeping her father's house, and extracts from sermons delivered by one Paul Marten, who is also a would-be reformer and worker for the people. Whether we agree with the object of many of the persons depicted in the book, or whether the result obtained in many cases is worth all the time devoted to its achievement, it is not for us to discuss. The small group of people who meet with the avowed object of doing good to their fellow-creatures are as a rule pleasing and interesting. Perhaps the two we like best are Paul Marten and Sir John Illet, because, although keen, practical workers, they still manage to combine a little of the dreamer's spirit with their very material tasks. Two or three love affairs are introduced to explain the first part of the title; one of them at least is very unconvincing. Cupid, we believe, has a curious knack of drawing many a bow at a venture, but that the same arrow should strike Marjorie Keswick and Sidney Gower requires a very large stretch of the imagination; for, after allowing for the fact that the difference in their social positions could be satisfactorily bridged over, Sidney still remains the uncouth, selfish, and ignorant democrat that he ever was. The description in many places is good, and the characters are well and sympathetically drawn, although frequently it is obvious that they are made the mouthpieces of the author's religious and democratic ideas rather than living, thoughtful people who really believe the words they utter.

Anthea's Guest. By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THE majority of modern fiction-writers still persist in allowing their stage to be occupied for an unreasonable period by people who are decidedly unpleasant. Mrs. Sidgwick has spent much force and a good deal of splendid material in depicting the character and actions of a woman utterly unworthy of the energy devoted to her portrayal. We have no wish to go back to the prim virtues and samplers of the early Victorians; but, on the other hand, we certainly feel inclined to rebel when the limelight is so persistently focussed on a woman of Lydia's limitations. In earlier days Lydia would merely have flitted across the stage to act as a foil to the tender Anthea; now things have entirely changed. Anthea must give place to the woman who can deceive, tell lies, and be altogether dishonourable. Possibly some day a novelist will arise who will have sufficient courage to take the bull by the horns, as it were, and draw us a few characters which are interesting without being immoral, and fascinating without the desire to allure other women's husbands from their promised allegiance.

Meanwhile, until this much-hoped-for day dawns there is nothing we can do but read the books supplied to us and feel sorry that so much skill is wasted on unsavoury subjects.

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist. By ROBERT BARR. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THOSE who enjoyed reading of the experiences of "Young Lord Stranleigh" will no doubt be glad to make the further acquaintance of that remarkable young millionaire nobleman in the present volume of short stories which have previously appeared in the *Windsor Magazine*. For our own part—true, our appetite may be jaded—we are beginning to feel as though we had had enough of the wonderful doings of his lordship of Wychwood, and were it not for the relief of the occasional appearances of the grave and dignified Ponderby we feel we should have to cry a halt. But so long as Mr. Robert Barr's other innumerable admirers remain unsurfeited and, like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more, there is no doubt but that that entertaining and versatile writer will not treat them *à la Bumble*. What strikes us most in these stories is that they usually begin about one thing and end about something totally different, so that the reader who is weary of the beaten track might read them backwards with equal enjoyment. The volume is well illustrated, but it would have been an improvement had the binder condescended to place the pictures opposite the text they illustrate.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL

By the REV. PREBENDARY CARLILE, Founder and Hon. Chief Secretary of the Church Army

THE National Insurance Bill bristles with controversial matters. It might be discussed from many points of view; for instance, in its relations towards the medical profession and the Friendly Societies and charitable institutions; its finance; the amount and nature of benefits; its probable effect on the flow of public charity and so forth. On innumerable details it offers ground for criticism; yet on the whole it may fairly be considered a well-intentioned measure, and one which will have a far-reaching effect on the national life.

I propose to consider the Bill from one standpoint only: its probable effect on the moral character of the nation.

As a nation the English are not conspicuous for the virtue of thrift. It has become a national habit to live up to, frequently beyond, one's income. This tendency affects all classes, rich and poor; and to lay by for a rainy day is no longer regarded as a matter of duty. Common observation is sufficient to prove the existence of an enormous class who could well afford to save something, even if only a little, out of their weekly wages; and yet who, on the first breath of unemployment or sickness, have to fly to the relieving officer or to charity. I am not unmindful of the tens of thousands who, out of very slender means, pay week by week into a society or club, and who are thus sheltered from, at all events, the first blasts of adversity. All honour to them. The fact that so many find it possible to do so throws into strong relief the unthriftiness of those in a similar station of life who do not attempt the making of any such provision.

The legislation of recent years, whatever have been its merits, has not tended to promote the habit of thrift—for a

habit it is, and it may be cultivated or lost like other habits. When the average man sees that the State is willing to relieve him of the burden of educating his children, feeding and doctoring them, to provide him with cheap and wholly unremunerative travel on railways and trams, to give him gratis, or at prices under cost, advantages which less than a century ago were beyond the reach of the wealthiest, it is hardly to be wondered at that he begins to think that the future may take care of itself, and that it is an act of wisdom to spend his income up to the hilt. If he falls sick, he knows that he will be cared for in a hospital. In old age, if the worst comes to the worst, there is always the workhouse between him and starvation. Even old-age pensions, so inestimable a boon in many ways, have fostered this way of looking at life.

I should be afraid to say what proportion of the innumerable cases of poverty and distress with which the Church Army becomes acquainted are the direct outcome of lack of thrift. And where other causes have been at work, the want of the moral qualities needed for thrift—foresight, self-denial, will-power—which would have been called into action by exercise, frequently makes the whole nature of the man weak, purposeless, and deficient in power to struggle against misfortune. The thriftless man is, as a rule, unfit for much except to swim with the stream, and if the stream is carrying him towards the brink of a precipice he is unable to make headway against it.

If the National Insurance Bill will encourage the virtue of thrift and the sense of civic responsibility, one must approve and welcome it, even though it be imperfect in many details.

With the general principle of the Bill, the meeting of contributions by the insured with contributions from other sources, it is impossible to quarrel.

In the case of men earning 2s. 6d. per day and upwards, who will, I suppose, form the bulk of those coming within the scope of the Bill, their contributions are fixed by it at 9d. per week, of which 2d. will be paid by the State, 3d. by the employer, and 4d. by the contributor. In the case of women earning similar amounts the weekly contribution will be 8d., of which 2d. will be paid by the State, 3d. by the employer, and 3d. by the contributor herself.

The share of the State—in other words, the over-burdened taxpayer—seems to be somewhat excessive. Granted that society at large has an interest in the matter, both on altruistic grounds and as making for social stability, it does appear that two-ninths in the case of men, and one-fourth in the case of women, are larger proportions than can be justified.

The employer's 3d. a week, amounting to one-third of the whole in the case of men, and three-eighths of the whole in the case of women, also seems to be more than the employer should fairly be asked to pay. All employers are not great corporations earning good dividends. Most of them are small men enjoying a very narrow margin of profit, and even the smallest addition to their burdens may make all the difference between ability to make a humble living and bankruptcy. The middle class already pays the greatest share of the rates, and in this way bears a heavy burden for the good of those who will chiefly benefit by insurance.

Possibly, however, the proportions stated in the Bill have been arrived at after full consideration, and for reasons with which I am unacquainted.

The steady regular contribution by the insured of the 3d. or 4d. a week, even though its proportion to the whole may be less than justice appears to demand, cannot but have a good effect on men and women who are now little inclined to thrift. It will carry home the duty of making provision for the future and not leaving everything to be done for them by others. As they see their payments mounting up week by

week in their books, they will begin to take an interest and pride in them; and one can well imagine that in many cases great efforts will be made to prevent the payments falling into arrear. One cannot doubt that self-reliance and independence will be fostered, sometimes in unpromising quarters.

If I may use an illustration from my own experience in the Church Army Labour Homes, where the men's surplus wages are banked for them, we find it a most encouraging sign to see a man, who never before perhaps did an honest day's work in his life, begin to take an interest in his bank-book and to watch the entries swelling. The consciousness of saving, of having a stake, even a small one, in the country gives a wonderful interest to the drudgery of work. Similarly, one may hope, a man hitherto thriftless will find a new meaning and interest in life when he knows that he himself, and possibly his family also, are provided for against sickness and disablement, and that this provision is due to a little self-denial on his part.

Yet to my mind there is a fatal flaw in that part of the Bill which relates to contributors' payments. The contributions are to be paid in the first instance by the employer, and are to be recoverable from the employee by deduction from wages or otherwise. I venture to say that this course of dealing will fail to encourage the sense of self-help. If the contributor were paying his 4d. week by week to a Government officer, and seeing it entered in his book, it would give him a pride and pleasure in the transaction which will probably be wanting when it is a mere matter of finding 4d. a week docked off his wages by the employer. This will grow to be a dangerous source of irritation between masters and men, and more likely than not, agitation will arise from time to time (and, if so, it will probably succeed in the end) for the abolition of the employer's right to reimbursement; so that the whole of the contributor's payment will fall on the shoulders of other people. If and when this should happen there can be no more question of encouraging thrift and independence. The insurance scheme will be one more nail in the coffin of sturdy self-reliance; one more step towards the stage when the once honest, independent working man will look for everything to the State as his universal Providence and provider.

It may be said that the difficulty of collecting these small sums directly from contributors would be too great. But the Friendly and Provident Societies do it; and although, of course, the problem of making a national weekly collection is vastly greater than that confronting any individual Society, the advantages attending a direct collection are so great as to make it worth while to adopt some plan bringing contributor and collector into personal contact.

The result of relieving occupiers of small property from direct payment of rates is a parallel case. Working men pay rates, but as they never come into contact with the rate-collector, but pay their rates as an indistinguishable part of the rent, they lose sight of the fact that they have an interest in keeping rates down, with the result that in many, if not in most places, the rates have swollen to quite unreasonable dimensions. Similarly, if a contributor pays his contribution by way only of deduction from wages, he will lose all sense of personal interest; and although he will duly receive, in case of need, his sickness and disablement benefits, with medical treatment and the other boons promised by the Bill, he will hardly be conscious that they are the result of his own thrift and saving. To put the matter shortly, the contributions will bear the aspect of an unwarrantable deduction on the part of the employer; the benefits, that of a free and pauperising gift by the public authority.

For these reasons I consider that the Bill, from the point of view of its probable effect on the thrift and self-reliance of the nation, is capable of much improvement. There is

still plenty of time for alterations, and I am confident that, with wisely-drafted amendments on the points which I have mentioned (the respective proportions of contributions by the State, by employers, and by contributors, and the method of collecting contributors' payments), the Bill will have a great and beneficial effect on the life of the nation. It will relieve thousands from the necessity of applying for Poor-law relief, or becoming objects of charity, for it will give them as their right, as something for which they themselves have honestly paid, the help in time of trouble which hitherto they have had to ask as paupers.

I have only discussed the Bill so far as it gives sickness and disablement benefit. Unemployment benefit is a separate subject, which may prove to be of the vastest importance, and space is wanting to consider it here.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BELIEF

A WELL-KNOWN writer, being asked on a certain occasion what was his religion, answered that it was that of "all sensible men," and on his interlocutor desiring to know what that religion was he replied that "sensible men never tell." In much the same way it might be said of all matters of belief that all sensible men are of the same opinions, but upon what these opinions are even the most sensible of men cannot agree. For there is beneath all the manifold phases of belief in all the matters of life a still deeper belief that, if all things were truly understood, there could not possibly be two opinions about anything, and that if it were not for some unaccountable freak of nature all men, being of the same essential nature, would believe alike, just as they hunger and thirst alike. The object of all disagreement, it may be said, is to agree. This belief is formulated by Sir Leslie Stephen, who says of truth that it is of such a nature that "all men recognise it when it is put clearly before them, though they may have not previously thought about it or evolved its remoter consequences." And to a similar purpose was the shrewd observation of Dr. Johnson upon a certain occasion that "a wise Tory and a wise Whig will agree. Their principles are the same, though their modes of thinking are different."

But when we turn aside to observe the belief-attitudes of men and women nothing seems so impossible as such uniformity of belief, for here in practice we find scarcely any two individuals holding precisely the same set of opinions with regard to politics, religion and all other affairs of life: thus, perhaps, we find two men whom we have always known to be shrewd men of business, whom it is almost impossible to deceive in all common matters, and who have perhaps been at the University through a course of mathematics and logic, holding almost diametrically opposite opinions with regard to a certain article of theological or political belief. Here we find that men who are shrewd to a remarkable extent in all matters of pounds, shillings, and pence hold tenaciously and with sincere conviction to apparently most absurd and fantastic doctrines or systems of faith, and facts appear to suggest that there is no new or old religious cult, however absurd and ludicrous to the eye of reason and experience, which would not find its adherents. It is probable that no impostor, charlatan, or madman would fail to find a following of some sort although every article of his faith contradicted all human reason and experience, and there is, perhaps, some evidence of this in the success of many thought systems or esoteric creeds and "isms" which flourish to-day. In matters of belief it is impossible to say of what human nature is capable, or to predict what particular turn that of any individual may take, however reasonably he may

seem to account for his opinions to himself or to us; and hence, unless he volunteers the information, it is not usually possible for us to know or guess whether he will be a Free Trader or a Protectionist, a Suffragist or an anti-Suffragist, a Socialist or an anti-Socialist, a Christian Scientist or an ordinary Christian. There appears thus to be no reliable rule for determining what any man's belief will be, for his shrewdness or sanity has little or nothing to do with it, and, in fact, we feel in many cases that the original thinker or leader of a movement might have led, if his beliefs had chanced to have been turned so, just as ably the opposite party, or that he might have reasoned almost as well, or perhaps better, to the precise contrary of his present line of reasoning.

Nothing in fact is more extraordinary than the use to which the human reason has often been put of defending what is unreasonable—as, for instance, in the puzzles and metaphysics of many ancient philosophers and schoolmen of the Middle Ages—so that it appears to us, whose beliefs are different, incomprehensible that the reason which was used so ingeniously and the intelligence which was so acute should not have turned about and recognised the absurdity of their whole position. As an illustration of this one may quote the Sophists of Athens, the beginnings of European philosophy, or perhaps, to take a more modern illustration, Sir Thomas Browne, who, accepting the popular belief in witches without question, discusses, among other “Vulgar Errors,” whether witches may sail in eggshells, and so on. It may, in fact, be suggested here that men sometimes believe in certain things because they practise them and do not practise them because they believe in them. Thus witches were probably believed in latterly because they were burned, and not burned because they were believed in. Or in all matters of belief it may be nearer the truth to say that there is no other reason for belief possible than belief itself, for that which is only believed for a reason is not belief, but merely a more or less doubtful degree of knowledge. It is of the essence of belief that the evidence should be insufficient or even opposed to the belief of the believer, for it is precisely this which makes belief a virtue when it is a virtue or a vice when it is a vice. But one cannot logically weigh belief in the scales of good and evil, for every man regards his own belief as his especial and singular virtue, and therefore to blame or persecute him for it is in the highest degree inconsistent both with reason and belief. It follows logically that a man holding one belief who persecutes or ridicules another for holding a contrary belief is himself committing a folly, for if a man believes one thing it implies clearly that he holds it a sin or a folly to believe the contrary. Whereas, in fact, each man in his belief is but being true to the light which is his or to himself. Of course this raises the old problem of whether belief is voluntary, and the answer as given by Pascal in the well-known passage of the wager, but it is impossible to discuss this within the scope of the present article.

It scarcely, however, needs further observation that men's beliefs do not follow evidences on lines of reason, for men will believe for almost any reason rather than for reason itself. It is the intellect (which, it seems, should be the first to be convinced) which, nevertheless, usually holds out to the last. Belief, in fact, is a matter of emotion, habit, instinct, rather than of intellect. Thus men believe certain things because it has never occurred to them that any other attitude or doubt is reasonable, and because it is the belief of their parents, people, and class. A Radical among Church of England clergymen, or a Tory workman, is clearly an exception to the general rule, and it is superfluous to observe that throughout all history ninety-nine of a hundred millions have been of the same opinions as their own people and class. Protestants and Catholics are born and not made.

But the strange thing with respect to this belief-attitude is the intellectual agility with which a man usually defends his beliefs, as if they had been attained only by a life-long study of the evidences, or were conclusions arrived at from infallible premises, whereas a wider survey of history and experience reveals the real laws and principles of action and beliefs. Bishop Butler, for example, wrote the “Analogy of Religion” because he believed Christianity, and did not believe Christianity because he wrote the “Analogy of Religion.” A very striking article on this subject of the will to believe appeared in the March issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, the writer, Professor Jastrow, taking for his text the reflection of Theophrastus Such (George Eliot): “It is a narrow prejudice of mathematicians to suppose that ways of thinking are to be driven out of the field by being reduced to an absurdity. The absurd is taken as excellent juicy thistle by many constitutions.” To this one may add the very similar reflection of Richard Baxter's: “We mistake men's diseases when we think there needeth nothing to cure them of their errors but the evidence of truth. Alas! there are many distempers of mind to be removed before they receive that evidence.”

It is, we may remind the reader in concluding, the “belief” or conclusion of the pragmatist philosophy that whatever a man believes rests finally, not on his knowledge or power of reasoning, but upon his will to have a thing so. One may surmise, as Professor Jastrow surmises, that a man's beliefs are an expression more of his taste and character, his culture and general calibre, than of his knowledge or intellectuality. To a similar purpose was the observation of Professor Tyndall in his “Apology” for the famous Belfast Address that beliefs “professed and defended by different people are often merely the accidental conduits through which they pour their own tempers, lofty or low, courteous or vulgar, mild or ferocious, as the case may be.”

Men, verily, live to believe, and does not the very word belief imply some degree of personal option or predilection? The majority of men will believe for no reason whatever rather than remain detached or take no action. They believe merely in order to have an interest in the question, whether they know anything of it or not, just as schoolboys favour the colours either of Oxford or Cambridge on the day of the boat-race, and the same boys do not lose their enthusiasm and beliefs when they arrive at years of discretion and the day of an election.

F. H. M.

A DEAD MAN'S BOOKS

WORD has reached me from California that eleven long-treasured and greatly-coveted books have at last been sold after much spirited bidding by millionaire book-lovers. For many years these eleven volumes, exposed to withering sunlight, stood in a frail and rickety bamboo bookcase in the tiny parlour of a restaurant-keeper's cottage at Monterey, in the State of California. So many persons came from afar to see and to handle them and to read the inscriptions on their flyleaves that the little wooden cottage embowered in roses and honeysuckle became, in its way, a shrine for literary pilgrims. Grim poverty, old age, and illness overtook the owner of the books. He lost his famous little restaurant, and was finally driven forth to peddle Mexican dainties, called *tamales*, upon the streets and highways. Still every tempting offer made him for his treasures was politely refused. At one time over two thousand dollars had been offered him by one person for the set; one hundred dollars by another for the little pamphlet in defence of Father Damien. Beside the books there were many letters

written by the famous author of the books. The generous offers made for these were also declined.

"The letters are the letters of Stevenson to Simoneau," said their possessor; "the books are the gifts of one gentleman to another. They are not for sale."

But Jules Simoneau, the friend and benefactor of Robert Louis Stevenson, died in 1908, and his daughter, a widow, and herself very poor, has at last succumbed to the temptings of the collectors. The books are sold, though they could be sold only over the dead body of the devoted old Frenchman to whom they were part of his life with, and part of his love for, his beloved crony Stevenson.

Bidder after bidder left the battle around the auctioneer's desk, until the general contest shrank to a duel between a wealthy sugar importer and a banker with literary tastes or the collector's passion. John S. Drum, of the Savings Union of San Francisco, was the successful man, and into his hands the eleven volumes, nearly all of them first editions, have finally passed. The man of money, coming in contact with things of artistic, literary, or antiquarian value, is often tempted to give them a more tangible and material value by means of an elaborate dress or frame. So these books are to be encased in a special box of Monterey cypress, a peculiar tree of withered limb and stunted trunk which grows in eerie fashion along the ocean headlands of this region—true witches' trees, blasted as by curses, and greatly admired by the Scotch author. Isobel Strong, widow of Joseph Strong, the artist-friend of the writer while at Samoa, is to compose an essay to accompany the set, and a skilled woman bookbinder is to give each volume a distinct and appropriate binding.

Were Stevenson alive he might smile in his impish and whimsical fashion at the picturesque enthusiasm and generosity of this literary banker of San Francisco, a blithe and careless city in which the unknown author suffered many hardships during days of ill-health and poverty. As for the letters, soiled, crumpled, faded, written on thin foreign paper, and bearing foreign stamps upon their envelopes, these, it appears, were not sold with the books, and are probably still in possession of the restaurateur's dark-skinned daughter. These epistles were written to his French friend after Stevenson had left California, and most of them begin with the salutation: "Mon Cher et Bon Ami Simoneau."

It was of Jules Simoneau that Stevenson wrote in 1879 to W. E. Henley, describing his first meeting with "a most pleasant old boy, with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily." It was of Simoneau's little restaurant in a rude *adobe* building in the semi-Spanish town of Monterey that Stevenson penned this genial and luminous paragraph:—

Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants—and I believe it, other things being equal, to be unrivalled—one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful indeed to many a swinging signboard, to many a rusty wine-bush; but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were the gathering places of excellent companions; but, take them for all in all, not one can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey."

It is now some thirty-two years since Stevenson, sick and weary and penniless, fleeing from the stony streets and bleak winds of San Francisco, and after dangerous exposure in the hills, came to the sleepy little town on the great curving bay of Monterey. Its scimitar of white sands, its long, shelving beaches and benign sunshine have since then converted it into a fashionable holiday resort. In the days of the gold discovery, and, before then, during the Mexican occupation of California, Monterey enjoyed high prestige as the capital of the Pacific coast; but when this dignity was withdrawn

and given to the city of Sacramento the little sea-coast town on its bay of blue waters went to sleep for some decades. Its inhabitants were chiefly Spanish and Mexican folk with an admixture of the Indian, and the indolence, glamour, and *dolce far niente* of the old pastoral days went on but little disturbed by the general development of California. Most of the houses in Monterey were built of *adobe* (a sun-dried brick), had immensely thick walls, were whitewashed within and without, and roofed with heavy red tiles of semi-cylindrical shape. This was a type of architecture introduced by the Spanish Fathers in their romantic Mission-buildings. Up and down the dusty, unpaved streets the Mexicans, with heavy sombreros, gay sashes, and wide trousers, galloped on their little mustangs yelling loudly, loafed under awnings during the noonday siesta, gambled in the saloons, and at night serenaded their women-folk with guitars, mandolins, and Spanish love-songs.

The painters of San Francisco began to haunt this idyllic spot and set its charms and beauties forth on their canvases. Jules Simoneau, described by Stevenson as "a jolly old Frenchman, the stranded, fifty-eight year old wreck of a good-hearted, dissipated, and once-wealthy Nantais tradesman," at that time made his living through his little restaurant, in which spicy and well-cooked food was furnished the townspeople, the Bohemian artists and vagabond scribes who straggled in and soon made it their headquarters. Between them and Simoneau a bluff fraternity was established, usually to the loss of the restaurant-keeper, who carried his charitable principles of credit and trust to ruinous lengths.

I have myself a pleasant and picturesque memory of cycling down the curving coast from San Francisco—inland through wheatfields, primeval redwood forests, and leagues of orchards, along dusty valley roads, and through magnificent landscapes splendoured by the brilliant Californian sunshine and skies Italian in their azure—the one hundred and forty miles to Monterey. There a few lazy fishermen lounged on the ancient wooden pier, three or four boats with ruddy-coloured lateen sails heaved at their moorings, white gulls swooped and squawked over the wide ultramarine levels of the arching bay. To south and north the purple promontories stood out into the Pacific. The old *adobe* Customs House, with cracked, uneven walls and weather-beaten woodwork, seemed falling into ruin. The tall flag-staff from which the American flag has been streaming since California was annexed by the Americans pointed white against the heavens. A scent of pungent Mexican cookery came from some of the open doorways of the houses. In the old Mission church the priest, opening black carved chests of Spanish oak, showed me the splendid silken vestments, silverware, monstrances, and gold-stitched processional banners of the Fathers who had founded the Mission and the town some hundred and forty years ago. Every house had its history, Spanish, Mexican, or American. A great hotel, a mile from town, had sprung up since Stevenson's day.

Jules Simoneau's restaurant, as I remember it, had changed but little since Stevenson sat at its tables and leaned against its massive walls. I believe these were still smeared with rough sketches "in the manner of Barbizon and Cernay," and the tablecloth, as in former days, was still "not spotless." But the food was as appetising and piquant as ever—a cosmopolitan *menu* of French, Mexican, and American dishes—the first inspired by Simoneau himself, the second by his Mexican wife, and the third by some of his patrons from the metropolis. Simoneau had grown quite old, a Prophet-like figure with a long white beard, refined features, and limpid blue eyes. It was his delight to recount how he had first found Stevenson, sick and almost starving after his disastrous experience in the foothills of the Coast Range—where two shepherds had acted as Good

Samaritans—how the writer had improved under his nursing and feeding, how they had sat by the hour at the tables playing chess, discussing philosophy, literature, and the glories of France. Sometimes the old Frenchman, who was a graduate of the University of Rennes, was the victor, not only at chess, but also at the argument. At Stevenson's request he would frequently bring forth his flute and play a few of his favourite pieces. The friendship that sprang up between the pair was lasting and idyllic. In after-years Stevenson always referred to Jules Simoneau, the picturesque, kind-hearted old innkeeper of romantic Monterey, in terms of the tenderest affection. He wrote him many letters and sent him copies of nearly all his books, all affectionately inscribed.

In his extreme old age, Simoneau, who had fed and benefited so many, was himself forced as a pedlar to trudge back and forth between Monterey and Pacific Grove with his heavy can of *chili-con-carne* or *tamales*. Nevertheless the bibliophiles and Stevenson enthusiasts who sought to persuade him to sell his precious books always found him a sort of polished adamant on the subject, a patriarchal statue of faith in friendship, reverently and jealously guarding the tokens of it. Now the two friends are both in their graves, Stevenson on the hill-top at Vailima and Simoneau in the little cemetery at Monterey. And the eleven volumes, rescued at last from the rickety bamboo bookcase, the sunshine and dust, are to be clothed in splendid cerements of goldleaf and morocco and entombed in a sarcophagus of cypress-wood in the library of a San Franciscan banker.

H. S.

THE THEATRE

"MACBETH" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

A NOTABLE production and a fine spectacle. We have seen many Macbeths, from Phelps to Irving. Many conceptions of the play are possible, and consequently many renderings of the parts of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth may be defended, so long as they are consistent throughout, and do not run counter to specific character-delineation in the text.

Sir Herbert Tree's presentment is from the beginning of the play that of the subtle intriguer—of the Wolsey type—an intriguer whose martial instincts are entirely subordinated to the hypnotic suggestions of an insatiable ambition. The interlude of the witches—weird and picturesque as it is—is only the eleventh-century equivalent of hypnotic suggestion.

It is possible to contest Sir Herbert Tree's reading even in the first Act. In scene five Lady Macbeth soliloquises thus:—

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised; yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.

There has been no sign or symptom of Sir H. Tree's Macbeth being possessed of a nature which is incommoded by the presence of a single minim of the milk of human kindness.

Even with his wife he is the coolest, most preoccupied spouse whom it is possible to imagine. He looks past her, keeping his eyes upon the throne from the moment that his great victory over the Norwegian lord suggested to him that he had qualified as occupant of the Scottish throne:—

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
LADY M: And when goes hence?
MACB.: To-morrow as he purposes.

The concluding words, uttered with all the truculence which Sir Herbert is able to convey, leave no doubt that the iron has entered into his soul, and that murder is the occupant of his mind.

There is no trace of the bluff soldier—ambitious indeed, but needing all the leading on, all the subtle suggestions and the witchery of his wife, until the vision of an impalpable hope is transformed into a determination to wrest from fate its realisation. To seize a throne, to found a dynasty!

At last, seduced by Lady Macbeth's pleading, he exclaims:—

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

If the conception of Macbeth's character when he is first presented to us does not appeal to our idea of the man whom Shakespeare intended to portray, a feeling of discomfort remains with us as the play proceeds. We can have little sympathy with the villain, who is not even a bold villain. Whether he is cowering at the sight of Banquo's ghost or moralising on the vanity of human achievements, he is a poor creature. There is really nothing virile in him. Where is the majesty of Milton's fallen archangel?—

And reassembling our afflicted Powers
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what resolution from despair.

Exactly the same want of dignity and composed resignation in impending fall, when the stake which has been boldly played for is lost, is exhibited in this reading of "Macbeth" as we witnessed in Sir H. Tree's representation of Wolsey, in which the fallen Cardinal's attitude is one of sheer—almost lachrymose—abasement—

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the Angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

Such lines can be delivered with manly dignity, albeit with excessive bitterness. So Macbeth in the text, with intermediate lapses, keeps right royal at the close. It is not so at His Majesty's. Once the crime is done, Macbeth, who claimed little of our sympathy before, claims none of our respect to the end.

That there is much cleverness, and that there are many touches of genius, in Sir Herbert's Macbeth we gladly and readily acknowledge, but we found his performance unconvincing and disappointing.

If, however, we are obliged to give very qualified approval to the presentation of the great character in the play, what can we say of those whose adequate support, had it been forthcoming, would undoubtedly have enhanced the attributes of Sir Herbert's performance?

To cast Miss Violet Vanbrugh for the part of Lady Macbeth was to court disaster. Miss Vanbrugh is an able actress where no great call is made on her powers. It was a grievous error to think that she could supply an adequate foil for the ambition of Macbeth, inspire the actor with a semblance of enthusiasm, or present, except in the lachrymose sleep-walking scene, in which Lady Macbeth's fibre was broken and gone, any semblance of a woman who would have had power to move the Macbeth of the text as distinguished from the Macbeth of His Majesty's to "Murder most foul, as in the best it is."

Miss Vanbrugh, too, entirely failed to convey whether her ambition was for her husband to be king or for herself to be the consort of a king. In the murder scene she was for the

most part inaudible beyond the first few rows of the stalls. From Macbeth's contortions and the actress's scintillating eyes and brilliant teeth it was obvious that something was going on, but what it was did not transpire beyond the distance mentioned. So far as could be conjectured, obviousness was the characteristic of Macbeth's spouse; subtlety and witchery were unplaced.

The banquet scene did not appeal to our approval. We think the disposal of the tables was an entire mistake; the one long table, which has formerly been adopted, gave an opportunity to the audience to note the horrified expression of the noble guests as Macbeth saw the vision of Banquo. The result of adopting small tables, after the custom of the modern supper-room, was that the majority of the horrified spectators had their backs turned towards the audience. There is another small detail of staging which is perhaps worthy of mention, because Sir Herbert is usually so exact as to details. At his stage banquets there is never anything to eat. Whether the guest be bluff King Hal, who is reputed to have had a capacious appetite, or voracious Scottish clansman, there is ever an unsatisfying reminiscence of Charbonnel and Walker's after having been granted an on-licence. How much more effective would have been the scene if a table, spread as described in "Ivanhoe," had appeared on the stage of His Majesty's! The total absence of all solid refreshment, and the copious libations which Sir Herbert consumed under stress of the appearance of the ghost, led to the fear that apparitions of a quantity of nasty creeping things might be added to the horror of the ghostly presence.

In this Act Sir Herbert exhibited his *tour de force*, and his acting was masterly and entitled to the highest praise. Miss Vanbrugh was here unequal to the very great strain placed on her powers.

One or two trivial scenes, which might very well have been condensed or omitted, led on to the sleep-walking Act, in which Miss Vanbrugh was genuinely successful and obtained the enthusiastic applause of the house.

The final scene on the battlements of Dunsinane was marred by the extraordinary unsuitability of Mr. Arthur Bouchier for the part of Macduff. In the previous scene, when the news of the slaughter of his wife and children—

All my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop—

is brought to Macduff, it is a long time before Mr. Bouchier's Macduff puts on the man and cries—

Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too.

Other Macduffs whom we have seen have been young, comely men, the type of the toughened, war-worn Scottish warrior, who have declaimed with energy and vehemence, and who in the final combat with Macbeth have "laid on" with thwacking blows. Mr. Bouchier, however, represents Macduff as a grey-headed man of more than fifty-five years of age, with long plaits of white hair like the tails of a full-bottomed wig.

When this curious and obese creature advanced to fight Macbeth a titter incontinently rippled through the house. In Shakespeare's text Macbeth and Macduff exeunt fighting. Had the stage directions been adhered to, the audience would have been spared a really ludicrous encounter.

There was no laying-on of broadswords, but a sort of wrestling-match, in which first Macbeth and then Macduff gained apparently easy successes, meanwhile using bare hands to wrest away sharpened weapons with no visible hurt. Finally, daggers having been resorted to,

the venerable Macduff, by a process which was not intelligible to the audience, manages to do deathly hurt to vigorous Macbeth, who falls and expires without a speech. When Macduff, depicted by Mr. Bouchier as an enfeebled *bon-vivant*, placed a leg terminating in a foot, both unwholesomely enlarged, on Macbeth's digestive organs, the audience could no longer contain themselves, but frankly laughed.

The three witches were excellent, Mr. A. E. George giving a fine piece of character-acting.

The piece is beautifully staged, and when it has been condensed into a representation of less than four and a quarter hours, and with some modifications in the cast, it ought to hold the boards of His Majesty's for many months.

C. C.

"THE CONCERT" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN has reopened the Duke of York's Theatre a month too soon, not with an original play by one of our well-known dramatists, or with the work of an English dramatist hitherto unproduced, but with, as usual, an adaptation. This time it is one by Leo Dietrichstein of a German play by Herman Bahr. A good deal has been written about Mr. Bahr's play, which has been even more successful in America than it was in Germany. We were frequently informed that it contained a very original series of comedy situations and some brilliant studies of character. We hoped that this was true. We looked forward to an evening which should not be wasted. We told ourselves, optimistically enough, that because it had been adapted by an American it need not necessarily be as foolish as other plays which had undergone similar treatment, and that, although it had enjoyed great success in American theatres, it need not be wholly bad.

We found that it was, as a matter of fact, better than any other American adaptation that we have seen, but that it was to a very great extent unoriginal. We found that it owed its main plot entirely to an English comedy called "A Sense of Humour," which was, we discover, copyrighted some years ago at the Duke of York's Theatre, and put on later at The Playhouse. It is true that there is no copyright in ideas. The same handful of plots has been retold a thousand times upon the stage. The treatment, the wit, the neatness of construction have frequently caused us to forget the age and hackneyed condition of the imbroglia. In "The Concert," however, the imitation is so close as almost to amount to plagiarism, and it is unfortunate that the play should have been produced in London when "A Sense of Humour" is still fresh in the memory of critics and playgoers.

In the English play there were two couples. A man of something over forty, who resented his increasing grey hairs and suffered from the artistic temperament, was married to a charmingly capable and shrewd woman. They were entirely devoted, and the man would have been lost without his wife who was paradoxically, but humanly enough, a mother to him. His friend, a soldier, if we remember rightly, and a very honourable, self-satisfied, excellent person, was married to a woman of a somewhat flamboyant temperament, who desired not only to be loved, but to be told and retold that she was loved, in season and out of it. This foursome was thrown together in a cottage in Scotland, near a trout-stream, and when the man of forty-something plunged into a harmless flirtation with his friend's wife merely in order to prove to himself that he had not yet lost his power of attraction, his shrewd wife, finding that the other husband was stirred to rapid jealousy, set to work to kill the flirtation by pretending to have fallen in love with the unerring husband. It was a set to partners, a lesson to flirtatious husbands. After a good deal of incident, con-

ducted with much ingenuity and wit, the curtain fell on two reunited couples.

Now for "The Concert." Here we find that the man of something over forty not only has the artistic temperament, but is a celebrated pianist with long hair, which is, when necessary, dyed by his wife; that the wife is in the same way a mother to him, and that they are altogether devoted. One of the pianist's chief stocks-in-trade is his power of attracting women. He has a house in Central Park West, New York, and a bungalow in the Catskill Mountains, near a trout-stream. Once a year or so he leaves New York, in order ostensibly to give a concert elsewhere, so that he may retire, with a bewitched pupil, to the bungalow for a week or two and make sure of his attraction. On the rise of the curtain Gabor Arany, the pianist, who talks the broken English of the Dago who is also a Jew, is about to leave home to give one of these Catskill concerts, assisted by a young flamboyant person named Flora Dallas, who is married to an honourable, self-satisfied, excellent doctor, whom she finds just too honourable, self-satisfied, and excellent. We hear something of Arany's playing ("off"), and we see a good deal too much of his chorus of adoring pupils. We are not, however, unfortunately, able to believe for a single instant either in his attractiveness or his piano-playing. To us this Arany is merely a sensualistic outsider in whom it is impossible to conceive any sane woman taking interest. However, having lied to his wife, he goes, leaving his musical comedy chorus of noisy admirers distracted. One of them, a Miss Eva Wharton, knows that Mrs. Dallas is to meet him at a certain station, and that they are to leave the town for the Catskills together. Jealousy being a peculiarly unpleasant form of madness, this young woman has written a letter to the Doctor stating the facts, and this brings the Doctor into the story. He sees Mrs. Arany, reads the letter to her, and finally agrees to her plan of going to the bungalow to pretend that they, like Arany and the foolish wife, are "soul-mates."

Having brought the doctor's pretty, babbling wife to his queerly-decorated bungalow, in which the chief article of furniture is a dummy grand piano, Arany instantly proceeds to make hot love to her. The girl, who seems to have thought that she had come merely to listen to a long-drawn-out recital of Chopin, Grieg, Rubinstein, and Schumann, is frightened, and makes a fluttering exit into her bedroom to dress for the occasion. Arany flings himself at the piano, and his faithful and expert ghost duly performs upon another behind the scenes. Then, to his immense annoyance, his wife and the doctor arrive. There are further lies and subterfuges, and the girl in her terror jumps out of window to be brought in by her husband. Dallas then comes forward, just as the Major had done in "A Sense of Humour," and, to the horror and chagrin of the erring couple, discloses his adoration for Mrs. Arany, and their plan to throw in their lot together. Point for point, as several other criticisms have shown, the situation, and in some instances the very dialogue, is the same as in the English play.

In the third Act Mr. Herman Bahr continues his imitation; but he makes one great effort to be original, and succeeds. In a very admirable scene between Arany and his wife he makes the pianist explain himself and his temperament, and for a quarter of an hour the play takes a new and excellent turn. The whole of this particular scene is conceived and carried out on the best comedy lines. The man's confession of the weaknesses in which he has revelled since early youth is very true and human, and his utter inability to see himself even for a day without his wife's sympathy and motherly management is not without a note of genuine feeling and sincerity. Then the play slips into a listless, mechanical, and uninteresting *finale*, leaving the Arany

alone to kiss again with tears, and the curtain falls on the self-effacing wife putting dye on her husband's shaggy locks.

In the expert and intelligent hands of Miss Irene Vanbrugh the part of Mrs. Arany was, of course, safe. All the same she brought in a false note of conscious martyrdom at the end when she ought to have shown an emotional delight and joy at the success of her plan. We should like to have seen her dyeing the egregious pianist's hair with enthusiasm, and not with a patient shrug and a rather tired sigh. As Arany Mr. Henry Ainley played noisily, eagerly, and boisterously, and gave a close though lumbering imitation of Mr. Boucicault, who produced the play. His accent was consistent, and he was the Jew-Dago to the life, but he lacked that indefinable touch of magnetism which lifts acting out of the ordinary dead level of excellence. He could not make us believe in his genius or his influence over women. The only true piece of acting in the play was provided by Mr. G. W. Anson, as the caretaker of the bungalow. His hard-drinking, gouty, Irish reprobate was a very fine piece of work. Miss May Blaney put several clever little touches into the part of Mr. Dallas, but failed to strike the right comedy note; she was altogether too peevish. Miss Florence Edney, like Mr. Ainley, was content to give a careful imitation of Mr. Boucicault. The effect was curious. Nevertheless, it was to Miss Edney, as the pianist's secretary, to whom all the laughter in the first Act was due. Miss Marguerite Leslie as the jealous pupil looked extremely pretty, and played with great enthusiasm and feeling. She has the makings of a good actress. The rest of the pupils did not seem to mean anything they said and did.

The impression left by the play was that Mr. Herman Bahr is a very capable dramatist, who would have made an infinitely better piece of work of "The Concert" if he had relied on his own inventiveness, and that, being as it is, he would have stood a greater chance of success if the play were not handicapped by the miscasting which is generally to be found in a Frohman production.

WHAT IS IMMORTALITY IN ART?

MANY a vainglorious pæan, many a defiant challenge, have been evoked by the defeats Time has suffered at the hands of Art. Poets and painters alike have dwelt with complacency on the broken teeth, the blunted scythe, and the battered condition of the Arch-Destroyer and his weapons on emerging from these unsuccessful encounters. Indeed, ever since literature became conscious of herself and her past, the phenomenon of literary survival has attracted the attention of the reflective artist. The distinction first clearly made by Thucydides between works which compete for an immediate reward and those designed to be a possession for ever has been approved by writers of every subsequent age, and has come to occupy a prominent place among the conceptions governing our estimate of the relative merits of works of art. No question in Art is more often or more keenly debated than the prospects of our distinguished contemporaries of withstanding Time's assault. No opinions are considered so heterodox as those which dispute the validity of this test, for among the various likes and dislikes peculiar to every individual, this is the one standard to which most of us are disposed to refer as to something superior to our own private sympathies and antipathies.

Now, though we all use the words *ephemeral* and *immortal* with the greatest ease and confidence, if we pause to examine them more closely we shall not find their exact meaning so

easy to discover, nor shall we find it such a simple problem as might appear to define what precisely we affirm when we say that a work of art is, or is not, of the enduring sort.

On the one hand, it is quite clear that we do not use the words in the strict sense in which we employ them when we discuss whether the soul is immortal. We do not suppose the possibility of there being something indestructible in the nature of a great poem, as a material atom is indestructible; and though the followers of Dr. Pangloss might maintain that a great poem would survive even if the sole record of it were lost in the desert sands or dropped in mid-ocean, yet this belief can only be described as a pleasing fancy, for we have only too copious evidence to show that not only some, but the bulk, of the great works of antiquity are lost to the world for ever. In short, we know the certainty of the paradox that most of the deathless art of Hellas has utterly and irretrievably perished.

On the other hand, we do not simply use the word *immortal* in a loose way as an emphatic substitute for long-lived, as we use *infinite* for *very great*, or *perfect* for *very good*. We do not say, for instance, of a work of art: "This is a good piece of work, made of sound material, and may last for a hundred years, whereas that is of inferior quality and workmanship and will hardly last fifty." We admit no relatives into our judgment, but we make a strict dichotomy of all works of art into two classes—those of the quality to last for ever and those which are not.

It is clear, then, that we do use the word *immortal* in its full sense of living for ever, though this everlasting life is strictly conditioned by certain material circumstances. The life of a work of art consists in its being studied and admired. It cannot be studied or admired if every material record of it has been destroyed. We cannot, for instance, wax enthusiastic over the moulding of the arms of the Melian Venus, for the simple reason that they do not exist.

But a more serious difficulty awaits us when we come to inquire into the nature of this continuous life implied by the word *immortal*. As to its cause most people are agreed. Those works survive which give expression to emotions not specially of this or of that period, but of all times; to ideals of beauty, not local or contemporary, but universal. Now, it might reasonably be inferred that what appeals strongly to men at all times will appeal to all men at any one time. But if we turn to concrete examples we shall find that such is not the case. Can it be said of the works of Homer, Æschylus, Dante, or Milton that they possess a universal or even a wide appeal to-day? Each of these poets, it is true, continues to attract a small number of earnest students, but so do postage-stamps, chess problems, old pewter, Greek syntax, the language of the Hittites, the chemical constituents of the stellar bodies, and a host of other subjects of no importance to the world at large. Are we, then, to class the world's interest in the great dead masters with that of the faddist and the specialist? Is the whole value of Homer to the world simply the sum of his values to the historian, the grammarian, and the professor of ancient literature, or is there not a residue, more important than any of these special interests, by virtue of which Homer lives even for those who have never construed a line of Greek? Such a view certainly accords better with the language we habitually use in reference to him. Yet how are we to define this life of a great poet apart from the interest he arouses in those immediately acquainted with his work?

In order to do so we must conceive of Art not as a series of individual achievements, but as a cumulative product of humanity. Its growth, like that of a tree, is continuous and interdependent in all its parts, and is of two kinds and in two directions. There is the growth outwards and in the same plane, and the growth upwards towards new and higher planes. The outward growth terminates in the

leaves, which endure for a season and then fall off to make room for their successors. The upward growth endures as long as the life of the whole tree, for the topmost twig of the sapling is destined to mature into the stem which supports and feeds the foliage of ensuing seasons. The ephemeral art of any period may be compared to the leaves which perish. In the early stages of growth they are few in number, but later they often spring in such abundance as to obscure from view the stem from which they grow. The art we call classic may be compared in its first appearance to the topmost twig which presses onwards into new planes, and is at first scarcely distinguishable from the growth which perishes, but will, in course of time, become the stem which sustains and nourishes the art of ensuing ages. As the leaves are fed by the sap they draw from the stem, so contemporary art is fed by the inspiration it draws from the classics; and as the stem breathes air and sunlight through the innumerable pores of its leaves, so the classics continue to breathe vicariously the applause and admiration of the people through the innumerable manifestations of ephemeral art which they generate.

Let us take an extreme instance of this phenomenon, showing how the work of a recondite master may penetrate even to those who inhabit the outermost skirts of the kingdom of Art. In the ranks of the great musicians there is no name so unsubstantial as that of Bach, and none whose greatness is so vaguely understood. His written works for the most part exceed the limit of obscurity which even professed music-lovers can support; while, for the multitude, they have as little interest as a Greek lexicon or a table of logarithms, and are much more actively disagreeable. Now let us imagine ourselves assisting at a musical performance of a purely popular character, either secular or religious, at a place of public resort. Shall we hear any of the forty-eight preludes and fugues, any of the cantatas and chorales upon which the fame of this composer rests? By no means. But we shall hear, in the first place, an instrument tuned according to the system initiated by Bach—a system as important in the development of music as the inventions of Newton in the development of mechanics. We shall hear melodies, not borrowed from Bach, but possibly from Mozart, Mendelssohn, Chopin, or another whose inventive faculty has been stimulated by one or other of the great composers, and it would be hard to name any of the latter who has not acknowledged the debt he owed to the study of Bach.

If it be denied that there is any connection between the works of our popular song composers and the work of Bach and his successors, we would ask, Where was the popular ballad composer in all the centuries preceding the advent of the great musical pioneers? How else can we explain the exuberant output of ephemeral music so characteristic of the age in which we live? If, on the other hand, it be urged that the results of exploiting and popularising the musical discoveries of the great masters are disgusting to the cultivated musical sense, we reply that this is not the point at issue; and whether such exploitation is desirable or not is a matter of opinion. For our part, we think that what gives innocent enjoyment to a large number of persons is, *ipso facto*, justified. If the melody of Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* fails to reach the populace in the native purity of its original setting, by all means let it reach them in the form of "Put me on an island where the girls are few." That it does reach them in this form is a fact which demonstrates the abiding quality of Mendelssohn's melody and the full content of the word *immortal*.

These facts are more clearly demonstrable if we turn from the arts to the sciences. The average individual who travels by railroad has probably never heard the name of Euclides of Alexandria, much less of Pythagoras of Samos, yet who

can maintain that he is not subject to the influence of their thought, since his daily life is modified in a hundred particulars by a system which has been rendered possible by practical application of the abstract principles they were the first to enunciate?

In the light of these considerations, it will be seen that the destruction of so many masterpieces of antiquity, which we deplore, is more apparent than real; for that which is by nature immortal lives even when it is no longer manifest to the sense. Consider the fate of Sappho. Of her actual work only a few fragments survive. But when we reflect that she was the first great lyric poet of Europe; that she was read and studied by all the poets of Greece and Rome, from whose literature ours is an offshoot, we cannot resist the conclusion that her poems (though no copy of them exists) do none the less live more vigorously to-day than the works of many writers whose books may be procured by the hundred.

J. R.

NIKKO

It is difficult to take a neutral attitude toward the temples at Nikko, although indifference is said to be the "highest" of Japanese attitudes; I mean there are only two ways—like or dislike—for their barbarous splendour in gold and red lacquer deprived of the inspiration of the imagination and melancholy, definite to the limit. And it altogether depends on one's mood; if a man's large stomach is well-filled (also his purse), their despotic wealth would not be too overwhelming, and he might even be disposed to sing their eternal beauty as the ultimate achievement of human endeavour. I believe I have been sometimes in such a state myself. But the pessimistic mind, critical even where criticism is not called for, skipping all the physical expression for the spiritual communication, will find Nikko a sad dilettantism of art, at the best a mere apology of a squandering mind; there is nothing more unhappy than wastefulness in the world of art. It is not the real Japanese mind, I think, to build a house for the dead, as I know that it goes straight towards associating the dead with trees, mountains, water, winds, shadows, deer, ravens, foxes, wolves, and bears, and uses to leave them to the care of the sun and moon; indeed, it was the unlettered *samurai* mind to build such temples as I see at this Nikko, afraid to return to the gray elements and wishing to find a shelter even after death in materialism. Or it might be more true to say that it originated in the complete surrender to Buddhism; and it may not be too much to say that India begins right here from Nikko, in the same sense that Tokyo of the present age is spiritually a part of London or New York. We have only a few pages in the whole Japanese history where we are perfectly independent.

Whether it is fortunate or not, my recent evolution of mind is that I have ceased to see the fact itself, and what I am glad to indulge in is the reflection of its psychological relation with other facts; how thankful I am for the gate-tower carved with phoenixes and peonies, the large pagoda in red and gold, now loitering round the holy precincts of the Nikko temples, since the very fact of their existence makes, through the virtue of contrast, the cryptomerias and mountains greener, the waters and skies bluer, and besides, the human soul intenser. I am happy in my coming to Nikko in the month of May when the beauty of Nature quickens itself from the pain of passing Spring, and with the sunlight that overflows from the bosom of hope; your appreciation of Nikko would not be perfect till you see the wealth and grandeur of Nature's greenness; it is the beauty of cryptomerias and waters rather than that of the temples. And you will feel encouraged when you observe the real

fact, how even the barbarity of human work can calm down before Nature, and happier still how they can form a good friendship with one another for creating the one perfect art known as Nikko. I am glad to see the proof of power of a Japanese landscape artist who could use his art on a large scale as I see it here, not merely in a small city garden; my mind, which was slightly upset from the artistic confusion of the temples belonging to Iyeyasu the Great, soon recovered its original serenity in seeing the most beautiful arrangement of temples of Iyemitsu, the Third Shogun of the Tokugawa family, with the hills and trees, quite apart from his grandfather's; what a gentle feeling of solemnity, as old as that of a star, what a quiet and golden splendour here! The arrangement might be compared with the feminine beauty of gems most carefully set. When I looked upon the temples from the Mitarashiya, or the "House where you wash your Honourable Hands," below, they impressed my mind as if a house of dream built by the Dragon Kings underneath the seas, that I and you often see on the Japanese fan; I looked down, when I stood by the gate tower of the Niwo gods, over that water-fountain below, where the spirits of poesy were seen floating on the sunlight; it was natural to become a passionate adorer of the Nature of May here like Basho, who wrote in his sixteen syllable *hokku* :—

Ah, how sublime—

The green leaves, the young leaves,
In the light of the sun!

I very well understand how Iyeyasu, the Supreme Highness, Lord of the East, the Great Incarnation, escaped the temple of gold and red lacquer, and wished to sleep in a hill behind, in silence and shadow; now I am climbing up the long and high steps to make him my obeisance where a hundred large cryptomerias stand reverent as sentinels. What peace! What broke the silence was the sudden voice of water and the sutra-reading of priests; a moment ago the crows in threes, twos, and fours flew away and dropped into the Unseen just like the human mortals who have only to stay here for a little while. Under my feet I found a small hairy caterpillar also climbing up the stone steps like myself. Oh! tell me who art thou? And what difference is there between us human beings and the caterpillar? Are we not caterpillars who may live a little longer? But I tell you that is a difference of no particular value. I met with a group of Western tourists in the middle of the steps, who hurried down; they set my mind thinking on the anti-Christian terrorism of Iyeyasu and other princes, the Japanese Neroes, awful and glorious. Is it not strange that they are shaking hands in sleep with the Westerners whom they hated with all their hearts?

The words of my friend when I bade farewell to him in New York suddenly returned to me when now the weather has changed, and even rain has begun to fall; my friend artist who had stayed and sketched here long ago said to me: "There were many idols of the Jizo god, the guardian deity of children, standing by the Daiyagawa River of Nikko; I loved them, particularly one called the Father or Mother, from its large size, whom I sketched most humbly. You see that the Nantai Mountain appears and disappears as if mist or mirage, right behind these idols; the place is poetical. But they seemed to be having a disagreeable time of it, all overgrown as they were with moss, and even with the dirty pieces of paper stuck by all sorts of pilgrims as a sign of their call. Once when I hurried down from Chuzenji and passed by them, I caught rain and wind; alas! those kind deities were terribly wet, like myself. I pitied them; I cannot forget their sad sight even to-day; however, the Jizo idol under the rain is a good subject of art. There are few countries where rain falls as in Japan. The dear idols

must be wet under the rain even now while you and I talk right here."

When I reached my hotel and sat myself on the cushion, and after a while began to smoke, my mind roamed leisurely from the idols under the rains to the man wet through by the rains of failure; and now it reflected on this and that, and then it recalled that and this. Oh, how can I forget the very words of that reporter of one San Francisco paper who mystified, startled, and shocked me well by his ignorance or wisdom seven years ago? I said to him on being asked why I returned home that I was going to hunt after the Nirvana; he looked up with a half-humorous smile and said, "That so! But let me ask you with pardon, are you not rather too late in the season for that?"

It seems that it is too late now even in Japan to get the Nirvana, as that San Francisco reporter said. How can I get it, the capital-lettered Nirvana, even at Nikko, when I could not find it in London and New York? I laughed on my silliness of thought that I might be able, if the place were changed, to discover it. Oh, my soul, I wonder when it will wiser grow?

YONE NOGUCHI.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE POLICY OF RUSSIA IN EASTERN ASIA.

DURING the past three hundred years Russian enterprise in the Far East has met with many checks; but if the progress of a nation is to be measured in territorial expansion, then her policy has been justified over and over again. The Cossacks have achieved for Russia what the sea-rovers have accomplished for England. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, under Yermak, they crossed the Urals, and their progress eastwards, though gradual, was persistent. One hundred and fifty years later they had established themselves on the Pacific coast, having traversed a distance of six thousand miles of territory, which presented hardships and perils unequalled in any other part of the world. Hitherto they had confined their explorations to the north of the Yablonoi Mountains; but as soon as reports reached them concerning the wealth of the peoples who dwelt in the south expeditions were despatched in the direction of the Amur. It was in 1643 that the first Cossack band succeeded in penetrating as far as the banks of that river. Other expeditions followed in its wake, and as these were invariably successful in their conflicts with the Manchus, a number of Cossack posts and forts were established in the newly-exploited territories along the banks of the Upper Amur and in the neighbouring regions of Northern Manchuria. At this time the Manchus were engaged in a dynastic struggle with China, and consequently the Russians found the moment opportune for advance. Later, however, the Manchus rallied their forces, and operating from Aigun destroyed all the Russian settlements. They crossed the Amur river, and in 1683 besieged and captured the stockaded town of Albazin, where the remnants of the Cossack forces had assembled. But the Russian advance had only received a temporary check. It was not to be expected that the bold Cossacks, who had braved the dangers and hardships of numerous expeditions having for their object the penetration of the alluring country along the banks of the Amur, would beat an ignominious retreat. Albazin was recaptured and fortified, and from time to time frontier fighting took place. It was not until 1689 that an attempt was made to settle the outstanding differences between Russia and China by means of clearly-defined diplomacy. In that year the Treaty of Nertchinsk was concluded between the two countries, and in

the light of subsequent events it is of interest to note that its object was "to repress the insolence of certain rascals who, making hunting incursions beyond the limits of their territories, pillage, murder, and stir up trouble and quarrels, as well as to determine clearly and distinctly the boundaries of the two Empires of China and of Muscovy." It was stipulated that the boundaries between the two Empires should be the rivers Argun and Gorbitza, and the Yablonoi Mountains from the source of the latter river to the sea. China thus retained both banks of the Amur and gained a distinct diplomatic victory.

For nearly two hundred years there was peace along the frontier. Meanwhile Russian navigators had made important discoveries in the Pacific. Naval posts were established in Kamchatka and far south along the coast-line of that region at present known as the Maritime Province, but which was then part of Manchuria. As a result of Mouravieff's memorable voyage along the Amur in May of 1858—a voyage which revealed the knowledge that there was water communication to the Pacific Coast—the Treaty of Aigun was concluded. Some doubt has been thrown on the validity of this document, owing to the fact that it was the result of negotiations with local officials and not with the Chinese Government. The Treaty gave to Russia the whole of the region between the Yablonoi Mountains and the northern bank of the Amur, while the Ussuri territory was placed under the joint jurisdiction of both countries. The French text declared that the joint jurisdiction should only last until such time as the frontier should be delimited; but the Chinese version did not include any such stipulation. A month later Russia hastened to secure a delimitation of her frontiers in a form the legality of which could not be questioned. A supplementary treaty concluded at Peking finally established the Russian right to the north bank of the Amur and to the Ussuri territory. "Henceforth the eastern frontier of the two countries shall extend from the confluence of the Shilka and Erguné (Argun) rivers down the Amur to its junction with the Ussuri river. The country to the north belongs to Russia, and that of the south as far as the mouth of the Ussuri, to China."

By a stroke of the pen the whole of the territory north of the Amur thus became indisputably Russian, while the Maritime Province extending southwards as far as the borders of Korea also passed into Russian hands. Moreover, Russian diplomacy had gained advantages beyond those set forth in the supplementary Treaty. Among other things, the original Aigun Treaty stipulated that the Amur, the Sungari, and the Ussuri rivers should not be opened to the navigation of any but Russian and Chinese vessels. This provision was not included in the supplementary Treaty, but as Russia maintains that the Aigun Treaty is a legal document the clause remains in operation to this day. At the close of the recent war the Japanese sought to obtain some modification; but their representations were not entertained. Thus as early as 1858 Russia obtained an important concession in Manchuria. For, while the Amur and the Ussuri may, perhaps, be termed boundary rivers, it must not be forgotten that the Sungari is a waterway of the first importance in Northern Manchuria. It was upon the banks of the Sungari that Russia, when in later years her position in Manchuria was strengthened by the construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway, built the important junction city of Harbin.

The policy of Russia during the last two hundred years has been a consistent one. In this respect it has also been conspicuous. For, whereas the scattered territorial possessions of other nations in the Far East bear evidence rather of the political expediency of the moment than of settled and far-seeing policy, Russia can proudly boast of an Empire consolidated and continuous, an Empire that stretches from West to East, and which casts its shadows

far away to the south until, as it were, they are reflected in the warm waters of the Pacific. Russia has undeniably won her right to this position. Her people have penetrated into a land of which it could well be said that it was a No Man's Land. There they have planted the Russian flag, and the territory has become indisputably Russian. As far as the Eastern limits of these vast territories were concerned, Japan was, if anything, in a better position to effect a conquest. But Japan chose the parochial policy of isolation, whereas the aim of Russia was essentially a proud and an imperial one. It was the advance of Russia more than of any other Power that told Japan that she could not be *in* the world while refusing to be *of* the world. Recent events were clearly foreshadowed in the bygone years. In 1858-59 a Russian Admiral obtained from Korea the coaling-station of Port Hamilton, and demanded from China the cession of Manchuria. While he acted without official sanction, and, therefore, did not obtain the frank support of his Government, there was no doubt that he pointed the way to ultimate Russian policy in the Far East. When, several years later, the Russians plainly proposed that the island of Tsushima, which lies off the very gates of Japan, should be ceded; when, twelve years afterwards, Japan was compelled to relinquish sovereignty in Saghalien in exchange for the useless Kurile Islands, the eyes of the Japanese people were opened, and they saw for the first time the true significance of their position on the map of the world. And when, a score or more years later, Russia realised her dream of reaching the Pacific through Manchuria, Japan was ready to wage war with her.

Large as was Japan's gain in that successful campaign, it was insignificant when we compare it with all that she had lost during her years of slumber. On the few occasions that she had emerged from her isolation—those occasions when her marauders sailed to the coast of Fokien—she, too, like the Russians, went southward, and was checked by the Chinese as the Russians were checked by the Manchus. Had she chosen to turn northwards she might have been mistress of half that territory known to-day as the Siberian Continent, and there she might have met and fought the Russians instead of meeting and fighting them in Manchuria as she was destined to do centuries later. She awakened in time to check Russia, but the check she administered was not by any means the first which Russia had received in her progress southward. History shows that although Russia may be checked she will never be thwarted. She has gone from west to east, and she will go from north to south. And Russian policy has been justified again and again. While she has experienced severe reverses from time to time, never has she been thrown back on her original position. Even her defeats have ended in gain, and after each of these she has waited her opportunity and prepared her way for yet another step forward. Her advance is slow, but it is as sure as fate.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

ONE of the most unpleasant developments ever associated with motoring has now reached a stage which, without exaggeration of language, has become intolerable to the community. We refer, of course, to the widespread and unpracticed use of using warning signals of the most annoying and disgusting description. It is a development for two reasons: first, because of the discomforts of life for the motorists; secondly, because it indicates the utter selfishness of the motorists for the feelings of others. If attained by a people or a class may

be measured by the amount of consideration they display for the feelings of others, which is a fair and reasonable criterion, then it must be admitted that a large section of the motorists of this country is not far removed from barbarism. It might be thought that the horrible noises emitted by many of the modern warning devices would be sufficiently unpleasant to the users themselves to ensure their discontinuance; but—and this is the most unpleasant part of it—the nuisance, like that of dust-raising, is comparatively non-existent to the occupants of the cars which cause it. It is to be hoped that the recent *pronunciamiento* of the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, although it savours more of an appeal *ad misericordiam* than of a stern determination to repress the evil by force if necessary, will bring the offending motorists to their senses and enable them to reform in time to avoid legislation which will otherwise be peremptorily demanded by practically every section of the community.

The discussion on the science of aviation which has taken place in the mathematical and engineering sections of the British Association will not afford much encouragement either to the numerous inventors who are engaged in attempts to solve the problem of automatic stability for aeroplanes or to those who are waiting for this desideratum before joining the ranks of flying men. Professor Petavel not only doubted the possibility of obtaining automatic stability, but even its desirability. His opinion was that any mechanism designed to secure such stability would be dangerous in other ways. Sir William White thought likewise, stating that he had an instinctive distrust of automatic appliances, and preferred to trust to human power, directed by a strong will and careful observation. This is precisely

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A. W. ROSLINGTON, LLOYD'S AVENUE HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

why the art of flying is not and never will be for the multitude, but only for the chosen few.

Motor-cycling speed-records continue to fall with remarkable regularity. Last week A. J. Moorhouse, riding a 7-h.p. twin-cylinder "Indian" machine, fitted with "Continental" tyres, established fresh world's records at Brooklands for the fifty miles and the hour. The fifty miles were covered in 40 min. 59 sec., whilst in the hour the distance done was 70 miles 1,388 yards, which beats Collier's recent record by more than two miles. It is worthy of note that "Continental" seem to be almost invariably associated with motor-cycling records this season.

In view of the race for the British International Cup, which takes place this week in Long Island Sound, it is interesting to recall the history of the event from the time of its inauguration in 1903. In that year Napier I. was the winner; in 1904 Napier Minor was first past the winning-post, although, owing to a mistake on the part of the English officials, it was disqualified on a technicality; in 1905 Napier II. beat all competitors, whilst in 1906 the Yarrow-Napier secured first place. At this stage the Napier firm ceased to build boats for the competition, and it is significant to note that since then Great Britain has not once won the Cup. In 1907 and 1908 it was secured by the American-built Dixie boats; in 1909 there was no contest, and in 1910 a Dixie again proved the winner. It is a pity that for the 1911 contest there is again no Napier amongst the British representatives.

Since writing the above news is to hand to the effect that the first of the three races for the Cup has taken place and resulted in an easy win for the American hydroplane Dixie IV., the Duke of Westminster's hydroplane Pioneer II. being second, and half a mile behind. The other American boats were hopelessly beaten, but it seems a foregone conclusion that the Dixie will secure the rubber, and again leave America in possession of the Cup.

During August the A.A. and M.U. established still another membership record, no fewer than 1,748 new names being added to the roll. This brings the total number of members of this popular organisation to over 35,000. The work done by the Association on behalf of its members is also constantly increasing. During the past four weeks the touring department has issued four hundred triptyques to members, also two hundred certificates of fitness of cars, and 230 drivers' certificates, in accordance with the regulations governing international passes. In addition it has undertaken the shipping of over two hundred members' cars to British and foreign ports.

The "Victor Vest" appears definitely to have established itself amongst motorists all over the country as the most handy, efficient, and inexpensive tyre-saving device hitherto placed on the market. The writer recently had an opportunity of inspecting a heap of testimonials received within the last week or two from all parts of the kingdom, and all of them referred in terms of satisfaction to the great economies effected by using the Vests, more especially in covers which were practically worn-out. Those motorists who are still unfamiliar with the device are advised to write the makers, the Challenge Rubber Mills, Eagle Wharf Road, London, N., for a sample, which will be sent free on application.

Writing of the "Napier 15," Mr. Charles Jarrott says:—"I have now run my 15h.p. Napier over 13,000 miles, and for my own satisfaction I sent the car to my works for examination. I had the engine pulled to pieces, and found its condition was splendid, the only parts requiring renewal being the differential brake-shoes. The car has never given me any trouble, and I have had no mechanical breakdown of any sort. It is running even better to-day than when I first had it." It must be very gratifying to Messrs. Edge to receive such a report from so eminent an expert as Mr. Jarrott, whose experience and knowledge of cars of all makes must be almost unique.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE position grows no clearer. There is very little chance of any improvement until the Morocco question is out of the way. All the banks are cutting down loans, and for many weeks past no one who is not financially strong has been able to obtain an advance from the London banks. As soon as any margin has run off the stock is sold, and the perpetual closing of accounts has made the past four weeks distressing to everybody. For the past month Berlin has been stronger than Paris, but during the last few days all the banks have been turning stock into cash and pinching the borrowers. We have not had such an anxious week for many years past. Every big stockbroker has been wondering whether his clients are good or not. Every big banker has been hoping that his efforts to cut down loans and collect cash will be successful. It has been a rich man's panic. All the poor little weak bulls have long since been shaken out, and now we are witnessing a shake-out of the big people, who are not accustomed to such overbearing proceedings. Of course Morocco is the bugbear. The diplomats declare that peace is assured. The great foreign banking-houses are not scared, and until Monday none of them sold any foreign bonds. But the stockbrokers and commission-houses have been in deadly fear. They would permit no speculation. The account in Paris was so small as to be not worth considering. But in Berlin a large bull account in Yankees and Canadas had been built up, and this has been liquidated.

The collapse in Kaffirs is merely the result of one disappointment on the top of another. France did not like the retirement of Marston Beit and Co., the increase in capital of the Rand Mines, the arrangement with the Central Mining. Indeed, the past two years of Rand finance has disgusted Paris, and she has been selling wherever she has had the chance. Then last week came the astounding East Rand circular. The news that there was something wrong with East Rand has been known for many weeks, but the company has always denied the rumour. Nevertheless the shares have been sold. It is the last blow. The markets will take many months to recover. Mining shareholders now see that they are left every time. The investors get first news, and when they have sold then the poor shareholder is told. It is disgraceful. The Jumbo, the East Rand, and the Prestea Block A are scandals that will require a great deal of explanation.

MONEY.—Naturally lenders of money do not wish to part with their cash at the present moment. There is such an ample supply that rates keep low, and once Morocco is out of the way there will be so great a glut of unemployed money that rates must fall, even with the autumn crop to finance in Canada and the States. The cotton crop in the States and Egypt will require a large amount of money. Egypt may surprise us with a seven million crop, which, at \$18, means forty million sterling. We know that the Southern States will turn out fourteen million bales, so on all sides

the Lancashire mill-owners will be well supplied. But the larger the crop the more urgent the need for money. However, given peace, we must see weak rates for many months.

FOREIGNERS have at last given way. They have kept as stiff as steel through the whole of the crisis, but just as they appeared advancing to a close selling set in, and on Monday all Foreigners were decidedly weak. If they fall any lower the investor will obtain a splendid chance. There is really very little fear of war, but the banks who were so badly hit over the Argentine loan have had to fall back upon their last line of defence—the gilt-edged international stocks.

HOME RAILS continue to sag away under persistent stories of further strikes. None of these will come to anything, for the men saw in the last strike that public opinion was dead against them. Not even a Trades Union is strong enough to stand against the feeling of a united country. Leaders may talk, but they will do no more. The strike traffics were a stupendous eye-opener and disappointed everybody. We did not expect anything so serious. Nevertheless, I still say buy Home Rails, for, whatever happens, we are unlikely to get the chance again of buying gilt-edged stocks to pay us 5 per cent. — unless, of course, we get war. London and North Western at to-day's prices are too cheap. Lancashire and Yorkshire must benefit by the large cotton crop, and both Great Central and Great Western will be gaining in traffics week by week without any proportionate increase in expenses.

YANKEES are still sold, and by now every bull in Amsterdam, Paris, and Berlin must have been shaken out. The Labour troubles are exaggerated; the Union people would like to see a strike, for they are confident of victory; but they do not believe one possible. Little Northerns keep steady, and are worth buying. Indeed, these and Unions are the cheapest stocks in the market. The big houses are buying, and do not view the slump with any fear at all. The rich make money in days like these, for they have the courage to buy and the money to pay with.

CANADAS are evidently being turned out wholesale by the Berlin people, and the Britisher sits still, for he got into Can. Pacs. very much lower down, and holds as an investment. The line is doing well. The stories about poor wheat and great damage are much exaggerated. At the same time, I think we shall see lower prices for Canadas. They are still too high as compared with Unions.

RUBBER.—The little rubber spurt appears to have died down, and the buying from the East soon stopped. Had rubber shares fallen to slump prices one could have understood why big financiers and gamblers should go into the markets, but at present prices all the leading shares pay just round 10 per cent., with practically no chance of increased dividends. The position does not favour a bull campaign, and I was astonished to see such sturdy buying, though all the House noticed that it came from only one firm.

OIL.—We need not discuss the oil market. It has almost vanished, but a few people are buying Spies, which are not overpriced. But Shells have been sold steadily. A good many people wish they could sell Maikop shares, but the dealers will not put any on their books.

KAFFIRS.—We shall not get over the last Rand shock for a few weeks, if not longer. It scared out genuine holders all over the Continent and also in London. It is a scandal of the first magnitude. But East Rands to-day, after allowing for amortisation, do not pay $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and they are dear at anything over 3. There are very few cheap shares in the Kaffir market, and even if there were it is not the time to buy them.

RHODESIANS have steadied a little and look a shade harder. But there is no future in this market until the political atmosphere clears. Who wants to gamble in mines when the nations are at loggerheads?

THE JUNGLE has received the *coup de grâce*. The Prestea Block A has always been considered the best mine in West Africa—the one mine which had a future; now we find it just as bad as the rest.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

1215—1911

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In its economic aspect the year 1215 is on a parallel with the present year. In the former time the needs of the Crown, raised to a breaking-point of extravagance (tyrannous form of taxation) through the personal greed of a monarch and the cost of a disastrous war (Bouvines), provoked a revolt on the part of the whole nation. Had the nation remained true to precedent by meekly submitting to the absolute demands of the Crown, it would have been brought face to face with ruin, for the end would have been national bankruptcy. Precedent, therefore, was made subject to exigence, and the hitherto absolute monarchical form of the Crown's executive became, by common agreement or statute, limited.

Let us now look at 1911. The needs of the Crown, in this instance raised to a breaking-point of extravagance (tyrannous form of taxation), not through the personal greed of a monarch, nor through the cost of a disastrous war, but purely through common ideals of common needs, have provoked revolt on the part of the individual. The extravagance of 1215 caused a national form of distress, whilst our present extravagance is causing us individual distress. In the latter case, however, the individual element, wholly ignoring (apart from impotent forms of protest) the demands made by exigence, remained true to precedent; that is to say, we have had a revolution, in this instance, which cannot bring anything else than ruin to the nation. There is a Crown anachronism somewhere. How, for instance, are you going to combine the procedure from precedent in the one case with the procedure from exigence in the other case? If exigence demanded limit to the Crown's power of 1215, surely procedure from precedent of that limit ought to have given rise to results other than those which spell absolute disaster. If, as this Government assumes, exigence demands the passage of such an Act as their Parliament Act, precedent should discover urgent cause for the same. But precedent, wherever a cause of absolute or arbitrary forms of executive procedure has happened in history, has always been contrary to the demands of exigence. How, indeed, is the precedent upon which 1911 executive procedure is supposed to be grounded to be justified? Not, as we have just seen, by exigence in any shape or form. For instance, there must, as the events of 1215 proved, be a limit to necessity, otherwise there can be no possible reasons for the present Government's Act of absolute coercion. Exigence does not call for Crown, that is to say, for insular, forms of financial imposition or taxation. Exigence is crying aloud—louder maybe than in 1215—for a Crown form of relief from taxation. In other words, exigence is demanding legislative forms of retrenchment; it is asking for the very economic buttress (the Stalwart policy or Crown form of limit) which the said Act destroys. Apart from such a ground of precedent, exigence can only be allied to irresponsible forms of demand—that is to say, to forms which end by demolishing their own sources of supply.

No country can have a long existence where absolute forms of taxation prevail. Either it must revolt from or succumb to the strain thus placed upon it. Thus England revolted from the strain of the year 1215. What is she doing under the strain of the present year? Calmly taking it as a matter of course. But will she survive such fatuous irresponsibility? No; for such an attitude is contrary to the great law which governs all things. Absolute forms of demand must be allied to absolute forms of supply, otherwise they are doomed to perish. Upon what, then, does the life of a nation rest? Obviously, upon the conservation of its means of supply; never by the exhaustion of those means—that is to say, by any form of Liberalism. A nation that possesses no national form of conservatism is a doomed nation. Had the people, and not merely a party of stalwarts, followed precedent during the late great controversy, England would have been saved. As it is, her present policy, or apathy—which is it?—rings in her doom. She has failed to follow precedent, for there is no precedent which justifies suicide, whether on the part of an individual or a nation.

Thus we see the ultimate difference between the two crises. In 1215 the country was rescued from ruin through meeting the demands of exigence. In this year of grace 1911 she has been handed over to destruction through scorning the demands of exigence. The only form of opposition which can modify such a fate is a national form of opposition.—Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL

Cambridge, September 4, 1911.

CRITICISM AND CONDUCT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Of all forms of expression, autobiography is of most value to those who do not know themselves, and for this reason alone your reviewer of "My Life" should have hesitated before judging Wagner as he has done in your current issue. He read the book, he says, "with feelings of shame, dismay, humiliation," and instead of expressing some sort of gratitude to one who, by evoking those feelings, was assisting him to further knowledge of himself, he speaks of his "indescribable loathing for the unmanly creature who could bring himself to transcribe" the incidents there related. One further example will suffice to explain his general attitude. He is reminded of what Macaulay said of Boswell:—"Everything which another man would have hidden, everything the publication of which would have made another man go and hang himself, that he has told about himself. He has used many people ill, but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself."

Sir, I affirm, without any hesitation, that if ever a man revealed his limitations, Macaulay revealed his in that passage. The obvious relish with which in a certain much-lauded essay he disposed of such poor game as Montgomery should alone compel critics to examine the foundations of his judgment. With what greater insight did Stevenson (quoted by another reviewer in your columns) say: "I mean to read Boswell now until the day I die."

I myself ought to be thankful to your reviewer for having warned me to this expression of feeling. When shall we all learn to approach our subjects, and above all, as in this case of Wagner, the subject of genius with a greater sense of our own ignorance? When shall we awake to possibilities in regard to our own conduct before judging that of others? When, in fine, shall we realise that all the qualities we find in others are no less in ourselves?

This letter I am aware is an example of "Satan rebuking Sin." But while I have no fault to find with the form of your reviewer's criticism, I want him to shift his point of view; to get farther back; to examine more deeply the motives for human action. His feelings of "indescribable loathing for unmanly creatures" will then change. He will be more ready then to wonder than to condemn. When Christ said in regard to conduct: "Judge not;" when He asked who dare "throw the first stone," it was because He knew that men are not free.—Yours, &c.,

H. SAVAGE.

Wimbledon.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND SIGNED ARTICLES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I see that in your issue of August 12th you say that Mr. Arthur Symons was the first contributor to the *Quarterly Review* who signed his name. This is incorrect. The first signatures were those of two foreigners—M. F. Brunetière and Dr. Julius Rodenberg—who contributed two articles on the Boer War to the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1900. The first English author who signed was Mr. Swinburne, who published an article on Dickens in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1902. The first number in which the practice became general was published in January, 1903. The first article signed by Mr. Arthur Symons did not appear till July, 1905.—Yours faithfully,

EDITOR "QUARTERLY REVIEW."

50A, Albemarle-street, London, W., August 31, 1911.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some of the questions raised in "J. R.'s" letter in your current issue can scarcely be handled with profit in any space which you are likely to accord to the subject. On one point, however, I wish at once to record my emphatic dissent from your correspondent. He says: "What the cause of reform most needs at the present moment is to be discussed." The question has been constantly discussed (and at times very actively) for the past forty years or more. If "J. R." will call at the office of the Simplified Spelling Society, I can show him a huge scrap-book containing the newspaper discussions of the past three

years, to which must, of course, be added the discussions in books, pamphlets, and magazine articles. I can also show him about a dozen elaborate schemes of reform which were before the world thirty years ago, and half a dozen schemes which have reached me in manuscript within the past few days. What discussion can do in the way of merely ventilating the question has been thoroughly done.

Of course I am not denying that further discussion, and a great deal of it, must precede the victory of a reformed spelling. My point is that before further discussion can be of any use there must be something definite and tangible to discuss. At present this is not the case. Reformers do not know precisely what they are fighting for, conservatives have only the vaguest, and in most cases preposterously wrong, ideas of what they are opposing. The brain reels at the thought of the amount of pure nonsense which is talked on this topic, mainly because there is no definite question before the House. That, I admit, is the fault of my own party—the party of innovation. The burden of proof lies on us. I hope it will not be long before we face that responsibility, and undertake to demonstrate to the country not only the advantages which might, could, would, or should ensue from reform in general, but the advantages which must ensue from some definite scheme of reform.

"J. R." proposes that the Simplified Spelling Society should "publish a list of a score or so of words mis-spelt according to the orthodox system, with the proposed corrections." This is precisely what the Simplified Spelling Board of New York has been doing for years, and it has certainly led to a relaxation of the "glacial rigidity" of spelling in America, which, however, never was very glacial. Experience has shown us that this policy is absolutely futile here. No editors or publishers will adopt a few amendments, however obviously reasonable, and whatever the weight of scholarly authority behind them. They (the editors and publishers) very pertinently ask, "Why upset current usage for what is, on the face of it, such a very small gain?" When we reply "Ah, but this is only the thin edge of the wedge," their answer is: "Before admitting the thin end of the wedge, we should like to see the thick end," and as yet we have no thick end to show.

One word as to whether reform is likely to come from below or from above. My prophecy is that it will come from below, in the sense that those who are actively concerned in the education of the children of the more or less unlettered classes will be the first to agitate for it on a large scale. Certainly it will not be imposed by authority from above until there is a clamant and irrepressible demand for it from below. The literary classes, as a whole, will hang back as long as they can; but when it is realised that reform will practically add a year to the time available for education in the life of all coming generations of English-speaking children, besides immensely enhancing the efficiency of English as a world-speech, I believe their opposition will be swept away in a rush of national feeling, and the existing spelling (while it will be easily readable to all) will be practised only by a few of the dilettantes who would like, if they dared, to return to knee-breeches, hair-powder, and frilled shirts.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

27, Fitzroy-square, W.C., September 5th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Bees.* By M. Ellen Thonger. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
There was a Widow. By Mary E. Mann. Methuen and Co. 6s.
The Kingdoms of the World. By Lloyd Osbourne. Methuen and Co. 6s.
The Cardinal. By Newton V. Stewart. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

PERIODICALS

- St. Nicholas*; *The Empire Review*; *The Educational Times*; *The Land Union Journal*; *The Bookseller*; *The School World*; *St. George's Magazine*; *Blackwood's Magazine*; *The Parsi, Bombay*; *The Wednesday Review*; *The Idler, N.Y.*; *Deutsche Rundschau*; *Revue Bleue*; *Mercure de France*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *La Revue*; *University Correspondent*; *Publishers' Circular*; *Book Monthly*; *Peru To-Day*; *Le Nord Illustré, Lille*; *The Young Liberal*; *Golden Sunbeams*; *Dawn of Day*; *Tourist Magazine, N.Y.*; *The Bibelot*.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 347	Shorter Reviews 357
At Night 348	Fiction 359
On Learning by Heart ... 348	Some New French Books 360
Cameron and the Stag ... 349	Across the Solent 361
Japanese Poetry 350	Sir Richard Burton 362
"Red Ruin and the 'Making' of the Laws"	The Magazines..... 364
—I. 352	M. Jules Ferry and War 365
A Summer Holiday 353	Autumn Novels 366
Reviews:—	Art Exhibitions 366
The Poet and the Age—	Imperial and Foreign
II. 354	Affairs 367
Mr. George Moore's Play 356	Motoring and Aviation ... 369
Reminiscences 357	In the Temple of Mammon 370
	Books Received 371

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

As a journal which has editorially been very friendly to German aspirations, and very tolerant towards claims for new areas of expansion for the activities of growing population, we break a silence which we have purposely maintained for many weeks past. Nurtured in an atmosphere of diplomacy, we are well aware that the business of the negotiator is to haggle over conditions and to tire out the mind of the public before a conclusion on the inevitable lines of compromise is arrived at. At the same time it is reasonable to seek to discover some evidence of *bona fides* on the part of a bargainer. On a general view of the course of the negotiations between M. Cambon and Herr Kiderlen-Waechter, we have no hesitation in saying that the German Foreign Minister has displayed extraordinary effrontery in the attitude he has adopted. He has alienated all sympathies from Germany, and he is tending to the goal, where the ruin of his country will be consummated. Europe never has been and never will be under the domination of the sergeant-major. Germany has attained a great position in Europe; it would be well if she concerned herself with the problem of how she is going to preserve it.

Peace and the quiet, restful hour will soon be quite unknown if science gives so freely and continuously from her store of wonders. Already we are worried by the telephone while dressing at morn or dining at eve; we cross the wide oceans with the "wireless" snapping out the latest events every hour, and the daily paper, printed on board, at our elbow; and now comes news of an invention known as

the "aerophone," by the use of which every man may be his own telephone exchange—every man, that is, who cares to carry about with him a pocket apparatus. We are not clear as to its methods; shall we each have a number fixed to our back, or shall we only be "tuned," as it were, to the call of a friend? Will mysterious voices break in upon our repose when some wakeful worry in another town desires to relieve the monotony of the night? There are unpleasant possibilities about this machine. The lover and his lass, desirous of whispering sweet vanities apart from a rude, unsympathetic world, will seek seclusion in vain; the after-dinner slumberers at the club will be roused by intrusive inquiries from the other side of the county; the most inconvenient air-waves will be trapped and carried to precisely the wrong persons. There is one gleam of hope: so much unparliamentary language will be employed by poor, irritated, rest-seeking mortals that the use of this aid to human intercourse will probably be prohibited by law.

Another aspect of modern scientific development is suggested to us by the announcement of new short railways, worked on the ingenious screw system, to connect Tube stations which are at present a few yards apart—such as the Museum and Holborn. Somebody has been computing that we lose by unnecessary walking through subways and passages three minutes on each journey, which totals for four hundred millions of passengers to twenty million hours every year. Only when we have lost the use of our lower limbs and become unable even to walk across the street, shall we wake up to find that speed is not everything, pleasant though it be to rush through a dozen appointments at different places in record time. Leisure, too, has its charms, and even idleness has its wisdom—not the idleness of the striker or the vagabond, but the tranquil do-nothing hour enjoyed the more thoroughly for the consciousness of work finished, whether that work be labour of the head or of the hands. Statistics can prove anything, but we really do not want to be reduced to the state of children-in-arms and carried across the road. Why not let the winged minute fly away empty of all but the smoke of a cigarette now and then? And, *inter alia*, how did we manage before there were Tubes at all?

It is just as well, in view of the comments that have been made in various quarters upon the decline of English brawn and brain, that within the last few days three events in the world of sport have fallen to England's share. Burgess, after many trials, has succeeded in swimming across the Channel, accomplishing the feat well under the twenty-four hours, thus bracketing himself with the famous name of Captain Webb. No one will grudge him the honour and applause which naturally fall to his share, and we trust he will not lower the quality of his achievement by pandering to the desires of music-hall proprietors. Fame thus adulterated becomes of a very poor standard indeed, however fine the original effort may have been. The Channel has also been defied in another way; a Westmorland vicar, the Rev. S. Swann, has sculled across in three hours and fifty minutes—a very creditable record. And Barry has easily retained the championship of England in his sculling match against Fogwell of New South Wales, on the historic Thames course. If only Arnst will come to reasonable terms and meet Barry, there is some reason to hope that England may presently hold the sculling championship of the world. At any rate, there is no need to despond while such men are eager to pit themselves against wind and tide and each other, whether for substantial remuneration or not. The best point about it is that these things are generally done for the simple sporting instinct—the desire to excel.

AT NIGHT

A face looked in as here I sat,
And beckoned me with blessed eyes,
And took me in a swinging boat
Away across the gentle skies.

We wandered past the town asleep,
In gold oblivion peaceful grown,
We wandered past the waters deep
That softly made a silver moan.

Beneath the stars we journeyed on,
Beneath the stars in blazing crowds,
That blue and white and crimson shone
And past grey castles in the clouds.

At last it stopped and let me peep,
And through a window I could see,
My love was smiling in her sleep—
And then this room came back to me.

A. HUGH FISHER.

ON LEARNING BY HEART

ONE wonders sometimes whether it is in danger of becoming a lost art; whether the generation of to-day gets passages of its favourite authors "by heart," as the preceding generations were wont to do. Perhaps the shadow of the schoolmaster has come between, and the remembered weariness of acquiring many a woeful length of penalised pentameters overnight, the effort of which marred our dreams and embittered the morning sunlight, inculcated a distaste for all such exercises. For it can scarcely be reckoned as other than a wrong that ere yet the heart had thrilled to the beauty of the lines the poor head must labour to retain—

The quality of mercy is not strained,
or the stranger accents of

Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

The marvel is that John Ruskin lived to bless those dreary Sabbaths when, from pitiless necessity, he mastered the Psalms, even to the one hundred and nineteenth, "which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive." That his heart did survive this sore discipline of the head says more for the sublime quality of Hebrew poetry than the disquisitions of many commentators.

Is not the suggestion of a task the very negation of the gentle idea conveyed by the phrase "learning by heart"? Surely, if it meant anything at all at its birth, it denoted that charmed and almost unconscious acquisition which is the helpless tribute of the brain to the heart's dominion. So we have stood, breathless and enchained, on one of those little tentative hills that mark the gateway to the Welsh Highlands, at gaze towards the far horizon-line of dim peaks and shoulders, dreamily opalescent in the waning sunlight. Long after the quick sweep of the eye has flashed the impression to the brain, the heart, unspeakably moved, has kept us lingering, while the good servant brain has added perception to perception and detail to detail, until the whole picture is so deeply and utterly engraved as to be unforgettable. We have learnt it "by heart."

Let that serve for a picturesque example, but, in good sooth, is not a very great part of our learning, the fruits of which give us pleasure and spiritual benefit in after-days, such learning "by heart"? It is but the generous device of *Natura benigna* whereby without effort we gather store of golden memories to stay us in less fortunate hours, and compact that mysterious inner self of beauty and wisdom borrowed of the universe. For there, once garnered, the harvest abides, touched with the immortality of the soul by whose agency it was gathered and assimilated. What the head learns the head may forget, or later argument may destroy; but what is learnt by heart none can take away, neither can the years dim.

If we cease, then, to learn our authors by heart, it argues that literature is losing its power over us. We have escaped the accusation of being bookworms to flirt shamelessly as book-butterflies. We mount the fashionable blush for enthusiasm, dropping the reference flippantly, "What is it old Quelque-chose says? something or other, you know," with what secret loss of self-respect! But, after all, is it not often a mask and an affectation? We come back to this, that in learning by heart there is an element of unconsciousness and inevitability which to elude means little less than Robinson Crusoe's island. Assuming any real secret love of literature, any appreciation of the sublime, the beautiful, the true, it will be difficult to read at all without memory paying its toll to the heart. Even old Samuel Pepys, who lived mainly for the pleasure of the day, and who appears a very Philistine as regards Shakespeare's acted plays—even he fell victim to the heart's learning. "The Taming of the Shrew" is "a silly play and an old one," "The Tempest" "has no great art," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is "the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life," but one Sunday evening sees him by the fireside "getting a speech out of Hamlett, 'to bee or not to bee,' without book." And we conclude that he simply couldn't help himself there.

And who of us, if he were caught in confessional mood, would not be able to recall passage after passage, and verse after verse—probably a most inconsequent, incongruous lot, for the heart is no respecter of consistency—as his witness to the heart-learning of years? There would be, perhaps, those stinging sentences of Carlyle, "The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man . . ." melting into the sheer music of—

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo.
Dulce loquentem.

There would be epigrams from Meredith, aphorisms from Ruskin, paradoxes from Chesterton, word-pictures from Walter Pater, sublime flights from St. Paul, more than one "speech out of Hamlett," out of "The Merchant of Venice," out of "Richard II.," and stray poems and fragments of Homer, of Dante, of Browning, of Henley, of Keats—all in delicious confusion. How have we acquired all these? We hardly know. Few of them, in all probability, by the actual effort to memorise. They met us in the first instance with such an irresistible assault that they left their impression for ever, or they charmed us so sweetly that we returned to them, re-experienced them, mouthed them, sitting alone, again and again for sheer joy of the sound until they were transferred to us utterly and "without book."

Let us, in fretful humour, wish our aching head clear of all the dubious wisdom we have gleaned so arduously by virtue of fierce concentration and the midnight oil; but if we are honest and duly grateful we shall add a secret codicil in favour of the treasures we have "learnt by heart."

CAMERON AND THE STAG

BY A FOLLOWER

I LOVE to go to Scotland and see those two wily animals a Scotchman and a stag trying to circumvent one another over a lovely stretch of moor and forest, amidst the blue-coated mountains down which the lively burns flow sparkling in the autumn sun. I always feel grateful to Cameron and the stag for allowing me to intrude on their privacy and to form one of the party, but I never yet have succeeded in getting over the horrid feeling that I am *de trop*, and am regarded as an outsider both by the stag and by the stalker. The one great lesson to be learnt from deer-stalking is self-reliance; and as all great men, when asked to what they attribute their success in life, invariably reply, "At an early age my mother taught me to depend on myself," no doubt if Scotland ever produces a great man he will answer the same question thus: "At an early age I went deer-stalking, and thus acquired the great lesson of self-reliance at the hands of Cameron and the stag." In fact, everything in deer-stalking depends on oneself. The evening before your host says to you: "You will go stalking to-morrow, starting at 7 a.m. sharp on the Far Beat." At 6.30 you bestir yourself, with difficulty and discomfort, and sit down to a terribly severe breakfast. Promptly at seven the two other stalkers and yourself enter a comfortable motor and are conveyed to the loch at the foot of the hills. Here I meet Cameron for the first time; a venerable old gentleman, with a reddish beard and a still more reddish nose. He regards me with a look of good-natured contempt. His prolonged experience has taught him at what range it will be safe to intrust you with a shot; and he can also tell how much a dead stag will be worth to him, and how much you are good for if the day is blank. If he sees you are a perfect gentleman, and likely to fee a blank day almost as well as you will fee a royal, why then in all human probability you will enjoy your blank day and not the royal. This is only reasonable, for a Cameron's limbs are no longer as lithe as they were forty years ago, and a long day among the hills tires the old man almost as much as it wearies me, straight from a sedentary life in London.

Now we set off—or rather, to use a time-honoured phrase so beloved by the newspapers when reporting the last hours of a condemned criminal, "a procession was then formed"—Cameron in front, myself next, and then the young gillie carrying my double-barrelled rifle loaded to the brim with split bullets, a cartridge-bag containing a really stupendous luncheon and a flask of whisky, which Cameron and the gillie take it in turns to carry throughout the day. For two hours we climb the hills in silence, except for the short pants which will escape me in spite of my utmost endeavours to play the rôle of a Spartan sportsman. At every little burn, much to my surprise, both Cameron and the gillie stop and take a long draught of the pure water, lying on their faces and lapping it up like benighted Arabs lost in the desert. I feel this must be the thing to do, and follow suit. For a long time I cannot understand why Cameron stops to have a drink at every burn, but during the luncheon-hour the mystery was revealed when I offered the old man some whisky. He drank it neat, saying, "I niver like to mix anything with whisky, but I take a swill at the burn after I've drunk it." Now during the whole of the day the old man's

mind was concentrated on the whisky-flask, and thus, whenever he came to a burn he stopped automatically to have a drink, trying to imagine he had swallowed a "wee drappie" the moment before. After two hours' walking up stony paths, through peat-bogs, and over the heather at a fearful pace, we halt just under the crest of the highest hill in the neighbourhood, and Cameron flings himself down, remarking "There be no need to hurry. I've brought you along doucely because the basties will n'er be oot yet." I am indeed glad of the rest. For the next half-hour I learn all about Cameron—his past life and that of his mother, father, sisters, brothers, and cousins. Then I listen to a long dissertation on the reason for the stags deteriorating so much since Cameron's youth. I learn the only remedies which will restore the monarch of the glen to his former size; I also hear a good many queer stories of stalkers he has taken out, of shots missed at point-blank range, of killing hinds in the winter, of the sport on neighbouring estates, and of the prospects of the forthcoming gillies' ball. Then, having regained our breath, we climb to the top of the hill, lie on our stomachs, and Cameron takes out his old telescope, which looks as if it has just been salvaged from the wreck of the *Royal George*. I take out my glasses and also survey the surrounding hills, and seeing nothing venture the harmless remark, "Well, there's nothing in sight on that hill anyway." Old Cameron looks up. "Nothing in sight!" he almost gasps, "why man it's alive with basties!" From this moment I relapse into complete silence, feeling completely snubbed. A minute later old Cameron adds, "But there neo be a stag amongst 'em, they be all hinds." When my eyes become accustomed to the light, I see that the old man is indeed correct. I had no idea until this moment that so many hinds existed in Scotland. The hills on every side are alive with them.

Finally, after a further careful examination through his battered old telescope, Cameron announces the discovery of three stags amongst the hinds on a hill which looks to me terribly steep, and an awful distance away. We descend into the valley in the old order, Cameron leading, then myself, and, finally, the gillie, with the rifle still tucked away in its case. We make a long detour, cross several burns, climb several small hills, and then descend again, trying to get within shot without giving the stags our wind. But it is hopeless; wherever we move those miserable hinds seem to spot us. They keep dancing round us in circles, and appear to know every inch of the ground as well as Cameron, for they anticipate every move he makes with marvellous intelligence. No sooner do we leave a hill than they climb up the other side, and seem to jeer at us as we ascend the next. Sometimes they approach, sometimes they retire, and again they trot all round us in a circle in which we occupy much the same relative position as the head of John the Baptist in Miss Maud Allan's *Salome* Dance. At other moments we are made to feel like Cabinet Ministers trying to reach the House of Commons through a Suffragette demonstration. These wretched hinds are determined to give due warning to the three stags, who so far have continued to graze, taking not the slightest notice of our approach. Finally, after walking for at least an hour and a half, Cameron suddenly throws himself at full length on the ground, and I follow suit. "There, just over the brow," he gasps. The gillie takes the rifle from its case and presses it into my trembling hands. I feel that at last my hour has come. I creep forward on my stomach through

a peat-bog, which beslimes me all over, until I feel the damp on my knees and elbows. But I care not; I am going to have a shot and bring home a magnificent specimen of the monarch of the glen. I reach the crest and look over. There they are standing, head in air, gazing in our direction only 150 yards away. I lay my rifle on a piece of heather to obtain a sure aim, and am about to align my eye with the sight, when up trots a whole mass of hinds and away go the three stags with their lady-friends. In my disgust I fire a shot at random at fully 350 yards, but without result. The glens re-echo for miles around with the report. Everywhere on the distant hills the hinds pick up their heels and trot out of bounds into a neighbouring property. They display remarkable intelligence, for no sooner are they 20 yards over the border than they halt and continue to feed, taking no further interest in our movements, for they know they are safe.

Now I am thoroughly worn out, and venture to remark to Cameron, "I think it's about time for lunch." With this observation he finds no fault and leads the way to some downy grass near a lovely burn, where I open my bag and for the next half-hour enjoy an excellent meal amidst gorgeous surroundings, forgetting all about my disappointment, and not caring two straws for the finest royal in Scotland. Then I produce my whisky-flask, and, after taking a very small quantity, hand over the remainder to Cameron and the gillie, whose faces express an almost divine goodwill towards the world in general. Then an intense desire to sleep creeps over me, and soon I am dozing. In my dreams I am in Paradise; huge stags are walking towards me instead of away from me, presenting their majestic flanks for the easiest of shots. I see no hinds, for they have disappeared altogether, and I go on slaughtering the monarchs of the glen by the score. The number of points on their heads make them look more like trees than deer. I am happy and contented, and only wish to be left alone; but suddenly from my reverie I am aroused by Cameron whispering in my ear, "It's time to be moving." I arise with a groan, and, inwardly cursing, follow the old man up a fearful hill from which we survey the landscape. The hinds have gone, but on a high ridge, separated from us by a valley, we see several stags grazing peacefully. Cameron suggests we should stalk them. Of course I acquiesce, all the time hoping against hope that they will scoot into a neighbouring property and allow me to go home in peace. But they do not. Again I follow Cameron, learning the great lesson of self-reliance by doing everything I am told. For another hour we crawl along until I am so weary that I feel I shall collapse. But at length the quarry is within reach, the gun is handed to me, and this time they are so close that I cannot miss. I select the one which looks to be the biggest and pull the trigger. The report echoes through the neighbouring hills, and then, to my infinite surprise, not the stag I have aimed at but another—a smaller one leaps into the air and drops within a few yards. I dash forward, exclaiming in my joy, "It's a monster, is it not, Cameron?" "A monster!" exclaims the old man, in a tone of mingled contempt and disgust; "Why, man, you'll niver kill a worst!"

On our way home Cameron says to me, "Why did you shoot the wee bastie and let the big stag goo?" But I keep my awful secret to myself, and the old man is still wondering.

JAPANESE POETRY

THERE is a subtle charm about Japanese poetry peculiarly its own. I recall with pleasure the unforgettable hours I spent in reading Mr. Yone Noguchi's "The Pilgrimage." I was compelled, through sheer delight, to read the two volumes at a sitting. It is true that Mr. Noguchi is very much under the influence of Walt Whitman, and it has left its impress upon his work; but that only tends to heighten the effect of the purely Japanese element. A brief, haunting phrase of Mr. Noguchi has far more charm than an imitation of his American master's torrential manner. Japan has no need to imitate as far as her poetry is concerned. In the old days one of the characteristics of that country's poetry was its almost entire freedom from outside influences, not even excepting that of China, from whom, in other directions, she borrowed so much. I have mentioned Mr. Yone Noguchi because his work forms an excellent starting-point for the study of Japanese poetry. Too long we have been forced to read translations from the Japanese poets by well-meaning people who insist on rhymes, apparently ignorant of the fact that there is no rhymed poetry in the original. Mr. Noguchi, writing in English, has given us for the first time an intimate knowledge of the very spirit of Japanese poetry. When a book is written on comparative poetry, that of Japan will take a very high place.

It is far easier to describe what Japanese poetry is not, than what it actually is. To begin with, there are no Japanese epics, such as the Iliad and the Odyssey, the "Kalevala," and the "Mahabharata," and their phrase *naga-uta* ("long poetry") is to us a misnomer, for they have no really long poems. Philosophy, religion, satire are not themes for the Japanese poet; he even goes so far as to consider war no fit subject for a song.

Where, then, is the charm and wonder of Japan's Pegasus? The real genius is to be found in the *tanka*, a poem of five lines or phrases and thirty-one syllables. In many ways the *tanka* shows far more limitation than an English sonnet, and our verbose poets would do well to practise a form that engenders suppression and delicately gives suggestion the supreme place. It is surprising what music and sentiment are expressed within these limits. The *tanka* is certainly brief in form, but it frequently suggests, with haunting insistency, that the fragment really has no end, when imagination seizes it and turns it into a thousand thousand lines. The *tanka* belongs as much to Japan as Mount Fuji itself. One cannot regard it without thinking that a Japanese poet must essentially have all the finer instincts of an artist. In him the two arts seem inseparable. He must convey in five lines, in the most felicitous language at his disposal, the idea he wishes to express. That he does so with extraordinary success is beyond dispute. These brief poems are wonderfully characteristic of the Japanese people. They have such a love for little things. The same love that delights in carving a *netsuke*, the small button on a Japanese tobacco-pouch, or the fashioning of a miniature garden in a space no bigger than a soup-plate is part of the same subtle genius.

There is an even more Lilliputian form of verse. It is called the *hokku*, and contains only seventeen syllables, such as, "What I saw as a fallen blossom returning to the

branch, lo! it was a butterfly." Butterflies were no mere flying insects in Old Japan. The sight of such a brightly-coloured creature heralded the approach of some dear friend. On one occasion great clouds of butterflies were thought to be the souls of an army.

Those who are familiar with the "Hyakunin-isshu" ("Single Verses by a Hundred People"), written before the time of the Norman Conquest, will recognise that much of the old Japanese poetry depended on dexterous punning and the use of "pivot" and "pillow" words. The art was practised, not with the idea of provoking laughter, which was the aim of Thomas Hood, but rather with the idea of winning quiet admiration for a clever and subtle verbal ornament. No translation can do full justice to this phase of Japanese poetry; but the following *tanka*, by Yasuhide Bunya, will perhaps give some idea of their word-play:—

The mountain wind in autumn time
Is well called "hurricane";
It hurries canes and twigs along,
And whirls them o'er the plain
To scatter them again.

The cleverness of this verse lies in the fact that *yama kaze* ("mountain wind") is written with two characters. When these characters are combined they form the word *arashi* ("hurricane"). Clever as these "pillow" and "pivot" words were, they were used but sparingly by the poets of the classical period, to be revived again in a later age when their extravagant use is to be condemned as a verbal display that quite overshadowed the spirit of the poetry itself.

There are Japanese love poems, but they are very different from those with which we are familiar. The tiresome habit of enumerating a woman's charms, either briefly or at length, is happily an impossibility in the *tanka*. There is nothing approaching the sensuousness of a Swinburne or a Rossetti in Japanese poetry, but the sentiments are gentle and pleasing nevertheless. No doubt there were love-lorn poets in Japan, as in every other country, poets who possibly felt quite passionately on the subject, but into their poetry the fire is ghostly rather than human, always polite and delicate. What could be more naïve and dainty than the following song from the "Flower Dance" of Bingo province?—

If you want to meet me, love,
Only we twain,
Come to the gate, love,
Sunshine or rain;
And if people pry,
Say that you came, love,
To watch who went by.

If you want to meet me, love,
Only you and I,
Come to the pine tree, love,
Clouds or clear sky;
Stand among the spikelets, love,
And if folks ask why,
Say that you came, love,
To catch a butterfly.

Or again, the following *tanka* by the eleventh-century official Michimasa:

If we could meet in privacy,
Where no one else could see,
Softly I'd whisper in thy ear
This little word from me—
I'm dying, love, for thee.

There is a good deal more ingenuity in this poem than would appear on the surface. It was addressed to the Princess, and though *omoi-taenamu* may be correctly translated, "I'm dying, love, for thee," it may also mean, "I shall forget about you." The poem was purposely written with a double meaning, in case it miscarried and fell into the hands of the palace guards.

Charming as are many of the Japanese love poems, they are not so beautiful or so distinguished as those describing some mood, some scene from Nature, for the Japanese poets are essentially Nature poets. Our National Anthem is very far from being poetry. Here is Japan's, literally rendered into English:—"May our Lord's Empire live through a thousand ages, till tiny pebbles grow into giant boulders covered with emerald mosses." It is based on an ancient song mentioned in the "Kokinshu," and, like all ancient songs in praise of kingship, expresses a desire for an Emperor whose very descent from the Sun shall baffle Death, one who shall live and rule past mortal reckoning. There is a symbolic meaning attached to Japanese rocks and stones, closely associated with Buddhism. They represent something more than mere stolidity; they represent prayers. It is the Nature poems of Japan that are supremely beautiful, those describing plum and cherry blossom, moonlight on a river, the flight of a heron, the murmuring song of a blue pine, or the white foam of a wave. The best of those poems are touched with pathos. Here is one by Isé:—

Cold as the wind of early Spring,
Chilling the buds that still lie sheathed
In their brown armour, with its sting
And the bare branches withering—
So seems the human heart to me!
Cold as the March wind's bitterness;
I am alone, none comes to see
Or cheer me in these days of stress.

I often think of that twelfth-century Japanese recluse Chōmei. He lived in a little mountain hut far away from City Royal, and there he read and played upon the *biwa*, went for walks in the vicinity, picking flowers and fruit and branches of maple-leaves, which he set before the Lord Buddha as thankofferings. Chōmei was a true lover of Nature. He understood all her many moods. In the Spring he gazed upon "the festoons of the wistaria, fine to see as purple clouds." In the west wind he heard the song of birds, and when autumn came he saw the gold colouring of the trees, while the piling and vanishing of snow caused him to think of "the ever waxing and waning volume of the world's sinfulness." He wrote in his beautiful "Hōjōki," the most tender and haunting autobiography in the Japanese language: "All the joy of my existence is concentrated around the pillow which giveth me nightly rest; all the hope of my days I find in the beauties of Nature that ever please my eyes." He loved Nature so well that he would fain have taken all the colour and perfume of her flowers through death and into the life beyond. That is what he meant when he wrote—

Alas! the moonlight
Behind the hill is hidden
In gloom and darkness—
Oh, would her radiance ever
My longing eyes rejoiced!

Here is a touching *hokku*, written by Chiyo, after the death of her little son:—

How far, I wonder, did he stray,
Chasing the burnished dragon-fly to-day?

The souls of Japanese children are often pictured as playing in a celestial garden with the same flowers and butterflies they used to play with while on earth. It is just this subtle element of the childlike disposition in Japanese people that has helped them to discover the secrets of flowers and birds and trees, has enabled them to catch their timorous, fleeting shadows, and to hold them, as if by magic, in a picture, on a vase, or in a delicate and wistful poem.

There is a Japanese phrase, *mono no aware wo shiru* ("the Ah-ness of things"), which seems to describe most accurately the whole significance of Japanese poetry. There is a plaintive and intimate union between the poet and the scene from Nature he is writing about. Over and over again he suggests that Spring, with all her wealth of cherry and plum blossom, will continue to grace his country long after he has departed. Nearly all Japan's people, from the peasant to the Mikado himself, are poets. Fortunately there is no kindly Mr. Elkin Mathews to publish their poems in dainty volumes, or Fuji would be concealed behind the vast accumulation of published verse. Many of the Japanese people are unconscious poets. They write poetry because they live poetry every day of their lives—that is to say, before Japan dreamed of wearing a bowler hat and frock-coat or became a wholesale buyer of everything Western. They live poetry, always that poetry steeped in an intimate communion with Nature. And when in July the Festival of the Dead takes place, there comes a great company of poet souls to see Nippon's blossom again, to wander down old familiar gardens, through red *torii*, or to lean upon a stone lantern, and drink in the glory of a summer day, which is sweeter to them than life beyond the grave.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

"RED RUIN AND THE 'MAKING' OF THE LAWS"—I.

THE present political and economic imbroglio is due to many striking causes. Chief among these are the waning faith in the immutable economic laws underlying all human activities, the lack of lucidity in expounding these on the part of many of the exponents of the most vital science within our ken, and a growing confusion on the part of the majority as to the significance of certain financial, commercial, and industrial phenomena. No man can judge the value of a gem without scrutinising all its facets. No politician, no economist, no citizen can gauge the measure of good or evil emanating from an innovation in our system without a just and well-balanced review of all its ramifications and their manifold and ever-multiplying effects on human motives and actions. But unfortunately the least equipped are among the readiest to pass judgment, and thus a multitude of one-sided Sciolists may succeed in apparently triumphing over a few experts labouring in the service of truth.

This is especially applicable to the controversy which has arisen concerning such questions as Individualism and Socialism, as Free Trade and Protection. Their advocates, no doubt perfectly sincere in their advocacy, have shown themselves more vehement than logical, narrow than broad, or have allowed the passion of the platform to override the cold and careful reasoning of the Conference Room. Thus in the course of these heated conflicts the apparent has been made to play the part of the real, on the one side, while the

real has been made to pass for the apparent on the other. Statistics have been adroitly drawn upon, ignored, or contemned, according to the gospel of the statistician. The unoffending factor has been blamed while the offending one has been praised. The ethical has been confused with the economic by many a sincere exponent of religion or philosophy, who, all unknowingly, recommends measures prompted by rightful sentiment, but deep-rooted in some dangerous fallacy.

Such questions, concerned as they are with the vital interests of all, and representing as they do the very foundations of the social fabric, should not be permitted to come into the category of party politics, but be strictly relegated to a body of unbiassed scientists, whose deliberations would be confined to the *pros* and *cons* of either side, point by point, in that truly scientific spirit whose mission it is to accept or dismiss each particular principle or fact as it arises, according to its claim to scientific treatment. Of course much of all this prevailing antagonism and dogged brief-holding spirit characterising the protagonists on either side are largely due to the tendency and habit of taking facts for granted and of adopting opinions second-hand. It might not seem so to many, but in truth all this is a sign and symptom of degeneration—degeneration produced by Socialism in the shape of official authority. For, under such a régime, presided over by bureaucrats and signalled by buttons, an insidious and unconscious mental process sets in, and finally dominates the citizen, rendering him an acquiescent victim of the worship of authority. This peculiar moral and mental malady has been strikingly illustrated among even highly educated peoples, and is manifested in the loss of self-reliance, individual enterprise, initiative, and, above all, in a falling-off in a faith in personal judgment. The case of the Germans is perhaps the most notable in modern times.

Here is a race for the most part highly gifted, singularly cultivated, and naturally energetic. Yet in any argument in which you may engage them—and they have a discussion—you will almost invariably find that sooner or later you will be confronted with the words, "zum Beispiel"—for example, and then, in the natural order of things, you will be bombarded with quotations from various supposed authorities. On matters associated with the science of government the name of Bismarck stands out as a favourite, and well illustrates the utter futility and danger of authority-worship. Here was a man who, because of his world wide reputation as a brilliant diplomat, a dominant manager of rulers and men, a wondrous wire-puller, a subtle slave-driver in a libertarian's guise, cited as an authority on political economy and sociology, and even imitated as a high example of successful Socialistic manœuvring by ourselves and others. Yet all the while he was bereft of either the aptitude for or the knowledge of the science of enriching nations.

To be the slave of authority is to be the slave of sciolism and prejudice. Such a mental attitude is the surrender of your own judgment to that of another. It is a menace and an impediment to all intellectual progress. It is the acceptance of the non-proven: a symptom and form of mental indolence. It may be a position rendered imperative in isolated cases, in exceptional branches of study; but no option should be allowed or allowable among the self-avowed exponents of the science of government or among the most ardent advocates of the principles they enforce. Rather than worship the authority, it were wiser and more profitable if the advocates or followers

were to idolise the innovation—the measure rather than the man. For the measure, proving a failure, or an onslaught upon the general welfare, would serve as a more poignant disillusion, and its shortcomings or direct malefaction would prove more effective and enduring teachers and danger-signals for future guidance than would the spectacle of the broken human idol. But it is to be feared that there exists in the majority of Englishmen an inborn craze for apotheosis. Even during the last few generations the people have set up their demi-gods only to wake up and discover that these have been naught but throwers of dust into their infatuated eyes. And the illusion gone, they proceed to seek some substitute “for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.”

Despite the one-sided attitude and methods prevailing in these controversies it must be surely palpable to many onlookers that the Socialist is at heart an individualist, and the Protectionist at heart a Free Trader. The true source of their conflict is misunderstanding. So-called Free Trade in this country was inaugurated not because the majority had mastered the principle underlying that reform, but because the masses were hungering for cheap food, and the leaders who favoured the acquisition of that much-coveted boon were regarded as “the pillars of a people’s hope, the centre of a world’s desire.” It might, indeed, be said that even the leaders themselves had not probed to their depth and breadth the infinite ramifications and potentialities of that principle—a principle which struck for the very first time in the history of man’s industrial and commercial activity almost at the very heart of economic freedom. They did not realise that even their slight application of this principle signified the arrival at the cross-roads, where, looking backward and onward, they were in the unique position of pioneers who should discard for ever the narrow path of economic compulsion and choose the broad highway of economic liberty.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY

DAY after day for thirty days the sun shone on the windless and perspiring city, the city that had complained so often of the cool, grey tent of clouds that had screened it from the heat of summer. Night after night for thirty nights the city lay in breathless torpor, while the feet of men who could not sleep echoed dully on the softening pavements, and the air was troubled with the sound of children crying in their dreams. The aged and the sick loosed their listless fingers and let life pass, and when he looked from his window the artist saw their dusty hearses creeping along the burning street.

In those days he was afflicted with a lethargy of mind and body against which, in moments of consciousness, his creative instinct struggled in vain. He would sit for hours in front of a white sheet of paper and at the end would start up to realise that in all his mental wanderings he had not shaped one coherent thought. He would lie in bed hour after hour in a kind of dreamless stupor, and sometimes when he had at last made up his mind to get up, the sky darkened while he was dressing and he knew that the day was over. On these occasions it gave him an odd sensation to stand at the window in his pyjamas and peep through the Venetian blinds at the men and women going home from their work. It reminded him of the sunny days of his childhood, when, having been sent to lie down for an hour in the afternoon, he would lift the blind stealthily to look out at the busy world with blinking eyes. The recollection made him sad, and he would stare at the crumpled bed-clothes in

disgust of his age. It seemed as though the years had soiled him in their passing.

At this time it was as if his mind had lost the power of creation; it exhausted itself in the labour of thinking while he was dimly conscious that he was not thinking of anything at all. He achieved extreme misery as a condition of being and not as the result of any mental process. His senses became dulled and untrustworthy. He went for moody walks without realising any of the scents or sounds of the streets, and when he touched his body with his hands it was so insentient that he would dig his nails in to make sure that it was not dead. This numbness of his intellect and his senses seemed to make a break, or at least a weak link, in the continuity of his existence. When he closed his eyes to examine his consciousness he was aware of immense voids where normally he would have found pulsing blood and eloquent nerves. From being a man with rather more than his share of the wine of life, he became a sluggish automaton, but vaguely mournful for lost treasures and present discomforts. Now and again, however, he would realise that he was doing no work, and, before he relapsed into his age-long torpor, would weary his barren mind with efforts at creation. Afterwards, looking back at his life with its hundred thousand follies, he knew that these only were lost days.

The thirty-first day came and still there was no rain, so the artist abandoned his work and fled to the sea. As he sat in the train he saw that the fields were scorched brown by the sun and the trees were losing their withered leaves; but London was already very far away. Once the train ran past a burning heath and the carriage was filled with the acrid scent of a November bonfire. He saw children beating at the edges of the fire with uprooted bushes, and a pall of smoke borne up on the heavy air. But the train ran on and brought him to the sea.

Like most men who work with love, he had never thought of taking a holiday since he had been his own master; wherever he had gone in the world his work had gone with him, and the emotions bred of his resolution to do nothing for a month were new to him. Freed from its concern with words and phrases, his mind saw life in greater detail and he was curiously conscious of the shapes and colours of things. He had chosen a sophisticated little watering-place on the Belgian coast for his holiday, where, side by side with the row of tall hotels that stood like a great wall against the sea, the sand-dunes upheld the blue sky with their crests of pale gold like the hair of Flemish fisher-girls. The lemon-coloured beach was inlaid with bathing-machines of a hundred hues, and below the dunes the great black fishing-boats lay high and dry on the sands, the pennants of their weathercocks fluttering softly in the wind that blew from the sea. The shore was studded with the figures of men and women, and the children were trampling down the surf with their brown feet. Other children were flying kites, and the air was full of strange birds that plucked impatiently at the cord that bound them to earth, and, when they succeeded in breaking it, fell to the ground, too weak to make use of their freedom. Behind the little town lay the tranquil plains of Western Flanders, a fertile land of canals and farms and windmills, and far off on the horizon he could see the purple towers of Bruges.

In his new mood of holiday-maker he looked at his companions in the town with interest. They were gay and cosmopolitan, and seemed to have been making holiday for years. The grave faces of the fishermen contrasted oddly with this light-heartedness. Perhaps they were dreaming of the long winter months, when the town was their own and only good Flemish was heard in the reticent streets when the North Sea roared in Flemish against the break waters, that murmured now in conversational French to please the children of the visitors. The fishermen stood,

apart in silent groups, waiting for the tide to release their boats. The artist would have liked to talk with them, but he knew no Flemish.

The red sun set into the sea, the laughing crowd split into families and went in to dinner, and the artist was moved by a sudden sense of loneliness. Every one in the place seemed to be gregarious. The visitors, the fishermen, even inanimate objects, the hotels, the boats, and the bathing-machines, formed themselves naturally into flocks. He shivered and climbed down to the beach to make friends with the sea.

The tide came in rapidly on the gently sloping sands, and when the tongue of a ninth wave licked his boots he thought of the trusting advances of a large and amiable dog. This sea was a tame beast that made the great sea-wall and the elaborate breakwaters appear ridiculous. It hardly had the force to overcome the sand-castles that the children had left behind them to guard the deserted beach, and in its gentle approach it brought him shy presents of fragile shells and bunches of seaweed like babies' nosegays. But it pressed him back foot by foot, and presently the swart fishing-boats hoisted their sails and crept out one by one under the sky, already faintly powdered with stars. An orchestra struck up a waltz above him on the *digue*, and he saw that the windows of the hotels were blazing with light, and that the guests were dancing with the shadows of the esplanade.

As yet he was content to taste the holiday spirit timidly, for it seemed to him strong drink for any one who was not accustomed to it. A man may not learn in a moment to talk aloud to strangers, to substitute laughter for thought, to dance under the stars, and to patronise the sea. So the artist kept himself on the fringe of the crowd, and smiled encouragingly to himself to prove that he was making holiday. It would be pleasant, he thought, after a month of unsuccessful struggle, to be merged in this universal unconsciousness. These people could express themselves efficiently by doing nothing at all; perhaps he could win the secret of their joyous self-satisfaction in a place where even the sea was only a blithely insignificant tourist. He felt the passionate longing of every artist to enjoy life for its own sake.

When the orchestra commenced the seventh waltz he left the dancers and turned inland along a dusty road that stretched, monotonously level, across uneventful fields. The night had not succeeded in enriching this dully prosperous plain with her mystery. The sparse trees did not bear themselves as giants, there were no mists to change the cropped pasture-lands into violet lakes. Every dusty twig, every sandy blade of grass stood revealed as by the light of a grey November day.

And then he came up to a great flock of sheep that was grazing its way along the wide grassy borders of the road. He heard their teeth tearing the tough grass, and the barking of the sheep-dogs on the skirts of the flock. Presently he overtook the three shepherds with their long poles and coats of undressed sheep-skin. They pointed aloft and cried something to him in Flemish, and following their gesture he saw a red light high up in the sky. The boys had sent up a fire-balloon from the beach below the town, and now it had dwindled to the size of a great red star.

The artist looked at the sheep, at the three shepherds, at the new star that shamed all the lesser lights of heaven. Then he hurried back to his hotel, and started writing. He realised that in a life so short, in a world that at every turn of the road could prove significant, there was no time to cease from effort. Below him on the esplanade the orchestra was tuning up for the fourteenth waltz, and the scrapings of their bows disturbed the whispering of the gentle sea. His holiday was over.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

REVIEWS

THE POET AND THE AGE—II.

Canzoni of Ezra Pound. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By M. JOURDAIN. (Truslove and Hanson. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Blossomy Bough. By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL. (Shaemas O'Sheel, New York. \$1 net.)

Sonnets and Songs. By LAWRENCE FORTH. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Dream of Alfred. An Epic of the Navy. By W. B. NICHOLS. (David Nutt. 2s. net.)

Pluto and Proserpine. By JOHN SUMMERS. (Stanley Paul.)

THIS further selection of poetry and verse does not make for hopefulness with regard to the relationship between the poet and the age. As before, there is really fine achievement, but the direct speaking to the age for which we are listening is very little heard in them. No doubt it is in a measure wrong to apply such a standard to such works as these; but that standard is applied in the interests of the vitality of the art of poetry. We are willing—nay, anxious—to recognise all the good qualities to be found in these volumes, but we shall feel a measure of dissatisfaction until that poet arises who will speak immediately to his age. If he can succeed in making poetry of his environment, and in bearing a message that is vigorous and inspiring, he will be a master-singer indeed.

Let it be acknowledged at once, then, that Mr. Ezra Pound is of the true race of master-singers. There is in his "Canzoni" an intensely individual note, a power of forging new forms of beauty, along with a fresh lyrical freedom, that goes far to put him in the front rank of living poets. Mr. Pound refuses to be classified; his almost fierce individuality breaks down our critical boundaries. All this testifies unmistakably to his true vitality. The beauty is often of an exotic type; and his great technical powers, as shown in these difficult *canzoni*, to say nothing of a *sestina*, are employed on themes remote enough from our day. Let this "Sonnet," though it breaks the traditional rhyme-scheme, bear witness to his power:—

If on the tally-board of wasted days
They daily write me for proud idleness,
Let high Hell summons me, and I confess,
No overt act the preferred charge allays.
To-day I thought—what boots it what I thought!
Poppies and gold! Why should I blurt it out?
Or hawk the magic of her name about
Deaf doors and dungeons where no truth is bought?

Who calls me idle? I have thought of her.
Who calls me idle? By God's truth I've seen
The arrowy sunlight in her golden snares.
Let him among you all stand summoner
Who hath done better things! Let whoso hath been
With worthier works concerned, display his wares!

We wish we had room to quote one of these masterly "Canzoni" also, or an admirable translation, whether from Leopardi or Heine. It must not be supposed that Mr. Pound never touches the modern note. We find it in a powerful series of somewhat fragmentary lyrics which are suggestively headed "Und Drang." The first will stand as a

representative of these, and also of another aspect of his art:—

I am worn faint,
The winds of good and evil
Blind me with dust
And burn me with the cold,
There is no comfort being over-man;
Yet are we come more near
The great oblivions and the labouring night,
Inchoate truth and the sepulchral forces.

This is scarcely hopeful or inspiring, but is, perhaps, as much as one can expect in these days of unrest. To say that Mr. Pound sustains in this volume the reputation he has won with earlier efforts is to give high praise indeed; perhaps he has even advanced that reputation.

To take up the "Poems" of Miss Jourdain is like passing from the vigorous first movement of a sonata to the quieter and graver *andante* or *adagio*. These verses are the work of true culture, and an air of distinction pervades the whole volume. The chief power of the author is seen in descriptions of Nature, which are admirably fresh and true. Note these few lines from "The Pool of Hylas":—

In such a pool, in such a hollow, set
With maidenhair, and clots of parsley wet,
And swallow-wort, and deer-grass spreading fair
With marsh flower on the reed-encrusted shore
The head of Hylas with the braided hair
Sank in the water, like a meteor.

Emotion is always of a quiet and restrained type, and there is very little of the direct lyrical note to be found. Fine and conscientious, however, as the work of this little volume is, we are still unsatisfied in our main demand, for Miss Jourdain never comes into any closer touch with our time than in these descriptions of ageless Nature, and practically shuns the modern problem altogether. Still, lovers of poetry will be thankful for such work.

The next movement of our poetical sonata might well be called *allegretto*, for Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel hymns the ancient theme of love with quite surprising fervour and life. This volume ought to have come from Ireland rather than from America, and the only indication, apart from the title-page, that it has not come from the older country is to be found in its adoption of certain American spelling reforms, which appear very incongruous amid such subject-matter. Mr. O'Sheel, in a curiously naïve "Note," which should have been a preface, but which is put at the end of the book, acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. W. B. Yeats, which is evident enough, but claims powers of his own also which we are quite willing to concede to him. There is true poetry in this book. Much of it seems to be written out of a sweet dream-world, which, nevertheless, has a basis of reality, as its sincerity witnesses. The chief distinction which Mr. O'Sheel imparts to the well-worn topic of love is that of mysticism; the point may be illustrated in the following lines from a poem quaintly headed "The Lover thinks of the Day when he met his Lady first":—

O day of Ordination, Holy Day!
The Spirit breathed upon me, and I felt
Ardor invade my soul; and ancient wisdom
Rested, a robe upon me; I became
A priest in the Temple of Life: the secret doors
Opened before me, to the inmost shrine,
The sanctuary—and I stood before
God's Presence in a Woman! And I learned
The rite of worship, and the rite is Love.

This mysticism of human love, with its almost infinite phases, is an aspect of the topic that deserves fuller treat-

ment at the hands of poets. There is something almost Dantesque in Mr. O'Sheel's devotion to his lady.

And what of the modern note? There are half a dozen poems entitled "Of City Flowers," but they are chiefly descriptions, poetical enough indeed, of a New York Bohemia, and thus are a little aside from the main stream of life. Mr. O'Sheel has, at any rate, the merit of individuality.

We have no rousing *Finale* to our poetical sonata, but instead a quieter strain, of much sincerity and charm. Mr. Lawrence Forth has apparently made the Elizabethan sonnet his special study, and has produced some beautiful poetry in this form. Although he has not the exoticism of Mr. Pound, nor the Celtic accessories of Mr. O'Sheel, Mr. Forth has yet his own individual characteristics, and these will probably be better appreciated than the curious and unusual qualities of these others. "Confessions" is a sonnet which will commend itself to all lovers of this form:—

Silence her golden casket has undone;
And I have heard the treasured soul of speech:
Love's own soul vibrating in unison
With lofty passion, each the crown of each.
Like him who stood beneath the mount of Law,
Awaiting the great word whereby God drew
The heart of a weak world, I heard and saw
Love's word descend in blinding light from you.
And Love unveiling in surrender sweet
Bade me uplift my fearing eyes, and tread
The holy ground above me with bare feet,
To grasp the new commandment. All is said,
And all is won. O let my heart obey
What you have taught its daily prayer to say.

In the section headed "Songs" Mr. Forth is perhaps hardly as successful as with his sonnets, but through all we have a singer who, dealing mostly with moods and inner states, is contemporaneous with almost any age in which hearts can love and suffer.

The two remaining books belong rather to the realm of industry than to that of art. Mr. Nichols' "epic" is not without sonority, but we have an uncomfortable suspicion that he has written "to order," for the hand of the manufacturer is in evidence often. We fear we are scarcely able to appreciate lines of this calibre:—

The hands of Prophecy still wove the dream
With tireless fingers on the starry loom
Of that great night, the while the purple web
Of victory flung its folds in god-like pomp
Around the sleeping king; nor was the Voice
Yet mute of England's glories, and it told
Of Vernon, Leake, Hughes, Boscawen, sturdy Hood,
Indomitable Keppel and the great
Rodney, whose iron-tongued cannon thrilled the world
And made kings tremble in their council halls
To hear of England's fleet!

Mr. Nichols is certainly a well-intentioned person.

One stanza, No. XXXVIII. (there are CCX. of them), is sufficient to indicate the powers of Mr. Summers in "Pluto and Proserpine":—

With voice discordant after screaming so,
She doth at last an effort make to speak;
"O let me go!" she says, "O let me go!"
Though now to bear herself she is too weak.
"O let me go!" says she, "I will! I must!"
Then she gives forth a groan of deep disgust.

We had almost echoed that groan!

Looking back over the ten volumes that have occupied us in these two articles we find very little in the way of direct speaking to the times. This provokes another reflection:

may not this very remoteness of poetry from our age be in itself a message? Perhaps it is the special function of poetry to-day to call us away from these complex and restless times to those which are simpler and fuller of beauty. And if poetry can help us to forget for a few blissful moments an age that is cursed with problems and groping in discontentment it will have served its chief end in the world.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S PLAY

The Apostle. A Drama in Three Acts. By GEORGE MOORE.
(Maunsel and Co., Dublin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE have been some who have deprecated the writing of this as irreverent and even blasphemous. We are not, however, of that number. For there is no test so complete and difficult as the artistic. The appeal of creation is the final appeal of truth. It is for this reason that we value the fact that we have not one account of the life of the Man of Galilee, but four. The fact that in the writing of the four Gospels we have manifestly not four persons but One, and that in spite of the minor and necessary differences of four independent points of view, more than sufficiently attests the reality of the Person of Whom they treat. Moreover they all give a unity in their account of the life-claims and concluding tragedy, with the miracle entailed in it, of that Person. In contradistinction to this unity of account Mr. Moore has another story to tell us. It is true, as he says in his Prefatory Letter, that he is indebted to several sources, such as a thesis by a French doctor and the memory of an ancient legend, for this; and it is possibly academically probable that he may have wished to give these artistic form without committing himself to faith in them. But the manner of his Prefatory Letter precludes the chance of this: and the identification of his story with his creed is unavoidable. In any case the idea is that Christ did not die on the cross, but "that it was some cataleptic swoon that Christ had suffered." After His recovery from this swoon He had escaped to some remote Essene monastery. How He did this is, wisely perhaps, not entered upon; nor is the cause of the theory of resurrection hinted or explained. These things are accepted, and the play occupies itself with this same Essene monastery when Paul, a preacher of this same mysteriously awakened Gospel, halts there on his way to Rome. He has been preaching, and intends to continue preaching, a risen Christ, and he meets this Jesus at the Essene monastery. The upshot of it all is that he slays this Jesus as a tempter from the Devil, in a sudden access of anger that is partly righteous and partly that of a man whose chief bent of life has been exposed, and continues his way to Rome a triumphant man.

In such a play the only interest of importance is obviously centred in the characters of Jesus, the lay Brother at the monastery, and Paul the Apostle. The others matter little if at all. Manahem, Matthias, and Sadduc venture on a good deal of jargon as to the nature of God, which is probably the result of incompleteness of workmanship (for though this is called "A Drama in Three Acts," it is really but the scenario of such a drama), as well as inherent in the nature of the matter. But they are merely the framework for the canvas which contains the two main protagonists. And it is with regard to these two that we said that the final test of truth would necessarily lie in the artistry of creation. It may be put this way. Were one to accept the central idea of the play as a thesis, that thesis would be advanced considerably towards our acceptance if it could be said that the leading two characters were the obvious lineaments of the

men of whom we have records elsewhere. This Paul and this Jesus, are they the same as the Paul who has painted his portrait for us in his various Epistles, and the Christ of Whom we possess a quadruple account that agrees in central unity?

First, then, as to Paul. With regard to him, however, it is more difficult to speak; for Mr. Moore has given him scarcely a speech in his play that is not carefully derived from actual words of his culled from the Epistles. Yet in one or two cases Mr. Moore has given us some recorded saying of Paul, and has continued the saying with a further sentence or two of his own; and it is here that we should be able to discover if Mr. Moore's conception of the Apostle anyway resembles his authentic personage. Take, for example, the following speech: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me. *Christ is risen in me. I am the resurrection.*" The first portion of the speech is, of course, well known; the portion italicised is Mr. Moore's addition. But is it conceivable to think of Paul having given vent to such a sentiment? It is only necessary to read the fifteenth chapter of his first letter to his friends at Corinth to discover its utter incongruity. Yet Mr. Moore evidently thinks it possible for Paul to have spoken it—which is as much as to say that Mr. Moore's conception of the Apostle is by no means the same as that of the original. This is obvious in other ways, however. The readers of Paul's various letters cannot but be impressed with a personality of an extraordinary mental alertness and agility, keen for argument, and of very fine dialectic skill and logic. But Mr. Moore's Paul is an asseverator: Matthias, for instance, says of him that "against thy stern and zealous affirmation logic breaks like arrows against a cliff." Now an asseverator is not mentally agile: he is rather a mental dullard. And, again, it is evident that Mr. Moore has failed to catch the authentic Paul.

Yet how about the figure of the Jesus he represents? Here Mr. Moore clearly cannot fall back upon recorded words, since they would be manifestly out of place. Therefore, his characterisation is open to challenge at every point, and it must be said that it is at best a very emasculated figure he portrays. Mr. Moore in his Prefatory Letter tells us of his admiration for the Gospel of Mark, as being the sincerest and clearest. Good. How then does the Christ of the Gospel of Mark compare with the Jesus of Mr. Moore? These are some of the points of comparison. Mark gives the idea of a man who was prompt to action, forceful of speech and ready of wit, stinging, if need be, in satire, to whom the instinct of command was a natural assumption, so natural that it had the gesture of gracefulness and loving-kindness. But Mr. Moore's Jesus seeks out-of-the-way and lonely tasks, deprecates speech, plays prettily with birds, is patronised by His superiors at the monastery, giving up all leadership to them—which was very wise, since He is very obviously unfitted for any kind of responsibility or power. When Christ was kind it was the kindness of natural power and authority; but when Mr. Moore's Jesus is kind it is rather the prettiness of weakness and emasculation. Fancy Mr. Moore's Jesus fixing a class of people with the stinging and everlasting metaphor of "whited sepulchres;" or apostrophising buyers in the highest market and sellers in the lowest as "thieves;" or scourging money-changers with a whip of thongs! It is simply unthinkable. Fancy the Christ of the Gospel of Mark accepting the leadership, not to speak of taking the patronage, of monastic scholars who spend their days discussing the being of God in ratiocinative and hair-splitting jargon! It is inconceivable. There are many other points that cannot be discussed in the cold print of review, since they deal with the sufferings of Christ in prospect of His death. Such matters are, perhaps, best left alone in such a place,

though they tend, too, to widen the difference between the Christ of Mark and the Jesus of Mr. Moore.

In other words, we may be never so interested in this play (the author of "Esther Waters" is always assured of that), but the interest has nothing to do with the Christ and the Paul of the New Testament. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the situation demanded by the play would not be possible for a moment if the authentic personages once took life in it. And that is to say that the situation is unreal by the nature of the case, which again postulates that the theme is unthinkable, the characters being who and what they were. Partly the reason for this is to be discovered in the Introduction, which is entitled, "A Prefatory Letter on Reading the Bible for the First Time." There is an attempt at a bland ingenuousness that is quite impossible at this time of day. It is only necessary for the reader to read a few pages of this "letter" to discover that Mr. Moore is mistaking, as the first impressions of his mind, critical, and in some cases outworn, saws that a life of somewhat extensive reading had made him very well acquainted with. But if Mr. Moore cannot be ingenuous, he at least cannot help but be full of charm. For urbane wit and the most delicate irony it would be difficult to match some portions of "The Apostle."

REMINISCENCES

Friendly Faces of Three Nationalities. By MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

READERS of Miss Betham-Edwards' earlier works will close this book with feelings of great regret. The grace and charm and human feeling which one associates with Miss Betham-Edwards are here, but the construction of the volume is of the slightest character. We catch transitory glimpses of the "friendly faces;" we are introduced to Charles Dickens, Owen Meredith, Coventry Patmore, Lord John Russell, William Allingham, General Booth, and others; but instead of being presented with a real portrait, we feel instead the effect of the cinematograph. The vision was so quickly over that the author saw the clothes rather than the man; there was not the intimacy and close friendship which is so necessary to the writing of successful and valuable memoirs. We observe great men at uninteresting moments of their lives; the incidents described are usually of a trivial nature. We read of the late Amelia Blandford Edwards, the Egyptologist, and Miss Betham-Edwards' cousin, that—"Upon one occasion she turned the tap of a cask of old harvest beer, and when the trick was discovered half the contents had run out. At another time she locked up a somewhat precise, elderly aunt for hours in a pantry. A child who had gained the prize for a story at nine years of age could hardly be expected to behave as others!" The exploits of the youthful story-teller seem to have been no better and no worse than those of children of less literary tendencies.

Scattered among these ordinary details of an ordinary individual are some gems of topographical description. Then, again, the acknowledgment of the qualities of Amelia Blandford Edwards would create an ache in the heart of many an editor and would produce a blush on the cheeks of many a contributor. It is from the pen of a past editor of THE ACADEMY:—"Miss Edwards was in truth a model contributor—never declining a request, punctual to her promises, writing in a clear, bold hand, and considerate of the convenience of printer as well as editor." This cutting, shorn from its context in THE ACADEMY, and without any explanation in the volume, illustrates the trivial

character of the contents and the laborious nature of the construction. Coventry Patmore is described under the autocratic influence of his wife at Hastings; the essay on Madame Bodichon, of Girton fame, serves as a vehicle for the quotation of that lady's sayings; Lord John Russell is seen on a visit to an industrial school; and William Booth is in his element at a Salvationist demonstration at the Crystal Palace. A letter from Charles Lamb to Mary Betham gives an amusing picture of the sensitive and vacillating temperament of that distinguished writer. It concerns a small legacy, and is quoted from THE ACADEMY:—

Dear Mary Betham—I remember you all, and tears come out when I think on the years that have separated us. That dear Anne should so long have remember'd us affects me. My dear Mary, my poor sister is not, nor will be for two months perhaps, capable of appreciating the *kind old long memory* of dear Anne.

But not a penny will I take, and I can answer for my Mary when she recovers, if the sum left can contribute in any way to the comfort of Matilda.

We will halve it, or we will take a bit of it, as a token, rather than wrong her. So pray consider it as an amicable arrangement. I write in great haste, or you won't get it before you go.

We do not want the money; but if dear Matilda does not much want it, why, we will take our thirds. God bless you.

C. LAMB.

We are told that the letter occupies the first page of a sheet of foolscap. What would have been the contents of a postscript?

SHORTER REVIEWS

Epidemic Dropsy in Calcutta. By MAJOR E. D. W. GREIG, M.D. (Superintendent Government Printing, Calcutta. 2s.)

WE have here an interesting report of an outbreak of epidemic dropsy, or *beri-beri*, which occurred in Calcutta in 1907-9, and formed the subject of special inquiry. The results are given in one of the series of Scientific Memoirs of the Medical and Sanitary Officers of the Government of India, and a final report will follow. The name *beri-beri* is said to come from the Singhalese word *beri*, meaning debility. The prominent features of the disease, which approximates to ship *beri-beri*, are swelling of the feet and breathlessness; sudden death often ensues from acute paralysis of the heart; it is non-infectious; it is a nutritional disease, and is caused by a dietary of "polished" rice, which is the staple food of Bengalis. This "polishing" is the process carried out in steam and other mills whereby the husk of the paddy containing the phosphated compounds, substances essential for the maintenance of the normal nutrition of nervous tissue, is removed, and the white, or cleaned, rice is produced. The Calcutta Marwaris, who live upon *ata* or wheat flour and consume very little rice, entirely escaped the disease, though surrounded by the population affected by the outbreak. Experiments showed that pigeons, when fed on polished rice, both boiled and unboiled, suffered progressive loss of weight with characteristic polyneuritis, but when fed on a mixture of wheat and pulses remained for months in good health.

The two last severe outbreaks of epidemic dropsy in Calcutta and Bengal—namely, in 1877-9 and 1907-9, have been concomitant with a sustained high price of food grains during the period, and have ceased concurrently with the fall in the price of food. Fortunately a remedial treatment is easily available in the alteration of the dietary. A liberal

diet free from rice expedites recovery. The disease never affects Europeans or East Indians, or native gentlemen who live generously: the want of phosphorus and nitrogenous ingredients in the polished rice, and the underfeeding when prices rise abnormally, account for its prevalence among the poorer classes. The lesson to be learnt is that extensive outbreaks of epidemic dropsy may always recur among consumers of an exclusive rice diet, when the increased prices of food grains reach the point at which even this poor diet cannot be sufficiently procured by the consumers. The inquiry was evidently conducted with great care: it has added another to the list of excellent Memoirs which do credit to the Government and its officers, and have laid bare the secrets of tropical diseases, snake poisons, plague, rabies, parasites, and other special evils of Oriental countries.

Solar Life: The Desire of All; or, How to Live Happy for Ever. By THOMAS MAY. (A. H. Stockwell. 1s. net.)

It is only necessary to spend a few hours of any evening listening to the orators at the Marble Arch to hear strange and extraordinary thoughts and ideas fall from many a speaker's lips. But nothing stranger or more extraordinary could surely be heard anywhere than is contained within the pages of the present book. The author starts with a greeting, "To all Peoples, Friends, and Lovers of Truth and Good Health," and then proceeds to ask questions similar to those usually associated with the advertisements of patent medicines. "Do you suffer from weakness or nervousness; are you pale and worried, thin and grumpy?" he inquires. If so, "the Sun will help you if you will help yourself . . . you must shine, radiate and dispense. . . . Sun and Son are the same thing . . . you are a child of light, and thus a Sun of good and Son of God." To be healthy it is necessary "to practise the exercises of the Sun," which consist of several remarkable contortions indulged in by a "Sun-body" on a bed, in front of a mirror and in "some retired spot"—surely the retired spot for preference. Mr. May is an advocate of the Daylight Saving Bill, and from some of the earlier passages it would appear that he was also a believer in faith-healing, and disdained any material aid whatsoever; but these ideas are dispelled, for at the end of the book various remedies are put forward, such as "The Rest Cure," "The Anti-Crank Cure," and "The Royal Solar Rejuvenator." "Water artistically applied will cure all complaints," he says, while taking various texts, usually associated with spiritual meanings, to illustrate his eccentric ideas:—

"I will send the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, which shall guide you into all truth, for it shall testify of Me, and teach you all things." And this Spirit is light, or sunshine, which, like an ethereal glass or mirror, reflects truth and wisdom. Its rays and radiations are Health, Strength, Peace, and Power; and your heart, like a dewdrop of this Sun's Light, is comforted by the Comforter.

The dewdrop heart is a very fine touch; so is our author's idea of the extension of the cup of cold water of Biblical fame to "about half a pint."

We will not weary our readers with any further quotations. Probably they will call to mind a book entitled "Every Man a King," dealt with in THE ACADEMY some two years ago, which claimed to have found some new and original methods for the healing of the nations. Such books cannot be cited as types of the little learning which is said to be a dangerous thing, as any small ripple of unrest that might be caused in the minds of those who are always in

search of something "new" would easily be stilled by the utter drollery of it all.

The Little Village. By EMERY POTTLE. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE first chapter of "The Little Village" is taken up by the remonstrance of a New York editor with a young man of his acquaintance who has the idea of leaving his own country "to live practically alone in a God-forsaken Italian village." In Chapter II. we are introduced to a garden of the village, and the book then goes on to deal with the things which are usually associated with poetic prose. But somehow or other the author does not seem to have the grip of his subject necessary to the unfolding of beautiful ideas or inspiring thoughts. Words are well and carefully chosen, but the conception is thin, and carries no weight. After rhapsodising over the "incomparable chants and prayers, fashioned by men of simple, majestic souls," the expression "Alas! there are to-day no like souls, and in consequence our tongue has well-nigh lost its high calling" is put forward without any rhyme or reason for its pronouncement. And following close upon this we have the following:—

If ever God laughs, with a tear in His eye, it is when He sees His children setting out with the aid of a doctor, a diet, a trained nurse, and a German band, to find rest unto their poor little souls.

'Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord.'

Also:—

The day was unlovely, even to my eyes accustomed, eyes rather blind to defects, or seeing them prone to palliate, as those who love are prone.

This will not do at all. We must have the real thing, or a book of this kind becomes ludicrous.

More Letters to My Son. (Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE author, who, under the title of "Letters to My Son," issued a collection of epistles purporting to be written by a young married woman to her unborn child, now continues the series in "More Letters to My Son." It requires a very delicate touch to handle subjects of this kind without trespassing upon the ground of good taste, but our anonymous writer has succeeded admirably in her pleasant task, with the result that a charming glimpse is given of an ideal home where every preparation is being made for the comfort and amusement of the Prince. The true woman speaks from every page with sympathy, love, and kindness, and her "beloved" is escorted in the letters through his babyhood, boyhood, and youth right on to the time when the mother must give place to another woman. "Unless you think greatly you cannot live greatly" she tells him in her earnest desire for him always to be true and just, never to trifle with the things that matter. "Child, whatever life gives or denies you, you must give it a song," she goes on to say. "Not the song of your own prowess, nor of your own woes, but the song of fellowship and kinship with the world; such a song as when they hear it will remind men of the joys and sorrows and loves and hopes and passions of their own lives; such a song as when they are desolate will put a hand upon their shoulder, and when they have given up will make them go on again." A son must be greatly blessed to possess a mother of this sort.

FICTION

Margaret Harding. By PERCEVAL GIBBON. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

If this novel is intended as a piece of special pleading for the equal rights of the negro with the white man in South Africa, we must look upon it indulgently and remark that if all negroes were as accomplished, courteous, and chivalrous as "Kamis" of this story, the problem of the colour line would soon solve itself. If, however, the book be merely a novel written for purposes of entertainment, we admit that it is a great success, since it holds unfaltering attention and interest from the first few pages to the finish. It has not the humour of, let us say, "Salvator," but it has much more distinction.

Kamis is a London M.D. who has returned to the land of his birth only to find himself rejected by his fellows. Foolishly and defiantly—the more so as she is contemptuous of the unwritten law that blacks and whites must not associate—Margaret Harding, an English girl who is staying at a sanatorium in the Karoo, allows her friendship with him to continue in spite of repeated warnings. Through this imprudence trouble comes to them both. Kamis in sheer gratitude one day raises her hand to his lips; the act, harmless enough, was witnessed by an old reprobate who spread the story that they had been caught kissing; and everyone conspires to hound down the detested negro. This sounds rather thin; as a matter of fact there is not much more in the plot; but the admirable part of the book lies in Mr. Gibbon's picture of the sanatorium and its inmates, its proprietor and his wife. Dr. Jakes is an incurable inebriate, yet a clever fellow at his special task, the diseases of the lung and chest. His wife, banished far from the suburban amenities which at one time constituted her sole interest, is a pathetic figure throughout. When she scrutinises Margaret's dresses, and listens to their betraying "rustle;" when she peers over her letters and talks impressively of "the Penfolds of Putney," and the lost world for which she longs; when she listens at the closed door and calls her husband from his stupor; when she bravely and continually informs the undeceived "guests" that "Eustace" has been "ill"—all the time she is pathetic. Margaret's calm sparring with Mrs. Jakes is very amusing; so, too, is Mr. Samson, who retains the Piccadilly clubman air even though so far estranged from London's gaieties; young Ford, the only other guest of the establishment, is another finely-drawn character. He falls in love with Margaret, and the story ends with the hope that they will meet at Home, whither the girl goes after her escapade with Kamis. We hope to meet them too, in the pages of another story by Mr. Gibbon; for he has a clarity of touch and a delightful frequency of humorous metaphor that give pleasure to the literary critic as well as to the reader who only wants a good story.

The Woman-Haters. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Illustrated (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

MR. LINCOLN is essentially the delineator of the homely life of the Cape Cod folk, and he delights in giving humorous accounts of the everyday happenings amongst them. In this connection he has already scored with "Keziah Coffin," "The Depot Master," and other novels of Yankee humour, pathos, and love. In "The Woman-Haters" these diverse feelings are very much in evidence, especially the last-named, paradoxical as it may seem. The longshoreman yarn has been evolved out of a magazine short story, and now

appears in book form, with over three hundred pages of entertaining reading matter to its credit. The author, however, modestly disclaims any pretension to its being a novel, and labels it a mere "summer farce-comedy." The farce is there, and so is the comedy, and as it all takes place in the summer season, we presume he is right.

For a specimen of Mr. Lincoln's farce the reader should turn to the chapters "The Coming of Job" and "The Going of Joshua"—Job being a pup who "looked like a scrawny young lion," and "seemed to be always sufferin' and fillin' the land with roarin's like Job in the Bible," while Joshua was a decrepit old gee-gee who miraculously leaped a fence and galloped away, to the amazement of his owner. These incidents and the account of the cooking of the lobster will quickly dispel any ordinary fit of the blues; and the most inveterate case of the latter is sure to yield to a perusal of the chapter headed "The Picnic," in which the elder of the two woman-haters has to swallow an abominable concoction called, "Stomach Balm," containing, amongst other ingredients, molasses, soft-soap, lamp-oil, and pepper. The younger woman-hater, temporary assistant at the East-boro Twin-Lights, has a decidedly pleasanter experience:—

His first thought, upon opening his eyes, was that he must close them again as quickly as possible because he wanted the dream to continue. To lie with one's head in the lap of an angel, while that angel strokes your forehead and cries over you and begs you for her sake not to die, is too precious a delusion to lose.

After that it became a case of "two hearts that beat as one," and woman-hating went by the board. The light vein of comedy running through the book and the occasional touches of pathos, serving as a foil to the capital farce, will, we feel sure, secure a wide circle of readers for "The Woman-Haters."

The Overflowing Scourge. By STEPHEN FOREMAN. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

THE most emphatic impression which Mr. Stephen Foreman's book gives us is one of wasted cleverness. "The Overflowing Scourge" is a good deal like a hard and relentless melodrama, performed by unnecessarily good actors. We admire the neatness and vigour of the author's style, and we like the clear and precise drawing of his lesser characters; but he does not succeed in making any of his protagonists human. They are merely bundles of virtues and vices, without charm, and sadly tainted by the atmosphere of crime which prevails throughout the story. Blanco Hamilton, the rascally judge, leaves us without indignation, black villain as he is. One feels that some sentiment of wrath should be aroused against a man capable of plotting the conviction of his innocent son for murder, and sentencing him gleefully to the utmost rigour of the law under the circumstances—a living entombment of fifteen years. But somehow, clever as certain passages in the trial are, the result leaves us cold. When the son comes out of prison, changed to an utter brute, he proceeds to live a life of profligacy and cunning, until killed in an encounter with his own offspring. He dies unmourned. Those characters who give most promise of being interesting—Porter, the rector of four souls, and his sister—drop early out of the story, and are then only met at intervals. Murphy, the publican, makes an excellent first appearance, but falls off afterwards, and the rest, with the exception of Porter's German brother-in-law, a person with a grotesque name which we have not space to write down, are quite uninteresting. It is Mr. Foreman's misfortune that with gifts far above the serial story he manages to give his work much the same sort of touch.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

IN the short preface he has written for his interesting book "*Les Anglais à Paris*" (Plon), M. Roger Boutet de Monvel notes that, although during many centuries a strongly marked antipathy existed between France and England, it is nevertheless with Great Britain that France has always had the most agreeable social intercourse. He also observes that, if during the seventeenth century "the artistic and mundane" domination of France predominated in England, the latter nation soon took her revenge from the eighteenth century onwards. And it is to the Anglo-French relations from 1800 to 1850, when British influence in France reached its culminating point, that M. Boutet de Monvel has consecrated his piquant and entertaining study.

He narrates how, after the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, all British subjects who were, unfortunately for themselves, on French territory were suddenly arrested and incarcerated as prisoners of war by Bonaparte. He gives a vivid description of the aspect presented at that epoch by Verdun, one of the principal centres where the English prisoners under suspicion were confined. If we are to believe M. de Monvel—and there is every reason to do so seeing that his statements are based on reliable contemporary documents—the unlucky captives did not for an instant lose the stoicism and calmness which are generally supposed to be the special attributes of the Anglo-Saxon race. They did not even allow their enforced captivity to disturb their habits or customs, but continued to live as if they had been in their own good English homes, and Verdun thus soon assumed the picturesque aspect of an anglicised French city. Their detention threatening, however, to be unduly prolonged, it is hardly to be wondered at that, in spite of their practicalness and *sang-froid*, many of the English prisoners should have welcomed with real joy the news of the entry of the Allies into Paris. Amongst them some had, nevertheless, taken into affection the land where they had been detained so long—such as, for example, Lord Blayney, who, on the eve of returning to his native country, acquired a property in the neighbourhood of Verdun, where he had been a prisoner during four years, and declared his hope that France would often offer him an agreeable retreat for the summer months.

M. Boutet de Monvel next sketches the "Invasion of the Allies after Waterloo," and if, following the assertions of notable memoirs of the time, he attacks the conduct of the Prussian army then occupying Paris, we are happy to note that he renders all due homage to the behaviour of Wellington's soldiers during their sojourn in the French capital. Speaking of the aspect Paris presented at the time of its occupation by the Allies, M. Boutet de Monvel says:—

Cependant, aux yeux des étrangers, jamais Paris n'offrit de tableau plus imprévu, plus vivant, plus pittoresque; jamais la ville entière ne leur parut si pleine d'animation et de gaieté. Cela ne se conçoit que trop: sans doute après la campagne de Belgique n'avaient-ils pas les mêmes raisons que nous pour envisager les événements sous leur aspect mélancolique. Les Anglais surtout semblaient se complaire chez leurs ennemis de la veille. Touristes méthodiques, avides d'observer en détail le pays qu'ils visitaient, curieux d'amusements divers, chacun d'eux y pouvait à loisir satisfaire ses goûts de nouveautés. Mais ce qui les divertissait plus encore, était de s'y retrouver en pays de connaissance, de rencontrer au passage amis et parents qui tous instinctivement se donnaient alors rendez-vous en France.

And, in order to well prove how deep was their appreciation of the French nation in general, and of French women in particular, several notable English gentlemen, such as

Ball Hughes, Lyne Stephens, &c., married irresistible dancers of the Opera!

In the chapter dealing with Lady Morgan (Miss Owen-son), who was then one of the features of the English colony in Paris, M. Boutet de Monvel quotes the following passage from the *Journal de Paris*, which throws an interesting side-light on the character of the authoress of "*The Wild Irish Girl*":—

Lady de Morgan a été reçue, connue et presque idolâtrée dans presque tous nos cercles à la mode. Elle nous a étudiés de la tête jusqu'aux pieds, de la cour jusqu'au village, du boudoir à la cuisine. Elle a tout vu, tout observé, tout analysé, tout décrit, les hommes et les choses, les propos et les caractères.

After a most entertaining chapter on the English colony in Paris, and the Anglomania which then reigned in the French capital, the author of "*Les Anglais à Paris*" devotes several pages to "*Thackeray in Paris*," which present a warm appreciation of the great writer on the part of a Frenchman. M. de Monvel says:—

En France, que sait-on de Thackeray? L'on sait qu'il vécut sous le règne de la Reine Victoria, et figure au nombre des grands romanciers de l'Angleterre. L'on sait en outre qu'il écrivit un livre intitulé le "*Livre des Snobs*," peut-être a-t-on lu "*Vanity Fair*." Là néanmoins s'arrête invariablement pour nos compatriotes la liste de ses œuvres, et quant à son existence, il va de soi que nul ne s'en fait la moindre idée. Pourtant Thackeray laissa bien d'autres ouvrages qui, toute valeur mise à part, et pour cette seule raison qu'il y traite de nos mœurs et de notre histoire, mériteraient d'être mieux connus chez nous. Effectivement, peu d'auteurs étrangers ont plus souvent mis en cause la France et les Français, et peu, sur ce chapitre, ont fait preuve de plus d'expérience ou d'exactitude. Car, ce que l'on ne sait pas davantage, c'est que Thackeray vécut à Paris de longues années, qu'à Paris il acheva son éducation, qu'il apprit à juger de ses propres moyens, et que finalement, après avoir débuté comme élève de Gros, il y écrivit son premier livre.

Thus does M. Boutet de Monvel, in his interesting study, endeavour to make his compatriots appreciate and understand the author of "*The Newcomes*," who professed such a deep affection for Paris, his "dear city."

"*Les Anglais à Paris*" forms both recreative and instructive reading, and, after having carefully perused it, we are inclined to think that the principal lesson which it teaches is that the enmity which existed for so long between England and France was especially the work of politicians and diplomats, for at heart both nations, though absolutely different, had many points in common. The "*entente cordiale*" always existed between them, unsuspected but latent, for does not the old adage say very truly, "*Les extrêmes se touchent*"?

There has been a rich harvest of novels, and we mention a few before again turning our attention to more serious works. "*Le Journal de Cloud Barbant, Neurasthénique*," by M. Paul Adrien Shayé (Ollendorf, 3f. 50c.), is particularly worthy of mention. The theme is original, there are curious psychological deductions, and often a form of *esprit* which greatly reminds one of English humour, a quality both rare and appreciable in a French author. The general tone of the work is synthesised by the opening phrase, "*Je m'embête*"—"I feel bored"—which forms also the conclusive sentence of Cloud Barbant's odd diary. "*Josun Meunier*," by Emile Moselly (Ollendorf, 3f. 50c.), is a remarkable representation of French rural life and thought, and reveals strikingly the mentality of French peasants, and that of the workmen of provincial towns. E. Nolly, in "*La Barque Annamite*" (Fasquelle, 3f. 50c.), gives a picturesque vision

of the life of the poorer classes of Annamites. In these pure and symbolical pages the heart of ancient Annam seems still to throb, though its pulsations are very faint and irregular under the ever-growing pressure of French domination.

MM. Cario and Regismanset have undertaken in their new work "*L'Exotisme, la Littérature Coloniale*" (*Mercure de France*, 3f. 50c.), to determine the influence which the exotic has had on our civilisation, and especially on French literature. For, thanks to the unquenchable thirst for the unknown which torments nearly all human beings, the life of humanity—both as masses and individuals—has been greatly enlarged and enriched. In order to impress upon their readers the necessity of movement for both body and mind, the authors of "*Exotisme*" quote Nietzsche's "*Ecce Homo*" as follows:—

Être assis le moins possible ; ne pas ajouter foi à aucune idée qui ne serait venue en plein air, alors que l'on se meut librement. Il faut que les muscles, eux aussi, célèbrent une fête.

With the passing of ages exoticism has exercised an always more powerful attraction on the imaginations of the different races ; and what must have been in primitive times a mere search for warmer climes has gradually evolved, in our highly developed civilisation, into one of the most refined of pleasures. The authors glance through the literary works of antiquity, which best reveal the influence of exoticism, and amongst their choice we notice specially the "*Periplus*" due to Hanno, the Carthaginian, who undertook to visit the regions situated beyond the Pillars of Hercules. In the Byzantine epoch of Greek literature a certain Antonius Diogenes wrote a romance entitled "*The Incredible Things in Thule* ;" whilst the "*Ethiopica*," by Herodotus, provoked in later days many imitations, amongst which may be mentioned the works of Mlle. de Seudéry, Urfé's "*Astrée*," and Guarini's "*Pastor Fido*." After having summarily enumerated the different works inspired by exoticism until the thirteenth century, MM. Cario and Régismanset make the following declaration concerning the writers of the fourteenth century and onwards:—

Beaucoup (des écrivains du XIV^e siècle à la Révolution) semblent possédés d'une extrême agitation, qui, en dépit de la difficulté réelle des communications les pousse aux déplacements fréquents. Rabelais passa une partie de sa vie en voyages ; de même Baïf, de même Ronsard, et nous verrons Scarron, peu de jours avant sa mort, projeter un grand voyage en Orient. Mais il faut arriver à Montaigne pour rencontrer un auteur à qui ses manifestations de tourisme inspirent véritablement une œuvre. Montaigne participe d'ailleurs du même esprit que des poètes comme Ronsard ou Baïf. L'intense curiosité de la Renaissance l'a touché de sa grâce. Il semble qu'à cette époque l'on assiste à un élargissement subit de la sphère des connaissances humaines. Le "désir de voir," s'accroît d'autant.

Indeed the love of the exotic attained to such a degree in the eighteenth century that French art in all its branches became orientalised at that period. And this fact, stated by MM. Cario and Regismanset, was corroborated by a most interesting exposition which took place last winter in one of the sections of the Louvre Museum, and which was exclusively devoted to the Chinese influence on French Art during the eighteenth century.

After studying carefully Bernardin de St. Pierre's rôle in the exotic division of French literature as well as that of his most famous disciples, amongst whom we must place Châteaubriand, the authors turn their attention to the exotic movement in modern literature, and they observe therein a prodigious activity. They ask this question: "Does there really exist a colonial literature?" And, after having

weighed the opinion of some of the most competent contemporary writers, they come to the conclusion that, though French literature has not produced, as yet, a real colonial literature, and though until now "*exotisme*" has meant simply an artificial continuance of romanticism, a reaction seems to be dawning, and it is to be hoped that soon an authentic colonial literature will form itself, and thus rejuvenate by new sensations, new thoughts, and new themes the actual French novel.

MARC LOGÉ.

ACROSS THE SOLENT

At first glance little connection may be apparent between the Solent and Dr. Watts. The doctor's poetical powers have been largely eclipsed by the doggerel bearing his name which is to be dug out of ancient popular hymnals. By reason of his lack of critical literary continence he gave many hostages to fortune. His redundant verbiage has mostly been scrapped. There remains a residuum of high merit, familiar household words which seem destined to last as long as the English language. The hymn commencing "There is a land of pure delight" is one of the well-tuned sacred songs which appeal to the universal instinct of mankind. The spectacle of ranks of men ever marching onward into oblivion affords a subject which arrests the thoughtless. The savage in the roll-call of his tribe has brought home to him the mutability of earthly things. As a counterpoise to deadening fact, he weaves sagas of the future about the chief who has travelled beyond the border of the known. True the parted guest has cast aside his body, but, save in tribes the most depraved and brutelike, primitive man regards the lost companion as the companion still. The ancient Egyptian built a temple, wherein he placed a duplicate of the lost friend's body in stone. This counterfeit body he believed the soul of the dead man could inhabit, as he willed. One step farther carried a race to ancestor worship. The Egyptian was wont to be more provident still. He insured the life of a national hero against the shocks of chance. A prince or great one must be guarded from the risk of having no tangible shelter for his spirit, if death were to strike him down unexpectedly. Even in respect of post-mortem security the rich man could thus get the best of it, for he could afford to pay an artificer to make him duplicate soul-shelters. In some of the temples may be found presentments of the child, the youth, the mature man, the decrepit man, of him whose temple it is. Such an one was surely safe from the blows of fate. His other self stored in its special temple would give his wandering ghost shelter, whenever the dagger of chance gave him quietus, and clearly the grown man's ghost could not take possession of the child's image. So the great one's risk was narrowed to the possibility that an enemy might break in and smash his images. If the enemy did so, and also destroyed the temple that contained them, it was indeed a case of "alas! poor ghost!"

In Dr. Watts' hymn above referred to is enshrined a pervading faith in the Providence that shapes our end. It is said to have been suggested by the view from Southampton Water across the dancing waves of the Solent. That little passage to the opposite shore was to its writer an image of the journey of peace-parted souls:—

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

There is one strip of pine-crowned sea-marge on the mainland which is plainly visible from Cowes. Here the

ordnance geological map makes this alluring note: "Palæolithic implements at the base of the gravel." A few days ago we sailed for this spot, like argonauts on quest. The Solent was sparkling with millions of jewels. Every ripple and wavelet was faceted with diamonds that came and went with each dimple of the surface. We had to dodge the tide, which runs with great force down the fairway of the channel. That meant a pull to hug the shore round Egypt Point; then up with our tiny sail and away, like a Portuguese man-o'-war, but not, like that timid and gorgeous mariner, ready to scuttle our craft and disappear at the winking of the eyelid of danger. A North German liner was heading for New York, carrying a cargo of strike-bound American tourists. We were warned that we were running into the jaws of a trap, that the inhabitants of the spot we sought were about as hospitable to those who landed as the ancient Cornish wrecker. We had not taken a special policy at Lloyds, and in a foolhardy frame of mind sailed on. Murray somewhat reassured us. He distinctly advises picnicing on this foreshore. He says that the house hard by was once owned by Count Batthyany, that it used to be known as "Luttrell's Folly." In what respect Luttrell was foolish history said not. Murray further stated that Lord Irnham, when back from military duty in India, had pitched his tents there, and then built a house on lines similar to the spaces occupied by the tents. It reminded us of a friend who bought a billiard-table and then built a room to fit it.

Like the babes in the wood, in spite of our impending doom, we sped on undownhearted. It neither affected our appetites nor our spirits. The towers of Osborne, silhouetted against the skyline, grew small by degrees and beautifully less; the pine trees stood out in grand simplicity. Soon our Viking craft stranded on the *terra incognita* and we sprang ashore. Had we followed precedent, we ought to have tumbled on our noses and then declared that we but embraced the land we had come to conquer. Out of respect for other possible claimants we refrained.

"At the base of the gravel." There was the gravel sure enough, and we proceeded "to rifle, rob, and plunder," but not without protest. A stout protestant stood, according to prediction, on the low cliff and harangued us on the rights and wrongs of the situation. We had no right there. "Nobody hadn't no right there." He resembled the honest if unintelligent watchdog. We replied with gibes and babbled of statutes. He didn't know nothing about no statutes, but nobody hadn't no right to land nowhere. We politely pointed out that possession was nine points. We had in fact landed. That could not be controverted. The construction of groyning had resulted in a big accumulation of shingle. Surely, we hinted, he didn't suggest that a foreign raid could not be made below high-water level. Then, with a view of ingratiating ourselves, we asked where the best blackberries were to be found. Our polite query added fuel to the flame. He announced his intention of going to the agent of the property and reporting all the damning facts of the case. He scouted, as a base subterfuge, the plea that the object of our visit was to pick up stones. Thus was our visit to "the base of the gravel" accompanied by human barks from aloft. Our pockets bulged with nefarious stones. Evidently we were dangerous rioters, and the next step would be to mobilise the Boy Scouts and their broomsticks.

We may record the fact that the Coast Erosion Royal Commissioners have just reported in favour of establishing a public right of way along all foreshores. Does not this right now exist below high-water level? We do not believe that the possession of manorial rights carries with it power to stop the passage of pedestrians below high-water level, except in those instances in which, by encroachment of the

sea, the actual soil of the marge between high and low water levels can be demonstrated to have been part of the area conveyed.

Another glance at the geological map brings us to the following tempting inscription, about a mile away from our battleground—"Peaty mud with bones of elephant, acorns, and estuarine shells." "Estuarine shells." There we have it. Cast back the searchlight of imagination, and in the mind's eye we may repeople a shadowy shore with colossal Tertiary brutes. The mammoth and the hippo and the giant turtle once basked out their existence on these waters, then bounded by a mud-flanked estuary under a tropical sun. A vast sluggish stream flowed across what is now the English Channel, to leave a huge basin where the city of Paris stands to-day, and thence to wind in a stagnant torrent to the ocean. The fossil river in its time was a European Orinoco, and everything that lived and moved upon its banks, rejoicing in the sun, spent its little span of life, unheeding the slow-moving drama, as æon by æon an increasing purpose ran. Thus the mudlark creatures tore each other and died out. They left their bones embedded in the slime which was their habitat, and a drama truly marvellous to him who has eyes to see was rung down act by act.

SIR RICHARD BURTON—I.

BY FRANK HARRIS

RALEIGH, Sir Walter of that ilk, has always seemed to me the best representative of Elizabethan England; for he could speak and act with equal inspiration. He was a gentleman and adventurer, a courtier and explorer, a captain by sea and land, equally at home in Indian wigwam or English throne-room. A man of letters, too, master of a dignified, courtly English, who could write on universal history to while away the tedium of prison. Raleigh touched life at many points, and always with a certain mastery; his advice to his son is that of a timorous prudence. "Save money," he says; never "part with a man's best friend," and yet he himself as a courtier could squander thousands of pounds on new footgear. One of the best all-round men in English history was Raleigh, though troubled with much serving which, however, one feels came naturally to him; for he was always absolutely sceptical as to any after-life, and so won a concentrated and uncanny understanding of this life and his fellow-men. And yet Raleigh perished untimely on a scaffold, as if to show that no worldly wisdom can be exhaustive, falling to ruin because he could not divine the perverse impulses of a sensual pedant.

But in spite of the vile ingratitude of James and his base betrayal, aristocratic England managed to use Walter Raleigh and rewarded him, on the whole, handsomely. He played a great part even in those spacious days; was a leader of men in Ireland in his youth, a Captain of the Queen's Guard in manhood; and, ennobled and enriched, had his place always among the greatest, and at last died as an enemy of kings.

But what would the England of to-day, the England of the smug, uneducated Philistine tradesmen, make of a Raleigh if they had one? The question and its answer may throw some light on our boasted "progress" and the very noble and self-satisfied present-day civilisation of till-and-pill.

Richard Burton I met for the first time in a London drawing-room after his return from the Gold Coast in the early 'eighties. His reputation was already world-wide—the greatest of African explorers, the only European who had mastered Arabic and Eastern customs so completely

that he had passed muster as a Mohamedan pilgrim and had preached in Mecca as a Mollah. He knew a dozen Indian languages too, it was said, and as many more European, besides the chief African dialects; was, in fine, an extraordinary scholar and a master of English to boot, a great writer.

I was exceedingly curious, and very glad indeed to meet this legendary hero. Burton was in conventional evening dress, and yet, as he swung round to the introduction, there was an untamed air about him. He was tall, about six feet in height, with broad, square shoulders; he carried himself like a young man, in spite of his sixty years; very abrupt in movement. His face was bronzed and scarred, and when he wore a heavy moustache and no beard he looked like a prize-fighter; the naked, dark eyes—imperious, seeing eyes, not over friendly; the heavy jaws and prominent hard chin gave him a desperate air; but the long beard which he wore in later life, concealing the chin and pursed-out lips, lent his face a fine, patriarchal expression, subduing the fierce provocation of it to a sort of regal pride and courage. "Untamed"—that is the word which always recurs when I think of Burton.

I was curious about so many things in regard to him that I hesitated and fumbled, and made a bad impression on him; we soon drifted apart—I vexed with myself, he loftily indifferent.

It was Lovett-Cameron who brought us closer together; a typical sailor and good fellow, he had been Burton's companion in Africa and had sucked an idolatrous admiration out of the intimacy. Burton was his hero; wiser than any one else, stronger, braver, more masterful, adroit; he could learn a new language in a week and so forth and so on—hero-worship lyrical.

"A Bayard and an Admirable Crichton in one," I remarked scoffingly. "Human, too," he replied seriously, "human and brave as Henry of Navarre."

"Proofs, proofs," I cried.

"Proofs of courage!" he exclaimed, "every African explorer lives by courage: every day war-parties of hostile tribes have to be charmed or awed to friendliness; rebellious servants brought to obedience; wild animals killed, food provided—all vicissitudes Burton handled as a master, and the more difficult and dangerous the situation the more certain he was to carry it off triumphantly. A great man, I tell you, with all sorts of qualities and powers, and, if you followed his lead, the best of 'pals.'"

"No one would believe how good he is; he nursed me for six weeks through African fever—took care of me like a brother. You must know Dick: you'll love him. . . ."

Thanks to Cameron, Burton and I met again and dined together, and afterwards had a long palaver. Burton unbuttoned himself, and talked as only Burton could talk of Damascus and that immemorial East; of India and its super-subtle peoples; of Africa and human life in the raw to-day as it was twenty-thousand years ago; of Brazil, too, and the dirty smear of Portuguese civilisation polluting her silvery waterways and defiling even the immaculate wild.

I can still see his piercing eyes, thrill to his vivid, pictured speech; he was irresistible; as Cameron had said, "utterly unconventional." Being very young, I thought him too "bitter," almost as contemptuous of his fellows as Carlyle; I did not then realise how tragic-cruel life could be to extraordinary men.

He was of encyclopædic reading; knew English poetry and prose astonishingly; had a curious liking for "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech"—all such words as come hot from life's mint. Describing something, I used the phrase, "Frighted out of fear." "Fine that," he cried; "is it yours? Where did you get it?"

His ethnological appetite for curious customs and crimes for everything singular and savage in humanity was insatiable. A Western American lynching yarn held him spell-bound; a *crime passionnel* in Paris intoxicated him, started him talking, transfigured him into a magnificent storyteller, with intermingled appeals of pathos and rollicking fun, camp-fire effects, jets of flame against the night.

His intellectual curiosity was astonishingly broad and deep rather than high. He would tell stories of Indian philosophy or of perverse negro habits of lust and cannibalism, or would listen to descriptions of Chinese cruelty and Russian self-mutilation till the stars paled out. Catholic in his admiration and liking for all greatness, it was the abnormalities and not the divinities of men that fascinated him.

Deep down in him lay the despairing gloom of utter disbelief. "Unaffected pessimism and constitutional melancholy" he notices "strike deepest root under the brightest skies," and this pessimistic melancholy was as native to Burton as to any Arab of them all. He was thinking of himself when he wrote of the Moslem, "he cannot but sigh when contemplating the sin and sorrow, the pathos and bathos of the world; and feel the pity of it, with its shifts and changes ending in nothingness, its scanty happiness, its copious misery." Burton's laughter, even, deep-chested as it was, had in it something of sadness.

At heart he was very English; there was a large humanity in him, an unbounded charity for the poor and helpless; a natural magnanimity, too; "an unconditional forgiveness of the direst injuries" he calls "the note of the noble."

His love of freedom was insular and perhaps extravagant, showing itself in every smallest detail. "My wife makes me wear these wretched dress-clothes," he cried one evening. "I hate 'em—a livery of shame, shame of being yourself. Broad arrows would improve 'em," and the mocking revolt danced in his eyes.

Like most able, yet fanatical, lovers of liberty, he preferred the tyranny of one to the anarchical misrule of the many. "Eastern despotisms," he asserts, "have arrived nearer the ideal of equality and fraternity than any republic yet invented."

"A master of life and books," I said of him afterwards to Cameron, "but at bottom as despotic and tameless as an Arab shaykh."

Two extracts from his wonderful "Arabian Nights" are needed to give colour to my sketch. I make no excuse for quoting them, for they are superexcellent English, and in themselves worthy of memory. Here is a picture of the desert which will rank with Fromentin's best:—

Again I stood under the diaphanous skies, in air glorious as ether, whose every breath raises men's spirits like sparkling wine. Once more I saw the evening star hanging like a solitaire from the pure front of the western firmament; and the after-glow transfiguring and transforming, as by magic, the homely and rugged features of the scene into a fairy-land lit with a light which never shines on other soils or seas. Then would appear the woollen tents, low and black, of the true Badawin, mere dots in the boundless waste of lion-tawny clays and gazelle-brown gravels, and the camp-fire dotting like a glow-worm the village centre. Presently, sweetened by distance, would be heard the wild, weird song of lads and lasses, driving, or rather pelting, through the gloaming their sheep and goats; and the measured chant of the spearsmen gravely stalking behind their charge, the camels; mingled with the bleating of the flocks and the bellowing of the humpy herds; while the rermouse flittered overhead with his tiny shriek, and the rave of the jackal resounded through deepening glooms, and—most musical of music—the palm-trees answered the

whispers of the night breeze with the softest tones of falling water.

And here a Rembrandt-etching of Burton story-telling to Arabs in the desert:—

The Shaykhs and "white-beards" of the tribe gravely take their places, sitting with outspread skirts like hillocks on the plain, as the Arabs say, around the camp-fire, whilst I reward their hospitality and secure its continuance by reading or reciting a few pages of their favourite tales. The women and children stand motionless as silhouettes outside the ring; and all are breathless with attention; they seem to drink in the words with eyes and mouth as well as with ears. The most fantastic flights of fancy, the wildest improbabilities, the most impossible of impossibilities appear to them utterly natural, mere matters of everyday occurrence. They enter thoroughly into each phase of feeling touched upon by the author; they take a personal pride in the chivalrous nature and knightly prowess of Tajal-Muluk; they are touched with tenderness by the self-sacrificing love of Azizah; their mouths water as they hear of heaps of untold gold given away in largesse like clay; they chuckle with delight every time a Kazi or a Fakir—a judge or a reverend—is scurvily entreated by some Pantagrueist of the wilderness; and, despite their normal solemnity and impassibility, all roar with laughter, sometimes rolling upon the ground till the reader's gravity is sorely tried, at the tales of the garrulous Barber and of Ali and the Kurdish sharper. To this magnetising mood the sole exception is when a Badawi of superior accomplishments, who sometimes says his prayers, ejaculates a startling "Astaghfaru'llah"—I pray Allah's pardon—for listening to light mention of the sex whose name is never heard amongst the nobility of the desert.

Even when I only knew him thus as a great writer I touched the tragedy of his life unwittingly more than once. I had heard that he had come to grief as Consul in Damascus—Jews there claiming to be British subjects in order to escape Mohamedan justice, and when thwarted stirring up their powerful compatriots in London to petition for his recall; his superior, too, at Beyrout dead against him—he was recalled, some said dismissed. I felt sure he had been in the right. "Won't you tell me about it?" I asked.

"The story's too long, too intricate," he cried. "Besides, the Foreign Office admitted I was right. . . ."

When I pressed for details, he replied:—

"Do you remember the cage at Loches, in which an ordinary man could not stand upright or lie at ease, and so was done to death slowly by constraint. Places under our Government to-day are cages like that to all men above the average size."

THE MAGAZINES

ONE of the most noteworthy articles in the magazines this month is "The Labour Revolt and its Meaning," in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Ellis Barker. Seen dispassionately, it is not only noteworthy, but extremely significant. The name of the writer, to say nothing of the manner of its writing, protect it from any charge of demagoguery, and therefore its deliberate weighing-up of the causes that went to the making of the late strike, together with what we may confidently expect in the future as a result of it, is the more important, altogether apart from the highly valuable mass of statistics brought together. For instance, Mr. Barker takes the Board of Trade statistics that seem to declare that

"British wages range from 35s. to 45s. per week." Against this statement he analyses the "Report of an Inquiry by the Board of Trade into the Earnings and Hours of Labour," with the result that he discovers that "the earnings of almost six million of British workers engaged in some of our large industries 'ranged from 9s. 3d. to 27s. 3d. per week, not allowing for short time and unemployment, and if we allow for these, the foregoing wages will be reduced by 10 per cent., or by from 1s. to 3s. per week.'" Against this he estimates "the minimum cost of living," which "allows nothing at all for luxuries such as beer and tobacco, amusements, recreation, newspapers, railway and tram fares, postage-stamps, &c." He examines in turn the conclusions come to, and the investigations followed, by Mr. B. S. Rowntree, the Right Hon. Charles Booth, and Lady Bell, and arrives at the amazing fact that some 30 per cent. of the population, or, in other words, nearly 50 per cent. of wage-earners, "live in actual poverty"—an estimate which, as Mr. Barker indicates, does not include paupers, "casuals," or "the vast number of poor people who live partly or wholly on private charity. Such a weighty and impartial summing-up of the facts of the case gives Mr. Barker a considerable authority in examining the pettifogging methods of the present Government in dealing with the situation. As we have frequently declared in these columns, we have every desire for a full recognition of the facts of the case, and it is a grave thing when we find a man like Mr. Ellis Barker concluding, as he does, that 'we must prepare for the possibility of a revolution.'"

An article of gentler purport, though not of less importance, in the same magazine, is by the author of "Thysia" (who now emerges as Mr. Morton Luce), entitled "The Hybrid Art." Mr. Morton Luce has not in prose that sense of form he displayed so well in "Thysia," but his matter commands our fullest sympathy. His article is a protest against that form of spurious criticism that would seek to obliterate the essential distinction between poetry and prose. As he remarks, the plea that there is no such distinction, but that rather both are different forms of the one thing, is chiefly advanced by those who are prose-writers. One can very well understand coppersmiths vaunting themselves as goldsmiths; but that does not advance the matter. Indeed, it is only a form of special pleading. A good deal of the argument is concerned with an examination of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's drama "The Agonists," which has already been criticised in these columns somewhat on the same lines. We very heartily agree with him that the distinction between poetry and prose is a wellnigh impassable one, and that it therefore behoves poets especially to maintain it. Sir Harry H. Johnston has a weighty and responsible article on "Alcohol in Africa" that should be widely and carefully read. Its importance may be gauged by one of the remarks he makes in passing to the effect that, however much the white man may wax indignant at the question of indecent assault by black men in Africa, it is nevertheless mainly due to the drink that he himself has introduced into the continent. Miss Gertrude Kingston writes on psychic phenomena under the heading of "Some Ordinary Observations on Extraordinary Occurrences."

The *Fortnightly* has chiefly been noticeable of late by reason of the number of anonymous and pseudonymous articles on political questions. There is an instinct that causes one to set a lighter value on such articles than on the franker type; nevertheless there is not much doubt as to the authorship of the contribution with which the magazine opens, entitled "Democracy Arrives." In view of the "conversations" now prevailing between France and Germany the further anonymous article entitled "The German Plan of Campaign against France" makes interesting reading. On the literary side (and perhaps on the far more interesting and readable

side) the two chief articles are "Some Writers of the Celtic Renaissance," by K. L. Montgomery, and "Remy de Gourmont," by Arthur Ransome. The first of these writers treats an exceedingly interesting subject in an all-embracing yet rather discursive way. There is, of course, little or no criticism in the article; the space did not allow of that. There are, however, but few names of note in the movement of which she treats whom she fails to notice. Mr. Ransome draws attention to a choice and all too little-known writer of the generation of Villiers de L'Isle Adam.

In the *Cornhill* there is an admirable article by Andrew Lang on the Baconian hypothesis (for it has not even advanced to the rank of a theory) which he calls "Shakespeare or X." It well repays reading, if only because it exposes some of the many argumentative devices which Mr. Greenwood employs in his portly book on the Baconian idea. Another and equally admirable paper is by Mr. Edmund Gosse, entitled "A Danish Poet." It describes a visit paid by the writer to Frederik Paludan-Muller at Fredensborg so long ago as 1872. There is a somewhat extraordinary and perplexing article that calls itself "Something to be Forgotten," by Claude E. Benson, concerning which it is difficult to speak. It reads like the account of an authentic experience; yet it is framed in the fashion of fiction. Whether fiction or authentic narrative, it makes good, stirring (and also, be it said, instructive) reading.

Considerably the most interesting and readable article in *Blackwood's* is anonymous, entitled "Christmas at the Court of Menelik." Its subject is in itself sufficient to command interest; but this incidental matter is aided considerably by skilful telling. Two good stories are "Did We Eat Him?" being a yarn of the sea by Sir C. H. T. Crosthwaite, and "A Safety Match," by Ian Hay. A magazine that we have wished to mention for some time, but which, for some reason or another, has always seemed to arrive inopportunistly, is *The Open Window*. The present number is not so excellent as many we have seen, in quality or in quantity. The chief item of interest in it is the frontispiece by Norman Wilkinson. In delicacy of drawing and in earnest expressiveness it is a very fine piece of work. A strong and forceful story also is that which heads the magazine, entitled "Her Father and Mother," by William Shirlaw.

M. JULES FERRY AND WAR

BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM

As the dispute between Germany and France becomes acute two factors are certain to show themselves more and more prominently which at the beginning very few persons took into account. One is the lust of the Germans for riches, the other the French fear of war. Both factors make, of course, for peace. The daily papers tell us now that the first factor is already operating; Berlin has had a black Saturday; securities have fallen heavily; there is a run here and there and everywhere on savings-banks, and widespread ruin among small investors all over Germany. Already the losses on the German Bourses amount to many millions. The Russians are withdrawing their deposits from German banks, and Frenchmen are calling in their loans. The German middle-classes are being taught that war with France would be ruin to three out of every ten tradesmen. This fact alone, this object-lesson in the seriousness of modern war, and in the part played in modern war by wealth will give Germany pause. Such a lesson of course could not prevent war if war commended itself to the Emperor, for he will always be backed up in any

aggression by the landowners and nobles, the officers and Junkers.

The French fear of war is to me bound up with the name of Jules Ferry; it was Ferry and his fall which first showed me how strong was the French love of peace. Every one will remember that for something like a year Ferry was the first man in France. He was supposed to have brought about the war in Tonkin, and I went across to see him when his enemies, and especially the journalist Rochefort, were making it hot for him. Because of the Tonkin war Rochefort had nicknamed him in derision "Le Tonkinois."

The first impression Ferry made on me was that he was half a lawyer and half a butler—he looked like a butler and talked like a lawyer. He was a man of medium height, broad and stout, with long whiskers. The features were not bad, the forehead high and broad, the nose long but rather fleshy, the chin and jaws ditto, the bony structure submerged in fat. The pale blue eyes were inexpressive, helpless, vague eyes, which accentuated a certain sheepish expression. The lips had character of a sort; they were rather thin and flexible; the man a talker born, like a swimmer, energetic and oily, made for the surface. I supposed he was still a power in France, but soon found that he himself had no illusions on the matter.

"The attack on me," he cried, "is disgraceful, quite immoral. 'Tis backed up even by my own colleagues, who were as responsible as I for the Tonkin Expedition. They all leave me in the lurch, and Rochefort attacks, attacks, attacks with that devilish persistence of the mosquito mind. Even he had nothing to say against the Tonkin Expedition at the beginning. . . ."

"Of course the adventure has not turned out well. It was longer than one thought, and cost infinitely more than any one imagined, and France does not see that she has got any benefit by it. But, after all, if one does not go forward in this world one is sure to go back. If we are not aggressors we shall be robbed. It is very difficult." (Truly it is difficult for the elderly swimmer when the wind rises and the waves beat, and darkness covers the waters.)

"But these attacks, after all," I said, "don't affect you, do they? Surely Rochefort is not taken seriously?" "You have no idea how seriously," he replied. "I had no idea till the other day, when I went down to visit my own department, how strong he is. The French peasant proprietors hate war; they are against me even in my own place. I had no idea that there was such a love of peace in France—peace at any price. Don't you believe all this talk of war and revenge. It is impossible in France. The moment any one attempted to preach it he would be ruined irretrievably, even in his own constituency."

"The old French spirit of daring, the old French love of glory will not be seen again till the generation who knew '70 and its horrors has utterly died out and been forgotten. War won't be possible in France for another twenty years, and even then the first Minister who preaches it will probably have a bad time."

It is twenty years since those words were spoken, and M. Delcassé has had a hard time, as M. Ferry predicted; but Delcassé is coming again to the front, and I believe that the mourning emblems on the memorial of the two lost Provinces in the Place de la Concorde in Paris are withering. I cannot conceal my conviction that one of these days I shall see the memorial flowerclad, rejoicing in white and rose petals. For Germany to-day is weaker than even M. Delcassé imagines, and France is stronger. France even to-day would make something better than a drawn battle of it with Germany, and with the British Fleet to help and 200,000 British soldiers moving towards Metz from Calais the contest would not be long.

AUTUMN NOVELS

WITH the lengthening evenings and the quickly approaching end of the holiday months publishers set to work to provide the novel-reading public with new bills of fare. Sometimes they are more appetising than others. Last autumn one of them may have had an alluring dish concocted by one of the great "sellers"—Mr. Hall Caine perhaps, or Mr. Rudyard Kipling. This autumn, at any rate, there are at least three such dishes. They bear the names of such old and well-cried chefs as Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. J. M. Barrie. Mr. Barrie, who has been silent for far too long a time, has written a new story round two of his characters who have found a place in the hearts of all genuine children, whether young or old—"Peter and Wendy." Mr. H. G. Wells has made a collection of his curiously interesting short stories, and has put them together under the title of "The Country of the Blind." Miss Corelli's new novel is, we are told, selling well.

Already, too, we have had new novels—some of them quite excellent—from Mr. W. J. Locke—"The Glory of Clementina Wing," which is distinctly his best work—Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, detective stories, of all things, Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Warwick Deeping, Miss Maxwell Gray, Mr. Robert Barr, Miss E. S. Stevens, Mrs. B. M. Croker, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mr. Alfred Tennyson—"A Portentous History," which is very good reading—Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, Mr. Robert Machray, Mr. L. G. Moberley, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Mr. Rider Haggard, and Madame Albanesi, whose new book, "Poppies in the Corn," is, she tells us, not a new book at all, but a very old one reissued.

Of new and interesting novels yet to come there are many. Of these Lucas Malet's "Adrian Savage," in which we are to be taken from London to Paris and back again, Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Case of Richard Meynell," Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's "The Order of Release," and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "An Accidental Daughter," will inevitably find many readers. So also will Mr. Anthony Hope's "Mrs. Maxon Protests," Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Song of Renny," Mr. R. H. Benson's "The Coward," Mr. Robert Hichen's "The Truthful Vine," and Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Hilda Lessways." These do not, however, by any means exhaust a very plethora of forthcoming novels. Library shelves are soon to contain contributions from Mr. H. M. Munro, the satirist, who calls himself "Jaki"—his book is called "The Chronicles of Clovis"—Mr. A. E. W. Mason with a novelised version of his play "The Witness for the Defence," Mr. W. W. Jacobs with "Ship's Company," Miss M. E. Braddon with "The Green Curtain," Mr. Henry James with "The Outcry," Miss Dolf Wyllarde with "The Unofficial Honeymoon," Mr. Oliver Onions, with "Good Boy Seldom," and Mr. Algernon Blackwood with "The Centaur."

And yet there are others which are likely to render less monotonous the long evenings this side of Christmas, and, possibly, with luck and advertising, the other side of it as well. For instance, there are "The Inside of the Cup," by the American, Mr. Winston Churchill; "For Henri and Navarre," by Miss Dorothea Conyers; "Etham Frome," by Miss Edith Wharton; "The Dewpond," by Mr. Charles Marriott (who was supposed to have deserted novel-writing for journalism); "The Satanist," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; "A Weaver of Dreams," by Miss Myrtle Reed; "Hurdcott," by Mr. John Ayscough; "The Common Law," by Mr. Robert Chambers; "Lalage's Lovers," by Mr. G. A. Birmingham; "The Courtier Stoops," by Sir James Yoxall; "The House of Robershay," by Miss Emma F. Brooke; and "Penny Monypenny," by Mary and Jane Findlater.

In this long list there are not included the novels of the "new writers," any one of whom may turn out to be an embryo star, or the ephemeral work of that large and rather pathetic class which writes, is not accepted, and finally publishes with a third-rate publisher at his, or mostly her, own expense—living always to repent the deed at leisure. There are, too, a few novels which, although brought out in the spring, have lived to jostle elbows with books cut from the press. Not many—perhaps at the most half a dozen. "The New Machiavelli" is one, and another, certainly, is Miss Netta Syrett's "Drender's Daughter." It is not too much to say of the latter that if it had been written sixty years ago it would have placed its author among those whose books are evergreen. It is worthy of George Eliot. It is a novel of immense power, much wit and satire, and a delicacy of portrait-painting very rare in these days of hurry and bustle. Nothing more true and moving has been written in memory than the poignant description of the child-mind suffering under the loss of her mother. "The Dop Doctor," now becoming, as things go, an old book, is still being read, and "Queed" makes new friends daily. "When the Red Gods Call," by Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, is a discovery of Messrs. Mills and Boon on which they are to be congratulated. It has many editions yet to run.

ART EXHIBITIONS

THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY

THAT there exists an Art of the Camera as well as an Art of the Pencil or Brush is amply proved by the interesting Autumn Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at 5A, Pall-Mall East. Unyielding and uncompromising as the process of exposing and developing a negative may seem, the sun proves himself the finest artist of us all; there is plenty of room, however, for the human touch, by which his pictures are softened and presented in a manner acceptable to eyes which have been trained by generations of brush-work. Four years ago we wrote in *THE ACADEMY*, "A photograph can contain, if we wish, almost as much personality and individual charm as a painting;" in other words, it may be something more than a mere record of fact—it must be more, if it is to have any artistic quality.

The couple of hundred photographs tastefully displayed at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours should not be neglected by any one who is desirous of seeing the latest phase of good work with the camera. Venturesome, startling, and even irritating—at first glimpse—some of them may be; but the undeniable fact remains that they mean something. With admirable wisdom the Committee of Selection have realised that a photograph with an idea behind it, not necessarily beautiful, but of certainty suggestive, is worth a score of the ordinary meaningless pictures of strange scenes or quaint incidents. Thus the excellent study entitled "A Shower," by H. Wild, conveys much more than the mere curve of Regent Street which it depicts: it holds the spirit and motion of the city. Thus, again, two "Portraits" signed D'Ora, one of a woman with exquisite, lightly-veiled arms, the other of a girl nested in furs, with a beautifully expressive face, convey infinitely more than the customary exhibit of the photographer's window: they suggest femininity in its most delicate and spiritual quality. "Speed," a mere smudge of grey at a casual glance, develops by a closer inspection to the bonnet of a motor-car with two shadowy figures behind it, all reeling at a dangerous angle; it is not, however, one of the most successful exhibits.

It is, of course, out of the question to notice even a quarter of the items in the space at our disposal, but a few

more may be alluded to as exceptionally worthy. One of the best things in landscape is "The Dyke Bridge," by H. E. Franzmann, which has a distant view beneath the single span of an old bridge, cleverly chosen for position. "Cannon Street Station" is finely impressive, by J. H. Anderson, and the two best studies of interiors are "Rose" and "Leçon de Musique," by Guido Rey. Among flower studies, though there are very few to compete, the daintiest is "Paönieu," by Otto Ehrhardt, and in the same category we may place "Pomegranates," by Mrs. Minna Keene, a South African exhibitor. Her picture of a flock of geese is full of quiet humour. A delightful nude is entitled "A Study in Light Tones," by Bertram Park, and we must not omit to mention some specimens of Mr. and Mrs. Cadby's well-known work. There are also some very fine examples of the multiple gum process, the subtle colourings of which show to great advantage.

The Exhibition will be open until October 21st, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and we are asked to state that on Tuesday and Friday evenings, beginning with September 15th, lectures on themes of interest will be held in the Salon; on these dates the Exhibition will be open specially from 7 to 9.30 p.m., the charge for admission remaining unaltered. This pleasant innovation should be of great use, for discussion will be invited, and the points raised will be illustrated by the plentiful examples of almost all phases of the art of the camera which grace the surrounding walls, and, occasionally, by lantern views.

MR. GORDON CRAIG'S DRAWINGS AND MODELS

IMMEDIATELY after having witnessed Sir Herbert Tree's magnificent staging of "Macbeth" I visited with pleasure the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of Mr. Gordon Craig's drawings and models for "Macbeth" and other plays. The drawings are highly impressionist, and it is indisputable that those dealing with incidents in "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" are intensely suggestive of the sombre grandeur of the plays. Sir Herbert Tree may possibly have owed some of the inspiration of his scenic effects to a knowledge of Mr. Gordon Craig's suggestions.

Whether this be so or no, both interpretations proceed on majestic and noble lines. Mr. Craig is possibly a disciple of Whistler—at any rate, he is quite successful in suggesting more than he depicts, and this, we take it, is a high artistic achievement. Minute notice of the forty sketches on view at the Leicester Galleries would be out of place; it would be as rational to apply the microscope of twentieth-century criticism to the intangible charm of the whimsies of a "Midsummer Night's Dream," or the picturesque vagaries of the witches around the cauldron. In these days, when it is the habit to seek to dispel what may be illusion by cross-examination or criticism, it is refreshing to discover that which defies either, and I offer my thanks to Mr. Gordon Craig. No. 34 in the catalogue, the comparatively finished sketch of "Wapping Old Stairs," is humorous and also fearsome. I have heard of Sisyphus, and have glanced at the Inferno, but to look at "Wapping Old Stairs" makes one's legs and back ache. Mr. Gordon Craig says of it in the catalogue, "I wanted to know for once what it felt like to be mounting up impossible ladders and beckoning to people to come up too."

"Me miserable which way shall I fly"

immediately occurred to my mind, and after a fleeting glance at the models illustrating the sketches, which were quite clever, especially that of Lady Macbeth reading the letter, I betook me to a taxi, and enjoyed some much-needed refreshment.

C. C.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE GROUPING OF THE POWERS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON, ST. PETERSBURG

It has been known for nearly twelve months that Russia and Germany had aimed at an agreement in principle concerning the Middle East. Some time necessarily elapsed while details were in process of arrangement, but the text of the Treaty has now been published, and consequently we are for the first time justified in offering an extended criticism of its provisions. In the columns of THE ACADEMY I have lost no single opportunity of combating the mischievous suggestion put forward again and again in certain quarters that a Russo-German understanding in the Middle East could not be otherwise than detrimental to the interests of Great Britain. An attempt was deliberately made, the purpose of which remains obscure, to convince the world that Russia had broken faith and friendship with her partners in the Triple Entente; that the balance of power in Europe had changed with amazing suddenness; and that, in consequence of the all-conquering diplomatic skill of the Kaiser in diplomacy, there had at last been established the League of the Three Emperors—the monarchs of Germany, Austria, and Russia—as against a somewhat frail *entente* between France and Great Britain.

Yet these statements were founded upon nothing more substantial than the publication of the alleged text of an agreement, said to have been arrived at between the Governments of St. Petersburg and Berlin, in the course of which it was represented that Russia promised to abstain from any combination of Powers hostile towards Germany. In the genuine document now forthcoming no such clause is to be found. Moreover, it may without hesitation be said that at no time was it ever contemplated that the agreement should extend beyond the questions relating strictly to the Middle East. A moment's consideration of the international situation as it existed when the two countries entered upon the negotiations ought surely to have persuaded the most superficial observers of the trend of world policy that it was not in the interests of Russia for her to consent to link her destiny with that of Germany; and in any case there stood the unalterable truth that the alliance with France imposed an insuperable obstacle to a Russo-German understanding of a comprehensive nature.

It may be urged, however, that treaties between nations are to-day worthless, or, at least, only of value in so far as they provide some basis from which wrangling in the future may start. Doubtless this cynical view applies to what might be termed ordinary agreements relating to any particular part of the world, as, for instance, the Act of Algeciras, the Treaty of Berlin, and the numerous conventions in existence concerning China; but, dishonest as may be the ways of modern diplomacy, the world of our time has yet to witness the destruction of a solemn alliance between two Powers. To the cynics I am perfectly willing to concede that it is not altogether the recognition of moral obligations that has spared us such a spectacle. Alliances are, of course, founded upon the solid rock of mutual interests, but it is possible to conceive the coming of a time when they cease entirely to fulfil the purposes for which they were originally designed, or, because of changed conditions, prove positively irksome to one or, perhaps, even to both parties to the contract. In this event allies find themselves very much in the position of a man who, while finding it necessary to elbow an undesirable partner out of his prosperous business, wishes at the same time to retain him as a friend. Invariably such a man, although he may act with generosity,

finds that he has added one more — and the bitterest of all — to the number of his enemies.

To a large extent I have described the position of Great Britain in regard to the alliance with Japan. Our aims in the Far East are no longer closely identified with those of Japan, and hence we have revised the Treaty so as to reduce our risks proportionately. The Japanese now consider themselves grievously wronged, and are coquetting with Germany. But, in the case of Russia and France, mutual interests are to-day, if anything, stronger than they were when the alliance was first concluded. A casual glance at the map is sufficient to show that to either of these Powers German domination in Europe would spell disaster, if not ruin. Hence the maintenance of cordial relations between Russia and France is rightly regarded by both nations as a matter of life and death. It is not forgotten that the Triple *Entente* which preserves the balance, and therefore the peace, of Europe was the outcome of the alliance. Had it not been for the fact that Russia was the partner of France, many years must have elapsed before she could have brought herself to a settlement of all outstanding issues with Great Britain. The Triple *Entente* was the corollary of the *Entente Cordiale*, and it was made possible by the existence of the Franco-Russian Alliance. The suggestion that international relations have undergone the slightest change as a result of agreement between Berlin and St. Petersburg over Middle Eastern questions is clearly untenable. Russia certainly has no reason to be dissatisfied with the concrete results of her association with France and England. For example, she has strengthened her position both in Persia and in Northern Manchuria, and an enormous amount of French and English money has been invested in the country. It is estimated that the British capital in Russian State loans and undertakings generally is equal to no less than thirty-eight millions sterling. On the other hand, Russia's previous experiences of the Wilhelmstrasse diplomacy have brought her nothing but loss of prestige. Having herself no interests worth considering in Manchuria, Germany readily accorded sympathy to Russia in the campaign against the Japanese. For a time Germany was hailed as a friend in need, but so soon as the war was over, and Russia's military activity was temporarily paralysed, came the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and with it humiliation for Russia. Then the agreement in regard to the Middle East has simply and solely been rendered necessary because without it Germany refused to recognise the special position occupied by Russia in the northern sphere of Persia. Russia realised that Germany was determined to establish a railway connection between the proposed Baghdad system and Teheran. To prevent the growth of German interests in Persia some such arrangement as that just concluded was therefore absolutely essential; the only alternative was resort to war. Russia has already had experience of the cost and trouble involved by reason of the existence of a frontier in Europe conterminous with that of an aggressive Germany, and naturally she was anxious to avoid the creation of a similar situation in the region of the Middle East. It is sufficiently disquieting to realise that Germans will one day be established along the Baghdad route, but their exclusion from Northern Persia will to a large extent place this territory in the position of a buffer state.

For the moment there is no serious cause for friction between the two Empires. Russia may pursue undisturbed her policy of peaceful penetration in Persia. Germany has on her side ensured that the Baghdad system shall not be left without a link with the Persian railways. She regarded this question as constituting the only serious issue between herself and Russia. It is due not alone to her persistency, but also, to no small extent, to her pliability in the negotia-

tions that an agreement was concluded. For several reasons the Wilhelmstrasse is anxious to avoid unpleasantness with Russia. At present Germany enjoys an enormous lead over other countries in trading with Russia. As the population of the Empire is increasing at a remarkable rate, and the exploration of the vast resources of its soil has now begun in earnest, premier position in the Russian market is a prize well worth striving for among the nations. Then Germany has not been slow to realise that in the event of a European war an invasion from two sides would tax to the utmost her military capacity. But her statesmen imagine that unless Russia were directly concerned in the issue she would not be prepared to join Great Britain and France in taking the field; and it is here that they seem to be singularly misinformed as to the real feeling entertained towards their aims in foreign countries. They delude themselves with the belief that the abrupt developments of their policy have no lasting consequences. For example, they will doubtless be surprised to learn that in Russia the Bosnia-Herzegovinian incident is still fresh in the memory. When the Agadir affair is at an end they will expect the French people to forget immediately that it ever happened.

The world is weary of the insecurity caused by constantly recurring false alarms for which Germany is solely responsible. The utter insincerity and the brutally abrupt aggressiveness that distinguish her diplomacy, mingled as it is with Imperial utterances the bombast of which is positively nauseating, have rendered her the object of just suspicion among all the nations of the earth. The one moment she is righteously solicitous for the hapless lot of the Moroccan people; the next she is exploiting their misfortunes as a means to driving a territorial bargain with France; or, again, she is posing at Constantinople as the friend, and incidentally as the financier, of Islam, and at the same time drawing up an agreement with Russia in which she recognises the superior position of that country in the neighbouring land of Persia upon which Turkey has some designs. After acquiescing, with a flourish of the sabre, in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina as compensation to Austria for her enforced loyalty to a "big brother," she endeavours, a few months later, to soothe the ruffled feelings of Russia by requiring that she shall build a railway to feed the Baghdad system. But in Russia the agreement has not been received with the least evidence of enthusiasm. I repeat, there has been nothing in the way of a *rapprochement* with Germany. On the contrary, the occasion has been used for a reaffirmation of unswerving adherence to the Triple *Entente* and reiteration of loyal sentiments towards France.

In regard to the present crisis it is understood that should all other methods fail, Russia may perhaps attempt mediation. This mediation could, after all, only take the form of persuading Germany to moderate her demands; but its significance would certainly not be lost on the Wilhelmstrasse, where the hope is still entertained that the Triple *Entente* is divided against itself. No greater error of judgment could ever cloud the mental vision of statesmen responsible for guiding the destinies of a nation. It cannot be too clearly emphasised that Great Britain, France, and Russia are in perfect accord as to the policy to be pursued during the present negotiations over Morocco, and, what is of still more importance, are agreed upon a common policy in the event of the failure of those negotiations. Germany must not count upon the least support from Russia. She must not even rely upon that nation assuming a neutral attitude. Her policy and her people are frankly disliked by the intelligent masses in Russia. To-day, Russia is a far greater factor in the situation than she was at the time of the Balkan *coup d'état*. Her financial position has been enormously strengthened, and her army reformed and con-

centrated in European Russia. All the military officers with whom I have spoken (I mention the circumstance solely because of its significance) are keen for a war—a war in which Great Britain would be their country's ally, and Germany and Austria her enemies.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

IN reading of such a performance as that accomplished the other day on the Brooklands track by a 25-30h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, one wonders which ought to excite the greater astonishment and admiration—the perfection of the car's mechanism, or the nerve, skill, and endurance of the drivers—Mr. Coatalen and his assistant. Nine hundred and eight miles (within a few yards) covered in twelve consecutive hours' running! Figures frequently convey little to the imagination, but when one reflects that this represents a speed of seventy-five miles an hour maintained for twelve hours the wonderful nature of the performance must be apparent to the most unimaginative. Much has been written about the phenomenally rapid development of the motor industry, but perhaps nothing furnishes a more striking illustration of this than a comparison of the speed and reliability of the modern car, as exemplified by the Sunbeam with the snail-like progress and continuous breakdowns of the cars which took part in the memorable "race" from London to Brighton some fifteen years ago. In those days even the most enthusiastic could not have anticipated such a marvellous advance in so short a time.

Writing of the Sunbeam performance, one is reminded of the fact that it removes from the list of records one that has stood since 1907. We refer to that put up by Mr. S. F. Edge for twelve hours' running in the course of his stupendous feat in driving a six-cylinder Napier for twenty-four consecutive hours at the average speed of sixty-one miles an hour. This has always appeared to the writer to be the most wonderful performance in the history of automobilism, and, risky though it is to prophecy about anything in connection with motor records, it does not seem likely that it will ever be beaten.

Among the 1,748 motorists who joined the ranks of the Automobile Association and Motor Union last month were H.R.H. Prince Maurice of Battenberg, the Duc d'Orléans, the Nawab of Mandot, the Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Egmont, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. H. W. Carr Comm, M.P., Mr. D. Dalziel, M.P., and Mr. Justice Bucknill. The list of newly-elected members also includes nearly one hundred lady motorists, among whose names one notices those of many distinguished members of society—H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, the Countess of Selborne, the Countess Dowager of Radnor, Lady Dewar, Lady Maud Lyon, and others. It is interesting to note also that the Association, in addition to being by far the largest body of motorists in the world, now contains more motor-cyclist members than any motor-cycling organisation in the country.

The Rolls-Royce polished chassis, which has attracted visitors from all over the world to the Company's stand at Olympia and to their dépôt in Conduit Street, has now a home worthy of its reputation. When, some months ago, it became necessary to consider the question of redecorating

the present showrooms and remaining there, or of taking new premises which had been offered to them in Pall Mall, the directors decided upon the former course, rightly assuming that everybody who is in a position to purchase a Rolls-Royce car knows where it is to be found. Having arrived at this decision, they determined that the work of redecoration should be done regardless of expense, and in a style befitting the car which so many experts have pronounced to be the finest in the world. The scheme ultimately decided upon, after consultation with Mr. E. K. Purchase, F.R.I.B.A., one of the architects of the new premises of the R.A.C., is seventeenth-century English, and distinctly characteristic of Sir Christopher Wren. The most notable features are the richly and elaborately ornamented ceilings, from which are suspended dish-lights of alabaster; the carved English oak panelling, with gilded cornice and oak pilasters, and carved bases of the Ionic order; and the floor, which is set out in grey-and white squares of Sicilian marble. The general effect is most imposing, and numerous visitors who have already inspected the premises since the renovation have expressed the opinion that they are the finest motor showrooms in London.

As a striking illustration of the excellence of the A.A. and M.U.'s organisation and the extent of its ramifications, the following incident is worth recording. During a recent tour in France a member of the Association had his car stolen by means of a trick which indicated considerable ingenuity upon the part of the thief. Directly the owner discovered his loss he communicated the facts to the police, and also advertised in the local papers offering a reward for the recovery of the car. Four days having passed without result, he returned to London and consulted Scotland Yard, but was informed by the officials there that the matter was outside their jurisdiction. He then applied to the A.A. and M.U. for assistance, and within a few hours the Association had sent a description of the missing car to every hotel and garage within 200 miles of Nice (where the loss was discovered), and also informed every Custom-house on the French frontier. Telegrams giving information as to the movements of the car on different occasions began to come in at once from various parts of France, and within three days of the first notification of the loss to the A.A. one was received stating that the car had been abandoned by the thief at l'Argentière, near Briançon. The owner at once proceeded there, and, after having duly complied with the formalities imposed by the French police authorities, regained possession of his car.

Progress in aviation continues apace. During the past week the altitude record has been beaten by Garros, who has attained a height of nearly $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, Mlle. Dutrieu has established a fresh record for lady-aviators by accomplishing a non-stop flight of 143 miles, and the first aerial postal-service has been inaugurated with as much success as could have been anticipated. In the meantime there has been rather more than the usual crop of fatalities, at least half a dozen having unfortunately to be added to the list of martyrs to the new science of locomotion.

R. B. H.

THE NEW MICHELIN AVIATION PRIZE.—The Michelin Tyre Company of London wish us to state that the above prize is not being offered by them, as stated in our issue of September 2nd, but by Michelin et Cie. of France.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THESE are glorious days for the bear, which means that they are peculiarly disagreeable for the average person. It is only the professional who goes short of stocks. The amateur never thinks of selling. Yet more money is made by selling than by buying. A man who buys shares hangs on. If he sold the moment the market went against him he would, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, be able to buy back lower down. The tenacity with which people hang on to shares for years is one reason why no one makes money out of speculation. Jews always cut their loss, but the Christian seldom does—he thinks it shows funk. But courage in money matters is out of place. The French Banks are showing a wise discretion in withdrawing their loans to Germany. The Deutsche, the Dresdner, and the Disconto are examples of misplaced courage. They have foreseen the present crisis for some years. Yet they have gone on over-lending, and to-day they wonder what will happen if war actually does occur. There are two ways of looking at the financial pressure now being put upon Germany by France. The man in the street says, "A jolly good thing;" the more nervous and perhaps more long-sighted person wonders whether it may not force Germany to say, "We will fight rather than pay." The threat held over Germany by Paris, that unless the German Foreign Office behaves itself all the millions will be recalled, might bring about the very crisis it is expected to avert. The matter has been discussed in diplomatic circles for some years past, and the Germans are credited with having said that war would be inevitable once the Great Paris "Five" decided to call in loans. We shall see. I see no signs at the moment of any big loans having been called in. The small Paris Banks are hard hit over the 14 millions Argentine Loan failure, and they got all the cash they could. But the Bank of France, the Crédit Lyonnais, the Comptoir d'Escompte, and the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas were not concerned in the Argentine business, and they do not appear to have moved.

The Berlin panic was the result of wild gambling in Germany, and had to come, war scare or no war scare. It was one of those things we all know must come. The President of the Reichsbank has told us plainly that the situation was dangerous—not once or twice, but repeatedly. As a result of his warnings there has been steady liquidation by cautious people for many months. But none of us thought there were so many bulls as turned out to be the case. It was a distinct shock. I believe that if the Paris banks keep cool and help Berlin, the Morocco question will be settled in a few weeks, but I fear that severe pressure may end in war. The diplomats do not want war. They are merely haggling; but if they find the screw applied they may be forced to fight in order to save the credit of the nation.

MONEY.—The Government has made a successful issue of Treasuries, and the price is but little better than the open market. This does not look like war. Cash and cash alone counts when nations are fighting, and not even Treasuries could be placed to yield £3 3s. 2d. per cent. if the big financiers thought that we were on the eve of battle. The cash position of our leading banks is very strong indeed. It has never been stronger. The Bank of England is also in a splendid position. But if the panic continues, and the Reichsbank raises its rate, we must expect a rise to 3½ here.

CONSOLS.—The silly Government circular about the purchase of Consols has done no good. What we want, and what we must have, is a Consol to bearer with coupons attached which may be purchased at any Post Office at the

market price of the day. Everybody should be an investor in Consols. In France this is the case. In England the rich alone hold Consols. Irish land stock gives a good yield and is cheap to-day. India Three-and-a-half is also cheap, though in the present disturbed state of the market possibly we shall see lower quotations.

FOREIGNERS.—The newspapers talk war; but the great Banks of Paris do not sell any of their securities. Russian stocks are as steady as a rock. It is only the gambling counters that are affected. German Threes are at 82, which is hardly a war price. It would seem that the big financiers are having a complete clearance of non-dividend paying stocks and forcing all gamblers to stay their hands. But there is no panic amongst the solid shares.

HOME RAILS.—One is not surprised at low prices here, for it is evident that trade is dull. The Trade Returns for August were not good, and with labour troubles everywhere the gambler in Home Rails has a poor time. But the investor now has a great chance, for he can buy at almost the bottom. The man who expects to get in right down below the rest is a fool. No one can play "tops and bottoms." No one can always count upon always being able to buy gilt-edge securities like our leading Home Railways to pay him 5 per cent. We shall one day regret our tardiness.

YANKEES.—It is useless to suggest a purchase of Yankees, for the bankers are busy in collecting money for their German friends and they will not find money for the Wall Street speculator. Morgans, Kuhn Loeb, Hallgarten, Bleichroder, the Dresdner, Spyers, and the rest are so closely connected that no one can hope for good markets in New York when Berlin needs cash. Yet the investor can buy Unions, New York Centrals, Pennsylvanias with absolute confidence. Even Steel Preferred are cheap to-day, and Atchisons are not over-valued.

RUBBER.—The dealers think it fairly safe to bang rubber shares, and no one comes in to support the market. The only people who could do this are the trusts, and they have no funds. Most of them are already heavily committed, and dare not spend any more money. Mincing Lane speculators cannot get the banks to lend money on rubber shares in these dangerous days, and, indeed, the Lane in all its skirmishes with the Stock Exchange has invariably come off second best. The amateur has no chance against the "pro."

OIL.—The news that the Gates Company, the Texas Oil Company, intended to reduce its dividend did not improve Mexican Eagles. Lobitos have, however, been bought. The Balfour-Williamson crowd are evidently hoping to get big supplies of oil at depth, and the news is good. The Premier Oil and Pipe, which has been puffed more than any other oil company this past six months, is now very weak. The support has been withdrawn from the market, and no one wants to buy the shares.

KAFFIRS.—The shops pick up a few shares now and again, and bargain-hunters calculate lives and dividends and buy what they consider cheap. But the Kaffir market has had far too many disagreeable surprises to recover. The last Rand fiasco will not be forgotten for a long time, and there is therefore no hurry to buy Kaffirs.

RHODESIANS.—It would be foolish to gamble in Rhodesians with the chance of a European war. The stuff might be unsaleable for twelve months. Mines are amusing gambles when markets are good. To buy them in days like these is rank foolishness.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Until a week or two back this market had been the only one to keep its tone. But last Saturday's slump scared out the holders, and since then the tone has been weak. There are many cheap investments. But with declining trade and war scares I cannot but think that people should keep their money in their pockets.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Dempsey Diamonds.* By Allen Arnot. John Lane. 6s.
Mrs. Maxon Protests. By Anthony Hope. Methuen and Co. 6s.
The Better Man. With Some Account of What he Struggled for and What he Won. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Greening and Co. 6s.
The Gallant Graham. By May Wynne. Greening and Co. 6s.
Hodson's Voyage. By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated by Fred Pegram. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
The Imperishable Wing. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
"Ruffles." By L. T. Meade. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
A Woman's Error. By Charlotte Brame. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.
The First Born. By R. Murray Gilchrist. T. Werner Laurie, 6s.
All Atory. By Maude Annesley. Mills and Boon. 6s.
A Weaver of Dreams. By Myrtle Reed. Coloured Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.
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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 375	Fiction 385
The Passing of Summer 376	The Theatre..... 387
An Expedient 376	Music 388
Plymouth: Past 376	Sir Richard Burton—II. 389
The Place of the Illus- trator 378	"Treasure Island" as a Book for Boys 391
Golf and the Sabbath in Scotland 379	"Red Ruin and the 'Making' of the Laws" —II. 392
Irish Legislative Assem- blies: a Retrospect—I. 380	New Zealand Sketches ... 393
Reviews:—	Autumn Books: General 394
Talleyrand-Périgord ... 382	Photography..... 395
The Land of the Morn- ing Calm 383	Imperial and Foreign Affairs 395
Ancient International Law 384	Motoring and Aviation ... 396
Shorter Reviews 385	In the Temple of Mammon 398
	Books Received 399

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE world of Russian politics has been shaken during the past week by the brutal assassination of M. Stolypin, Prime Minister of the Czar's dominions. Our correspondent at St. Petersburg will probably deal more fully with the causes and effects of this dastardly action in a later issue; meanwhile we wish to enter our protest against the exaggerated language used by a certain halfpenny paper in its comments upon the deceased statesman and what it is pleased to term "Stolypinism." Ignorance breeds intolerance, and to say that M. Stolypin "represents the evil genius of humanity," to say it under the cloak of a sanctimonious profession that "it is well to tell the truth even in the midst of a tragedy," is futile indeed. Such absurdities do no harm among people whose thoughts go below the surface of things; but since the paper in question probably circulates chiefly among those who are unwilling or unable to think deeply or logically, the words should not be passed over without reprimand. M. Stolypin was a man and a politician with definite views on the subject of what was best for his country, and it is in the worst possible taste, to say the least, to allow such statements as those to which we allude to attain the authority of print. We can only at the present moment express sympathy with the Russian Government in its loss, and reproduce the sensible words of another writer to the effect that "to the man who enabled the existing Russia to work during these essential years of recuperation, posterity may very well assign a high place in the world's gratitude."

B

The title of an article in the *Literary Digest* of New York for September 9th is "Scientific Management for Churches," and its text is the pronouncement of a Chicago Dean that the "philosophy of efficiency" can at least be tentatively applied to the working of religious bodies. Whether business methods—especially the business methods of the modern American—will lend themselves smoothly to operations which cannot well be governed by rule and measure is a debatable point. A man who is inefficient in his work can in ordinary commercial life be discharged; but how is the amount of good which a preacher or teacher does to be recognised? The efficient Church is not always the most popular one, and the man who does the most good is not the one who makes the most noise. In this connection it seems as though our friends across the Atlantic are waking up, for Mr. Pierpont Morgan and some of his colleagues have financed a new movement with the object of remedying the "deep general corruption" which, according to certain authorities, has gripped the United States during the last ten years. Five hundred "ministers of the new religion" were given a farewell banquet last Monday night.

These enthusiasts are to be divided into "teams of ten men, who will hold eight-day revivals in seventy-six cities of the United States." We have our doubts of these sudden spurts of fervour, but we shall look forward with interest to the proposed regeneration of New York, which begins on October 2nd. The weak point in the scheme appears to be the absence of the feminine element—the influence of the woman is to be entirely eliminated, the chief revivalist remarking that "there is no truth in this sentimental gush about woman's influence on man." That is precisely where he makes a mistake. From the very earliest times women have played notable parts in the history of great movements, and they show no inclination to sit down and fold their hands at the present day; but, apart from any question of "sentimental gush," women are specially suited for success in matters where suggestion rather than domination is the driving force. And, in religious affairs particularly, the principal note is not that of harsh compulsion, but rather the gentler one of unobtrusive persuasion.

Mr. Wells has republished the best of his short stories in a cheap edition with Messrs. Nelson, and has written an introduction to the book dealing with the short stories which began to flourish in England in the 'nineties. He talks of Kipling, Barrie, Stevenson, and Frank Harris, and the list seems right enough, except that perhaps Stevenson has hardly any right to be reckoned among masters of the short story. But this is not the view of the *Athenæum*. The *Athenæum* critic falls foul of the inclusion of Mr. Frank Harris's name, and has the bad taste to talk of "vulgarisation" and "popular taste," as if Mr. Frank Harris's stories were on a lower level than those of Mr. Kipling. Now, "Montes" and "The Modern Idyll," two of his stories, were translated when they first appeared, and were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the editorship of M. Brunetière. This alone should have taught the critic of the *Athenæum* that, whether he likes them or not, the stories are in the front rank of literary craftsmanship. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is among the ablest story-writers of this time, has declared that "Montes" is the best short story in English, and George Meredith held the same view. Under these circumstances Mr. Frank Harris can treat the condemnation of the *Athenæum* critic with the same cheerful disdain which he showed recently to the puritanical condemnation of the *Spectator*.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

So it is done, thy reign of golden hours,
 The transient dream of thy enchanted sway !
 We stand regretful 'mid the drooping flowers,
 And watch thee fade along the sapphire way.
 Does it avail us now that well we knew
 Time must for thy sweet government grow late ?
 Sadly thy irised robes melt from our view
 Where white cloud-pylons guard the Western Gate.
 Yet in thy passing bind about thy brow
 One fragrant chaplet as remembrancer :
 For our leal tribute, lo ! the laurel bough,
 And for our grateful memories, lavender.
 So in thine exile thy dominion keep ;
 We, who awhile must grace the usurper's train,
 Have store of golden dreams to lighten sleep.
 We but await thee. Thou wilt come again ?

PHIL. J. FISHER.

AN EXPEDIENT

WE note with chastened pleasure that the Home Office has issued a circular launching a new measure of extreme importance on lines which, in the main, we see no reason to quarrel with. The Duke of Bedford and following him others have foreshadowed the necessity of such a movement as that to which the Home Secretary now lends his sanction. There can be no doubt that a force such as that which Mr. Churchill advocates would be a real safeguard in certain eventualities in piping days of domestic peace, which it seems we are to know no longer.

We might continue work in our industries, in time of external war, with confidence and complacency if we knew that we had a Territorial Army equal to the function of adequately protecting our shores against possible misfeasance or defeasance on the part of our fleets. We shall deal in a few weeks authoritatively on that subject. However far the Territorial system—good in outline—may fall short of military necessities, it is obvious that it is immensely strengthened by the voluntary movement, the Veteran—now called the National—Reserve. The Boy-Scouts who are so devoted to Lord Kitchener, and to whom he is so devoted, are another undoubted element of strength when the trouble is from without, and the same may be said of the Church Lads' Brigade and the Boys' Brigade.

Purely patriotic movements such as these are the breath of modern life, and supply the stimulus of hope when many features of the times are distinctly depressing—if not revolting.

The Home Secretary's scheme is the apex of much which voluntary effort has suggested, and—in so far as it is not a concession to panic—it is wholly to be commended.

The formation and objects of the contemplated special police force as set forth in the Home Office memorandum, which we do not hesitate to say in lucidity and directness is masterly, must appeal to all loyal and patriotic men. It recognises a change in the view of social problems the cause of which wise men do not waste their time in seeking to discover, but which they frankly admit exists.

To find a remedy suitable to the times is the task of a statesman, and Mr. Churchill, whom we have previously blamed not a little and have also sometimes praised, deserves, on this occasion, full recognition of a well-considered and statesmanlike proposal.

The danger of course which suggests itself is that the proposal is prompted by the desire of running away from

the necessity for the employment of military force in phenomenal civil commotion. If that is the underlying motive a departure otherwise entirely commendable, should be condemned. The measures shadowed forth in the Home Office Circular would undoubtedly in many cases nip disorder in the bud, and in many other cases effectually deal with it in early and momentous stages. They would also be of the highest value in the time of war.

We own we do not like the passage :

In Mr. Churchill's opinion it is the duty of all police authorities to make arrangements in advance whereby the force under their control can on occasion be rapidly supplemented so as to be able to cope with sudden calls for extra police duty without dependence on military aid or assistance from neighbouring forces, which in certain instances it may not be possible to obtain.

It is impossible to quarrel with the wording, but with numerous unedifying examples of weakness at the Home Office fresh in memory, it is easy to observe that an invertebrate Secretary of State might view them as creating an agapemone of sloth and dereliction.

It must be clearly understood that measures which may, and we think will, be useful in often obviating the necessity of calling in the military arm, must not be allowed for one moment to interfere with recourse to such action when and where it is seen to be necessary. So long as human nature remains what it is, force and force alone is the ultimate remedy for vicious and unbridled violence.

CECIL COWPER.

PLYMOUTH: PAST

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

Upon the British coast, what ship yet ever came
 That not of Plymouth heares ? where those brave Navies lie
 From cannons' thund'ring throats that all the world defie ?

—DRAYTON.

It is not given to all towns to play a memorable part in the history of their country, however much they may become celebrated in the annals of county or provincial affairs. The exploits of local magnates and heroes may be as fine as you please, may be even worthy of immortality gained by song or epic ; but unless they bear some demonstrable relation to the fortunes of the land, they are often doomed to a fame-radius of perhaps fifty or sixty miles.

From very early times the port of Plymouth, or "Sutton," as it was named in the Domesday Book, was acquainted with wars and rumours of wars, though no specifically national event dowered it then with laurels. It was "well known to the Armorican Britons as the Hamoaze in the troublous times that followed the departure of the Romans," writes Mr. R. N. Worth, the author of the finest extant history of the borough, and the names of Sutton and the Hamoaze still distinguish its commercial and naval side at the present day. In the year 1287 Plymouth was the gathering-place of a fleet of over three hundred ships, and in 1377 it ranked as the fourth town of the kingdom. Little items of very human significance are on record which bring the men of those days vividly before our eyes ; here is one concerning Mr. John Facey, an excitable gentleman who was Mayor of the town in 1446. He lost his temper most regrettably while sitting in judgment upon others, and "struck the Town Clerk, as he sat upon the Bench, for addressing him without giving him his title of 'Worship,' for which he was fain to compound with a good round sum ; and he was called

'Worship Facey' ever after." He seems to have been rather a quaint character in his way, for it is recorded that he was "remarkably cholerick, and would run the whole length of a street after the whorson boys, as he called them, who took delight in flouting him as he passed." And when in 1448 he was elected to the high office for the second time he ungraciously remarked to his friends that "they might as well have continued him the whole three years, and that would have saved the trouble of choosing him again."

Plymouth has memories that are well-nigh inexhaustible. In the days of Breton skirmishes and escapades—of which there were many—it must have presented a tempting morsel to the marauders from the French coast. Once, at any rate, the women of the town bravely joined in its defence: "Like Amazons, by hurling of flints and pebbles, and such-like artillery, [they] did greatly advance their husbands' and kinsfolks' victory." It has stories of Katharine of Arragon, of Edward the Black Prince, and of innumerable maritime adventurers. But for all time the name of the "Metropolis of the West" will be associated chiefly with two events inseparably bound up with the history of England and the history of the United States of America—the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the sailing of the *Mayflower*.

Every schoolboy knows, thanks to the prose of history-books and the poetry of Macaulay, the principal facts relating to the wars with Spain and the sailing of "that great fleet invincible." According to one account, the Armada consisted of "132 sail of large ships, twenty caravels for conveying their artillery and stores, and ten small vessels of six oars each, having on board 8,766 sailors, 2,088 galley-slaves, 21,855 soldiers, and 3,165 pieces of cannon." Old tradition has it—and it were wise not to cast doubt on this story in the presence of a Plymouth man, lest evil befall you—that one Francis Drake and his merry comrades were enjoying a game of bowls on or near Plymouth Hoe, when news of the approach of this huge crescent-shaped fleet was brought by an alarmed merchantman. In the true manner of the hero—and heaven forbid that we should discount his heroism, whether this particular item be truth or fancy—the sailor replied that there was plenty of time to finish the game and thrash the Spaniards too. In song and story the battle has been commemorated, and once for all "bonnie Devon" took her place as the home of the sea kings and the county of gallant fighters. "The gentlemen of Devonshire," says the chronicler, "greatly exerted themselves by fitting out all the ships they could procure, and hastening to join the English fleet, where they behaved themselves with the greatest intrepidity;" and here we may briefly record once more that "among the Devon worthies who distinguished themselves on this glorious occasion were Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Robert Carey, Knight, and Edward Fulford, Esquire, then Sheriff for the County of Devon." Names with a fine flavour of the sea about them—names that ring in the ears and make the blood of a Devon man run more swiftly! For over two hundred years Plymouth celebrated the anniversary of the memorable day by ringing a peal of bells from the parish church; the custom, however, is now discontinued. The custom of playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe, on the other hand, seems likely to be perpetuated. In 1630 Westcote records that "the townsmen pass their time of leisure in walking, bowling, and other pleasant pastimes;" and at the present time the townsmen may be seen on any fine day philosophically watching the run of the balls on the level green which was opened a year or two ago.

In a much more peaceful manner did Plymouth link herself to English history on the other occasion to which we have alluded. During the early years of the seventeenth century "the severities used against the Nonconformists had

continued to increase," and many good people sought to transfer their energies to some clime less harsh upon personal convictions. This is no place to discuss the ethical aspect of a persecution for which in many cases Nonconformists had only themselves to thank; suffice it to say that in this particular instance the flight to Holland, the sailing thence, and the final departure from Plymouth made history, and moulded the destinies of at least one nation; vicariously, of course, of many.

On September 6th, 1620, the devoted band sailed from Plymouth Barbican in the *Mayflower*, a little vessel of 180 tons, not so large as some of the dockyard tugs which nowadays thrash up and down the wide Hamoaze. She carried on board 101 passengers, men, women, and children, and "after a voyage of sixty-three days" (compare this with the present five-day trip on a spacious liner) "they landed at that part of the American coast on which they founded the towns of Plymouth and Boston. Such was the foundation of the United States of America," says the old writer. Mr. Worth—alas, that faithful historians so often must shatter the crystal of romance!—coldly remarks that the place is called Plymouth in Smith's *First Account of New England*, 1616—four years before the arrival of the Pilgrims. Who was "Smith"? and why should he interfere with our settled conviction that our beloved English Plymouth stood godmother to the new Plymouth of the "American Coast"? Let him be treated with the ignominy so unpoetic a creature deserves. At any rate, he cannot destroy the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower* actually landed there; and as a day or two ago I stood upon the granite stone let into the causeway of Plymouth Barbican, whereon is cut the simple inscription, "MAYFLOWER, 1620," I thought of the manifold troubles of sickness and death, of hostile Indians and scanty food, which those brave settlers suffered in the New Plymouth over the seas. I thought, too, of the homeward sailing of the gallant *Mayflower*, so beautifully told by Longfellow in his solemn hexameters:—

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
"Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures, ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army. . .
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours. . . .
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at its coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains!
Beautiful on the sails of the *Mayflower* riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure.
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert. . . .
Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west wind.
Blowing steady and strong; and the *Mayflower* sailed from the harbour.
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the sand of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

September 23, 1911

THE ACADEMY

is the English Plymouth bound
ntry. Of other expeditions,
Grenville, Lord Howard
is no space to tell;
mouth of to-day,
the wide

"Ply-

an official position and must be accepted. In many such
ways as this is the sensitive reader tried by the intrusive-
ness of the illustrator.

Nor is this the only complaint we may make. Book illus-
trators are stepping further and further out of their proper
province. They no longer make any pretence of serving
their authors, but have set up in business for themselves,
and dispose of other people's ideas. There is no monopoly
in subjects. A man may give us a picture allegory of the
French Revolution even though Carlyle has given us a
poetic allegory. But let us have his own ideas upon the
subject. If he illustrates Carlyle he is a mere purloiner
of Carlyle's ideas. Let the book-illustrator come forth boldly
as an original artist, and do his thinking for himself, or let
him retire definitely to the humble position of commentator,
which a draughtsman may fill as well as a writer. For if
the illustrator has any moral right to step into a book at all
is as commentator. His illustrations are "notes" upon the
text, and like notes should be put in their proper place at
end of the volume, where the reader may turn to them
not, as he requires. They may inform us to advantage
on many points of historical matters, such as costume; they may help us
on many points of ignorance. For there are authors
whose writing is sometimes a little heavy with technical
who revel in their out of sheer delight in their
of their subject. Here the illustrator may come to
He may do all this without intruding upon the
reader's own impressions.
ambitions go beyond that he may set up as a
no reason in the world why we should not
works in pictures as well as in words.
might be made, too, and of
must be kept apart from the
with it is as unwarranta
portions
me

the most precise imaginative writing there is a latitude of interpretation.

The imaginative work which is not purely satirical, but has touches of satire in it, is the most dangerous to lay open to the invasion of the illustrator. The pen has a great superiority over the pencil as an instrument of satire. For upon what is superficially ridiculous, the little tricks of appearance and dress, the pen can touch gently and humorously, but the pencil seizes upon them, exposes them brutally, and exaggerates them out of all importance. Yet, as, for example, in Thackeray's sketches, it is in satirical work of the lighter order, which does not strike very deep and is designed only to raise a jolly laugh, that the artist, if anywhere, may have a free hand.

When we come to the case of the artist who has turned author we are posed with a more delicate problem. It may seem overbold to suggest that "Trilby" is no exception to the rule. Yet to do this is no slight upon an indubitably fine artist. In the earlier chapters, where he touches real greatness, Du Maurier is for the moment finer as author than as artist. Trilby herself may well outlive, indeed already she has outlived, the Du Maurier woman. Her history may be studied and her character admired by generations which will see no beauty in the stern figure and heavy features of the women Du Maurier loved to draw, and which will find themselves hindered in understanding her charm when they have to associate it with such physical qualities. When that generation comes the illustrations will keep only an historical value, and their place will be the appendix.

Trilby, then, is no exception, but there is one class of book which must be excepted. Children's books present an entirely different problem, and must have their own rules. The imagination of the child is of quite different quality from the imagination of the man. It is stimulated by things, not words. A child can make a Spanish galleon out of a horsehair sofa, or a well-equipped, fast-moving locomotive out of a sewing-machine, with an ease which his elders may well envy. But he enjoys his fairy-story all the more if he has the princess and the dragon before him in black and white. There is a single rule—consistently ignored, as it seems to me, by most modern illustrators—which should direct the pictures in children's books. It rests upon quite a simple psychological fact. The child does not admit the word "unnatural" to its vocabulary at all; he hardly understands the meaning even of the word "strange." He is setting out upon the adventure of life with a tranquil and open mind. He is still untrammelled by experience; he does not, after the conceited fashion of men and women, try every new discovery upon that fragile touchstone. Sometimes in dreams you may recapture this glorious equanimity in the presence of strange adventures.

To the child there is nothing strange, nothing "unrabbit-like," as it were, in the behaviour of the White Rabbit in "Alice." It does not occur to the child—unless indeed his imagination has been limited and his tranquillity destroyed by the study of the "natural history" of rabbits—that rabbits do not, as a rule, do and say such things. His instinctive belief in their naturalness is in no way shaken by the fact that they lie beyond his own experience. But the modern illustrator—an unhappy man who has studied natural history—is oppressed by a certain strangeness in the White Rabbit's conduct. The White Rabbit is not as other rabbits are; and so he draws him grotesquely to mark the distinction, forgetting that it is a distinction which no child would make. It was the great achievement of Tenniel, with his understanding mind, that he made the White Rabbit exactly like any other white rabbit. And he made Alice like any other little girl, because he knew that every little girl would read those epic adventures with the knowledge that they might happen to herself any day of the week.

GOLF AND THE SABBATH IN SCOTLAND

GOLF

ALL real lovers of the royal and ancient game should play it at North Berwick. The air is the most perfect in Great Britain, the surroundings are lovely, and on that narrow strip of common which man's ingenuity has made into a golf-course are to be found the most noted in the world of fashion, politics, and sport. To stay at North Berwick in the month of September is just like being in London during the height of the season, for many who have never handled a golf-club in their lives drift up there and meander over the links or walk round with their friends, thus adding to the outrageous crush which already exists. The marvel is that many are not killed or injured by the golf-balls which, like round shot in the battles of one hundred years ago, are plunging everywhere, from front and behind, from north, south, east, and east, whilst all too frequent slices and pulls render even those spots which are supposed to be out of the line of fire absolutely unsafe. But no one seems to care, and no one ever seems to get killed; the course is fashionable, every one meets friends there, they all have a good time in the evenings, no one is hopelessly bored, and for these reasons the North Berwick links are regarded by many as the most perfect in the world. As a matter of sober fact, it would be difficult to find worse. They merely consist of a narrow strip of turf running along the seashore, and on this a Scotsman's frugal ingenuity has managed to lay out eighteen holes, a few of which are excellent, some moderate, and the majority distinctly bad. So many couples play on the course, that you are lucky if you get off inside an hour. You make your initial shot, and then there is a long interregnum before you can make your next, for the couple ahead of you are occupying the tee and laboriously trying to wriggle the ball in the hole. Now they are off, and your caddie informs you that you can play, when a couple cross your line of fire and take not the slightest notice of your frantic shouts of "Fore."

It must be understood that North Berwick, in addition to its other disappointments, is a public common, and all the townspeople have a right to stroll over it at will. Having passed out of range, you again settle to make your deadly approach, when a ball whistles by your head and falls plump on the ground within a few yards just as a little reminder that you are delaying the couple behind. By this time your nerve is somewhat shattered, and your approach is hopelessly awry. Whilst putting on the greens, balls are flying all around you—for the first green and the eighteen are situated on the same plateau, and all ill-aimed shots seem to come in your direction. But of all the nerve-trying experiences, driving off at the second hole is the worst. Here those who are approaching from the first hole have to land their balls directly over your head; while those who are approaching the eighteen green have also to land their balls over your head in front of you. You can take your choice whether you prefer to be hit on the back of the head or in the face, because there are countless couples who will accommodate you either way. Meanwhile, with the cannons blazing forth, and the air alive with hoarse cries of "Fore," you are expected to drive your own ball down a narrow strip of turf, with the sea-shore waiting for you on one side, and many perambulators full of ruddy-faced, healthy children on the other. If you slice your ball, you go into the sea; if you pull it, you enter a perambulator; and in either case you will probably intercept an approach-shot coming from before or behind.

The third hole is even more dangerous than the second,

for here the strip of turf is at its narrowest, and the outgoers have to pass the home-comers. It is terrible work standing there to make a drive and seeing an obvious amateur on the green opposite about to do the same. If he drives perfectly straight, why then his ball will just pass you on one side; but that deadly slice! You know it is coming, and sure enough up goes his club—swish!—it has hit the ball, and a frantic shriek of "Fore" sets every one in the neighbourhood dancing round. The ball whistles by you like a pompom-shell, and lands just behind you, and you thank your lucky stars that you are still alive. From the fourth hole the course opens out, and you are safer; but coming home in the dusk, when the common is crowded, the real fun commences. You drive your ball in the semi-darkness through crowds of men, women, and children; you see them scatter like soldiers at the explosion of a shell, terrified, but determined to press forward to preserve their right of way over the common, or to die in the attempt. When you get in, you find you have taken just four hours to do eighteen holes, so frequent are the delays. But for all that, it is a grand game, golf, at North Berwick. It is fashionable, and if you are killed by a golf-ball it will probably be the misdirected shot of a Prime Minister, a Duchess, or a Prima Donna; so what does it matter?

THE SABBATH

Mr. Punch, when he wished to exemplify the characteristics of Scotland on a Sunday, drew a picture of a narrow street with the blinds down in all the cottages, not a pedestrian abroad, and in the centre, walking melancholy down the road, a single stranded cat, with its tail in the air and its back arched in sheer disgust. Now that is a very accurate picture of Scotland on the Sabbath. Everything is closed; every one goes about with a sanctimonious air in black clothes and white cravats. What a farce it is to attempt to keep up this colossal bluff of superior virtues over their sacrilegious neighbours across the Border. There ought to be a law passed to compel the Scots to come out of doors and show themselves on Sunday and to indulge in some healthy pursuit. The Seventh Day was designed according to the Scripture as a day of rest. What was meant was a day including harmless recreation and amusement; but Scotland resolutely refuses to adopt this correct construction, and prefers the rigid interpretation of John Knox. In this respect Scotland stands almost alone. In France Sunday is the day above all others devoted to amusement and recreation. The *petit bourgeois* takes his wife and family out to Versailles or Fontainebleau, or to the Louvre, or in the Bois. There they forget the toils of the week in the enjoyment of this one day of peace and pleasure, in pleasant intercourse with their friends. In Spain Sunday is also devoted to recreation and amusement, including bull-fights; in Germany the same, and so on throughout Europe.

The Sunday of England up to ten years ago was almost as painful as that of Scotland, but in this respect there has been a radical and wholesome change in recent years. There are so many more amusements open to the masses—so many concerts, so many excursions, so many municipal bands—that they have been dragged into enjoying themselves, with immense benefits to their health, both physically and mentally. In England Sunday is the day above all others devoted to golf—the one day in the week on which the weary City man and Government official can get away and spend a pleasant time on the links. Now golf is a Scottish game: it originated centuries ago in the Lowlands, and there are records showing that James I. played it. Therefore throughout the week the game flourishes in Scotland as it flourishes nowhere else, but on a Sunday the links are closed. You cannot have a game for love or money. The professional

locks up on Saturday night and disappears till Monday morning; the caddies disappear, and the players dare not even set foot on the links to knock the ball about and indulge in a little practice. I know of one links where you can play on a Sunday if you pay a sovereign green fee, and if you carry your own clubs, for to employ a caddie is against the law. In this instance the Scot's commercial instincts have triumphed over his religious prejudices, and by paying a liberal toll to the local kirk the violation of the Sabbath is forgiven him. To have no healthy amusements in which to indulge must necessarily be very bad for the nation, more especially for the masses who toil during the week and who are in need of open air to revive their drooping energies.

How do they pass their time? On Saturday night a proportion of the population are inebriated, and carry home with them a supply of their favourite beverage to consume quietly on Sunday. Thus some of the significance of Mr. Punch's picture lay less in what one saw on the outside of the street—namely, deserted houses and the meandering cat—than on what was taking place within those closed blinds. And if we could lift the roofs of some of the pious cottages of Scotland at any time after kirk on the Sabbath, those who expect to find the head of the family reading the family Bible and giving interpretations of the Scriptures to his bairns would be grievously disappointed. The head of the family would be found absolutely "fou the noo," as Harry Lauder has it; and the bairns, instead of enjoying themselves under the blue sky in the fresh air, would be sitting round gazing on this unwholesome spectacle of the paterfamilias trying to drive away that terrible legacy of ennui left him by John Knox by too frequent libations in the natural beverage of his country.

AN ENGLISH VISITOR.

[We invite other views.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

IRISH LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES: A RETROSPECT—I.

BY SIR CHARLES WALPOLE

WITH a Home Rule Bill on the horizon the old Irish Parliament becomes a matter of some historical interest. It signed its own death warrant after the Rebellion of 1798, when a Bill was passed through both Houses embodying certain resolutions, the first of which was "that a legislative union of the two kingdoms was desirable." This was the last Irish statute: the 40th of Geo. III., c. 38. It has been loosely stated that this legislation was accomplished by the creation of Peers, and has a bearing on the recent crisis.

There were eighteen additions made to the Upper House, but this was not done in order to carry the Bill, as there was never any doubt as to its passing the Lords. These peerages were given, together with six English peerages, and nineteen promotions in the Irish peerages, and two given to women with remainder to their heirs male, in order to secure the support of the Members for eighty-five pocket-boroughs, fifty-six of which were possessed by members of the Upper House. When the proprietors were compensated the sitting Members, if unwilling to vote as desired, were invited to accept the escheatorship of Munster, in order that they might be replaced by Members pledged to support the Bill. The strenuous efforts of the Viceroy and Lord Castle-reagh were rewarded by the acquisition of a majority of

about sixty in the House of Commons, which consisted of 300 Members.

This Parliament, which extinguished itself more than a century ago, was, with one exception, a Home Rule Parliament as defined by Mr. Redmond—viz., "a Parliament freely elected with an executive responsible thereto." The exception was that Protestants only were eligible to sit therein, and vote at elections—every Roman Catholic having been absolutely disfranchised by the Act of 1 George II., c. 9.*

Home Rule had, in fact, been enjoyed for eighteen years—viz., since 1782—in which year the English Parliament repealed the Act of 6 Geo. I. and the Irish Parliament repealed Poynings' Act and the Act of 3 and 4 Philip and Mary, thereby converting a Parliament in shackles into a free and independent one.

After eighteen years of Home Rule came the rebellion of 1798, the massacres, the French landing at Killala Bay and Lough Swilly, and the reconquest of the island by General Lake and Lord Cornwallis with an army of 138,000 men. As a consequence of which the Treaty of Union followed.

The earlier history of the Irish Parliament is particularly interesting, as its growth was coincident with the gradual extension of the English influence over the country, and contracted and expanded as the power of the Crown or of the Irish chieftains waxed or waned. In the early days of the Norman Settlement it was a great Council of the Barons, the Prelates, and "the faithful," and towards the end of the thirteenth century Knights of the Shire and Burgesses from the Corporations were summoned by writ.

The Shireland consisted of the settled portions of Leinster and Munster only. The corporations were the walled cities and towns, such as Dublin, Wexford, Cork, and Drogheda. As the area controlled by the English of the Pale receded small towns were incorporated in the counties of Dublin, Louth, Kildare, and Meath in order to fill the places of the distant corporations, which were unable or unwilling to send up burgesses when summoned.

The sessions of the Parliament were few and far between and at the commencement of Henry VII.'s reign the Lord-Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, muzzled it by compelling it to pass a statute which enacted that all legislation should be initiated by the King and the Irish Privy Council, approved by the Privy Council in England, and then presented to Parliament for registration. It was seldom summoned, unless it was required to pass Bills of attainder against rebels or Bills for the raising of revenue.

The old Shireland consisted of but twelve counties, constituted by King John—Dublin (including Wicklow), Meath (including Westmeath), Kildare, Louth, Carlow, Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary.

When the fortunes of the Crown were at their lowest ebb the first four were the only ones in which the King's writ ran, but as the reconquest under the Tudors was effected, King's County and Queen's County were planted, and added to the shireland; Meath was divided into Meath and Westmeath, and Wicklow was created out of County Dublin. By the eleventh of Elizabeth Longford was defined, and from the nebulous County of Roscommon were carved the counties of Sligo and Leitrim. Connaught was divided into the counties of Mayo and Galway, and the Irish territory of Thomond was transferred from Munster to Connaught under the name of County Clare. The Ulster counties, though projected

by the Lord-Deputy, Sir John Perrot, were not defined until measures for the plantation of Ulster were well advanced.

At the death of Elizabeth there were five ancient cities—viz., Dublin, Kilkenny, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork. Three county boroughs—Drogheda, Carrickfergus, and Galway—and twenty-eight boroughs, which from time to time, and when circumstances permitted, had sent representatives to Parliament. Thus the then existing constituencies were composed of twenty-four counties (including "the Crosse," which was afterwards incorporated with Tipperary), and twenty-eight cities and boroughs, each returning two Knights of the Shire and two burgesses respectively.

The accession of James I. marks a new departure in the history of the Irish Parliament. During her long reign Elizabeth, at the cost of much life and treasure, had completely subjugated the chieftains of the North, the South, and the West. Munster had been "planted" after the crushing of the Desmond Rebellion. The great confederation engineered by the Northern Earls, Tyrconnel and Tyrone, had collapsed with the decisive victory at Kinsale. The whole country had been devastated by fire and sword, and the starving native Irish had been driven into the pathless bogs and mountains. The ceaseless warfare of one hundred years had ended in the complete conquest of the island. One curious feature of the struggle had been that what had commenced as a racial war had gradually assumed the character of a religious war. The Reformation in England had been applied to Ireland by its rulers, but had made no impression on the inhabitants. The abbey had been suppressed, and much of the Church property had been confiscated by Henry, and the Bishops compelled to accept the Act of Supremacy. Elizabeth summoned a carefully selected Parliament, composed of representatives from ten counties only, and such boroughs as were under the influence of the Crown, and passed an Act of Uniformity. Those Bishops who refused to conform were superseded by Englishmen of the reformed faith, but the majority of the parish clergy remained in ignorance of what had taken place; while the Bible and Liturgy in English were unintelligible to the bulk of the people, who only spoke Irish. During the Desmond Rebellion the chieftains had obtained help, both in money and military contingents, from the King of Spain; the begging friars preached war upon the hillsides; a Papal nuncio and bands of Jesuits appeared in Munster and protested that the Papal Bull of excommunication against Elizabeth absolved the people from their allegiance—and so the Privy Council in Dublin gradually associated recusancy with rebellion, or at any rate with opposition to the Government.

On the death of Elizabeth the Recusants had great hopes that the old forms of religion would be restored, but James proceeded to enforce the penal clauses of the Act of Uniformity, and ordered all Jesuits and Romish priests to quit the country. The taking of the Oath of Supremacy was enforced on all officers, civil and military, and the penalty of twelve pence was exacted for not attending church on Sunday.

James next proceeded to establish English law in Ulster and to convert it into Shireland. The Ulster counties were formally constituted in accordance with Perrot's scheme, and the Ulster Earls, Tyrone and Tyrconnel, fearing that their ruin was intended, fled to the Continent and died in exile.

Everything was now ready for the thorough plantation of Ulster by English and Scottish "undertakers," which was effectually carried out in the most systematic fashion; and the next step was to summon a Parliament for the purpose of passing an Act of Attainder against Tyrone and Tyrconnel and of confirming the confiscation of the Northern Province. No Parliament had sat since 1586.

* It should not, however be forgotten that in this respect the Irish Parliament did not differ from the English Parliament, and was, in fact, somewhat more in advance, as an Emancipation Act was passed by the Irish Parliament in 1793, giving to Roman Catholics the franchise, whereas their co-religionists in England had to wait for thirty years before they were given either the franchise or the right to sit in Parliament.

REVIEWS

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD

Talleyrand the Man. By BERNARD DE LACOMBE. Translated by A. D'ALBERTI. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 15s. net.)

IN many ways this is a most unsatisfactory book. There certainly seems room for an adequate biography of Talleyrand in English—a biography, that is, as distinct from a book run up for the libraries—and we hoped at first, on seeing the title of it, that this was even such a book. In that we were disappointed not a little. Partly this is the fault of the translator rather than that of the author. The title "*Talleyrand the Man*" indicates an effort that aims highly, whereas M. de Lacombe's title, "*La Vie Privée de Talleyrand*," suggests its scope far more truly. Even here the volume fails of the true intimacy of Talleyrand's life.

The only value in learning "*la vie privée*" of any man is, surely, that we may discover thereby his personality, and unravel any perplexity that may attach to it. Now a very real perplexity attaches to Talleyrand. Carlyle was a man with a faculty for expressing perplexities aptly, and he failed not to give an ensample of his true quality when he came to Talleyrand. It was he who said that the great French diplomatist was "a man living in falsehood and on falsehood, yet not what you can call a false man." It is this phase of Talleyrand that we would like to see attacked in a way that it has not yet been to our knowledge. Such a solution would find its problem centred in three or four crises of his life. For instance, one would like to get behind Talleyrand's thoughts, at the Collège D'Harcourt, and prior to the Collège D'Harcourt, when he actually came to the moment driving his own career, and saw his younger brother pass him on his way to the hereditament that should have been his save for an unhappy accident. Particularly we should like to have had some inner details of his private life in the momentous days of 1789, when the States-General came to be called. That, we imagine, was the time which, if properly understood, would give the clue to the psychology of the man. What exactly were the mental happenings, as evidenced in his letters and intimacy of life, that led finally to his famous speech before that assembly? It was not the thing that was to be expected of the Bishop of Autun, nor do there seem indications of it to be found in the previous psychology of the man who held that post. Of course it is easy to explain all by a reference to his prophetic perspicuity in political affairs; but this is in a way worse than no answer, inasmuch as it assumes matters that demand elucidation. Similarly we would like a sight into the private life of Talleyrand at that other important moment of his career: after his return to Paris in 1796, and prior to his appointment to the position as Foreign Minister under the Directory; to say nothing of his mental processes at hearing of Napoleon's return from Elba; and subsequently during the Hundred Days.

In other words, it is impossible to know anything of authentic interest concerning "*la vie privée*" of such a man as Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord if his outer life at moments of public crisis be deleted from a biography, however fragmentary that biography be. And it is just such deletions that mar this present work. For instance, the first portion of this book begins at the moment of his danger at the hands of the Mountain, and his consequent flight from the country, with the result that his name in the end came to be included in the list of *émigrés*. That is, his

life is taken up subsequent to all those mental decisions and cogitations that gave it its final shape and destiny; and we are regaled with his friendships and hardships in London, first, and afterwards in America. Surely it should be evident that Talleyrand in London matters little, and that Talleyrand in America matters even less; whereas the Talleyrand of the years 1789-92 matters very considerably indeed. Talleyrand the Man is the Talleyrand of the States-General; while the Talleyrand of the years 1793-6 is the Talleyrand who wished chiefly to be a man. Similarly it is the astute politician of the years that lay between his arrival in Paris, 1795, and the announcement of Napoleon as First Consul for life, 1802, and as Emperor, 1804, of whose private life we are anxious to learn. But the first portion of the present narrative arrests itself at the very brink of these momentous years; and the second portion takes up the thread of interest from the year 1802, occupying itself with the episode with Madame Catherine Grand that led the First Consul in a sudden accession of diplomatic prudery to insist on her dismissal from Talleyrand's household or her final deposition there as Talleyrand's legal spouse. Not that it is uninteresting to read of this; it is certainly piquant. Yet even the piquancy does not avoid the mental irritation that comes from a constant thought that the interest arises not at all from the interest aroused by any aspect of Talleyrand the Man, or of "*la vraie vie privée*" of a great man, but only from a somewhat unholy pleasure in the interest of an intrigue. This is very clearly felt when the later stages are reached. For there Talleyrand is to be discovered not a little bored with the outworn fascinations of a lady whose charms had erstwhile been her livelihood, and who now bears his name as one more furnished with avoirdupois than with charm, "whom Bonaparte had tied to her husband like a placard," as Châteaubriand declared.

Now it might happen to be very delightful to have these matters set out for our delectation or it might not. But, at any rate, in the interests of candour it is desirable that we should know where we are. Such details most emphatically do not reveal to us Talleyrand the Man, nor do they open to us his private life, except in a very subsidiary sense. Yet there is even a deeper fault in the volume. Those who have had occasion to read Pichot's "*Souvenirs Intimes sur M. De Talleyrand*" will know to what we refer. Monsieur de Lacombe is certainly profoundly convinced of the virtue of his subject (or, at least, he is so within the pages of this book, for there are hints not a few that his is, or seems to be, the zeal of the ready penman); and so the book is permeated with an unhappy unction. Indeed, there is much in it that turns the mind away from acceptance of its pleading inasmuch as there is always more than a suspicion that that pleading is of an especial nature. Now if the author were occupied with a full-length portrait of its subject, if the fullest of details were afforded as to that portion of his life that the reader must needs account as of the first moment, then pleading, however "special" it be, would fall into its place and function. That is to say, if the man be seen as one who is filling a considerable part in the history of his country, enthusiasms become a proper part of the scheme. But a zealous defence of a man who never once in the volume is to be discovered as participating in greatness wears not a little of that incongruity that lies so near to humour.

Miss D'Alberti's translation, apart from some strange infelicities, whose origin can be seen to arise in the course of the necessary transference of idiom, is on the whole very happy and pellucid. Moreover, as a book of chatty, inconsequential memoirs and irrelevancies that chance to lie around the life of a distinguished and perplexing personality, there is much in this volume that is entertaining and amusing.

Only it certainly does not complete its title, either in English or in the original, which hints a far more adequate (and, may we say, necessary?) study than either the scheme or the text supplies.

THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

The Story of Korea. By JOSEPH H. LONGFORD. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR JOSEPH LONGFORD, in "The Story of Old Japan," has written the very best book on the subject. In his latest work he has attempted to tell the story of Korea. If he has given us a somewhat less fascinating book, it is because the Land of the Rising Sun is of far more vital interest to Westerners generally than the Land of the Morning Calm. But he has told the story of perhaps the saddest country in the East with wonderful vividness and charm. There is something whimsical in the idea of an Irishman writing about Korea, and now and again Professor Longford shows a good deal of feeling and deep sympathy for the Koreans that probably had their origin in his own country.

Chosen, the Land of the Morning Calm, was the old name for Korea, and however poetical the phrase may be, it was nevertheless totally inapplicable to actual fact. Korea had but little calm, either in the morning or any other part of the day. In its early history it was a country divided against itself, and later on it was troubled with the invading armies of China and Japan, to say nothing of minor skirmishes with other countries. There is certainly a pathetic calm in Korea to-day, but it is the calm of a long-vanquished and persecuted nation. It now rests with Japan whether or not the Koreans rise from serfdom and regain something of that old hardihood that was at one time so prominent a feature of her northern men. Korea has failed because she has always misgoverned and been a prey to paralysing party disputes. Korea has failed because she has believed in the pernicious idea of standing still through the ages. Long ago she came under the glamour of the Chinese civilisation, and it haunts her people to this day. Korea has stood out for a crabbed and effete conservatism, good enough in the days of Confucius, but utterly useless when it came in touch with more progressive people. Japan borrowed from Korea what Korea had borrowed from China. It was because Japan went on borrowing from the West when she had exhausted all Korea and China could teach her that she eventually became, with the progressive stream of thought and action flowing vigorously through her, a world-power, while Korea remained a forlorn example of an almost stagnant country.

The Korean King was regarded as sacred. Professor Longford writes:—"If, by accident, he touched any one, the place where he did so became sacred and had to be distinguished by a red ribbon for ever afterwards. His countenance was never engraved on the coins of the realm, where it could be soiled by the touch of vulgar hands." The King was regarded as a semi-divinity, and when Kings are either regarded as divinities or semi-divinities we always find them associated with the worst kind of vice—weaklings surrounded by women and flatterers bent on dangerous intrigue. The Korean half-gods were certainly not a success, either morally or in any other way.

Our author's description of Korean women is infinitely pathetic. He writes:—

In her childhood and girlhood the Korean woman was and is the abject slave of her parents, in wifehood of her husband, in widowhood a pariah; and throughout all her

life a soul-destroying, monotonous imprisonment was only relieved by a very few hours' liberty in the streets when night had fallen and, as far as men were concerned, the pleasures and work of the day were over.

It seems incredible that people who profess to follow the gentle and humane teaching of the Lord Buddha should regard their women as of so little significance that they did not trouble to give them names, merely calling them the sister, daughter, or wife of the men in whose houses they lived. If a Korean woman had no male protector, she was regarded as a wandering dog, liable to be picked up by any man who had a momentary liking for her. On the wedding day the woman was not permitted to speak to her husband, "not even when both had retired to the nuptial chamber." Professor Longford writes:—

There, let the young husband be as gallant and amorous as he might, even heap compliments or questions on her, etiquette demanded that, seated in a corner of the room, she should remain dumb and immovable as a statue. The husband might disrobe her of her voluminous wedding garments: she could neither assist nor repel him, neither utter a word nor make a gesture.

Silence is certainly golden sometimes, but on such an occasion it is brutal and horrible. It was almost silence for the rest of the Korean woman's married life. All that was expected of her was to bring forth children, while her fickle husband had the utmost licence, and was in no way bound to conjugal fidelity. The Korean woman certainly did not deserve such contemptible treatment. The following historic incident shows that she had a sense of honour equal to that so frequently shown by the women of Japan:—

When the Silla Army approached the capital the King fled. . . . He left all the palace women behind him, and they, knowing what their fate would be at the hands of the Silla soldiery, went together to a beetling precipice . . . and cast themselves from the summit into the water beneath.

From that day to this the precipice was known as Nuk-whaam, the "Precipice of the Falling Flowers."

The most interesting chapters are those devoted to Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea. The thrilling campaign lives again in these virile pages. We see Konishi, the Christian, and Kato, the ardent Buddhist, leading their armies under the direction of Hideyoshi, who remained in Japan, and was unable to lead in person owing to illness. We get a vivid account of the long Japanese marches, of the storming of castles, and of the nerve-racking guerilla warfare that followed. The naval battles connected with this invasion are particularly interesting, for we come across the Korean tortoise-boat, with its curved deck of iron plates. It was evidently the first ironclad in history.

Much space, perhaps too much, is given to missionary enterprise in Korea. We admire the bravery and zeal of the first Roman Catholic missionaries in that country, who suffered unspeakable torture, and laid down their lives for the cause they so devoutly stood for. At the same time there was much wrongheadedness. Nothing can excuse the awful Korean atrocities; but nevertheless their cruelty might have been restrained had the missionaries not so ruthlessly insisted upon the total abolishment of ancestral worship. Had they known it this very worship might have formed a foundation on which to build a reverence and kindness towards the living. The missionaries unknowingly attempted to crush the Korean spirit of love, however elemental it may have been. The result was a persecution attended by horrors no whit less terrible than those perpetrated by Nero himself. Now there is no need for missionaries to go about disguised as native mourners. Korea

abounds with representatives of every sect and schism of Christianity, each hammering out, to the confusion of the poor Korean, his particular religious note, always a strident note quite outside the harmony of the real essentials of religion. Some day, let us hope, the mission-field will be filled with reapers, broad enough and true enough to work for Christ without the weakening effect of sect and schism.

All through this book we watch China and Japan struggling to hold Korea. Japan had no sooner succeeded in convincing Korea that she alone could be her faithful guide, when Russia came like a thief in the night and established a military outpost at Wiju. It resulted in the Russo-Japanese War, and Korea became a Japanese experimental ground for social and political reform. The Japanese Government found so much hard and almost unworkable material that it pleaded that nothing short of annexation would enable it to deal successfully in course of time with a backward people, living in a country with excellent harbours and with possibly good agricultural and mineral prospects. In other words, Japan wanted interest on her money. How quietly the annexation took place! Japan has waited long for Korea. May she find it at last, not a turbulent and rebellious country, but in very deed the land of the Morning Calm. Korea in the past has contributed to the making of Japan's greatness in handing on the religion, art, and literature of China. Now it is Japan's turn to succour an impoverished country, and if the Morning Calm is united with the Rising Sun, there should be peace and prosperity in her new possession.

ANCIENT INTERNATIONAL LAW

The International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome. By COLMAN PHILLIPSON, LL.D., Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

THIS comprehensive work is an elaborate and exhaustive study of the legal systems of Greece and Rome, with the special object of determining how far these States may be considered to have possessed any definitive codes, or body of international law at all approximating to our modern notions. This difficult theme is not altogether a new one, having already been treated chiefly by various French and German scholars, notably Laurent and Mommsen. But since their day "a larger mass of material, in the form of epigraphic and other historical documents, has become available; and, what is of cardinal importance, a more scientific method is, in consequence, demanded of investigators." Laurent's work was far from being scientific. Hitherto only two or three English writers have essayed this inquiry from a strictly juridical point of view and investigation. Dr. Phillipson has spared no labour in his deep researches into classical writings and inscriptions, as well as in the great field of modern writers. The bibliography of works referred to occupies no less than six-and-twenty pages. This does not mean, we need hardly say, that these volumes are lacking in original work. In such work, on the contrary, lies their conspicuous merit. As Sir John Macdonell justly says in his introductory note, "These volumes give that which is to be found nowhere else . . . and they will help to dispel the fiction . . . that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a group of writers, notably Albericus, Gentilis, and Grotius, 'founded' international law."

Dr. Phillipson begins with an examination of the Greek City-State system, pointing out that although we may apply the term *intermunicipal* law to the mutual relationships of

the Greek States, such law still possesses a definitive international character. This position, we consider, he successfully maintains, in opposition to the earlier jurists. Also, there was a large body of law whose provisions were extended to the "barbarians" as well as to the Greeks, and, in the case of treaties the *ἑκσπονδοὶ* were often beneficiaries as well as the *ἑνσπονδοὶ*. Dr. Phillipson refutes the untenable views of Laurent, who did not consider established international usage as having the *dignité d'une science*; and of Guizot, who went so far as to say, "La force présidait seule à leurs rapports; le droit des gens n'existait pas." Dr. Phillipson brings an immense mass of overwhelming evidence to bear on the other side. It is not possible to praise too highly his critical scholarship in the examination of the great collections of Greek and Roman inscriptions from bronze or marble tablets, or his keen insight in the study of classical writers. To discuss or even to enumerate the questions investigated would be altogether beyond our limits, so wide is the field covered by Dr. Phillipson's patient industry. Diplomatic negotiations, treaties and alliances, questions of arbitration and intervention are recorded; also the position of aliens, of spies and hostages, the causes and declaration of war and points of neutrality. Nor are there wanting maritime provisions dealing with such matters as blockade, piracy, and treatment of the shipwrecked.

It would certainly seem impossible for great States or nations to have any relations or dealings with each other, whether in war or commerce, without some reference to their own peculiar law or custom. It would seem equally impossible that they could maintain any decent self-respect as civilised communities without recognising in some degree the existence of mutual rights. Such recognition would involve the development of the germ of international law. To trace this evolution into a definite body of established practice is the task which Dr. Phillipson has so admirably accomplished. He clearly demonstrates how unhistorical and unscientific is the view that the law of force was the only dispensation. This should be evident to any one who impartially studies the chapters on the *jus gentium* and Rome's foreign policy. While we cannot judge entirely and exclusively from the modern point of view nor expect a completely organised and scientific system, we are bound to admit that "Rome evolved and practised a large body of principles which have furnished the basis of international law for all time." Such matters as the institution of *hospitium publicum*, provisions for naturalisation, the practice of extradition, the immunity of Ambassadors, the regular procedure and formalities in the conclusion of treaties, the conception of protectorates, regulations as to asylum, safe-conducts, captured property, truces and armistices—all point to the development and recognition of a system of law for controlling international relationships without resort to *force majeure*. Here Dr. Phillipson directly controverts the dogmatic opinions of M. Revon, who said, "Le prétendu droit des gens des Romains n'est qu'une chimère."

There is an interesting chapter on the subject of envoys and ambassadors and the rise of diplomacy:—

From the earliest times the ambassador was looked upon as the personal representative of the king as well as of the people. Hence any offence against an envoy was an offence against the State, against the Sovereign Power . . . and injury to envoys or heralds was considered a deliberate infraction of the *jus gentium* . . . while punishment, for offences committed against foreign ambassadors was very severe.

It is in the working out of such important questions as this and of matters relating to extradition, hostages, negotiation, and treaties that Dr. Phillipson shows marked scientific

method and critical power in the development of his thesis on ancient international law.

The chapters on war in the second volume, as well as on international arbitration in Greece and Rome, may be cited as particular instances of his careful and minute treatment. Not only is this great work valuable as a unique contribution to the elucidation of an obscure branch of ancient law, but it is also a treatise of great importance to all students of classical history as an indispensable book of reference. We can only hope that the talented author may be able to fulfil the promise which he holds out in his preface, of preparing "further volumes on the development of international law in the Middle Ages and in modern times."

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Traveller's Study of Health and Empire. By FRANCIS FREMANTLE, County Medical Officer of Health. (John Onseley. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE author has described a tour of many parts of the world, undertaken to study questions of public health; as he has expert knowledge of this subject, and has further admirable descriptive powers and a broad-minded grasp of what he has seen, the account of his journey is most entertaining. He has attempted to make the work interesting, both to the scientific and the lay mind, and in our opinion he has met with great success. There is laid before us, amongst other things, a comparison of the scientifically organised system of the Japanese for combating cholera, dog-bite, &c., and the somewhat haphazard organisation in India; in the latter country, however, the working of the Pasteur Institute in particular appeals to us, for a comparatively small building with not over many workers does an inestimable service to a vast country. The prevention of plague is discussed at length, and it is shown what great efforts have been made in India to induce the natives to make use of the prophylactic produced by virtue of Haffnine's researches; all, however, with practically no avail, and, as actual compulsion seems out of the question, the state of things is disastrous.

Housing and town-planning are excellently dealt with in connection with Kuala Lumpur in the Malay States and Hong Kong. The various garden cities in England, the schemes carried out by Cadbury at Bournville, and by Krupp at Essen, are taken as examples of what may be done when sufficient power and funds are forthcoming, and the use to be made in this connection in stamping out such diseases as plague is pointed out.

We were struck in particular with the account of the practice in vogue at Kasauli of giving printed cards to patients who had undergone treatment for the bites of mad dogs, to be sent back in three months with an account of their health; another card is then sent, and so on, as long as necessary. The author has attempted to get this system adopted in London hospitals; we are of one opinion with him as to its use, for the results would be of vast service to the human race throughout the world.

What Will the Weather Be? The Amateur Forecaster's "Vade Mecum." By H. G. BUSK, F.R.Met.Soc. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated with Photographs and Diagrams. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 6d. net.)

THE topic of the weather is a never-failing source of conversation amongst the inhabitants of these islands, and it has

become the national idiosyncrasy which accompanies the Britisher into all climes. He may adapt himself more or less to the strange manners and customs of the most outlandish countries, but he will never relinquish what he considers his inalienable privilege—nay, right—to discuss the state of the weather, generally to rail against it. For this reason alone Mr. Busk's manual should become very popular as affording food for conversation when travelling either on sea or land, or refreshing the inner man. But it will naturally serve a far more useful purpose than this—that of enabling the non-scientific reader to forecast the weather by his own observations, assisted by the tables drawn up by the author, which are the result of some years' study of the climatic conditions prevailing simultaneously in various part of England. Mr. H. B. Stone's comprehensive Introduction fully explains the technical terms in use amongst meteorologists. Mr. Busk has evidently found the east wind as objectionable as most of us do, for he records—"Altogether forecasting during an easterly wind is unprofitable work." And it will probably be information to many to learn that "fine weather and bright sunshine do not always accompany a rising barometer and a north-east wind."

FICTION

REALITY AND FANTASY

The Early History of Jacob Stahl. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

The Hampshire Wonder. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

THE experienced novel-reader, taking up a book which purports to give the "early history" of a character, anticipates the usual story of calf-love, of slips into the waters of trouble due to immaturity and youthful reasoning, of wily women and crafty men. All these are to be found within the pages of "Jacob Stahl," but the manner of their presentation is so good and the hero is so very living a person that the general effect is far from conventional.

Stahl was lamed, and therefore handicapped in the race, when a child, and the account of the devoted labours of his aunt, by whose aid his wasted limbs were systematically exercised and finally restored to health, forms an interesting prelude to the wider activities of his business life. Architecture was decided upon for his profession—here we are reminded of one of Mr. Hardy's novels—and Jacob's first love-affair with that excitable little egotist, Madeline Felmersdale, occurs in the country town where he lives under his aunt's roof. It ends explosively when Madeline has done with him, and Jacob thinks his life is a wreck, of course. London, however, teaches him a great many things of which he had never dreamed, and from this point—his removal to the architect's office in Moorgate Street—the book, from being merely interesting, becomes enthralling. We need not recapitulate much more of the plot; Jacob, inflammable, sensitive, and nervous, blinded and thrilled, made a sad mess of his marriage with a scheming woman, and when he encounters his Madeline of the happy country days transformed into the wealthy and bewitching Lady Paignton, the inevitable happens. He loses his head, and Madeline, by no means in love with him, but eager for a new sensation, encourages him. We take leave of him, a sheer failure both in business and love, deserted by his wife, brooding and searching his heart for means to live. And as he determines to "learn to write" for a living we are particularly keen to know the later history of Jacob Stahl. If

Mr. Beresford will depict his career—for Stahl is still a young man—in the same illuminating way in a forthcoming volume, and will in addition make less use of the comma and more of the semi-colon, we shall number him among our chosen novelists whose work must on no account be missed.

By "The Hampdenshire Wonder" we are irresistibly reminded of Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his fantastic moods, although the idea of the story is decidedly original. The wise, grave child who is born into this world free from all inheritance of habit, and who is gifted with such extraordinary faculties that he learns a language as speedily as ordinary mortals might learn a page of history, evidently has possibilities. These possibilities are made the most of, up to a certain point, by the author. Young Victor Stott confutes all the learned men of the district, calmly ignores everybody, and is so uncanny that he drives his poor scared father from home. The ingenious turn of Mr. Beresford's art comes when the village idiot discovers a remarkable attraction for the freak child—almost an affinity. The sad part of the book is that the author shirks the further development of his problem and lets the child be drowned—apparently because he wearies of his theme. The whole notion is clever, and its working-out is at times amusing; but the book fails to convince the reader of any reality in the "Wonder." Other characters are excellently drawn. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Beresford should avoid abnormalities in future, since a conviction of actuality is the first necessity of success in such themes; hence, for instance, comes the spell of horror which Mr. Wells can cast over us in some of his short stories.

We prefer Mr. Beresford in his masterly study of ordinary people, whom we may meet any day in the street or in an office, which he has given us in "Jacob Stahl." There are in that book at least a dozen characters finely conceived, and splendidly drawn, with a restraint that should be an example to hundreds of would-be novelists. If the novels of the present year are arranged in order of merit "Jacob Stahl" must be placed very near the top of the list.

The Dangerous Age: Letters and Fragments from a Woman's Diary. By KARIN MICHAËLIS. With an Introduction by MARCEL PRÉVOST. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN an impressive introduction of 150 pages M. Marcel Prévost endeavours to arouse the reader's interest and enthusiasm for the letters and fragments of which Karin Michaëlis' diary consists. "It is," he says, "the most widely-read novel at the present moment" in Central Europe. Doubtless, it is a book which is bound to provoke a great deal of controversy. Elsie Lindtner, after twenty-two years of married life, is so dissatisfied with everything and everybody, including her husband, with whom she has never had an angry word, that she obtains a divorce and goes to live by herself in a house in the country, solitude being her only desire. From this retreat she writes letters of sympathy and condolence to her married friends over forty, all of whom are in the same restless condition as she is herself. As was to be expected, the quietness and peace of a country life soon pall on a woman of Elsie's disposition, and longing again for men's society she sends for Joergen Malthe, a man several years younger than herself, who once had a liking for her. He comes, but shows plainly that he does not want her, and as a last resort she turns to her husband, only to find that he is about to instal a girl of nineteen in the home which once was hers. Forsaken by all—for even her favourite maid deserts her—we leave the unhappy woman seeking to hide her shame and humiliation by taking a lonely trip round the world.

It is not for us to state that Elsie's experiences are

fictitious, or even exaggerated. Every woman, as many know to their cost, is possessed of "nerves," which may lead her to all kinds of excess if proper control is not exercised; but to take an individual case, and from that to assert that all women, as their years increase, either wish to abandon their homes or to embark upon one *liaison* after another, is to argue after the manner of a certain playwright with whom we had cause to remonstrate in these columns under the heading of "The Gospel of Exaggeration" not so many months ago. If what Karin Michaëlis says is true—namely, that "if men suspected what took place in a woman's life after forty they would avoid us like the plague, or knock us on the head like mad dogs"—we are forced to the conclusion that all women who outwardly appear happy and contented with their husbands and children are in reality no such thing, but all the time in a very great state of trepidation and misery. Even a mother's love is questioned. "Who has not," she says, "sometimes seen in the heart of mother . . . as by a lightning flash, an abyss which the profoundest love cannot bridge over." Very many, let us hope.

In most cases a healthy body produces a healthy mind, and with all due respect to the unhappy character of our story, and at the risk of being called callous as well as material-minded, we at the same time venture to suggest that the maladies of persons of Elsie's calibre are more physical than mental, and that probably by devoting a little less time to the thoughts of self and a little more activity to the comfort of those dependent on their services some slight degree of improvement might be noticeable. Besides, has our author no idea of the love between man and woman which many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown, which is not even enraged at "the trinkets on a husband's watch-chain" and which has existed and probably will continue to exist long after such books as "The Dangerous Age" have been read and forgotten?

Hodson's Voyage. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

STORIES of long sea-voyages, and of the fateful friendships which often result from the enforced intercourse of perfect strangers, have been many, and frequently their unreality results in boredom to the reader. Mr. Koebel, however, who is probably better known as a writer of volumes of travel than as a novelist, has given us in this book a most entertaining account of the complications which befell certain good people who were thrown together on board the liner *Pegoric*, en route to the Cape. Mindful of R. L. Stevenson's dictum that "the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit," the author endows his hero, who is a commercial traveller, with the attributes of a dreamer; in his hours of reverie Hodson "performed deeds of military valour before which the world paled in ecstasy." Having thus the martial air and possessing a handbag with the name of "Lieutenant Powerly" painted on it (how it came into his hands we need not explain here), nothing is more natural than that a little group of persons who knew of the real Powerly should cultivate Hodson's acquaintance under the misapprehension. From this moment the fun grows fast and furious, for poor Hodson, ambitious and weak, gives himself up to fate and sets out to have a good time. Amelia, his wife, left at home, "represented a line of severe prose dumped in the midst of a strophe of lilting verse;" she was soon forgotten, or remembered only as a vague shadow, and Hodson "continued the poem unconscious of her absence."

Pure justice demands that so lax a hero should incur punishment; and Hodson has by no means a rosy fortnight.

To tell the whole plot would be unfair; but he discovers that, as Powerly, he is engaged to be married to a girl who will meet him at Cape Town; as Hodson, he is naturally somewhat perturbed at the prospect. As Powerly, he is adored by a merchant who, with his family, worships a title; as Hodson, his business instinct impels him to take an order from the merchant, since he has samples of suitable character in the bag which is the source of all his troubles. The secret of this bag's contents we will not disclose—Hodson, however, was forced to do so, and the account of the subsequent scene is exceedingly laughter-moving. In fact there is laughter on most of the pages of Mr. Koebel's story. The characters are not drawn in detail, but they are thoroughly consistent, and some of the events on board—the sports competition, and Hodson's famous song in the saloon, for example—are excellently described. We noticed two or three misprints, such as "Diogenese" and "*denouement*," but these are small things to set against a story which contains so much healthy amusement and clever observation.

THE THEATRE

"UNWISE HUSBANDS AND UNWORTHY WIVES"

THE London stage is always all the better for the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Alfred Sutro. Both dramatists have contributed interesting and even memorable pieces to the Theatre, and both have not been represented in London for a considerable time. It is curious and a little amusing that both should have broken silence this season with plays whose themes are identical. The marriage problem has furnished playwrights with plots since prehistoric persons discovered that money was to be made by providing entertainment to the members of their community during the long evenings. So long as there are men and women on earth the question of their relations must continue to give writers subjects for their pens, and during our own time it is inevitable that we shall find upon the stage many new variations of this perennial matter. In dealing with the marriage problem, it used to be the fashion to concoct plays round two men and a woman. Ibsen started the fashion of building up his plots round a man, a woman, and a cause, and both Mr. Jones and Mr. Sutro have contented themselves with making a variation of the Ibsen prescription.

While the London stage remains in the hands of persons who regard their supporters as the most unintelligent percentage of the population, it is quite impossible for a dramatist to contribute to the theatre a play dealing with one of the most serious of our problems seriously. Realising this, Mr. Jones and Mr. Sutro have been forced to tackle the problem from a farcical point of view. Both set out to show how tragic the lives of men can be rendered by the actions of their wives, and both suddenly pull themselves up, turn truth into mere theatricality, and leave the problem unsolved. The result is that Mr. Jones in "*The Ogre*" at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Sutro in "*The Perplexed Husband*" at Wyndham's, send us into the street filled with pity for the men who have kissed their wives again with tears, and both, in their eagerness to fulfil the mistaken desires of their managers and bring down the curtain upon a happy ending, have convinced us that their apparently reunited husbands and wives must be more unhappy after reconciliation than before. This curious and unintended

result is brought about because both dramatists desired to be produced at any cost and not to write plays which were too good and too truthful for the present market. They started by creating men and women and ended by turning them into the lay figures of the theatre stockpot. Such is the tyranny of the actor-manager!

Nevertheless, there is much in these two pieces that is clever and entertaining. Mr. Jones is frankly farcical. Mr. Sutro is naturally a little portentous. Mr. Jones writes in his usual rapid, superficial, flashing style—Mr. Sutro as one who sits at the feet of Sir Arthur Pinero, and who is therefore unable to write even the "directions" in anything but words of two syllables. Mr. Jones throws his characters on the stage as impressionist sketches; Mr. Sutro overloads them with paint until they are as heavy as Royal Academy portraits. Both plays are, in a way, caricatures of their authors' work. One is unmistakably Jones, and the other inevitably Sutro. One is overdone Jones, and the other over-sententious Sutro. If Mr. Jones had handed the plot of "*The Ogre*" to Mr. Sutro, and Mr. Sutro had presented the outline of "*The Perplexed Husband*" to Mr. Jones, both plays would have gained much. In Mr. Sutro's hands "*The Ogre*" would have been more logical and less meticulous, while in Mr. Jones' "*The Perplexed Husband*" would have been free from its *Spectator*-like pomposity. A valuable ballast would have been added to "*The Ogre*," and a great deal of superfluous sail hauled down from "*The Perplexed Husband*."

Mr. Jones shows a hard-working City man of fifty or so with three extremely selfish and self-willed children, married to a second wife who, though a quiet outwardly attractive and feminine little lady, is inwardly an almost wholly worthless creature. A woman who has made an undisturbed orgy of self-indulgence during the years of her husband's prosperity, she is suddenly called upon to be plucky and helpful during a financial crisis. So well does Mr. Jones show her constitutional inability to give up any of her extravagant habits, so cruelly and relentlessly does he paint her emptiness, insincerity, dishonesty, and lack of responsibility, that he makes her husband out to be no ogre but a weak and hopeless fool ever to take the trouble to win her back to his arms. Mr. Sutro's business man is a much more practical, every-day sort of fellow. He is younger and more eager to put in a good time. His children are babies, and he considers it to be perfectly right and natural that he should devote most of his spare time to golf. He married because he fell in love, and, although he has never stopped to consider the matter, he goes about with the healthy, normal, fixed idea that no man could do more to make a woman blissfully happy than by giving her an airy house, several servants, adequate housekeeping money, a few babies, an annual sea-side holiday, occasional presents, as little of his time as possible, and all his socks to darn. He works well, plays well, asks frequently after his children, gives his wife a kiss whenever he remembers, and remains the best type of clean-minded, energetic, cheery undergraduate until, at thirty-five, he returns from a business expedition to find his wife under the baneful influence of Ibsen, the futile misconceptions of emancipation and personal direction of a charlatan and a fanatic. His hitherto contented, happy, and placid wife has had her rosy spectacles torn from her eyes in an accident and sees her husband no longer as a hero, an unsubstantial creature built of dreams and ladies' novels, but a man, a fine, ripe, selfish, business-man, a credit to his sex and his country.

Up to this point Mr. Sutro's play is wholly excellent. We like and respect and know both the husband and the wife. We recognise as human, too, the charlatan and the fanatic, and we look forward eagerly for the honest solution of an entirely conceivable thesis. But from the rise of the curtain

on Act II. truth leaves the play and theatricality enters it. It is excellent and ingenious theatricality; we are much entertained and amused; but, all the same, it is very clear to us that we have been cheated. The men and women of Act I. have been twisted into dolls. They are all like nothing in life until an unexpected touch of Pinero realism makes the whole theatre reel and quiver, and puts very hot blood once more into the puppets from whom all blood had been purposely and shamelessly drawn. The husband suddenly flings his arms round the shoulders of the red-headed typist whom he has brought into his house to make his wife jealous and kisses her on the mouth. It is a wonderful moment. It is as though a wooden soldier had suddenly fired a real bullet from a wooden gun. It is a pure Pinero, and it kicks the wilfully insincere little play clean into the middle of life, and makes the end of it quite impossible to accept. The husband and not the charlatan would have gone off with the red-headed typist, and the wife, now convinced of her martyrdom, would have thrown in a discontented lot with the charlatan and the fanatic. As it is, the curtain goes down on a wife who no longer looks at her husband through rosy spectacles, in the arms of a husband whose passion is inflamed by another woman. What sort of life are these two people going to lead in the future? What sort of life are the husband and wife in Mr. Jones' play going to lead? Happy endings, forsooth!

Well, there it is. This is how plays are written to-day by two well-practised playwrights, because that is how they are required to be written by the men who run theatres. The only consolation lies in the acting of them. It can be said that both "The Ogre" and "The Perplexed Husband" are not only acted to perfection, but are produced to perfection. Sir George Alexander is charming. He plays his part with a grace and a likeableness which are beyond praise, and Miss Kate Cutler does not spare herself in realising a very vivid picture of the flighty, empty-headed, petulant, selfish, little woman. At the St. James's Theatre the actors are admirably chosen. Miss Gladys Cooper looks deliciously pretty and plays with the utmost naturalness, and Mr. Hallard, Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Vivian Reynolds, and Mr. Valentine, especially Mr. Valentine, could not be bettered. At Wyndham's Mr. Gerald du Maurier brings all his best and surest art to bear on the average man. Every time we see Mr. du Maurier we see something more of his genius, his effortless expertness, his unstrained certainty of touch, the unique way in which he keeps things going. As the charlatan Mr. Lyall Swete gave a very ripe comedy performance and took enormous relish in his self-conscious pedantry. Miss Henrietta Watson made the fanatic almost too painfully sincere and true. She remained alive and real after all the other characters had dwindled into marionettes. Miss Athene Seyler was not quite happily placed. She is very intelligent, very much in earnest, but has not yet lived down the self-consciousness of the amateur and the mannerisms of the pet pupil of the Dramatic Academy. Miss Enid Bell, on the other hand, gave a remarkable performance and one that was valuably paradoxical; although she looked most sophisticated, she managed to create an effect of innocence that was very necessary. Miss Maude Millett gave a beautiful performance. She was the sensible, happy, unredeemed wife to the very life, the woman who while realising the imperfections of human nature made the best of it, and was more truly emancipated without recourse to ridiculous and painful extremes than the most advanced suffragist. "The Ogre" and "The Perplexed Husband" are, therefore, worth seeing. Although they hedge in what we must call a very weak manner with the marriage problem, they do contain much that is ingenious and entertaining. They are, in a word, good enough to make us wish that they were better.

MUSIC

WORCESTER FESTIVAL

APART from any question of artistic merit or otherwise, the Three Choirs Festivals are interesting because they are so largely local efforts. At each of them, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, the Cathedral organist is by virtue of that office, conductor-in-chief. At one time singers from the Northern Counties were imported, but the choruses now consist entirely of local singers, and as far as possible—though this can be done to only a very small extent—local instrumentalists are engaged in the orchestra. Other players are engaged chiefly from the London Symphony and Hallé Orchestras. Except for the classics, the works included in the programmes are mainly by composers who have local, family or professional associations, and the district which has produced Parry and Elgar is not without other composers of merit and standing. Naturally such festivals suffer defects consequent upon their corresponding advantages. It would be almost impossible for the ordinary Cathedral organist to obtain the varied experience requisite for the making of a really great chorus master or conductor, even if he possessed the ability. Mr. Ivor Atkins, who conducted the festival which commenced at Worcester on September 10th, has neither the ability nor the opportunity to become this, and while some of his work rose to a very creditable height, it must be confessed other parts were commonplace, and even poor.

"Elijah" to open and "The Messiah" to close are inevitable at these festivals and proved the lowest depths of festival performance. No one, from conductor down to the humblest chorus-singer, appeared to find anything of interest in them. Very different was the really excellent performance of Bach's "The Passion according to St. Matthew." A new edition of this work had been prepared for the occasion by Mr. Atkins and Sir Edward Elgar, assisted by Professor C. S. Terry. Its principal features were the careful revision of the words, and slight and subtle changes of expression and phrasing. Also the chorales were accompanied simply on the organ and the recitatives on the pianoforte. With one exception the latter were excellently in keeping, though with a less discreet and able pianist than Dr. G. R. Sinclair it is possible that the effect would not be so satisfactory. For the chorale in the opening number the boys' voices from the three choirs were employed, and the whole effect of this number was remarkable for its unity, clarity, and expression. With the great dramatic cry of "Barabbas" this was the crowning point of the festival. Mr. Gervase Elwes as the "Evangelist" was not in his best voice, but sang with expression and reverence, as did also Mr. Campbell McInnes as "Christus." Madame Agnes Nicholls, Madame Kirkby Lunn, and Mr. Robert Radford filled the other principal parts, and minor solos were sung by Madame Le Mar, Miss Sara Silvers, Mr. J. A. Smith, and Mr. E. W. Davies. Herr Fritz Kreisler played the solo violin parts which accompany the arias "Have mercy, Lord" and "Give, O give me back my Lord." This was on Thursday morning.

It is a sure sign of the tendency of public taste to turn from old favourites that the largest congregation (except on Sunday afternoon, when no charge was made for admission) assembled on Wednesday morning, when the programme comprised the Third Act of "Parsifal," Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," and Sir Edward Elgar's Second Symphony. Of these three works there is little doubt the last-named was the chief attraction. Its composer is a native of Worcester, and every one in that city is proud of the fact. Whether from its intrinsic nature or because Sir Edward Elgar had a more complete hold of his forces it is difficult

to say; it was also the most effective musically. Off the stage "Parsifal" is always more or less tedious, and the Third Act is never very exciting. Palestrina's *a capella* work is a glorious one, but the chorus was not in a condition to do it justice. Elgar's symphony in E flat, well compounded and beautifully scored as it is, improves on further acquaintance, but will in no wise compare with the first. Much the same may be said of his violin concerto, which was well played, though not superlatively so, by Kreisler on Thursday evening. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that the composer has been too anxious to produce a large quantity of orchestral music within a certain period, and has consequently had recourse to manufacturing methods. As a conductor of his own works, however, he continues to improve, and often falls very little short of greatness.

Of the four actual novelties, two were produced at the secular concert given in the Public Hall on Wednesday evening. Professor Granville Bantock brought forward an "Overture to a Greek Tragedy—*Œdipus at Colonus*" (Sophocles), which showed him in a new light. He has seized the tragic character of the complete story, and has also suggested some of the details by his characteristic writing. Though he has not labelled his themes, it is difficult not to associate them with such ideas as the remorse of *Œdipus*, the flight to *Colonus*, and the consolation of *Antigone*. It is a fine and interesting work, though quite short, and will probably rank very highly among the works of Mr. Bantock. A set of Variations for Strings by W. H. Reed (the leader of the orchestra), played at the same concert, are well written and striking in many respects. They owe something to the composer's forebears, particularly to Brahms, Elgar, and Bantock, but are not without signs of individuality. They were excellently played under his direction and were very appreciatively received.

Since "Everyman" Dr. Walford Davies has not progressed far, and his latest work, "Five Sayings of Jesus," together with a reputed Saying of His and certain other Words chiefly derived from "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, has the same mystical character and the same methods of obtaining the effects as its predecessor. Had we not heard "Everyman" we should say this was as original as it is beautiful. It is written for tenor soloist (Mr. Gervase Elwes), chorus, and orchestra, and was well performed under the direction of the composer. "Five Mystical Songs," by Dr. Vaughan Williams, lean very much to the modern French school, while they nevertheless reproduce the sentiment of the poems by George Herbert. They did not appear to be great achievements. Other works included in the Festival programme were Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Mozart's Requiem Mass, Parry's Coronation *Te Deum*, and a number of smaller items, none of which calls for special comment. Six out of the seven concerts were given in the Cathedral. Of course, no sign of approval of works or artists was allowed, and everything was done with the greatest reverence. It was noticeable, however, that more people left before the close of "Elijah" and "The Messiah" than at the rendering of the other works. Slowly but surely these oratorios are losing their inordinate popularity.

SIR RICHARD BURTON—II.

By FRANK HARRIS

No one, I think, who knows men will deny that Richard Burton was a master of speech and action, like Walter Raleigh, though in every respect an incomparably greater man. He was a more daring and a more successful explorer; an infinitely better scholar, with intimate knowledge of a

dozen worlds which Raleigh knew nothing about, a greater writer, too, and a more dominant, irresistible personality. Young Lord Pembroke once slapped Raleigh's face; no sane man would have thought of striking Burton. Aristocratic Elizabethan England, however, could honour Raleigh and put him to noble use, whereas Victorian, till-and-pill England could find no place for Richard Burton and could win no service from him. Think of it! Burton knew the Near East better than any Westerner has ever known it; he was a master of literary Arabic and of the dialects spoken in Egypt and the Soudan. Moreover, as he himself puts it modestly, "the accidents of my life, my long dealings with Arabs and other Mohammedans and my familiarity not only with their idiom but with their turn of thought and with that racial individuality which baffles description" made Burton an ideal ruler for a Mohammedan people. Besides, he was already under the Foreign Office. And yet when we took Egypt we sent Lord Dufferin to govern it, and tossed a small consular post to Richard Burton as a bone to a dog. Dufferin knew no Arabic, and nothing about Egypt. Burton knew more than any one else on earth about both, and was besides a thousand times abler than the chattering, charming Irish peer. Yet Dufferin was preferred before him. Deliberately, I say that all our mistakes in Egypt—and they are as numerous and as abominable as years of needless war have ever produced—came from this one blunder. This sin England is committing every day, the sin of treating the able and true man as the wrong and bad man, and therefore negligible; it is the sin against the Holy Spirit, the sin once thought unforgivable. No wonder Burton wrote that the "crass ignorance" (of England) "concerning the Oriental peoples which should most interest her, exposes her to the contempt of Europe as well as of the Eastern World." No wonder he condemned "the regrettable raids of '83-'84," and "the miserable attacks of Tokar, Teb, and Tamasi" upon the "gallant negroids who were battling for the holy cause of liberty and religion and for escape from Turkish taskmasters and Egyptian tax-gatherers," and he concludes thunderously there was "not an English official in camp . . . capable of speaking Arabic."

Gladstone appointed Dufferin; Gladstone sent Gordon to the Soudan at the dictation of a journalist as ignorant as himself! Gladstone, too, appointed Cromer, and after Tokar and Teb we had the atrocious, shameful revenge on the Mahdi's remains and the barbarous murders of Den-shawi; and a thousand thousand unknown tragedies besides, all because England's rulers are incapable of using her wisest sons and determined to pin their faith to mediocrities—like choosing like.

"England," says Burton, "has forgotten, apparently, that she is at present the greatest Mohammedan empire in the world, and in her Civil Service examinations she insists on a smattering of Greek and Latin rather than a knowledge of Arabic." Here is what Burton thought about the English Civil Service; every word of it is true, every word memorable:—

In our day, when we live under a despotism of the lower "middle-class" who can pardon anything but superiority, the prizes of competitive service are monopolised by certain "pets" of the *Médiocratie*, and prime favourites of that jealous and potent majority—the Mediocrities who know "no nonsense about merit." It is hard for an outsider to realise how perfect is the monopoly of commonplace, and to comprehend how fatal a stumbling-stone that man sets in the way of his own advancement who dares to think for himself, or who thinks more or who does more than the mob of gentlemen-employees who know very little and do even less. "He knows too much" is the direst obstacle to official advancement in England—it would be no objection in France; and in Germany, Russia and Italy, the three

rising Powers of Europe, it would be a valid claim for promotion. But, unfortunately for England, the rule and government of the country have long been, and still are, in the hands of a corporation, a clique, which may be described as salaried permanent and irresponsible clerks, the power which administers behind the Minister. They rule and misrule; nor is there one man in a million who, like the late Mr. Fawcett, when taking Ministerial charge, dares to think and act for himself and to emancipate himself from the ignoble tyranny of "the office."

With all its faults the English Civil Service is better than our Parliamentary masters. Like fish a State first goes bad at the head. Burton used to tell how he came home and offered all East Africa to Lord Salisbury. He had concluded treaties with all the chiefs; no other Power was interested or would have objected. But Lord Salisbury refused the gift. "Is Zanzibar an island?" he wanted to know, and "Is East Africa worth anything?" So we allowed the Germans twenty years later to come in and cut "the wasp's waist" and bar our way from the Cape to Cairo.

England wasted Burton—wasted him shamefully, and has already paid millions of money, to say nothing of far more precious things (some of them beyond price), for her stupidity, and England's account with Egypt is still all on the wrong side—stands, indeed, worse than ever, I imagine; for Egypt, is now bitterly contemptuous of English rule. Egypt is a source of weakness to England therefore, and not a source and fount of strength, as she would have been from the beginning if the old Parliamentary rhetor had had eyes as well as tongue, and had set Burton to do the work of teaching, organising, and guiding which your Dufferins and Cromers and the rest are incapable even of imagining.

The worst of it is that Burton has left no successor. Had he been appointed he would have seen to this, one may be sure; would have established a great school of Arabic learning in Cairo, and trained a staff of Civil servants who would have gladly learned the elements at least of their work—men who would not only have known Arabic, but the ablest natives, and so have availed themselves of a little better knowledge than their own. But, alas! the chance has been lost, and unless something is done soon Egypt will be England's worst failure, worse even than India or Ireland.

But now I must return to Burton. I should like to tell of an evening I spent once with him when Lord Lytton was present. Lytton had been Viceroy of India, the first and only Viceroy who ever understood his own infinite unfitness for the post.

"I only stayed in India," he used to say, "to prevent them sending out an even worse man."

I asked him afterwards why he didn't recommend Burton for the post; for he knew something of Burton's quality.

"They'd never send him," he cried with unconscious snobbery. "He's not got the title or position; besides, he'd be too independent. My God, how he'd kick over the traces and upset the cart!"

The eternal dread of genius, and yet that very evening Burton had shown high qualities of prudence and wisdom quite beyond Lytton's comprehending.

But I must hasten. I found myself in Venice once with time on my hands, when I suddenly remembered that across the sea at Trieste was a man who would always make a meeting memorable. I took the next steamer and called on Burton. I found the desert lion dying of the cage; dying of disappointment and neglect; dying because there was no field for the exercise of his superlative abilities; dying because the soul in him could find nothing to live on in Trieste. In spite of his talent for literature, in spite of his extraordinary gift of speech, Burton was at bottom a man of action, a great leader, a still greater governor of men.

While out walking we stopped at a little *café*, and I had an object-lesson in Burton's mastery of life. His German was quite good, but nothing like his Italian. He seemed to know the people of the inn and everyone about by intuition, and in a few minutes had won their confidence and admiration. For half an hour he talked to a delighted audience in Dante's speech, jewelled with phrases from the great Florentine himself. As we walked back to his house he suddenly cried to me:—

"Make some excuse and take me out to-night; if I don't get out I shall go mad. . . ."

We had a great night—Burton on his own life: he told of his youth in the Indian Army when he wandered about among the natives disguised as a native (I have always thought of him as the original of Kipling's "Strickland"). His fellow-officers, of course, hated his superiority: called him in derision "the white nigger"; Burton laughed at it all, fully compensated, he said, for their hatred by the love and admiration of Sir Charles Napier (*Peccavi*, "I have Sinned," Napier), hero meeting hero. It was to Napier, and at Napier's request, that he sent the famous "report" which, falling into secretarial hands, put an end to any chance of Burton's advancement in India—the tragedy again and again repeated of a great life maimed and marred by envious, eyeless mediocrities. What might have been, what would have been—a new earth if not a new heaven—the theme of his inspired narration.

I got him to talk, too, about "The Scented Garden," which he had been working at for some time. Lady Burton afterwards burnt this book, together with his priceless diaries, for prudery's milky taste. He told me (what I had already guessed) that the freedom of speech he used, he used deliberately, not to shock England but to teach England that only by absolute freedom of speech and thought could she ever come to be worthy of her heritage.

"But I'm afraid it's too late," he added; "England's going to some great defeat; she's wedded to lies and mediocrities." . . . He got bitter again, and I wished to turn his thoughts.

"Which would you really have preferred to be," I probed, "Viceroy of India or Consul-General of Egypt?"

"Egypt, Egypt!" he cried, starting up, "Egypt! In India I should have had the English Civil servants to deal with—the Jangali, or savages, as their Hindu fellow-subjects call them—and English prejudices, English formalities, English stupidity, English ignorance. They would have killed me in India, thwarted me, fought me, intrigued against me, murdered me. But in Egypt I could have made my own Civil servants, picked them out, and trained them. I could have had natives, too, to help. Ah, what a chance!"

"I know Arabic better than I know Hindi. Arabic is my native tongue; I know it as well as I know English. I know the Arab nature. The Mahdi business could have been settled without striking a blow. If Gordon had known Arabic well, spoken it as a master, he would have won the Mahdi to friendship. To govern you must know a people—know their feelings, love their dreams and aspirations. What did Dufferin know of Egypt? Poor Dufferin, what did he even know of Dufferin? And Cromer's devoid of Dufferin's amiability!"

The cold words do him wrong, give no hint of the flame and force of his disappointment; but I can never forget the bitter-sadness of it: "England finds nothing for me to do, makes me an office-boy, exiles me here on a pittance." The caged lion!

I have always thought that these two men, Carlyle and Burton, were the two greatest governors ever given to England. The one for England herself, and as an example to the world of the way to turn a feudal, chivalrous State into

a great modern, industrial State; the other the best possible governor of Mahomedan peoples—two more prophets whom England did not stone, but did not take the trouble to listen to. She is still paying, as I have said, somewhat dearly for her adders' ears, and must yet pay still more dearly.

I have found fault with Carlyle because he was a Puritan, deaf to music, blind to beauty. Burton was anything but a Puritan, but he was curiously sceptical and practical—his curiosity all limited to this world, which accounts to me for his infernal pedantry. He never seemed to realise that wisdom has nothing to do with knowledge, literature nothing to do with learning. Knowledge and learning—facts are but the raw food of experience, and literature is concerned only with human experience. A child of the mystical East, a master of that Semitic thought which has produced the greatest religions, Burton was astoundingly matter-of-fact. There was no touch of the visionary in him—the curious analogies of things disparate everywhere discoverable, the chemical reactions of passion, the astounding agreement between mathematical formulæ and the laws of love and hatred, the myriad provoking hints, like eyes glinting through a veil, that tempt the poet to dreaming, the artist to belief, were all lost on Burton. He was a master of this life and cared nothing for any other; his disbelief was curiously “emphatic.” He wrote:—

The shivered clock again shall strike, the broken reed shall
pipe again,
But we, we die, and Death is one, the doom of Brutes, the
doom of Men.

But, with all his limitations and all his shortcomings, Burton's place was an Eastern throne and not the ignoble routine of a petty Consular office.

“TREASURE ISLAND” AS A BOOK FOR BOYS

It is a pity that schoolmasters do not make a point of discovering the private literary tastes of their pupils, in order that we could form some general idea of what boys really like to read. Such an inquiry must be conducted tactfully; the only lists of the kind that we have seen were suspiciously priggish. It is true that there are boys who like Scott and Dickens, but it is safe to say that the average boy of twelve or thirteen cares neither for one nor the other, or at all events, given the opportunity, prefers Henty or Talbot Baines Reed. Yet, while we may acknowledge that boys do not accept our adult standards of criticism, it must not be inferred that they do not possess any of their own. A bookish boy will read anything if the supply of books is limited, but he will like some books better than others, and the most sophisticated of critics has no firmer ground for his judgments than that.

That the critical instinct of boys is sometimes subtle in its workings may be seen from the classic instance of “Treasure Island,” which entirely failed to capture the hearts of the juvenile readers of *Young Folks* when it appeared as a serial in that periodical. Indeed the editor had to defend it, in reply to criticisms of the earlier instalments. In revenge the “Black Arrow,” surely Stevenson's worst book, proved a great success with the same body of readers, a preference which should reveal to the thoughtful writer the enormous difficulty of estimating the probable popularity of books written for boys. The conscientious critic should be panic-stricken at Christmas-time, when he is faced with the

usual deluge of juvenile literature, for he is about to adventure in an unknown land. A musical critic set down suddenly in Barnard's ring at Epsom to write an account of the Derby for the Newmarket touts would be in a position no more embarrassing.

What was it in “Treasure Island” that the readers of *Young Folks* did not like? If we could find a satisfactory answer to the question we should be nearer to an understanding of juvenile standards of criticism. Offhand, though we should not have thought of bracketing it with “Tom Sawyer” and the “Iliad,” like Mr. Andrew Lang, we should have said that “Treasure Island” was the best boys' book that had ever been written. Pirates, treasure, a desert island, some good fighting and a boy hero are the elements that we should seek in a model work of that description; and though we do not credit the young with any taste for style, they should surely appreciate the romantic spirit and unfailing energy with which Stevenson's tale is told. He avoided, too, the heavy-handed morality that proved the undoing of Dean Farrar, and even, from a boy's point of view, of Thomas Hughes. Virtue triumphs, but so, to a minor extent, does the principal villain—that very finished ruffian John Silver—whose character drew its inspiration, we are told, from the “maimed strength and masterfulness” of the poet Henley, and with whom Stevenson had clearly fallen in love himself. An omission in the story that the author lamented would not probably occur to the mind of a boy. “The trouble is,” he wrote, “to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted.” Another omission, that of female characters, was in joyful obedience to the wishes of the boy on whom he tried the earlier chapters, and here he was undoubtedly right. Yet the readers of *Young Folks*, those bizarre and nameless critics, refused to hear the charmer's voice till he changed his pipe and gave them the “Black Arrow.”

Boys are ineloquent critics, and this heightens the difficulty of understanding their literary preferences; so that we are forced to fall back on theory to account for the failure of “Treasure Island” in serial form. Perhaps the most notable difference between that and the average book for boys lies in the fact that Stevenson's characterisation is more than skin deep. His hero, Jim Hawkins, is a real boy, and not one of the super-boys who lead armies and drive motor-cars across the pages of most boys' books. Admitting that Jim does heroic things, it is nevertheless true that Stevenson has robbed him of the normal heroic glamour. The grown-ups in the book do not turn to him for orders or acclaim him as a genius. We are made to feel—indeed we are told—that his splendid achievements are due to luck rather than judgment, and he emerges from his adventures without a halo. Now, doubtless, this study of a boy is faithful in terms of life, but this is not the kind of part that a boy would choose to play in his dreams. In the imaginary world of youth a boy triumphs over difficulties by superior skill and intellect, and not by luck, and his triumph is immediately recognised by old and young alike. Instead of adding a new kingdom to this world, “Treasure Island” is a shrewd blow at this fundamental law. It suggests that it is possible for a boy hero to be thoughtless and even foolish, and is a manifest denial of the truth that a boy can do no wrong in the world of adventure.

Again, though the adult mind finds John Silver a convincing and sufficient villain, it may be doubted whether he is acceptable to the young as a type of pirate captain. He is smooth-tongued and hypocritical, and he achieved by guile the ends that a proper pirate captain would have attained by force. It is a pity, for it cannot be denied that his ferocity is genuine when he doffs his ignoble mask. Flint

or William Bones must have played the part with a better grace; in fact, from all we learn of Flint he must have been a model pirate, and all the lesser ruffians of "Treasure Island" fall to talking of him when they want to make our flesh creep. Their villainy is merely the shadow of Flint's, and tender youth, with a mind tuned for deeds of violence, may well imagine that the book begins too late. "Treasure Island" is well enough, but where is the tale of Flint's adventures? That is the book that a healthy-minded, blood-thirsty boy would wish to read.

Doubtless in humanising his characters, in making his boy-hero a mere lifelike boy, in sketching his pirates as the cowardly, clumsy ruffians they were in real life, Stevenson was at variance with juvenile conceptions of adventure; and yet the story is so good that the coldness of those early readers remains a mystery. "Treasure Island" was begun at Braemar in August, 1881, and at the same time Stevenson was writing some of those graceful notes of childhood that were afterwards gathered into the "Child's Garden of Verses." In our experience these never fail with young children, who find in them a straightforward expression of everyday emotions, where grown-up people find poignant echoes of the rapture and enchantment of their lost childhood. When a child in our hearing called them "sensible" we realised the measure of the poet's success. From the lips of children he would have desired no other praise.

Intellectually boys are hard to reckon with, for in most of them the child's imagination is giving place to the materialism of a healthy animal, so that side by side with the credulity of inexperience we find a scepticism founded on cheerful ignorance. A boy may dismiss the novels of Scott as "rot" and read a halfpenny legend of Deadwood Dick, the Dime Detective, with interest and pleasure. But we must not on this account deny him the possession of a critical faculty. He knows what he likes, and that is the beginning of all criticism. It would be interesting if readers of THE ACADEMY would reveal their experience of boys' tastes in literature.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"RED RUIN AND THE 'MAKING' OF THE LAWS"—II.

INSTEAD of choosing new areas for the further application of the free principle wherein its benefaction could be widened and amplified, the leaders started to claim for this miniature Free Trade all the qualities of a kind of panacea. Its effects were not only over-estimated, but in many cases misinterpreted. It had caused an increase in the volume of industry and trade to an unprecedented extent, a decrease in unemployment, a rise in wages, and thousands among the workers became themselves employers of labour. But not content with the actual sum-total of the beneficial effects of their reform, these reformers led the world to believe that the benefactions flowing from utterly different sources were part of its miraculous handiwork. The discovery of steam and its manifold uses on land and water, the reform in the postal system, the abolition of stamp and paper duties, the curtailment of certain despotic restrictions imposed by Bank monopoly, and scores of other innovations—all these represented each their particular contribution to a phenomenal prosperity.

All this exaggeration of facts, confusion of phenomena, and misinterpretation of conditions, when the great falling-off set in some thirty years later, led to a marked change of front in both political parties. Political Economy became discredited, especially among the Conservatives, and the Indi-

vidualists in the once great Liberal Party permitted themselves to be marched in the very opposite direction Cobden had inaugurated. State Socialism soon became the goal of both parties, and competition in pragmatism and predatory legislation became, as it ever must do, contagious and cumulative.

The usual deplorable results were soon manifest. Profits dwindled, taxes rose. Exasperating inspection, hampering prohibitions, fussy and tiresome regulations, weighed heavily upon our home trade, our industry, and our shipping, while foreign competitors were proportionately encouraged. The parental legislation called for heavy sacrifices, all of which, in default of profits, naturally fell on the wage-earning classes. The lowered consuming power of the masses, due to the lower wages, rendered more fierce the competition among the producers and so still further reduced profits and wages alike.

Such were the direct effects of this great legislative volte-face. Then came the indirect ones, quite as mischievous as the others. The politicians, in their vote-catching panderings to the popular cry, were sedulously preaching a grave and dangerous fallacy—namely, that Capital and Labour are naturally antagonistic. This being, or appearing to be, the conviction of the leaders, what wonder that the masses adopted their view? Being convinced that the masters were the enemies of the men, they proceeded to organise a fighting-machine—the Trades Unions. The huge capital accumulated during the fast vanishing Individualist era by these societies was now squandered, together with their own savings and often the contents of the working-men's homes, in visiting losses on the employers. The doctrine they had learned was that if the reduction of wages were not resisted, and if a rise in wages were not forced upon their masters by means of strikes, the employers would take advantage of their peaceful attitude, and lower wages, or at least keep them stationary.

These victims of fallacious teaching were not aware, and the agitators were incapable of telling them, that no combination or action on the part of the employers can keep wages down so long as trade is progressing, and that no number of strikes, be they however gigantic, can raise wages when trade is on the decline. Even now to-day this wrongful teaching is so deep-rooted among workers and agitators alike, despite the great suffering and losses sustained, that they do not realise the true and actual effects of strikes: reduced consumption, less available capital, prolonged depression, permanently lower wages, and more unemployed. If ever they should recover from the maleficent sophistries with which the politicians and agitators have impregnated them, they will perceive with all their eyes that uninterrupted work means augmented capital, increased consuming power, increased demand for manufactured goods, increased demand for labourers and higher wages—that they may put their trust in the well-founded selfishness of the employer, impelling him to expand his business as much as possible, and consequently to secure as many workers as his extended business demands, thereby keeping wages at the highest possible point compatible with the permanence of his trade. Instead of permitting so natural an evolution, they have been and are killing the goose with the golden eggs.

Thus the direct and indirect consequences and the return to antiquated and exploded fallacies have been compassing the ruin of our industry and trade, and plunging the country and with it the Empire—that veritable Paradise of wealth given rational organisation and sound rule—into a position of ever-growing difficulties and dangers. The workers are the wielders of power, and the more they are persuaded by the politicians to endorse and adopt a system of government which must inevitably undermine trade, industry, transport by land and shipping, and bring these finally to a standstill,

the result can alone be misery and exasperation to the point that, by the aid of the State, they will use their power to appropriate all the wealth that has been accumulated.

The capital of the nation is not the property of Government, but of private individuals. Despite every law enacted to the contrary, these can, at a moment's notice, transfer all their capital abroad. Capital cannot be expected to submit to a process of annihilation. When it rebels and quits this country the event will be marked by the breaking down of credit. With an antiquated and irrational centralisation banking system such as ours, the next phase will be the stoppage of all our banks. When the system of clearing by credit and cheques breaks down, all that will remain will be a few millions of gold with which to meet thousands of millions of promises to pay, complete cessation of industry will result in a bank panic, and its probable sequel a gold famine, and the industrial centres will find themselves resourceless. Disorder and confusion will ensue. Local government or emergency committees will grab any stores of food wherever found. Urgent telegrams to foreign ports ordering the retention of all food consignments destined for these islands will be despatched, and the self-inflicted universal blockade would bring about an appalling famine in the country. The climax, involving a wolfish struggle for existence, with all the horrors of a beleaguered city or of a shipwreck, can easily be conceived.

But all such disasters could yet be averted. A return, on a truly amplified scale, to the free principles of Individualism, whereby Free Trade were conferred on Capital and Credit, on the Colonies, on land, as well as in other vital directions, would soon have its beneficial effects, and it can be easily shown that if the new policy were fearlessly approached and dealt with in a non-party spirit, bereft of all prejudice, such small examples of the great benefactions already inherited by us through the unmaking of laws, if broadly applied, would result in a prosperity exceeding that of the crumbled States, and would secure to us the welfare of all classes, as well as the firm consolidation of the Empire.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

NEW ZEALAND SKETCHES

By W. H. KOEBEL

I.

It is bad policy to start with a wailing note. A subtle host—there should be as much entertainment within book-covers as upon a tablecloth—will lay out his most sparkling wines first of all, awaiting the period when his guests' palates shall be clogged ere substituting less cheerful vintages. But how can I refrain from a grumble? The fact is that a very notable portion of the Empire has a genuine grievance. How does it happen that the Maoriland bush should never yet have found a singer? There are names in literature that are famous from their mere association with the men and forests, lakes and lands, of Canada, India, and Africa. Reflect, moreover, on the most marked feature of the anomaly! Australia drew the verse from Adam Lindsay Gordon in a full and clear stream, while a New Zealand poet who can hold the ear of the world still lacks existence.

Now this thing is far more curious than it may appear to those ignorant of both countries. Such folk may well consider it but natural—in view of the great disparity in size of

the two lands—that from the blue gums of Australia should have emerged the work of such men as Adam Lindsay Gordon and "Rolf Boldrewood," while the song of the New Zealand mountains and forests should never have echoed beyond their own shores. In reality, since romance is not to be measured by the mile, no comparison is possible between the two fields. Without the slightest fear of being called to account for undue partisanship, it may be said that the glamour of New Zealand is infinitely greater than that of Australia. Who lived amongst the gum-trees of the latter ere the advent of the white man? Now that I have written it, the question is obviously couched in an unfortunate form. To the irreverent it will suggest the opossum; whereas I am referring to the tribes of rather unpoetic natives, the limitations of whose intelligence are narrower than those of the majority of such folk.

It is time to forsake such comparisons in romance and to turn to the topic of New Zealand alone. And when we arrive in New Zealand, let it be distinctly understood that no halt is to be made in such towns as Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, or in any other centre of electric tramways, busy streets, and hot or cold water on tap. No; we will make directly for a small bush township that sits on the shores of a bay just at the spot where a river, coursing down from the mountains inland, enters the ocean.

It is a short ride from here to the bush. An hour's smart canter will gain the country that is so rich in natural effect and in Maori legend. And when you have once set eyes on it the impression will remain with you: have no doubt on that point! I have seen tropical forests where the flowers blazed in arrogant pride, and whose trees themselves were painted in bewildering hues of blossom, even down to their trunks, from which the orchids hung with all the spendthrift radiance of the parasite. An overwhelming scene this! As entrancing to the senses in the first instant as would be a draught of honey and maraschino—and as sickly. A purely gorgeous pot of the kind possesses something of the effrontery of the painted woman. Can nature be immoral? If so, the vice is to be met with in places such as this, where the monkeys chatter and the humming-birds flit in the clearings. At the first glimpse it is magnificent; but familiarity must inevitably breed a suggestion of rankness.

The wonder of the Maoriland bush is of another order. Immeasurably deeper, infinitely more subtle, it is very stately, very silent, breathing out its mystery from every one of its evergreen leafy pores. The very birds have attuned themselves to its mood; the silence is broken by little beyond the silvery chime of the bell-bird. There are no chatterers in the depths of the bush: only ghosts, so the Maori says, and wandering spirits of evil. If so, how can the dreaded things sustain their malice in such soft and dreamy surroundings, amidst the bush of evergreen, tree-fern, and palm, beneath which spreads the thick carpet of maidenhair?

But the life of the country does not begin and end with the leafage of the bush. There is its human population, and that of the township on the fringe of the ocean. There are its foolish sheep, its wise sheep-dogs, its horses, cattle, and the loves and hatreds of all, irrespective of breed or sex. It is astonishing how much a district holds, to say nothing of a country! It is impossible to dismiss the topic of humanity as curtly as that of the lower animals. What type of men are these that live among the forests, peaks, and grass-lands of the clearings? Of these I can give a broad and accurate description at the very outset. They are, in fact, very much like other men. It is but natural that in some respects they should differ from those who dwell in more populous and

noisy centres. They have in a marked degree those qualities that go hand in hand with perfect physical health and a strenuous life that holds many moments where disaster can only be averted by instant decision and unshattered nerve.

It may be that the force of association has caused me to rate them too highly. For staunchness, reliability, and open-heartedness I would put the man of the bush in the same category as the sailor. The two professions have much in common. Each is dependent on a very limited society of his fellow-beings, each has to fend for himself in the hour of need, and neither has the opportunity of displaying his best qualities when arriving in town or port. But the man from the bush has more than these primary virtues, as I hope to prove later.

Of course there are all kinds, even in the bush and in the open pasture land. There are as many lawsuits, boundary disputes, and minor failings here as elsewhere. But were the bush docked of its frailties it would be a most uninteresting spot. And here the weakness of the universal types is wont to be drowned in an unusually prolific flow of the milk of human kindness. If you leave the country an embittered man, the fault lies entirely with yourself, and not in the least with the land or its people. The place, in fact, will be well rid of you, and I cannot conceive what other spot would be the gainer.

Since we are giving the ground a preliminary clearing for action, one point should be made clear at the start. A misconception may arise concerning the nature of him whom I have called the man from the bush. In the imagination of the exuberant-minded he may be pictured as a wild man from the woods, crude as a bush pig in costume and manners. A tremendous wide-awake hat will inevitably form part of his garb, and for preference a flaming red shirt. But it would be superfluous to enter into the various popular conceptions of the man who is vaguely imagined as hailing from the back of beyond. Frankly, it is no more possible to collect his numerous representatives into a single type than it would be to effect a similar feat in the case of the various grades and conditions of townsmen. He may be landowner, shepherd, or stockman. As any of the three he may bear the name of a well-known family—the prevalence of the younger sons of such is a marked feature in Maoriland—or his origin may be commonplace or quite humble. His manners will be in accordance with his birth rather than with his station in life; but it may be taken for granted that the behaviour of even the most lowly will bear a favourable comparison with that of the corresponding class at home, although in the first instance a newcomer may mistake a natural independence for something less admirable.

As to costume, the man from the back-blocks will wear exactly what suits him in the course of his daily work. In place of the conventional wideawake, his headgear may be a cloth cap, or even an ancient and battered bowler. The latter I have frequently seen—I admit not without a deep sense of injury to the poetical fitness of things—on the head of a rider galloping desperately amid the most romantic country in the world, while the cattle were charging blindly, and the crashes of the stockwhips echoed across the gullies. But one has no right to consider costume at such a juncture. The sole business of the hour is with the sheep, as the inattentive may find out to their cost. It is only when bound for the township that sartorial matters should occupy the mind. Then, indeed, you will see a transformation from dungaree trousers and worn flannel shirts to a far more brilliant apparel that in many cases is not to be distinguished from the smart apparel in which men are wont to hack at home. Let me assure you that we can be dressy on occasion, even in the back-blocks.

AUTUMN BOOKS : GENERAL

MR. EDMUND DULAC, who has beautified the glaring hoardings with a poster of "Macbeth," has illustrated "Tales from Hans Andersen." The book is now in the press, and will provide many a wondering circle of children with speechless hours. The art of Mr. Dulac is very delicate and imaginative, and has obviously been inspired by Andersen's evergreen tales. Mr. Arthur Rackham, whose work belongs to the same school, also has a new book in the press. He has provided "Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods" with illustrations. There is another interesting illustrated book nearly ready. This is "Tannhäuser," by Willy Pogany.

Among forthcoming memoirs and biographies there are those of Bishop Ernest Wilberforce, by Mr. J. B. Atlay, the late editor of the *Globe*, and now a Special Commissioner of Income-tax; and Bishop King, by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Father Tyrrell has written his *Autobiography and Life*, and Sir Henry Craik the *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon*. Another very interesting volume, and one which is being read widely by the earnest student of the drama, is Mr. Charles Calvert's "Sixty-eight Years on the Stage." Admiral Sir Edward Seymour has also fallen a victim to the *cacoethes scribendi*, and is the author of a book called "My Naval Career and Travels." The autobiography of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony has been out some days. Later in the month there will be added to these Mr. Lucien Wolf's "Life of the Marquess of Ripon," Mr. Bernard Holland's "Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire," and the "Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B.;" "Tennyson and his Friends," edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson; Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Autobiographic Memoirs;" "The Early Youth of Marie Antoinette: a Study in Grisaille," by Lady Younghusband; Mr. H. M. Hyndman's "Record of an Adventurous Life," giving, of course, his connection with the early phases of the Socialist movement in England and his friendship with Mazzini and Marx, his journeys to Australia, India, and America, and his meetings with George Meredith, Disraeli, Clemenceau, William Morris, and Lord Randolph Churchill; "Forty Years of Friendship, as Recorded in the Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge," edited by Mr. Charlton Yarnall; the Biography of John Gibson, the sculptor; and Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's authorised "Life of James McNeill Whistler," which has long been expected. In addition to these Mr. Heinemann will publish the first volume of the Autobiography of Mr. George Moore; "My Vagabondage," by Mr. J. E. Patterson; the autobiographical revelation of an East-End man, by Mr. George Acorn, entitled "One of the Multitude;" and the "Life Story of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan."

Under the rather wide heading of History we are to have from Macmillan and Co. Mr. E. C. K. Gonner's "Common Law and Inclosure," Professor J. B. Bury's "The Eastern Roman Empire from the Fall of Irene to the Accession of Basil I. (A.D. 802-867)," Professor W. S. Ferguson's "Historical Essay on Hellenistic Athens," Dr. H. Belcher's "The First American Civil War," Mr. William Braithwaite's "The Beginnings of Quakerism," and "Florent Etona," by Mr. Ralph Nevill. Kegan Paul and Co. are preparing a book called "Rowlandson's Oxford," by Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, which is an estimate of Oxford two hundred years ago from an undergraduate point of view, illustrated by a set of hitherto unpublished drawings of Rowlandson, reproduced in colours. Mr. Heinemann announces the work upon which Dr. Nansen has been so long engaged, giving the history of his Arctic explorations. This is called "Through Northern Mists," and will be illustrated from old charts and engravings and from drawings by the author. The

same publisher will send out Mr. Lovat Fraser's "India Under Curzon and After," and "Through Trackless Labrador," by Mr. Hesketh Pritchard.

To the already large number of books for the young there are shortly to be added E. Nesbit's "The Wonderful Garden," with illustrations by Mr. H. R. Millar; Lewis Carroll's "Phantasmagoria, and other Poems," illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost; "Fairies Afield," by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by Miss G. Demain Hammond; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, and Through the Looking-glass," with ninety-two illustrations, sixteen being in colour, by John Tenniel; "The Ingoldsby Legends," with sixteen full-page illustrations in colour by Mr. H. G. Theaker; and Gilbert White's "Selborne," with illustrations by Mr. G. E. Collins.

From various publishers many other interesting books may be looked for from time to time, such as Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Irish Reminiscences;" "The Sport of Shooting," by Mr. Owen Jones; "The Italian Year," by Mr. Richard Bagot, who thus deserts fiction for a change; "Undiscovered Russia," by Mr. Stephen Graham; "The Bargain Book," by Mr. C. E. Jerningham (the witty "Marmaduke" of *Truth*) and Mr. Lewis Bettany; "Nigeria: its Peoples and its Problems," by Mr. E. D. Morel; and "The Cheerful Day," by Mr. Reginald Lucas. To these we must add "Principles of Economics," by Professor F. W. Taussig; "Monopoly and Competition: a Study in English Industrial Organisation," by Hermann Levy, Professor in the University of Heidelberg; "Unemployment," by Messrs. B. S. Rowntree and Bruno Lasker; and "The Modern Prison Curriculum," by Dr. R. F. Quinton.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ON Friday evening, September 15th, an interesting lecture was given at the Pall Mall Galleries, in connection with the present exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, by Anthony Guest, Esq., on "The Search for Beauty." Mr. Guest, it will be remembered, is the author of "Art and the Camera," and in his discourse he brought to bear all the sympathy and enchantment of which readers of that most useful book on photography know him to be capable. He said that those who made search for and greatly appreciated beauty had no means of comparing their state with what it would have been had the desire for beauty been denied them. One artist saw more in the human form, another in landscape, a third in flowers, a fourth in the sea, and a fifth in architecture than his fellows, and consequently each was inclined to make a speciality of his particular subject in his work. Beauty can only be real when it fits in with the general scheme of things. Fitness in its turn produces harmony, harmony happiness, and happiness health. Love must be brought to the quest for beauty, for it was beyond material forms. Mr. Guest went on to point out what a very large amount is done with the oval shape, that the beauty of the female form was produced by oval curves, and that Nature had very little use for the circle. He referred to Charles Dickens as the discoverer of beauty where it had been previously suspected that none existed, and advocated that those interested in photography could not do better than continue this search for loveliness, at the same time not forgetting to keep their sympathies keenly alive.

A short and lively discussion followed on the beauty of line, the beauty of surface and texture, and many other subjects of interest to those who enter into the technical side of photography. The lecture was fairly well attended, and concluded about 9.45.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

M. STOLYPIN

IN an age when genius is usually associated with a superabundance of decadent attributes, the man who typifies plain virility is likely to be lost among the crowd. Certainly he will stand head and shoulders above his fellows; but of what profit to him, or to any one, if eyes are turned earthwards in search of mighty insects?

Stolypin has fallen—fallen at the hand of a "modern," of a thing that in more wholesome times would miraculously have ceased to exist on attaining the age of maturity, and mischief. And yet this creature, held to be vile by the sturdy common-sense of vast communities of Slavs, Teutons, Scandinavians, Latins, and Anglo-Saxons, is the product of an advanced movement in the direction of so-called intellectual emancipation. We confess to a feeling of some bitterness when we discover inferential, if partial, recognition of the movement expressed in the more reputable of our daily journals. The recognition may not be intentional, but nevertheless it is a surrender, and a craven surrender, to a trend of modern thought that knows only two categories—the traditional Napoleon calmly and deliberately moving the pawns of his day, and the modern leader pressing on to his ideal, but hampered by the brute force of an untutored and perverse proletariat. There is room in this country for the establishment of a tribunal whose duty it should be to take severely to task and to censure such scribes as are to be found in Fleet Street and its purlieus, who, smugly glossing over what they are pleased to term his excusable imperfections, would indite as the epitaph of the man who has so swiftly become merged in the shadows that "although possessing no genius, he *meant well* to his Sovereign and his fellow-subjects." It was Stolypin's misfortune that he should have lived in an age of pigmies, and that his intellect and achievements should have been measured by puny standards. But truth will triumph, and the great statesman, revered by his Sovereign, beloved by the Russian people, and honoured by the whole world, will go down to history as a giant among men.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN CHINA

To the student of nations there can be no more fascinating problem than that which is suggested by the existing situation in China. It is a problem fraught with possibilities so immense as to appal the imagination—a problem, moreover, possessed of world-wide significance no less than world-wide interest, and characterised by an ever-changing complexity which has again and again baffled serious investigation and falsified reasoned speculation. The dramatic entry of Japan into the comity of nations turned the eyes of the West towards the East. Men wondered whether or not China, stirred by the force of an example so close at hand, would arouse herself from the slumber of ages to claim a place among the enlightened Powers of the world. The inauguration of sweeping reforms throughout the Empire seemed to indicate that progressive forces had begun to move in earnest. People who paid brief visits to the country, and whose opportunities for observation were necessarily limited, did not hesitate to declare that China had actually awakened, and that within a few years she would attain to a degree of national efficiency that would equal, if it did not excel, that already achieved by Japan. On the other hand, serious students of the trend of events who had the advantage of long residence in China strongly deprecated any undue display of optimism in regard to the general situation. While not slow to recognise that there were abundant evidences of promising transition, they urged with consider-

able force that until the source of all the evil that withered the land—the deep-seated corruption and wilful maladministration of the Central Government at Peking—had been thoroughly cleansed, it could not truthfully be said that an era of genuine reform had dawned.

Thus in relation to existing conditions we have two distinct schools of publicists, one of which lends its authority to the final verdict that China is awake, while the other, better-informed, and in every way a more dependable guide, takes the cautious view that she has, as it were, opened her eyes, and is gazing in wonderment at the world of progress around her, but that she has not yet made up her mind to rise from her bed. Whichever opinion may be correct, the all-important fact remains that extreme optimism is not met with extreme pessimism; in other words, in no quarter is it denied that since the poignant lesson of the Russo-Japanese War was presented to China she has, solely of her own volition, made material advancement in many directions tending towards national efficiency. Foreigners who have dwelt long in the country, and who have come in close contact with the people and their customs, are, by reason of their experience of the past, disinclined to commit themselves hastily to anything in the nature of a definite judgment. China has shown signs of awakening before to-day, and she has fallen into deep slumber again.

But of the present movement towards reform it can be said, without the least fear of contradiction, that at no time in her modern history has she made a more determined effort to shake off once and for all that sickly lethargy which has so long sapped the vitality of her people and so frequently threatened her existence as an independent nation. Should the forces of progress gain, and, without serious interruption of any kind, continue to enjoy, complete ascendancy, then the present generation will undoubtedly see the rise of China to a place among the leading Powers. The magnitude of an evolution such as this would involve, and the far-reaching character of the influence it would exercise on world-politics, cannot be over-estimated. A strong and prosperous China would end for ever the aggressive domination of the white races. Sir Robert Hart recently related that years ago Wen Hsiang said to him, "You had better let us sleep on; if you will awaken us, we shall go further and faster than you will like!" "They are awake now," commented Sir Robert, "and the new learning is at work all over the country, but mistakes will be made, and the crop will not yield so much or so quickly as has been anticipated. It is no easy task to force four hundred millions of people into line, and yet time will see changes, and the apostles of the new learning will have disciples, and the end will be the product of evolution of work, and the fittest will survive."

When it is remembered that China is half as large again as the United States, excluding Alaska, and that, leaving out of consideration altogether the several dependencies that owe her tribute, the smallest of the eighteen provinces that lie south of the Great Wall contains a population of six or seven millions, while that of the largest reaches sixty or seventy millions, and that each province is sufficiently extensive to contain a kingdom, some faint idea may be derived of the importance to be attached to the present movement of the progressive forces throughout the length and breadth of the land. Should these progressive forces gather strength, and endure until they place China in the forefront of the nations, a task infinitely greater than that so successfully undertaken by the makers of modern Japan will have been accomplished. But it stands to reason that China cannot attain to national efficiency with the same rapid precision as that which was so remarkably characteristic of the transitional period in Japan. The vastness of her territory in itself presents serious obstacles to reform. It is related that until Western

nations broke in upon their seclusion the Chinese only knew the world as China, fringed round by a few semi-barbarous States, all of which paid not unwilling homage to the Son of Heaven, and that in the Middle Ages the Japanese were looked upon by them merely as a race of sea-pirates who from time to time ravaged their coasts. Only sixteen years ago, when China was at war with Japan, the southern provinces regarded the conflict as an affair solely belonging to the northern provinces, and the authorities at Canton even went the length of demanding from the Japanese the return of some revenue-cutters on the ground that they had been captured by mistake! Considerable time elapsed before the inhabitants of Central China even heard the news that a war had been fought.

The extension of communications, and the stimulation of public opinion by means of the spread of education, are gradually creating a national sentiment, and to-day there are numbered among the people of the south some of the most ardent reformers to be found in any part of the Empire. The masses, however, are still fettered by ancient custom and are steeped in the conservatism of Confucian teachings—teachings which, as Sir Robert Hart has observed, have produced a singularly law-abiding people, intelligent, frugal, industrious, and contented, with a common-sense view of life; but teachings, nevertheless, which have the defect of their very qualities, inasmuch as, while excellent for domestic guidance, they do not supply what the present times of foreign intercourse demand—the strength that enables a people to hold its own against external aggression. It has at last been recognised that the requirements of a modern State call for educational methods on modern lines, and there are everywhere evidences to show that a real start has been made in the widespread dissemination of Western learning.

A nation can never permit itself to become old, for, like an individual, it is exposed to the risk of senility. Conscious of a history dating back five thousand years, and still living in the memory and adhering strictly to the customs of an ancient civilisation that at one time spread its light to all parts of Asia, China has been on the verge of a fatal dotage. At last, after a series of violent shocks to her system extending over many years, after her Empire has been shorn of vast territories, and after Japan, to whom in remote ages she imparted her early culture, has risen with upstart suddenness to a foremost place among the nations, China has reluctantly recognised that her ways are out of tune with the times.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

ALREADY the annual Motor Show at Olympia, which will open its doors to the public on Friday, November 3rd, and remain open until Saturday, the 11th *idem*, is becoming the principal topic of conversation in motoring circles, and, as usual, speculation is rife as to what novelties and surprises are in store for the motoring enthusiast at the Exhibition of 1911. That the Show will be at least as successful, from the point of view of the promoters, as any of its predecessors has been certain for a long time. Many months ago every inch of available space had been applied for and allocated to the exhibitors, and public interest in motoring was never keener than it is to-day, so that an amply satisfactory attendance is a foregone conclusion.

It would be premature at present to attempt anything like a comprehensive forecast of the exhibits, many of the manufacturers preferring to spring their surprises at the

Show itself. But it is known that there will be many interesting and important departures from current standard design. According to the *Motor*, which is always well posted with advance information, several world-famous firms will have new engines embodying the principle of the sliding sleeve instead of the poppet valve. Some of these have a plain up-and-down motion, some a rotary, and others a part rotary; whilst one, embodying a combination of both the perpendicular and the rotary movements will also probably be seen. Whichever of these two different types of engines—the sleeve-valve or the conventional poppet-valve—is destined to predominate ultimately, the continued attempts to popularise the former in one shape or another indicate that many manufacturers and designers do not regard the present type of motor-engine as permanently fixed.

The feature of the forthcoming Show, however, which is likely to prove the most interesting from the popular point of view will be the exhibition for the first time of a number of new British light cars which have been specially designed as a counterblast to the American "invasion." The makers of several of these elect for the present to withhold details, but the Belsize Company—first in the field, as on previous occasions, with new departures—make no secret of their programme in this direction. Their new car, nominally of 10-12 h.p. but actually developing something between 25 and 30 h.p. on the brake, will be one of the sensations of Olympia. In due course we hope to give details of its specification, which is of the most up-to-date description. It will be priced at 200 guineas, complete and ready for the road, and will thus directly challenge the American makers on their own ground—low price combined with adequate power. Mr. J. H. Adams, the well-known and popular manager of the Company for London and the South of England, informs the writer that the demand for the new car has already been extraordinary, and that it has been necessary to arrange for a big extension of the Clayton works to cope with the anticipated requirements. If other important British firms attack the problem of American competition in the same spirited way the "invasion" will rapidly assume a less formidable aspect.

Mr. Graham Gilmour, the British aviator who entered for the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize, but was unfortunately disqualified on the eve of the contest, on account of an alleged breach of the Royal Aero Club's regulations, speaks very highly of the ease of control and speed qualities of the new "Bristol" monoplane, which he piloted on its first long cross-country flight last week. In spite of a mist, which was at times so dense as to completely obscure his vision, he flew from Amesbury to Bristol in exactly fifty minutes, alighting safely in a field at the back of the works of the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, Limited, the makers of the machine. Allowing for the deviations caused by the mist and an inaccurate compass, he is estimated to have covered a distance of seventy to eighty miles, which represents a speed of about ninety miles an hour.

A highly important advance in the direction of minimising the risks associated with flying has apparently been made by the introduction of the double-engined "Short" biplane, which underwent its first trials on Monday last in the Isle of Sheppey. The feeling that one's safety depends absolutely upon the perfect working under all conditions of a single engine is sufficient to deter most people from gratifying any "aerial" aspirations they might have; but with two engines working quite independently, and each

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capable of maintaining the flight if the other should fail, the matter assumes a different aspect. The difference is analogous to that between cycling down a steep and dangerous hill with one brake and with two respectively. It is stated that the trial of the "Short" machine was quite successful, the machine flying both with the two engines half-throttled down and also with one engine working only.

Once again has the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce demonstrated its supreme excellence in engine flexibility, fuel economy, and speed. Messrs. Rolls-Royce recently entered one of these chassis, fitted with a four-seated touring-body for an R.A.C. trial on the road from London to Edinburgh and back, finishing with a speed-test at Brooklands, the object being to test its capabilities against those of the 65h.p. car, which, in a similar trial, was awarded the Dewar Trophy last year. The trial commenced on the 6th inst., and concluded on Wednesday, the 13th. The official certificate of performance has not yet been issued; but we are able to state that it resulted as follows:—Top gear was used throughout, not a single change being necessary on any occasion; the fuel consumption was 24.32 miles to the gallon, and a speed of over seventy-eight miles per hour was attained on the Brooklands track. Both in fuel economy and speed the Rolls-Royce surpassed the car which gained the Dewar Trophy under similar conditions, although the latter had an engine with a bore and stroke of 5in. by 5in. against the Rolls-Royce 4½in. by 4¼in., and only weighed 4,928lb. against 5,257lb. This is a very extraordinary performance, and furnishes an interesting illustration of the continuous advances being made in Rolls-Royce design and construction.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVEN the most pessimistic bear on the Stock Exchange has made up his mind that the Morocco question is over. No one now talks about war. The two nations will probably continue to haggle for some weeks. But Germany has decided to give France a free hand which is a diplomatic euphemism for a protectorate, and France in return is to hand over to Germany a huge territory in the Congo. As Germany never had any foothold in Morocco at all she gets something for nothing, and she is hardly likely to quarrel with a nation that is so obliging.

Although every financial person is convinced that peace is assured, it is not so certain that the liquidation has completely ended. It was thought that last Friday had seen the last of the selling. But on Tuesday another big account was closed in Paris, and an attempt was made to close an account in Berlin. The latter did not come off, for the market was not strong enough to stand two big liquidations in one day, and the Berlin people consequently decided to wait for a more favourable moment. There is certainly no more selling to come from London. New York appears to have purged itself. If any further trouble occurs it will be at the end of the quarter, when there is always a stringency in Berlin. It is most unlikely that we shall have any further failures in London.

MONEY.—The raising of the German Bank-rate to 5 per cent. gave us very little anxiety, for it is well known that the Reichs Bank was in urgent need of gold. The end of the quarter always sees a huge increase in note circulation, and in order to keep this within reasonable limits the Reichs Bank must increase its stock of gold. Its loans and dis-

counts have been mounting up, and its gold has been decreasing. I did not think that we should have any serious trouble, but our own Bank-rate must be raised if we are to protect the gold supply of this nation. Leaving all political considerations out of the question, it is important for our credit that we should have a strong bank. Egypt will be asking for about six millions, and although the United States will probably be able to finance a large portion of its grain crop somebody will have to find the money for the cotton. There is talk of a Franco-British Syndicate doing this. But nothing has been settled yet. The terms mentioned are 6 per cent. The cotton bills of lading question is not settled. It is probable that the Americans are trying to render themselves independent of the banks; but who can be independent of a bank? If the Franco-British Syndicate agree to finance the cotton crop they will have to borrow money to do it, and it is doubtful whether the banks will be inclined to lend, especially as if they refuse Yankees will have to come to terms over the bills of lading point. But whoever lends the money, it will tend to make things tight in the autumn. We are likely to get a 4 per cent. Rate right through to the end of the year.

CONSOLS.—With dear money all round, Consols continue to go weaker. It seems incredible that our Chancellor of the Exchequer should refuse to support the Consol market. The credit of England does not of course depend on the price of Consols, but it is one factor that goes to make our credit, and with many people it is a sort of index number. It would be a perfectly simple operation to issue Consols to bearer in £5 bonds. It would aid thrift, and it would send up Consols to 85. It would of course affect the Post Office Savings Bank deposits, but you cannot eat your cake and have it too. At the present time, although the Post Office Savings Bank is a useful institution, it is a distinct source of danger from a financial point of view. It would be much better if the Government could borrow money from the masses and pay them interest and abandon its present method of holding the money at call. The notion of issuing cheque-books to Post Office depositors is mere moonshine.

FOREIGNERS.—The liquidation in Tintos still goes on, and as there is no hope of copper improving in value, there is no inducement for the Paris speculator to buy Tintos, and those rich people who always come into the Tinto market when it is low, and are satisfied with the minute yield given at to-day's prices, now find that they can do much better with their money. Foreign stocks generally, however, are extremely steady, for they are bought by investors for their yield, and not by speculators. The strength of the Foreign market during the past three months should have shown the world that the war scare was confined exclusively to the newspapers and the gamblers.

HOME RAILS.—The scare that has set in is really very discreditable to our courage, for even supposing that the leading railways only pay the same dividends as they paid last year, the yield on all our best stocks is ridiculously high, and the prices at which they stand in most cases lower than they should be. Great Easterns at the time of writing are quoted 64¼, and in 1908, although the dividend for the year was only 2½, the lowest price touched was 61. In 1909, it is true, they went to 55, and now that an improvement has set in and the line doing better than it has ever done, everybody is anxious to get out. Great Western ordinary are back at the lowest price of 1909, with an increased dividend. London and North Westerns are only 3 points higher than the lowest price they have touched for ten years, and yet the dividend is everything that we could have hoped for. Midland deferred yield over 5 per cent. They have never been lower than 53½, and they have touched 76. North Easterns have been as high as 171½, and the lowest point they have ever reached was 123½. All these figures go to show how unreasonable is the speculator. It is quite possible that the strike has seriously affected the profits of most of our railways; but it is also unlikely that they have affected these profits so seriously as to jeopardise the chance of the dividend being reduced below that paid last year, and some of the railways will probably increase their distribution; it is too early yet to know exactly

how far the lines will recover the lost good traffic. Passenger traffic has certainly been good, but unfortunately passenger traffic is the least remunerative.

YANKEES.—The American banking houses evidently think that the fall has gone quite far enough, for they are now advising their clients to buy. This would seem to show that they have laid in as much stock as they think wise. Trade in the Eastern States appears to be dull, but Western farmers report good crops and Western traders appear filled with optimism. Everything is done in an extravagant fashion in the United States, and we might almost say overdone. It appears to me that the selling of American Railways has been overdone. The big bankers pretend to be harassed by the Government. A great deal of this worry is assumed for political purposes. The Trust decision has cost an infinite amount of trouble to the Standard Oil people. But it has not done worse than this. No doubt Standard Oil subsidiary companies have been selling out large quantities of stock partly with the idea of providing cash and partly in order to show the political people how foolish they were to dissolve the great combine. We shall see the same sort of thing happen when the American Tobacco Company dissolves. There is a general feeling throughout the States that the silly persecution of these Trusts has been overdone. The United States citizen considers that the high price of living is entirely due to the operation of these Trusts. But there are no Trusts in France, and none in Spain, and practically very few in England. Yet we all suffer equally with the States. A reaction is sure to come.

RUBBER.—The Mount Austin people, finding themselves rather short of money, have taken a bull course, and decided to double their capital. In order to secure the support of their shareholders they are purchasing three large estates. Mount Austin promises us a gigantic output in 1923. It is impossible to say whether the estates are cheap or dear, for we are not given data upon which to calculate. We are only told that the deal will reduce the capitalisation from £91 to under £50. The total acreage of the combined properties will be 10,936, and the number of trees nearly a million and a half. But about a million and a quarter of these are quite young, and will not be producing for some years. If Mount Austin can get the money it wants it will be lucky. The rubber market generally is flat.

OIL.—Mr. Tweedy wants money for his Maikop propositions, and is going to make an issue of debentures. I hope he will succeed, but Maikop is quite out of the fashion to-day, and we are all disillusioned with regard to the value of the field. I hear good reports, however, of Ural Caspian. Lobitos does not tell us anything about the boring of the new wells. It is said that they have struck good oil at depth, and it is also suggested that an experimental well which was put down some twelve miles away has turned out satisfactorily. It would be a good thing if the shareholders could receive some information. There is evidently some one buying the shares, and the lack of news is not calculated to keep the shareholders in a good temper. The financial position of Lobitos is fairly sound, for they have stringently written down the cost of the shallow wells.

KAFFIRS.—Last week the shops supported Kaffirs in the hope that they would frighten bears to buy back. But the support was not strong enough, and although the leading stocks were marked up, the raising of the German Bank Rate soon brought in some fresh selling. It is quite clear that the public will not speculate in mines, and although here and there some bold person, tempted by the heavy fall, buys a few shares, quite as many sellers appear as there are buyers. The Kaffir optimist declares that the leading shares are cheap to-day. But when we take into consideration the general tendency in Kaffirs to lower yield and higher working costs the return on the investment is none too high. Perhaps if the mines had ample labour and improved methods of drilling working costs might be reduced. The amalgamations also ought to save money. But it must be admitted that up to the present we have seen no signs of this, only a proof that a great many of the properties amalgamated were put into the combines in order to save a fiasco.

RHODESIANS.—The Mayo report will be out in a day or two, and will show that this company has now only about 12,000 Shamvas left. It has been paying big dividends through the sale of these shares, which it got at par. It still holds a big lot of Jumbos on which there must be a heavy loss. But it has increased its number of claims, and I think we can trust Mr. Rowsell to get rid of some of them at a profit. Sir Abe Bailey is taking his bride to South Africa, but whether he intends to lift the Rhodesia market I do not know. It is said that he has got out of all his mining shares and does not propose to get in again.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Cement report should soon be out. It looks very much as though it would not be up to expectations for the shares are weak. However, there might be a surprise in store for us here. I cannot see any advantage in buying Cement ordinaries, but the preference shares have always paid their dividend and seem to me a reasonable investment. The speculation in Marconis has died down, and there is now nothing to go for in the miscellaneous market.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THAT ILK"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—In your last number Mr. Frank Harris (who ought to know better) begins his article on Sir Richard Burton with "Raleigh, Sir Walter of that ilk." I wonder if he knows what he means, or if he thinks he means anything? The phrase "of that ilk" is a Scottish one, and means that a laird possessed lands of his own name—e.g., Wemyss of Wemyss, or of that ilk, Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Fotheringham of Fotheringham, &c. It was translated into Latin as *de eodem*. In England it is apparently now held to signify something else, but what I know not.

Very truly yours,

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

University Club, Edinburgh.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Universal Strike. (A Forecast of Twenty Years Ago, now in Course of Fulfilment.)* By William Oakhurst. Odhams Ltd. 6d. net.
- University Extension, Oxford Summer Meeting, 1911. Report of Proceedings.* Illustrated. Oxford Chronicle Co. 1s. net.
- Twentieth Century Cookery Book.* By W. M. Godbold. London Vegetarian Association. 1d.
- The Welshman's Reputation: A Reply to a Recent Satire on the Welsh entitled "The Perfidious Welshman."* By "An Englishman." Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Short Plays for Small Stages.* By Cosmo Hamilton. Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- A History of England for Schools. With Documents, Problems, and Exercises. Part II. (1603 A.D. to the Present Day.)* By M. W. Keatinge, M.A., and N. L. Frazer, M.A. With Maps and Plans. A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d.
- Poucinet, Conte Findlandais.* By E. de Laboulaye. Adapted and Edited by P. Shaw Jeffrey, M.A. (Siepmann's Primary French Series.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.
- Bataille de Dames, ou Un Duel en Amour.* By E. Scribe and E. Legouvé. (Siepmann's French Series for Rapid Reading.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.

PERIODICALS

- The Papyrus; United Empire; La Revue; Book Prices Current; The Bookseller; La Grande Revue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The University Correspondent; The Idler; Constitution Papers; The Economic Journal; The Publishers' Circular; Mercure de France; The Literary Digest; The Wednesday Review; Trichinopoly; The Bodleian.*

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 403	Fiction 412
A Song in Old Plymouth 404	Pickwick Riddles—I. 413
"Codlin's the Friend, not Short" 404	New Zealand Sketches—II. 415
On Dropping Anchor..... 405	Foreign Reviews 416
Plymouth: Present..... 406	Ahmet Arabi 418
Irish Legislative Assem- blies: a Retrospect—II. 407	The Theatre..... 418
Reviews:—	Books in Preparation 421
Popes of the Reforma- tion Period 409	Imperial and Foreign Affairs 421
Thomas Love Peacock 410	Motoring and Aviation ... 423
Shorter Reviews 411	In the Temple of Mammon 423
	Correspondence 425
	Books Received 426

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE mass meeting in Ulster held during the past week goes to emphasise the enormous difficulties which attend any attempt to introduce Home Rule to Ireland, where a great portion of the wealth is concentrated in the North, and the population is composed of a number of extremely diverse elements. No Home Rule Bill, however carefully conceived, has as yet met the needs of an island which must often haunt the sleep of responsible legislators as a nightmare. The question of Home Rule, now once again to the front, will be treated in the columns of THE ACADEMY in a series of articles, the first, by Sir Charles Walpole, having already appeared. The next will be from the pen of Professor Kettle, a writer thoroughly equipped to deal with this complicated subject. The aim of these articles will be to discuss dispassionately and without heat the matter which is so vital to the interests of our neighbours, and we shall consider carefully any contributions from outside sources which may tend to throw light upon it.

The terrible catastrophe which has befallen the French Navy during the present week in the loss of a first-class battleship and over two hundred men has drawn forth on all sides that heartfelt sympathy which is so pleasant, and, alas! so impotent a corollary of all great disasters. "Peace hath her victories"—and her terrors, if we must interpret peace in the terms of preparedness for war; under the present relationship of countries and communities it is to be feared

that we must so interpret the word. The most rigid inquiry will of course be made into the causes of the explosion, and we sincerely hope that the suggestion of *sabotage* which has been mentioned will prove to be unfounded—if, indeed, proof can possibly be obtained in such a chaos. We add our expressions of sympathy to those of our daily contemporaries, and trust that in some indirect way, obscure at the moment, good may result from the disaster. The handling of high-power modern explosives is always a precarious matter, and if this is perfected by reason of the event which we deplore, some little compensation may ensue.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the Wells-Johnson encounter during the last few days, and many poor scribes must have rejoiced at the outcry which gave them an opportunity to earn an extra guinea or two by the "topical" article. One of the most sensible dissertations on the subject was from the pen of Mr. Hall Caine, and appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday last. Not that we include him among the "poor scribes"—heaven forbid! but we cannot refrain from a smile when we see the distinguished Manx author invited to give his opinions when any event threatens to become a matter of national interest. This time his contribution is well worth reading; he sees clearly the problem which confronts the Home Secretary; he also perceives how awkwardly the case is complicated by the fact that one of the combatants is of the negro race, and he concludes that "the proposed boxing-match is essentially a prize-fight, and as such it ought, by the most elementary law of civilised society, to be stopped." An aspect of the affair which seems to us regrettable is the enormous amount of attention being paid to it—an amount disproportionate, surely, to its intrinsic importance. True, we are a "sporting" nation; we like to shine in the eyes of the world as a people of brawn and muscle, to say nothing of brains; but, as with a football-match, where scores of thousands pay to watch a handful of salaried men play what is humorously known as a "game," there seems something wrongheaded in the notion of the crowd eagerly paying to watch two men fight to the knock-out. Boxing is one of the finest physical arts, but, despite the arbitrary and protective rules of the ring, the public "boxing-match" seems fated to become that ignominious and degrading thing, a fight for money.

Reports of a new comet or two are being vigorously circulated by amateur astronomers, and Brooks' comet, due every seven years or so within our ken, has made its bow. Gallant little Brooks is several months late, possibly having been dallying with a planet or two by the way, but he is welcome, though small, since he will probably bring interesting messages to industrious investigators. He cannot hope to rival Halley's comet, which was supposed to fill the heavens last year, but contented itself with filling innumerable columns in sensational newspapers. Comets are "uncertain, coy, and hard to please" as any woman, and even the elect never know whether their tails will be lengthy and brilliant, or the dullest, as it were, of short stories; whether the visitor will

fire the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shake pestilence and war,

or will come and peep quietly at that strange planet Earth and steal off meekly into the lonely depths of space to ponder over what he has seen. Let us rejoice that little Brooks, who is now peering at us over the tail of the Great Bear, did not arrive a couple of months ago. His impressions might have been worth recording, but they would hardly have been very flattering.

A SONG IN OLD PLYMOUTH

Her name it was *Florencia*,
 Her sails they were of silk,
 The ladies of Valencia
 Have hands as white as milk.
 Hands as white as milk have they,
 And blue eyes like the sea;
 But I've a lass in Plymouth Bay
 That is more dear to me.
 The ladies of Castile, Castile,
 Have skins as fair as wax;
 The worth of many a goodly keel
 Is sewn upon their backs.
 O satin, silk, and velvet,
 The ladies wear in Spain,
 I would that through my helmet
 My love's eyes looked again.
 My love, she moves about her room
 In a gown of woven stuff;
 Upon her loom, her own loom,
 She wove it fair enough.
 My little love in Plymouth town,
 She has no gold to wear;
 She pulls the rowan berries down
 To twine among her hair.
 We sank the white *Florencia*
 Among the tides to sleep;
 The ladies of Valencia
 May wring their hands and weep.

ETHEL TALBOT.

"CODLIN'S THE FRIEND, NOT SHORT"

WHEN the recent General Election was in progress, Mr. Lloyd George, whilst praising the Labour members generally in a patronising sort of way, and his Socialist "friend Lansbury" in particular, was always impressing on his hungry audiences that he was "the friend."

The birth of Codlin's friendship for Little Nell was coincident with the discovery that there would very likely flow from it an advantage personal to himself. In order however to obtain the full value of that benefit it was necessary to discredit Short.

At Bow Mr. Lloyd George, ostentatiously proclaiming that Mr. Lansbury was in deed and in fact his one and only friend, adduced for his own credit astonishing figures, a great parade of insurance nostrums, and touching protestations of an almost divine sympathy with the woes and troubles of his hearers. By these means he discounted Mr. Lansbury's pretensions to be considered really the important person. "Short's very well as far as he goes, but the real friend is Codlin—not Short."

Mr. Lansbury was for a time very proud of the Chancellor's patronage, and presented an inflated chest when he took the oath and his seat for Bow and Bromley.

Only after the provisions of the Insurance Bill began to be realised, did ingenuous Mr. Lansbury begin to perceive that astute Mr. Lloyd George had been using him as a pawn, and that it was time to jettison his whilom friend in order to appear in his chosen character. Mr. Lansbury therefore spoke disparagingly of his former patron:—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer knew perfectly well the only manner by which he could hold the Liberal party

together was by keeping rich men with him, and the only way to keep them was by forming some kind of scheme which would give the workers the minimum advantage, and at the same time do a minimum of harm to other people.

Bitter words about a former crony, but quite necessary to enable Mr. Lansbury to pose and exclaim "I'm the real open-hearted man. I mayn't look it, but I am indeed."

Exit Mr. Lansbury, and enter the Trades Union Congress Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Keir Hardie. The story is the same. The great panacea is not wanted. It is seen to be unsound in finance, and declared to be unjust to the aspirations of the insured.

In the days when over a course of months, we demonstrated that the Chancellor's People's Budget furnished conclusive evidence that he was ignorant of some of the elementary principles of finance, the Labour members who were then under the wand of the magician, waxed wroth that such injurious remarks should be made anent their idol. It is the irony of the lapse of time, that they are now echoing these very criticisms, as well as advancing others, against the Insurance Scheme.

Mr. Lloyd George writing for the edification of the electors of Kilmarnock stated that for every fourpence paid by the workman under the Insurance scheme, he will receive benefits worth ninepence. Mr. Keir Hardie's calculation is different. His computation is that for a benefit amounting to one penny per week, the workman is called on under the scheme to pay eightpence either directly or indirectly in contributions on the one hand and in deductions from wages and in taxes on the other. Mr. Snowden, a very practical, moderate, and logical thinker, wrote to Kilmarnock:—

Mr. Lloyd George either does not know the finances of his own Bill, or his letter to the Liberal candidate is a wilful misrepresentation of the facts. His statements are not true. It is a very painful thing that a Minister should attempt to force upon the public a Bill which they did not want, and to do it by unfounded promises.

The Unholy Alliance as regards the loyalty of one of its component parts is indeed in a parlous condition.

There can be little doubt that the Labour contention is the correct one. In a series of authoritative articles, very ably edited by Sir William Bull, which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* and which will shortly be republished in pamphlet form, the Insurance scheme was handled by writers of various political tendencies. It was shown that its machinery was unsound in essentials, inadequately elaborated, and unable to survive the test of reasoned and intelligent criticism.

We have before insisted that the various interests of this country demand that the Ministers entrusted with the task of legislation should be chosen from the ranks of those whose education, knowledge, and experience specially fit them for the posts to which they are appointed. In what branch of commerce could success be reasonably hoped for if the conduct of the business were entrusted to a man of parts and talent perhaps, but whose whole training and experience have been directed in other grooves? We renew our protest against the adoption in the realm of the science of Government of a system which if it were possible to conceive of its adoption in any other sphere would be bound to produce disaster.

The vicious system which has grown up of viewing the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer as the immediate avenue of access to the office of Prime Minister may well blur the vision of able and ambitious men, who are possessed of genius, but whose attributes have no relation to ability in finance.

CECIL COWPER.

ON DROPPING ANCHOR

BY H. BELLOC

THE best noise in all the world is the rattle of the anchor chain when one comes into harbour at last and lets it go over the bows.

You may say that one does nothing of the sort, that one picks up moorings, and that letting go so heavy a thing as an anchor is no business for you and me. If you say that you are wrong. Men go from inhabited place to inhabited place, and for pleasure from station to station, then pick up moorings as best they can, usually craning over the side and grabbing as they pass, and cursing the man astern for leaving such way on her and for passing so wide. Yes, I know that. You are not the only man who has picked up moorings. Not by many many thousands. Many moorings have I picked up in many places, none without some sort of misfortune; therefore do I still prefer the rattle of the anchor chain.

Once—to be accurate, seventeen years ago—I had been out all night by myself in a boat called the *Silver Star*. She was a very small boat. She had only one sail; she was black inside and out, and I think about one hundred years old. I had hired her of a poor man, and she was his only possession.

It was a rough night in the late summer when the rich are compelled in their detestable grind to go to the Solent. When I say it was night I mean it was the early morning, just late enough for the rich to be asleep aboard their boats, and the dawn was silent upon the sea. There was a strong tide running up the Medina. I was tired to death. I had passed the Royal Yacht Squadron grounds, and the first thing I saw was a very fine and noble buoy—new-painted, gay, lordly—moorings worthy of a man!

I let go the halyard very briskly, and I nipped forward and got my hand upon that great buoy—there was no hauling of it in-board; I took the little painter of my boat and made it fast to this noble buoy, and then immediately I fell asleep. In this sleep of mine I heard, as in a pleasant dream, the exact motion of many oars rowed by strong men, and very soon afterwards I heard a voice with a Colonial accent swearing in an abominable manner, and I woke up and looked—and there was a man of prodigious wealth, all dressed in white, and with an extremely new cap on his head. His whiskers also were white and his face bright red, and he was in a great passion. He was evidently the owner or master of the buoy, and on either side of the fine boat in which he rowed were the rowers, his slaves. He could not conceive why I had tied the *Silver Star* to his magnificent great imperial moorings, to which he had decided to tie his own expensive ship, on which, no doubt, a dozen as rich as himself were sailing the seas.

I told him that I was sorry I had picked up his moorings, but that, in this country, it was the common courtesy of the sea to pick up any spare moorings one could find. I also asked him the name of his expensive ship, but he only answered with curses. I told him the name of my ship was the *Silver Star*.

Then, when I had cast off, I put out the sweeps and I rowed gently, for it was now slack water at the top of the tide, and I stood by while he tied his magnificent yacht to the moorings. When he had done that I rowed under the stern of that ship and read her name. But I will not print it here, only let me tell you it was the name of a ship belonging to a fabulously rich man. Riches, I thought then and I think still, corrupt the heart.

Upon another occasion I came with one companion across the bar of Orford River, out of a very heavy wind outside

and a very heavy sea. I just touched as I crossed that bar, though I was on the top of the highest tide of the year, for it was just this time in September, the highest springs of the hunter's moon.

My companion and I sailed up Orford River, and when we came to Orford Town we saw a buoy, and I said to my companion, "Let us pick up moorings."

Upon the bank of the river was a long line of men, all shouting and howling, and warning us not to touch that buoy. But we called out to them that we meant no harm. We only meant to pick up those moorings for a moment, so as to make everything snug on board, and that then we would take a line ashore and lie close to the wharf. Only the more did those numerous men (whom many others ran up to join as I called) forbid us with oaths to touch the buoy. Nevertheless, we picked up the little buoy (which was quite small and light) and we got it in-board, and held on, waiting for our boat to swing to it. But an astonishing thing happened! The boat paid no attention to the moorings, but went careering up river carrying the buoy with it, and apparently dragging the moorings along the bottom without the least difficulty. And this was no wonder, for we found out afterwards that the little buoy had only been set there to mark a racing point, and that the weights holding the line of it to the bottom were very light and few. So it was no wonder the men of Orford had been so angry. Soon it was dark, and we replaced the buoy stealthily, and when we came in to eat at the Inn we were not recognised.

It was on this occasion that was written the song:—

The men that lived in Orford stood
Upon the shore to meet me;
Their faces were like carven wood,
But they did not wish to greet me.
&c.

It has eighteen verses.

I say again, unless you have moorings of your own—an extravagant habit—picking up moorings is always a perilous and doubtful thing, fraught with accident and hatred and mischance. Give me the rattle of the anchor chain!

I love to consider a place which I have never yet seen, but which I shall reach at last, full of repose and marking the end of those voyages, and security from the tumble of the sea.

This place will be a cove set round with high hills on which there shall be no house or sign of men, and it shall be enfolded by quite deserted land; but the westering sun will shine pleasantly upon it under a warm air. It will be a proper place for sleep.

The fair-way into that haven shall lie behind a pleasant little beach of shingle, which shall run out aslant into the sea from the steep hillside, and shall be a breakwater made by God. The tide shall run up behind it smoothly, and in a silent way, filling the quiet hollow of the hills, brimming it all up like a cup—a cup of refreshment and of quiet, a cup of ending.

Then with what pleasure shall I put my small boat round, just round the point of that shingle beach, noting the shoal water by the eddies, and the deeps by the blue colour of it where it runs from the main into the fair-way. Up that fair-way shall I go, up into the cove, and the gates of it shall shut behind me, headland against headland, so that I shall not see the open sea any more, though I shall still hear its distant noise. But all around me, save for that distant echo of the surf from the high hills, will be silence, and the evening will already be gathering.

Under that falling light, all alone in such a place, I shall let go the anchor chain, and let it rattle for the last time. My anchor will go down into the clear salt water with a run, and when it touches I shall pay out four lengths or more so

that she may swing easily and not drag, and then I shall tie up my canvas and fasten all for the night, and get me ready for sleep. And that will be the end of my sailing.

PLYMOUTH: PRESENT

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL

"The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds,—
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!"
—KIPLING.

As I sit writing these words, on the low wall of the little watch-tower that has been a familiar feature of Plymouth Hoe for so many years, the battleship *Orion*, latest addition to our Navy, symbol of England's power, lies anchored within the Breakwater. A thin veil of smoke poised above one of her funnels is the only indication of life she gives; yet we know that this immense mass of iron and steel and complicated mechanism, the world's greatest warship, can thrash through the seas at 21 knots per hour or more, that her hull conceals engines of 27,000 horse-power, and that she is the first to mount that new deadly weapon, the 13·5in. gun, which throws a shell weighing 1,250lb., calculated to penetrate at a range of 3,000 yards the finest armour-plating ever constructed. Under the wooded heights of Mount Edgcumbe lies the *Theseus* cruiser, tender to the gunnery school; and in the Sound are two more cruisers, peaceful as the pleasure-steamers that hurry round the pier, and far less fussy.

Over the blue waters, bathed in sunshine, a broad, bluff-bowed Great Western steamer is wandering to and fro, apparently with no special business in hand; but a tiny cloud of vapour, miles away, signifies the liner homeward-bound from Australia, by whose deep flanks the red-funnelled tender will presently nestle, her pride gone, her importance overwhelmed by the towering decks of the visitor. Down harbour come a couple of destroyers, shearing green arches tipped with foam from their sharp bows; out from the estuary of the Plym a tramp-steamer labours, in ballast, her screw plainly visible, kicking flounces of white water that trail behind, beautifully clean, as though a dingy dress should disclose exquisite billowy laces; and a bevy of brown sails at the eastern entrance tells that some boats of the fishing-fleet are slowly forging into the haven. In an hour the heights of Stadden and Bovisand will be green and gold, flaming to the ardent eye of the setting sun, and long before the silver-grey afterglow has faded to dark the Eddystone (fourteen miles out) will be casting its watchful eye round the wide Channel. The Breakwater lighthouse will follow suit; the little pharos of Batten will wink persistently through the gathering gloom; half a dozen buoys, anxious not to be forgotten, will blink in a mute chorus of coloured rays throughout the night:—

From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness,
and voe
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of
England go!

The great liner will glide up Channel with her blaze of brilliant portholes; the battleship and her smaller companions will exist merely as shadows tipped with quivering gleams; and the silence will be broken only by the impatient whistle of some belated tug, the shout of a sailor, or the quiet, intermittent ripple at the edge of the rocks.

Such is Plymouth Sound, and so, day after day, night after night, goes on its traffic and its beauty—for it is ever

beautiful, even when seen through a shimmering veil of rain. Maritime, above everything, is the life of Plymouth to-day; her people seek the Hoe in their hours of leisure, love of the sea and its ways being in their blood. The boom of the big guns shakes the windows of the town; the sirens of the warships whoop and groan and howl, a curve of sound that it is difficult not to visualise, at any time of day or night; the low diapason of the liners' horns mutters dreamily of countries of spice and sandalwood on the other side of the world. The taste of salt spray is in the very air when the south-west wind is blowing.

When other winds prevail, from the north-west round to the east, Plymouth sometimes finds a mysterious fragrance borne over her hills and hollows, and knows that gorse or heather is blooming on the mighty moorlands behind—the tors of which can be seen clearly from the Hoe, frowning, sombre, and slightly sad, as though brooding at their eternal separation from the sea. I have walked across the moor from Exeter to Plymouth in a single day, and have marked my approach to the town I love by the fugitive gleam of the Eddystone as, towards night, I gained the shelter of a hostelry at Princetown, sixteen miles or so inland, perched on a spur of the moor. On the fringe of those hills, as all visitors to the West Country should know, is some of the loveliest scenery in Devon. No giant posters flaunt its praises on wall or hoarding; it hides in valleys, at the edge of brawling streams, far from any sound of locomotive or coach-horn; but, like all very beautiful things, it is well worth the seeking.

And of Plymouth itself, curious mixture of old and new, of modern shops and ancient byways, what shall we say? We have glanced at its history, and the stranger within its gates will do well to remember the names connected with its past glory, for they will often greet his eye, in spite of the undeniable fact that the town is rapidly becoming modernised by the relentless hand of the "improver." Progress has its penalties; many a delightful corner has fallen at the fiat of the housebreaker; but the old churches, the Citadel, and a few of the odd, crooked streets still remain. Of the churches, St. Andrew's, affectionately known in the district as the "Old Church," is the most famous. I came across an interesting note referring to this church quite by accident. In the year 1823, "the next presentation to the vicarage of St. Andrew, in this borough, was sold by auction for £5,050. Mr. Hatchard, the bookseller of Piccadilly, was the purchaser."

Plymouth, like London, is "a good place to get away from," but more because of its many rivers, and their attractions, than any objectionable attribute of the town. The Tamar, dividing Devon and Cornwall, is navigable for many miles, and Drayton hymned its waters gallantly:—

Proud Tamer swoopes along, with such a lustie traine
As fits so brave a flood, two Countries that divides.

Its "train" at the present day is half a fleet of battle craft, from the obsolete wooden vessels, now used as training-ships, to the latest floating gun-platform devised by modern science and skill. But above Brunel's magnificent bridge, spanning the river at Saltash, the arts of war give place to scenes of tranquil splendour to which no "guide to the West" ever yet did justice. Of the Plym, which gives the town its name, not very much can be said; it is rather muddy, rather odorous, and very "tricky" for boating, unless you understand its wily ways and winding channel. But the sea is Plymouth's speciality in a far more intimate sense than can be said of the fashionable watering-places. The sea, by giving her so immense a harbour, has made her famous; her future position depends on the sea, and of that future I shall have something to say in my concluding article.

IRISH LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES: A RETROSPECT—II.

BY SIR CHARLES WALPOLE

THE history of the summoning of this Parliament, the first in which the whole island was represented, is so interesting and instructive that I venture to quote somewhat fully from the original despatches to the King from the Lord-Deputy and the Presidents of the Provinces, which are to be found in the fifth volume of the Carew Calendar of State Papers.* It must be borne in mind that the King's purpose was to secure for the Government policy a working majority, on which he felt he could rely if the Protestant element exceeded the Roman Catholic element. It was morally certain that the existing constituencies would return a large majority of Roman Catholics, and the only way for the King and his advisers to carry their point was to create a sufficient number of new constituencies to swamp the old ones.

With a clean slate in Ulster and the garrison towns to work upon this was comparatively easy, but every care was taken to arrive at the probable result and to calculate the chances of success. The House of Lords was considered safe, as the nineteen Bishops were sufficient to turn the scale.

Despatch No. 86 is signed by Sir Arthur Chichester, the Lord-Deputy, and gives careful details of the composition of both Houses and discusses the method of balancing the two parties. He enumerates "The Nobility of Ireland being the Lords of Parliament in 1611," forty-four in all, and says:—"Of these Lords Spiritual and Temporal we may assure ourselves of the nineteen Bishops; of the Temporal Lords three are under age and five Protestant, so we shall sway the Upper House by seven voices." Coming to the Lower House, he sets out the counties in provincial groups, including the nine new Ulster counties, and continues: "Of these threescore and six knights we may expect thirty-three."

Of "the Ancient Cities and Boroughs" he says, "Out of these forty corporations we expect twenty-eight Protestants, and may hope for more, by reason many of them sent men of that religion the last time." And of the "boroughs to be erected and enabled to send Burgesses to Parliament if it pleases the King," he gives the names of twenty towns in Ulster, seven towns in Munster, three towns in Leinster, and five towns in Connaught, and the University of Dublin, and he adds, "From these corporations we may expect Protestant burgesses." "And so the Lower House, consisting of 218 knights and burgesses, we may expect 123 Protestants, and then we shall exceed them by twenty-eight voices."

No. 87 is from Sir Richard Moryson, the Lord President of Munster, addressed to the Lord-Deputy:—

According to your direction I have called to my assistance such of the Council of the Province as are now resident in this city, and have entered into consideration who are the Protestant knights and burgesses meetest to be chosen in each county to serve in Parliament, which I here certify. Being confident every county will make choice of one

recusant, who will be at their own disposition, and although I return three for a county yet it will be hard to get one of them to be Knight of the Shire, except the other two join their strength and voices for the election of the third man, and that good care be had in choosing good sheriffs, and the powerful gentry of the county beforehand written to by you, and the Undertakers dealt with-all to make freeholders to increase voices at that election. For the old boroughs there is hope to get one burgess returned out of each of the towns of Youghall, Dungarvan, and Dinglecuish, and all the rest desperate.

For the new intended corporations, if they be enabled by charter to send burgesses to the Parliament, I am sure they will be wrought to return those I have named, and any other the State shall appoint, and the number of them will appear by this underwritten certificate. . . . And so out of the counties by this computation there may be ten knights—out of the old corporations three burgesses, and out of the eight new to be created sixteen. If it be so the Protestants will exceed them by six voices."

Despatch No. 92 is signed by Sir Oliver St. John, the President of Connaught, from which the following is worth quoting:—

Boroughs to be erected, Roscommon, Curra, Drummisk, Sligo, Castlebar, all these will send Protestants, unless some doubt be of Sligo, whereunto upon better advice may be added, to be newly erected Lougreagh. Being an ancient walled town and Corporation and the Earl's principal seat, they will send Papists, for it will gratify the opinion of partiality (*sic*) in erecting the new boroughs.

So I hope the Government of Connaught will send to the Parliament twenty-two Protestants and fourteen Papists.

Despatch No. 99, endorsed by Sir George Carew of the Privy Council, and noted by Sir John Davis, the Attorney-General, gives a complete analysis of both Houses:—

But as the state of Ireland now stands, or is like to stand in the new Parliament, let us examine who are like to be the members of both Houses, and thereupon see whether the number of Protestants or recusants will be the greater, and consequently what party will carry the greatest sway in the next Parliament.

The Lower House consists of knights, citizens, and burgesses. There are thirty-four shires, which will send sixty-eight knights.

The citizens and burgesses.—In 27 Elizabeth, when the last Parliament was held in Ireland, there were but twenty-six cities and boroughs which sent citizens and burgesses to Parliament, but in the next Parliament the number will be doubled, for his Majesty has erected some boroughs since his reign, and will be pleased to erect twenty-five corporate towns more in his escheated lands of Ulster, all which shall send burgesses to the Parliament, and be planted with Protestants and well-affected subjects.

He then proceeds to analyse the probable returns of the old boroughs, and, finally, gives the names of twenty-three boroughs to be erected in Ulster, all of which will return Protestants.

Turning to the Upper House, he writes:—

The Lords Spiritual are in number but eighteen. The Lords Temporal are in number twenty-five. . . . Of these twenty-five Lords there will not sit above fourteen obstinate recusants, the rest are Protestant Councillors of State or infants. So as the Bishops and the well-affected Lords will be far the greater number in that House, especially if any new barons be made, or some of the bishopricks be disunited. By this view of both Houses we

* State Papers, Nos. 86-87, 92-99.

make conjecture how things may be carried in the next Parliament.

On the assembling of Parliament, Chichester's calculations proved to have been a pretty accurate forecast. The new House of Commons consisted of 226 members, of which 125 were Protestants and 101 were Roman Catholics, giving the Government a majority of 24.

The first trial of strength came on the election of a Speaker. Sir John Davies was the Government candidate—Sir John Everard of the Opposition. In the division lobby the supporters of the Government numbered 127, a clear majority of the whole House. The recusants had remained in the Chamber, and in the absence of the others placed their candidate in the Chair. On the return of the Government party a scene of indescribable uproar took place, and Sir John Davies was forcibly seated in Sir John Everard's lap. Finally, Sir John Everard was ejected from the Chair, and the recusants left the House in a body. After this disgraceful ebullition the House appears to have shamefacedly settled down to business, and, though a stubborn gathering, proceeded to pass the Bills which were laid before them.

During this and the following reign the Parliament was assembled on several occasions, but nothing of interest attaches to their doings. Then came the rebellion of 1641, with its massacres and internecine fighting, terminating with the *second conquest* of the country by Cromwell and his generals, the confiscation of the whole island, and its re-plantation under the Puritan Settlement.

During this upheaval the Irish Parliament was in abeyance, and the treaty of Union of 1800 was foreshadowed by the appearance at Westminster of thirty Members from Ireland, in Cromwell's short Parliament, and again on his death in that of his son Richard. On the Restoration two successive Parliaments were summoned by Charles II., the number of Members being increased to 260, when the Acts of Settlement were passed for the purpose, as far as possible, of restoring the confiscated land to its earlier proprietors. In the Lower House but one Roman Catholic was returned.

After a short respite of thirty years the shifting scene again changes. James II.'s Roman proclivities had flooded the Council, the Bench, the Corporations, and the Shrievalty with Roman Catholics. The Protestants had fled in thousands to England and Scotland and the Isle of Man, and only Londonderry, Ballyshannon, and Inniskillen were despairingly held for King William. James had abdicated and fled to France, and having obtained assistance from Louis in money, ships, and equipment, landed with 10,000 men at Kinsale, marched to Dublin, and issued writs for the summoning of a Parliament. It was, of course, impossible to conform to the procedure enjoined by Poynings' Act and the Act of Philip and Mary, which provided that no Parliament should be assembled but by the issue of writs under the direction of the King of England, of which James was no longer King, nor could the heads of Bills be sanctioned by the English Privy Council before being presented to the Irish Parliament. Nevertheless, though summoned irregularly, it must be taken into consideration in any view of Irish legislative proceedings. Most of the sixty-nine Protestant peers and twenty-two Bishops had fled to England—only seven of the former and five of the latter remained; nine of the Roman Catholic peers took their seats, two being minors; and James reversed the outlawry of fifteen of the old peers, who had been attainted after the Rebellion, and created six new ones, so that the Upper House numbered forty-nine.

At the election the Roman Catholics swept the board, only

six Protestants being returned, for the freeholders of the counties were either besieged in the walled towns, or had fled the country, and the recently-purged boroughs were under the control of the recusants. Two hundred and thirty-two Members were returned, chiefly the descendants of those who had been dispossessed by the Cromwellians.

The first step taken by the new Parliament was to repeal Poynings' Act, the next to repeal the Acts of Settlement, and the next to pass an Act of Attainder which contained no fewer than 2,415 names, and included two Archbishops, seven Bishops, sixty-four temporal peers, eighty-three clergymen, and 2,289 ladies, knights, gentlemen, yeomen, and tradesmen. The Parliament sat from May 7th to July 20th. Twelve months later the Battle of the Boyne was fought, and James absconded to France.

And now we come to the last stage of Irish Parliamentary life to which specific reference need be made. After the flight of James the country was again torn by a fierce civil war. The Irish and their French allies fell back on the line of the Shannon and made a stubborn resistance. Their last hope was destroyed at the Battle of Aughrim, and Limerick, where their final stand was made, capitulated after two sieges upon terms of surrender entitled "The Articles of Limerick," and twenty thousand men and officers left their country for ever to serve in the armies of France and Spain. Thus ended the *third conquest* of the island.

In 1692 writs were issued for an Election, and again in 1697—an English Act, 3 and 4 William and Mary, cap. 2, had made the taking of the oaths of allegiance and abjuration and the subscribing of the declaration against Transubstantiation conditions precedent to the taking of a seat in Parliament, which effectually excluded the Roman Catholic element, and the "new" or Protestant "interest" was in complete control. From this time forth, there being no limit to the life of the Parliament, except a dissolution or the demise of the Crown, a session was held sometimes yearly, and sometimes every two years. That which was elected on the accession of George II. sat for thirty-three years and expired at his death, and it was not till 1767 that the English Government agreed to the passing of an Octennial Act.

During the reigns of William and Anne the Irish Parliament passed the series of savage penal statutes against the Roman Catholics, the so-called Penal Code, which practically deprived them of all their civil liberties and spiritual privileges, and reduced them to a state of beggary and outlawry.

The Parliament continued throughout the first five decades of the eighteenth century to be the helpless instrument of the English Government, its recalcitrant members being kept quiet by a system of intrigue and corruption. Gradually a small group of determined men formed a persistent Opposition, which year by year grew in numbers and in vehemence, and carried on a strenuous agitation for the repeal of the laws which crippled Irish trade, for the repeal of Poynings' Act, and finally for Roman Catholic Emancipation.

The Government bought their leaders from time to time with honours, places, pensions, and sinecures, until they were led by Henry Grattan, one of the few Irish statesmen who was not for sale; and at length when France and Spain declared war against England in support of the revolted American Colonies, and England was fighting for her existence with her back to the wall, the great concession was made which gave to Ireland the Home Rule Parliament of 1782. Thus again exemplifying the ancient saying that "England's adversity is Ireland's opportunity." How this concession ended in a third rebellion, a *fourth conquest*, and the Treaty of Union we have already taken note. All that need now be said is *Absit omen*.

REVIEWS

POPE OF THE REFORMATION PERIOD

The History of the Popes, from the Close of the Middle Ages.
From the German of DR. LUDWIG PASTOR. Edited by
RALPH FRANCIS KERR. Vols IX. and X. (Kegan Paul
and Co. 12s. net each Vol.)

THESE two volumes bring Dr. Pastor's well-known and able work down to the close of the Pontificate of Clement VII., A.D. 1534. They deal with an important and highly controversial period of history, the struggle of the Reformation in Europe. Even after four hundred years it would be almost an Olympian feat for any ecclesiastical historian to discuss without bias the religious events of the sixteenth century. It is true that Dr. Pastor possessed the immense advantage of access to "the secret archives of the Vatican and other original sources," and that he is able to produce in his valuable appendices quite a formidable array of hitherto unpublished documents. But access to "original sources" is far from being an infallible remedy against bias, where religious history is concerned. Even so learned a scholar as Dr. Pastor finds it difficult, if not impossible, to maintain an attitude of complete detachment from his personal religious outlook.

The first half of Volume IX. is occupied with a detailed and most interesting study of the Pontificate of Adrian VI., who, in his short reign of two years, essayed the difficult task of ecclesiastical reform, as an autocratic and absolute ruler. He began at the head, directing his first attack on the Curia. He was ably seconded by Cardinal Campeggio, who forwarded to the Pope in Spain his famous "Promemoria" (discovered and published by Hüfler), in which he gave "advice so uncompromising that it must be distinguished as the most radical programme of reform put forward at this most critical time." But these laudable attempts produced, first, consternation at Rome, and then such determined opposition from the courtiers as frustrated every effort. Adrian's enthusiasm and sincerity are unquestioned. Yet he found no credit in Germany, partly owing to his elaborate brief to the estates of the German realm, summoning them to fight against the poison of heresy, partly owing to the narrow and uncompromising attitude of Luther, whose short-sighted and contemptuous depreciation had greater and more lasting weight. Adrian was a splendid failure, beaten by the insuperable force of evil, too deeply rooted in high places to be overcome in so short a rule. He was detested for his piety and high moral standard, becoming, as Bückhardt said, "the burnt-offering of Roman scorn." Benrath's view is, that "to a judgment unaffected either by his scanty successes or his overt concessions, Adrian VI. will appear as one of the noblest occupants of the chair of St. Peter." One thing he did accomplish. He exposed the awful iniquities of the Curia, and pointed out for a future generation the principles of internal reform.

The Pontificate of his successor, Clement VII., is mainly interesting to Englishmen from his relations with Henry VIII. The controversy surrounding the great divorce question seems interminable. Here the penetrative acumen of Dr. Pastor occasionally appears to miss the mark. Like many other historians, he is inclined to over-emphasise the sensual side of Henry's motives, and to give too little prominence to other factors, local and political. Incidentally we notice a curious, if common, mistake. Dr. Pastor says that "the English King, in recompense for his book against Luther, had received from Leo X. the title of 'Defensor Fidei.'" As a matter of fact he bore this title before Luther was

heard of. Julius II., in depriving Louis XII. of his designation of the "Most Christian King," had conferred it upon Henry, whose book against Luther did not appear till 1521; and when Leo X. convoked the Cardinals the title suggested by the Consistory was "the Angelic King." So far back as May 22nd, 1517, Wolsey had written "*Regia etiam Majestas aegre fert quod de titulo defensoris sanctæ Fidei nihil adhuc acceperit, quasi ejus sanctitas ea re timuerit Gallos offendere*" (*vide Martene, "Amplissima Collectio," iii. 1274*).

Dr. Pastor writes:—"Only this one circumstance, only the desire to discard his lawful wife in order to marry a wanton, was the cause that led Henry to rend asunder the links that for nearly a thousand years had bound his kingdom to the See of Peter."

This unguarded, if not prejudiced, statement is worth examining. In the first place, the investigator in history, as in the more exact sciences, must always beware of assigning any given effect to one sole cause. Henry, as Häusser pointed out long ago, "hated the Reformer and the Reformation with passionate hatred." For eighteen years he had shown the strongest attachment and fidelity to the Pope and Church. He alone of European monarchs had repressed heresy. Pole, his enemy, said that no one had done so much for Rome. Henry was troubled by no moral scruples which would have prevented him from gratifying his passion for Anne Boleyn without marriage. In fact he did so. He was far too astute a politician, too keen a Churchman, to break with the Pope for the sake of "a wanton," *quâ* wanton.

The most powerful motive that weighed with the King was his desire to have a legitimate male heir. The succession was in danger. No queen had hitherto reigned in England. Mary's right would probably be challenged. Already people were predicting that Henry's marriage would not hold good. Already there were pretenders to the succession, one of whom was the Duke of Buckingham, who was executed for treason on this count, though, curiously enough, he had been heard to say that the death of Katharine's sons was a judgment on the King and Queen for their improper and invalid marriage. But the whole question of this male succession and its importance are matters barely touched by Dr. Pastor in the elaboration of his "sole circumstance"—Henry's "outburst of despotic caprice and adulterous passion," which "dragged down the English Church to a state of schism."

As events went on, the King's passion for Anne doubtless became a stronger incentive, but it was neither the first nor the only motive. He had already satisfied his passion. When she became pregnant he hurried on a secret marriage, in the hope of securing a legitimate male heir.

Dr. Pastor is inclined to gloss over the attitude of Clement towards the annulment of Katharine's marriage. As the prisoner of her nephew Charles V., he was prevented from pronouncing any decree. But from April to July, 1528, when the French ascendancy seemed to be established, Wolsey was able to wring from the wavering Pope almost any concession he required. Hence there was intrusted to Campeggio a secret Decretal similar to that which Clement had formerly refused. Then when he saw ruin at the hands of the Emperor, he managed to get this Bull destroyed, and eventually effected a reconciliation with Spain. There can be little doubt that Clement temporised. Yet Dr. Pastor has the hardihood to allege that "there was one thing which he would not sacrifice at any cost—namely, the sanctity of the marriage bond. Even at the risk of losing England to the Church he withstood the tyrannical King on this point from the consciousness of a higher duty."

But Clement's conscience was equally sensitive to the importance of his Spanish alliance and the terms of his reconciliation with the Emperor. Nor had the Curia forgotten the awful siege of Rome and the sack of the city. It was not till

March, 1534, nearly a year after Henry's marriage with Anne, that Clement in secret Consistory pronounced his final sentence declaring Katharine's marriage lawful and valid.

Dr. Pastor maintains the unusual view that Anne Boleyn's uncles, the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk, in their jealousy of Wolsey, originated the idea of the divorce in a subtly-contrived plan to overthrow the all-powerful Chancellor. On the other hand, so weighty an authority as Lord Acton is convinced of the evidence that Wolsey *first* moved the idea of divorce. The Cardinal himself admitted it to Du Bellay. Katharine wrote to Charles that Wolsey was the author of all her sorrows, and the Emperor never ceased to proclaim the fact. In short, the weight of contemporary history is overwhelming against Wolsey. But Dr. Pastor is biassed throughout by his prejudiced conviction that the Reformation in England sprung from the evil passion of Henry VIII., abetted by the unconscientious obsequiousness of Wolsey. It is this attitude which somewhat obscures his political vision.

The remainder of this volume has some valuable chapters on Clement's efforts for internal reform in the Roman Catholic Church, and also a very interesting account of his position towards Literature and Art. "True to the traditions of his family, the Pope, during his Cardinalate, had already gathered round him a throng of poets and men of letters. To this day the Vatican Library preserves an imposing series of works dedicated to him." The house of Medici was always the patron of learning and art. In 1525 Machiavelli presented Clement with the five books of his Florentine history.

Benvenuto Cellini, afterwards made engraver in the Roman Mint by the Pope, graphically describes the enthusiastic joy of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths at the election of Clement. The restoration of the fearful losses caused during the sack of Rome ultimately gave work to numerous artists—greatest of all to Michael Angelo, whose remarkable genius the Pope fully valued and appreciated.

The last days of Clement saw the origination of the Society of Jesus, when Ignatius Loyola unfolded to six trusted friends his plan of a great spiritual army "destined," writes Dr. Pastor, "to attain to a world-wide importance in the history of the Church as the most powerful bulwark of the Papacy during the catastrophe of the sixteenth century." It will be interesting to see in future volumes what estimate is formed of the development, growth, and work of this famous Order. Dr. Pastor is a writer whose learning, research, and scholarship must always command attention. It is important, too, to study controversial religious history from every possible position.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

The Life of Thomas Love Peacock. By CARL VAN DOREN.
Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some men in history who seem to link up in the mind the artificial strata into which it divides the passage and progress of Time. Among others, such a man was Peacock. For example, we get into the habit of thinking that Keats and Shelley make an epoch in themselves, and that this epoch has nothing to do with the wholly different period of Dickens and Thackeray, forgetting altogether that Keats and Carlyle were born in the same year. Similarly the mind, having grasped the chronological unity of Dickens and Thackeray, dismisses it and erects another new and separate unity for Meredith and Hardy. In this way three different literary strata are imagined, in the first of which Shelley is to be found, and in the third of which

Meredith resides, with a distinct and complete literary epoch abrupt between them. Then the thought of the author of "Headlong Hall" and "Melincourt" comes along, and we remember that he was a friend of the first, and that Meredith dedicated his 1851 volume of "Poems" to him, "with the profound admiration and affectionate respect of his son-in-law," and that "The Shaving of Shagpat" was written in Peacock's house. In this way (to continue the geological expression) Peacock appears as a "fault," with the result that we are compelled to take new stock of our nineteenth-century literary history.

This is not all, nor the chief part of, the interest of Peacock, however, though it would often seem so were one to consider only the making of modern books. For some time now references to Peacock have been confined to books written on Shelley and Meredith. A critic might perhaps be forgiven the thought that the best thing that Peacock did was to write his "Four Ages of Poetry," inasmuch as it evoked the more famous reply, the "Defence of Poetry." Nevertheless, Peacock's fame is planted on a far securer foundation than such derivative interest. Exactly what injustice has been his may be seen from a small but not unimportant incident. Specialists in literary indebtedness have not been slow to point out that Dr. Middleton, in "The Egoist," has his very obvious antetype in Dr. Folliott, of "Crochet Castle." He has had his alterations in the process of mental transmigration, of course; he has acquired more of "body" and sleekness, corporeally and mentally; yet the fact remains. Dr. Folliott is certainly as worthy of attention as Dr. Middleton, but among the many who know Dr. Middleton, how few there are who have even a passing acquaintance with his antetype!

In spite of this, as the most penetrating critic since Coleridge, Mr. Arthur Symonds, has said, "Peacock's novels are unique in English, and are among the most scholarly, original, and entertaining prose-writings of the century." And yet he is not read. To what an extent the neglect of him has prevailed may be gathered from the fact that Professor Van Doren can open his book with the remark that "There has been no previous biography of Peacock." He might have said more: he might have proceeded to say that his is the first book of any kind on Peacock. Dr. Gannett's various articles have hitherto been virtually the only means of knowing anything about the man outside his work apart from the incidental references in the various books on Shelley. Professor Van Doren has therefore an open field to work in, and he has taken full advantage of it. We should have liked to see more of a critical analysis of Peacock's achievement. There are certain aspects that are not easy to grasp. He has, for instance, a delicacy of mind that nevertheless is both robust and shrewish. Shelley sang well of him:—

His fine wit

Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it,
A strain too learned for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page,
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
Fold itself up for the serener clime
Of years to come, and find its recompense
In that just expectation.

We have already seen how just that expectation was; but apart from that, when we read such lines as these it can be forgiven us if we wish that Professor Van Doren had occupied some portion of his book with analysis and criticism.

Still he has done something almost as valuable, and possibly more reliable, in explaining the work from the standpoint of the man who wrought it. It is no mere mass of biographical detail that he has put before us. A definite personality emerges out of the story, and as we see and take note of this personality it is easy to conceive of Peacock

doing the work that lies to his credit. Even in his days of gravity and maturity there is a quality in his work that is hard to describe by any other word than "precocity." We may call it whimsical at one moment, or pedantic at another, but the word "precocious" seems at all times to express the thing we mean. Some of the strained translations from the Latin suggest it directly. Now it is illuminating to turn to the life of the man and see this characteristic exemplified repeatedly. Even at the ripe and mature age of eleven full years we find him writing an extraordinary letter which Professor Van Doren gives in full, beginning, "The present alarming state of the country points out the subject of a letter from me to you." The progress from this to the "Four Ages of Poetry" is not so strange as may at first sight be imagined.

To deal with Professor Van Doren's book in detail would be to repeat it. It reads over and over again—as Shelley himself said of the letter Peacock wrote to the lady who became his wife when offering her his hand in marriage—like another one of Peacock's novels. This is only to say that the author has both caught and rendered the spirit of the man of whom he has treated. In addition to this faithfulness to his subject, he has made it a work of exceeding interest. There are few pages in it that are not vividly interesting on strict biographic grounds.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Les Expériences d'Asthénéia au Jardin de la Connaissance.

By ALICE BERTHET. (Gastein-Serge, Paris. 2f.)

ASTHÉNÉIA is a young person whose soul is troubled by the desire of attaining Wisdom, and she resolutely starts in quest of it. It is, however, a dangerous journey for a girl to undertake, even when, as in Asthénéia's case, she is endowed with remarkable perspicacity and perseverance. But Asthénéia was evidently the ancestress of our modern feminists, and possessed both the tenacity and determination which characterise the Suffragettes of to-day. Nothing daunts her; she starts bravely in search of Wisdom, and has the good fortune to meet Athene herself, with whom she has an intimate conversation. Athene is even kind enough to give her some precious advice, such as the following:—

Respecte la vie partout, adore-la dans tous les êtres, et sache que tu dois l'augmenter, et l'embellir en toi, et autour de toi.

Aime les heureux qui rayonnent leur bonheur: ils sont les forts.

Et si tu sais voir la beauté et la faire grandir en toi, tout ce que tu verras et expérimenteras, fut-ce de la douleur, contribuera à embellir et à intensifier ta vie.

Asthénéia tries to follow these counsels, and she, in truth, intensifies her life! She continues her way, and strives to reach Wisdom by the Path of Beauty, where she learns to her sorrow and horror that "Nature is not divine, and that she is not better than humanity," and that it is "man who lends beauty to Nature." After having made these discoveries, Asthénéia engages her never-faltering steps on the Road of Truth, only to find the followers of the different truths struggling furiously one with another. But by her naïvely profound reflections and deep intuition (for Asthénéia would be the joy of the hearts of "school-ma'ams" and tutors!) this superior damsel puzzles occasionally these Pharisees of science, surrounded by prejudices. After having nearly reached the Wall which limits human thought—we are thankful the sagacious heroine of Mme. Berthet's book does

not push her temerity so far as to leap it—Asthénéia finds at length that it is only in "stoical individualism" that she will find the possibility of realising her "interior harmony," and of regulating the rhythm of her life.

"Les Expériences d'Asthénéia" summarise, in fact, many of the disillusiones which must unfailingly beset those whose imaginations crave to tear down the veil which Fate and Nature have benevolently drawn before our gaze, so that we may not be dazzled or blinded by the revelation of the Incomprehensible and Unattainable. And we should say that modern Asthénéias would be much wiser not to dabble in philosophy, but to try and obtain a more useful and practical knowledge of life and duty.

The Motor Routes of England, Western Section. By GORDON HOME. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

MANY guide-books issued for the assistance and edification of the motorist, by reason of the inclusion of unnecessary detail and the lack of scientific arrangement, have tended to confuse and weary rather than to assist and inform, and could very well be dispensed with. But in this category one certainly cannot include the charming series of Motor Route Books by Mr. Gordon Home, the third volume of which is to hand from the publishers, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. In this, as in the two previous volumes—one of which dealt with the Southern part of England and the other with France—the plan has been to arrange a trunk route from London through the district covered, which in the present instance includes Wales and the Western Midland Counties. This route is divided into sections and subdivided into "loops." The sections are:—London to Shrewsbury *viâ* Dunstable and Atherstone, Shrewsbury to Bangor *viâ* Llandudno, Bangor to Dolgelley, Dolgelley to Llangurig, Llangurig to Gloucester *viâ* Abergavenny, Gloucester to Oxford, and Oxford to London; between each section are the loop routes, commencing from and finishing at the last centre indicated in the section, and covering the places of most interest in the vicinity. At the beginning of each section of the route described the salient facts are given under the following headings:—(1) Distances along the road; (2) Notes for drivers, embracing succinct information as to the nature of the roads, speed-limits, &c.; and (3) Names and brief particulars of the places and objects of interest on and off the road. Then comes the text relating to that portion of the tour which is being traversed, concisely and clearly written, and replete with information of historical and antiquarian interest. It is really not too much to say that the book, like its predecessors, is almost indispensable to the motorist whose main objective is, not to commit infractions of the speed-limit with impunity, but to avail himself to the full of the educative facilities afforded by the car. It should be mentioned that the work is in no sense a compilation of previously-published information, the author and his assistant, Mr. Charles H. Ashdown, having motored over the whole route for the express purpose of writing the book. It should also be mentioned that, interspersed with the text, there are seventeen specially-drawn plans of the larger towns through which the tourist passes, twenty-six route-maps, and sixteen beautiful full-page illustrations in colour of the principal places of interest. The volume can be cordially commended to every motorist.

Modern Commercial Practice with Correspondence. Part II. By F. HEELIS. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.)

MR. HEELIS has now compiled the companion volume to Part I. of "Modern Commercial Practice and Correspondence."

dence," which, it will be remembered, dealt with the Home Trade. The present issue treats of the Export and Import Trade, and, as in Part I., the student is taken through a series of transactions between business houses. Each letter or document is introduced in its proper sequence, thus showing the exact relation which one item bears to another, and the place of each in the completed whole. The book will be found most useful to those who wish to enter for the higher commercial examinations.

A School Algebra. Part II. By H. S. HALL. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

IN accordance with repeated suggestions Mr. Hall has begun his second book on school algebra with Progressions. Each chapter, however, is complete in itself, and contains a varied number of examples. Together with Part I. the volume is intended as a suitable text-book for students who wish to enter for the Oxford and Cambridge, the London University, and various other examinations.

FICTION

THREE DISAPPOINTMENTS

In Search of Egeria: Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton. By W. L. COURTNEY. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

The Love-letters of a Faithless Wife. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Bermadu: a Tale of Modern Malaya. By MRS. R. M. CONNOLLY. (Greening and Co. 3s. 6d.)

NONE of these books should ever have been printed, and therefore, perhaps, they do not deserve to be reviewed. They are all samples, each in its own way, of bookmaking as a trade, and because the trade is rising and spreading, and threatens now to overwhelm the few who take writing seriously, it is necessary to say a word or two in condemnation of such manufactured articles. Mock jewellery, even if the imitation is good, should not be allowed to pass itself off as real jewellery, and in these instances the imitation is anything but good. Mr. Courtney's book rejoices in huge characters that dwarf the page, and large margins and spaces that water the little rivulet of type; it is about one-third the length of an ordinary six-shilling book, and yet tedious with the dreadful tediousness of inanity. The secondary title is "Episodes in the Life of Maurice Westerton," but the episodes are few, insignificant, and unreal; the book is merely the bookish chatter of "a middle-aged amorist" who is very proud of his "First Class in 'Mods'" at Oxford, a scholarly distinction which does not prevent him from misspelling Nietzsche and misquoting the "Rubáiyát." Carelessness in such petty details is easily forgiven to large purpose and broad achievement; but when there is no aim beyond the desire to talk at random about well-known books and shop-soiled emotions, casual mistakes become characteristic and irritating. There is nothing in the book from cover to cover worth remembering, except the fairly well-known criticism of Sappho—"The nosegay is small but all roses"—the translations from Sappho herself being cursory and inadequate—the wooden rendering of the ordinary undergraduate.

"The Love-letters of a Faithless Wife" are just as irritating as Mr. Courtney's aimless talk; Lucas Cleeve

knows about as much French as Mr. Courtney knows Greek, and is just as eager to display her ignorance; she calls Baudelaire's masterpiece *Fleurs de Mal*, and uses French tags when the English equivalent would be distinctly better.

She seems even to drag in phrases without other purpose than to misquote them. She writes: "Ce qui ne vaut pas le peine de dire, en (!) bien on le chante." And her English is just as slipshod: "You know what you said the other day that there was only one way of (!) a woman of (!) proving that she really cares, and trusts a man." Mrs. Cleeve can even write worse than this: "I only want you to know how foolish you are being." After this no wonder she says: "One never reads a modern novel with anything of value in it." We think that remark somewhat sweeping, but as applied to Lucas Cleeve's own work it is absolutely true.

It would perhaps be unfair to leave the book without some description of it. It is told in a series of letters. There is a very slight attempt at characterisation, and we could not manage to get up any interest in either the faithless wife or the strangely taciturn husband. It came as a shock at the end to find that the faithless wife had been in love with her husband all through the piece in spite of her philanderings.

"Bermadu," the third book on the list, is by a writer whose name we notice for the first time. It is the story of some English residents in the Malay States. There is a certain amount of local colour in the book, but the story is of the very slightest. Yet there are indications, if nothing more, in it that Mrs. Connolly might teach herself to write a fairly good book if she took a little trouble to think out a good story. There is a native servant in the book, one Peter, who is really human and amusing; his peculiarities are not exaggerated to caricature, and yet the humour in him is fully brought out. Judging by Peter, Mrs. Connolly may yet do much better than this book, which is the best we can say for "Bermadu."

Mrs. Maxon Protests. By ANTHONY HOPE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

IN Anthony Hope's latest novel, "Mrs. Maxon Protests," we have the much-vexed marriage problem yet again set before our eyes. Winnie, otherwise Mrs. Maxon, is the pretty, young, precocious wife of a handsome dull, decorous, religious barrister. He is self-centred and egotistical, his temperament the very antithesis of his wife's. Mrs. Maxon after enduring for some years a dual life of incompatibility, which she defines tersely as "inkpat," determines to endure it no longer. Her child, a boy, having died soon after birth, she feels there is no bond left to hold her to her marriage vows. (Mr. Hope does not tell us this in so many words, but he implies it.) She therefore determines to leave her husband and to live her own life; and she does. Unlike most unconventional women, she possesses friends whose views are broad, who therefore, instead of nipping her unconventionality in the bud, encourage it, for whilst on a visit to them she meets Godfrey Ledstone, a man who immediately attracts her. The attraction proves to be mutual. She mistakes passion for love, and, carrying her unconventionality to its limit, she sets up housekeeping quite openly, in West Kensington with him, content to subsist on glamour, bread and kisses. After a while the inevitable happens, as a natural sequence to all that has gone before. Godfrey Ledstone, owing to the continual pressure which is brought to bear upon him by his relations, leaves Winnie in the lurch, and marries a girl of his parents' choice. Mrs. Maxon is by no means heartbroken; a gallant soldier crosses her path, but, upon learning of her past, he hesitates to make her his wife. After pondering, he deter-

mines that "the honour of his regiment" demands of him that he should not take the risk!

Fate now intervenes for Mrs. Maxon in the person of an Irish journalist, who for long has been her friend, and who, now realising that his friendship has merged into love, determines to marry Winnie against his own principles, and notwithstanding that his religion forbids remarriage between a Catholic and a *divorcée*. Thus Mr. Hope reaches his *finale*, and we leave the lovers happy in the anticipation of their approaching union.

The characterisation of the book is beyond reproach—or praise; for all the characters live and move and have their being throughout the whole of the three hundred odd pages. The plot is very old, very worn, very frayed; but treated by the mature and skilful hands of Mr. Hope it becomes at once both originally conceived and interestingly executed.

Desmond Rourke—Irishman. By JOHN HASLETTE. (Sampson Low and Co. 6s.)

Most readers who take up Mr. Haslette's latest novel will, we feel sure, be disposed to finish it at a sitting, for the story is so engrossing, the interest so well sustained, that one is carried along from chapter to chapter in spite of oneself, so to say, until the end is reached. The scene is laid in South America, presumably in Uruguay, with just a sufficiency of local colour, and the characters are drawn to the life. These include, in addition to natives and half-breeds and the Irish hero, a cute Yankee speculator and a scheming Frenchman from Martinique with his supposed daughter—a somewhat coy young person, who, nevertheless, boldly expresses the opinion that love should take precedence of duty. As she exclaims to Desmond in the course of a *tête-à-tête*—"There is always the good married soldier, and the so impossibly good wife who urges her husband to the war. *Vive la Gloire! Vive le Guerre!* Ah, it is a good cry, but it is nonsense all the same. Would you love a wife who would send you to your duty?" To which the amorous Celt replies—"Faith! I wouldn't, Jeanne dear, but only one who would want me more than glory. I should go all the same." Which is only a witty Irish way of saying—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

There is a particularly thrilling chapter in which a staunch disbeliever in ghosts imagines a phantom dog is after him, and it impressed us even more than the tragic *dénouement* of the story which occurs a little later. Without giving away the author's plot, we may say that Desmond's native wit proves more than a match for the Yankee's cuteness and the Frenchman's cunning.

Lalage's Lovers. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MISS LALAGE BERESFORD is one of the happiest and most amusing scapegraces that ever romped through the pages of a novel. We are introduced to her as she edits and publishes a paper with a circulation of one, solely directed against her worthy governess, Miss Cattersby. The name of this sheet is "The Anti-Cat," and the samples of the contents are an indication of what we may expect when Miss Beresford is let loose on the world. The story of her escapades is told in Mr. Birmingham's favourite way—in the first person—and by excellent whimsicalities and pretences he conveys to the

reader something of the terror which Lalage's cold-blooded, relentless truthfulness and perseverance must have inspired in her victims. She forms societies, drops on people for subscriptions, starts vigorous propagandist papers which bring consternation to the minds of her canonical relatives, and ruins the chances of various candidates in an election by a rousing anti-lying campaign in which she proves conclusively that each candidate is a prevaricator of the deepest dye. And an attack of influenza is described so vividly that we almost caught it from the pages of the book. In fact our temperature went up—but that was with laughing. Never have we come across such humorous election-agents in real life; but we are not going to cavil at that. Titherington is a creation, a grimly determined, pertinacious creature, whose wily ways contain about as many hearty laughs as can be packed into the scenes of his appearance. We suggest that "Lalage's Larks" would have been a better title, since there is apparently only one lover—the teller of the story; but, at any rate, we are exceedingly grateful to Mr. Birmingham for giving us her breathless career.

PICKWICK RIDDLES—I.

By PERCY FITZGERALD

JUST fifty years ago I was driving with "Boz" on an outside car through Sackville-street, Dublin—how well I recall it!—when I was inspired to quote his own Pickwick to him. He had asked, "Did you know So-and-so?" When I promptly said, with Winkle, "I don't know him, but I've seen him," how he laughed—with an enjoying laugh! But no one would have laughed so loudly as he over the quaint oddities of his immortal book that I am about to set forth. They are really a feather in his cap, and a portion of his delightfully exuberant humour. For so inspiring and ebullient is the work that even its lapses, oversights, and errors are not to be counted as common *errata* or "noddings," but contribute to the general boisterous hilarity. They are *sui generis* and Pickwickian all over. They are not ordinary "slips," they are born of the tumultuous feeling with which the gifted author *rushed* at his task. Writing as he did from month to month, from hand to mouth as it were, and racing along, it was natural that he should not find a moment to pause and look back and see that, say, No. 10 was consistent with Nos. 2, 3, 4, &c. So he had to "chance it."

Thus our agreeable, if boisterous, chronicle starts on the very first page, at line 9, with its rare chronological confusion. A passage is quoted from the Club transactions (which *ought* to be accurate) to the effect that the Club met on May 12th, 1817. So far so good. Four pages follow; on the fifth we find Mr. Pickwick's setting forth from Goswell-street solemnly described as being on "the thirteenth of May, eighteen hundred and *twenty-seven*." We rub our eyes. Here was a leap of ten years. But the leading confusion, as to Jingle's share in the French Revolution, is a Pickwickian incident in itself and truly racy. He related his achievements during the "three glorious days" of 1830, but related them in the year 1827! This was printed, published, and read. The work went on from number to number, but new readers came by the thousand, and wrote to point out the blunder; so at last something must be done to cure it. After deliberation it was thus settled. When Mr. Pickwick was served with a writ, here was an opportunity for altering the date, and accordingly Dodson and Fogg wrote on August 28th, 1830. This was thought to make all straight, and straight it now seemed to

be. For here was Jingle's Munchausen tale set in its proper year, 1830, and people would forget to turn back to Jingle's yarn where the fatal 1827 stared them in the face. It is a curious thing in the case of a novel that every step and stage in this book is marked out day by day, as it were, leading on from the date of the Club's first meeting in May, 1827.

But presently our author was to find out that he had not bettered the matter. The departure of the Pickwickians from town and their meeting with Jingle was now on May 13th, 1830, on which day Jingle told his Revolution adventure, which, alas! must have taken place some weeks later than the Revolution in July, 1830. So things were as bad or worse than before. What was to be done?

"Boz" waited till his story was done and the book issued in a volume with Preface, title-page, &c., and *errata*! It was clear to him that the only thing left was to go back to his original state—to revert to 1827. And this was done. Was there ever such an amusing concatenation? We are told: P. 1, line 9, for 1817 read 1827; p. 185, line 25, for 1830 read 1827.

Our author issued the first collected edition of his books, and, we may presume, revised them. Turning to these doubtful dates, we are dumbfounded to find all in fresh confusion. It is 1827 at the beginning, but now the 1827 of the writ is advanced three years and changed back again to 1830, though only a few months had elapsed since the first Club meeting. The thing was now hopeless, and so it has remained. All that he could do was to scoff at poor Jingle, and throw the whole fault on him!

We find a jocular note to Jingle's story, laying it all to that hero's swagger—"A remarkable instance of the prophetic force of Mr. Jingle's imagination. This dialogue occurring in the year 1827 and the Revolution in 1830." Now here we have the thing officially fixed, and are on firm ground at last. It was in 1827, and the writ also in 1827.

Nothing can exceed the bewildering and most delightful state of the chronology connected with the Fleet Prison. How long was the illustrious prisoner there? When did he go in? When come out?—not very momentous questions save for the hopeless confusion. He was given some four months or so of grace after his trial and taken to the Fleet in July, where he was detained three months, which would bring us to October. But we read—with hearty enjoyment—that he was released "within a week of the close of July!" More wonderful still, we are told of a "fine October morning."

The hero on one occasion lit his candle, "so that it might burn up well," but, being attracted, read through a long MS. tale, when it is recorded that "he lit his candle" and went off to bed! These little matters have caused many a smile, even in the case of the genial writer himself, to whom this last was pointed out by Charles. "Boz" comically made as though he would hurl not the inkstand, but the book itself at him.

After the wedding-lunch at Manor Farm, say at about two or three o'clock, we are seriously told that the guests started off for "a five-and-twenty mile walk" to get an appetite. To perform this exploit would have taken nearly eight hours, besides being impossible for a number of elderly folk. What then did "Boz" mean? He was all exuberance and high spirits. He being a champion walker, and capable of doing the feat in a comparatively short time, did not pause a second to think of obstacles. But it is difficult not to smile as we read. How droll was it when he came to tell of Mr. Pickwick's imprisonment in the boarding-school closet, "where the day boarders hung their bonnets and sandwich-bags," to his inconvenience: I suppose by brushing his cheeks, eyes, &c.! He sat down "under a grove of sandwich-bags"—this was plausible and natural if any were there. For the bags and bonnets were brought by

the day boarders and could not be there in their absence. How "Boz's" friends must have roared as they pointed this out. Strange, too, is the unvarying use of the words "mother-in-law" instead of "stepmother," the mistake found in his other works.

We are assured that the only occasion on which Mr. Pickwick was seen in public without his gaiters was at the Manor Farm Ball, of which festival a capital picture is given. But there Mr. Pickwick is seen with the immortal gaiters on! Neither the jovial "Boz" nor the versatile "Phiz" had time to notice the matter. It was a comic and most original mistake; yet Mr. Pickwick at the Bath Assembly Rooms, so strict in etiquette, appeared in his gaiters.

No one could enter Dodson and Fogg's without passing through the clerks' office, where Mr. Pickwick was waiting. He was told that Dodson was out and Fogg particularly engaged. After a time one clerk went up to see if Fogg was disengaged—this, we are told, was Mr. Wicks—but "Mr. Jackson departed on his errand"—marvellous certainly. But that was not all. The next moment, having heard that Wicks and Jackson had both gone upstairs, yet both were still below: ("What did he say his name was?" whispered Wicks. "Pickwick," said Jackson.)

But the wonders were not to cease. As soon as Mr. Pickwick reached Fogg's room the latter asked, "Was Mr. Dodson in?" (though he must have been in the next room). "Just come in, sir," said Jackson, *now* upstairs. But, as we have seen, Dodson could not have "come in" without passing by the clerks and being seen by the visitors. I do think all this makes the raciest, most comical, and most Pickwickian *imbroglio* to be found in the book.

The poor Chancery prisoner in his pathetic complaint spoke of his "being tight screwed down and soldered in his coffin." A poor pauper—no—no—this is a distinction reserved for those who "enjoy" lying in leaden coffins in vaults. But that heartbreaking story of the Chancery prisoner, which no sensitive person can read aloud with dry eyes, may have brought to the feeling "Boz" that the poor wretch well deserved such an honour.

The book is full of the most improbable, impossible, and Munchausen-like things, yet all made possible, probable, and convincing even, by the exquisite and earnest spirit of the author. He does with us as he pleases: like a platform hypnotist who can make us believe that the salad-oil we are tasting is champagne. We are in a dream with him, and it is all true. What if Wardle and the great man—after the overturn in pursuit of Jingle—had to walk a whole stage, and reached London somewhere between break of day and eight or nine o'clock—a stretch of many miles? It mattered not—they found Perker. Perker by a miracle found out that the pair were at an inn in the Borough, and arrived there with his friends—all before eleven o'clock. But this was not all the miracle. Jingle at half-past nine had gone for a licence to Doctors' Commons, and "was still on his way back," as we are carefully told, when the pursuers were being conducted upstairs to the sitting-room. Yet there they found Jingle! Again we must laugh, heartily enjoying the reckless carelessness of our author. We find him, when describing how hospitably the Pickwickians were received at Manor Farm after their prodigious walk from Rochester, totally forgetting that the poor men had had no dinner. None was offered to them, only a glass of cherry-brandy in the hall. They had to wait for supper. Before, at Rochester, when Winkle and Snodgrass were out about the duel, which was at sundown, they returned to find that the party had dined, but they had to sit down to tumblers, &c., and not a word was said about *their* dinner. *En revanche* the Pickwickians on another occasion enjoyed two dinners within a couple of hours, one at the great White Horse, the other at Nupkins'.

But a prodigy in the way of fasting was Mr. Pickwick's day when he and Sam were in search of Dodson and Fogg. He found them early in the day, as we are told, then went to a tavern with Sam for a drink; after that we learn, to our astonishment, that as the clock struck eight he arrived at Gray's Inn! Hence he was referred to Perker's clerk, who was "keeping it up" at a nightly orgy at the Magpie and Stump. Thus this elderly gentleman went walking for a whole long day apparently without a morsel. But he sat on with the revellers drinking his brandy, listening to long yarns—"The Queer Client," &c.—until it was time to break up and go home. Wonderful man! There is no end to these prodigies. A mystery again—when the great man was taken to the Fleet he oddly never thought of bringing his clothes, but just put a night-cap in his pocket, so as to furnish the author with some comic business later; Sam, however, brought his portmanteau next day.

NEW ZEALAND SKETCHES

By W. H. KOEBEL

II.—UP-COUNTRY

THERE is a certain delight in thudding along the powdered summer roads that never fails, although custom may render its appreciation a subconscious one. Given a good mount beneath, fresh from a rest and an unwonted spell of corn-feeding in the stables of the township, there is music in every creak of the saddle-leather. It is a pleasant song, this of the saddle, with its accompanying beat of hoofs. So compelling is its rhythm that it could not fail to produce utter drowsiness in less exhilarating circumstances. As it is, the sentiment is purely joyous. What else could emanate from the rapid springings of the great frame beneath the saddle, the scent of the grasses, the odour of the powdered earth, and the brilliant sunshine streaming down from the blue sky? You may let your horse carry you as fast as he will over this first stage of the flat-lands. Once within the blue semicircle of the mountains that hem in the plain, his gait will of necessity be varied, and the opportunities limited for this smooth, unbroken progress. For the present the landscape is essentially peaceful and smiling, the rich grasses shaded by willows, eucalyptus, and the curious palm-like tufts that bunch themselves at the extremities of the branches of the cabbage-trees.

The district is fairly populous. Here is, for instance, a bungalow *par excellence*, the abode of a prosperous sheep-farmer. The building is wide and deep, toned to the softest shade of terra-cotta. Its spacious verandahs are smothered in festoons of passion-flower, rose, and honeysuckle. Imposing and luxurious, it stands as the headquarters of the station whose lands spread far and wide in all directions. All has been brought into being with a view to genuine comfort here. The outhouses surround the principal dwelling-place at a very respectful distance; the baaing of the penned sheep and the shrill barking of the dogs reach the favoured spot in subdued and chastened tones. The haunts of work and rest are widely separated on this fortunate station. Between the two extend gardens such as only a sun-bathed climate can produce. In between the varied trees and flowering shrubs the geranium glows in brilliant banks and hedges; the arum lilies scatter their broad blossoms in weed-like profusion, and the verbena spreads itself in prodigal lakes of colour. But, were we to halt in an attempt to enumerate all the blossoms here, we should find ourselves belated in the bush far beyond.

Beyond the garden lies the orchard, where peach, nectarine, and fig lend their fruit as freely for plucking as do the more homely apple, pear, and quince. In the home paddocks the private hacks, more favoured than their harder-worked station brethren, roam contentedly, berugged and at their ease. To the rear of the homestead a semicircle of tall pines and blue-gums forms a sheltering screen for the whole. It is an enviable spot. But the enjoyment of a home such as this is restricted, of course, to the favoured minority of really opulent sheep-farmers. Nevertheless there are a number like it in the neighbourhood, for even the most confirmed agricultural grumbler will confess that the times are not so bad, which means that he is very well content indeed. The owner of this particular place, for one, could not fail to be that. There are hundreds of acres of rye-grass that rises tall and dense, and all but ready for the cutting and for the harvesting of its seed. In the paddocks set apart for grazing the sheep are frequent and fat. What more could the soul of a sheep-farmer long for?

A mile or so farther along the road is a homestead of another kind. Compared with the former, it is humble to the point of insignificance; yet it is by no means without its fair share of homely comfort and modest beauty. The bungalow is small, certainly; the verandah is narrow; the boards throughout the house are roughly set, and the paint with which the walls are smeared is of a useful rather than an ornamental tint. Yet it is evident even from the highway that there is no lack either of kitchen appliances or of general furniture. And if no rose or passion-flower shower their blossoms over the walls, it is probably because a spreading vine, that a little later on will strain its branches beneath the weight of the grape-bunches, leaves no place vacant for the more showy but less useful creepers. Indeed, the immediate setting of the small building is as delightful as could be imagined. For, although the fencing draws its rigid line in close proximity, there yet remains ample room for shade-trees, vegetables, flowers, and fruit. This is the dwelling of a cockatoo-farmer, the humble agriculturist who makes the most of his thirty or forty acres of land, and who employs his spare time in working for pay on the neighbouring large stations. He too has remarkably little cause for dissatisfaction with his lot. In England his home would be a two-roomed cottage, and his wages a pound a week. Here he is his own master for the most part of his time, and the servant of another only when he chooses, and the financial profit is at least thrice that of what he might expect at home.

We are taking a long time to get to the bush, I must admit; yet it is best to notice what lies by the roadside as we go. There are many bungalow homesteads on these plains. One or two are as imposing as the first that was passed; others are on a smaller scale, lacking some of the more elaborate finishing touches; while yet others are the property of cockatoo-farmers with the characteristic appearance of the type. Here and there, though, are homesteads that are notable for certain peculiarities of their own. They are of no greater size or pretensions than those of the lesser agriculturists, yet they are surrounded by a spread and glow of bloom striking enough to provoke the envious desire of many a far wealthier neighbour. But these gay blossoms possess a deeper significance than that of mere æsthetic luxury. Strictly speaking, they are not tended for the pleasure of the eye at all. They have their commercial, everyday use, for their owner is a bee-farmer, and this glorious blaze a portion of his stock-in-trade.

And now, at last, we have done with the plains, with their homesteads, pastures, and people. Directly to the front rises the barrier of foothills, like cliffs from a green sea, with the mountains dimly seen at their back. We have arrived at a notable spot, for to the front extends Bray's

Hill. Judged by the mere ethics of landscape, there is very little in the appearance of Bray's Hill that would lead the stranger to suspect that any peculiar interest were centred in its slopes. Indeed, a new-comer would be hard put to it to distinguish the spot, from many of its fellow hills that make a wide and lofty ring about the semicircle of plain. Nevertheless Bray's Hill, both geographically and sentimentally, is an important place. Its bold green flank is pierced by the road—the highway that starts where the distant houses of the township prick out from their green surroundings at the edge of the blue ocean, and that has cut its thin white line across the level plain, until it comes to clamber its winding way up the side of the hill, and to be lost to view amidst the valleys and peaks of the bush country that stretches to the rear. But this particular spot represents more than the point where the plains end and the mountains begin. Bray's Hill is a vital place in a world of comings and goings; it is, in fact, a haunt of psychological moments.

It is here that the incoming man from the back-blocks catches his first glimpse of human habitations in clusters. The change of scene has been effected with an astonishing rapidity. One moment his horse has been bearing him upwards through a land hemmed in on all sides by bush, and peaks, and great slopes; the next, he has passed through the natural gateway that crowns the last hill, and beneath him is spread the panorama of the plain. It seems as though one might fling a stone, and reach with it those tiny dwellings below, were it not for fear that the pebble might crush in a roof or two of the toy-like structures. It is the brilliant air that is responsible for delusions such as these. In reality the horse's hoofs will have to thud over nearly a score of fathoms ere those doll's-houses will have grown to normal size, and ere the few ant-like specks crawling over the flat surface of the ground far beneath will have become riders mounted on cantering horses. If the rider be alone, he will not fail to drink in the panorama to the tune of a quickening pulse. It is possible, though, that he may be journeying in company, the exigencies of which forbid any leisurely appreciation of landscape. He may be riding at the tail of a flock of sheep or of a mob of cattle, in which case his eye will be warily fixed on the moving fleeces, or on the waving horns and the red, white, and dun backs. For the vagaries of driven sheep and cattle are inexplicable and not to be foreseen, and the results of a successful "break-back" are wont to be lamentable in loss of both time and temper. Even here Bray's Hill remains a landmark of the fullest significance. The end of the journey is in sight. Only a few hours more will see the live-stock safely at their destination and a larger balance at the bank to the credit of their present owner.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU"

DR. KARL BINDING contributes to the September number a very judicious *exposé* of the position of the old Prussian party at the time of the Erfurt Parliament. Special prominence is given to the attitude of Bismarck. Great statesmen always develop on paradoxical lines, but the founder of the German Empire may claim a place by himself as a swallower of earlier principles. At this perplexing moment none of the Prussian leaders had the courage or insight to take Time by the forelock, and the utterance of Stahl seems to have had no ironical basis—"The two Eagles (Austrian and Prussian) must stretch their protecting wings over Germany, like the two Cherubim over the Ark of the Covenant." The article forms an excellent supplement to

last month's correspondence of the Empress Augusta. Dr. H. Schoen discusses the Thiers Institute at Paris for the accommodation and training of unfledged professors, and its adaptability for German purposes. Herr Wilhelm Alter defends the strategy of Benedek, and his tactics at Sadowa. Herr Federico Hermanin describes very fully the Rome Exhibition. Frau Mela Escherich introduces Konrad Witz, a forgotten Swiss-German painter of the fifteenth century. Herr Reinhard Buchwald gives some notes on the literary wife of Gottsched, the eighteenth-century critic, and Dr. Otto Binswanger gives an amplified version of a lecture at Jena University on the suicide of minors and precautions against juvenile degeneration. The article is full of good sense and optimism, and avoids hasty conclusions.

"LA GRANDE REVUE"

The number for August 25th contains an article by Senator Charles Humbert on "Le Problème du Haut Commandement," a question which has been lately prominent. Though he seems to regard the matter as mainly one of definition, he concludes against the specific creation of a Commander-in-Chief. A special military Government in time of war he regards as inevitable. M. Jules Bertaut gives a pleasing portrait of "Théophile Gautier, voyageur," and his dictum that the French are the best travellers is well exemplified in Madame Claire Géniaux's sketch "Chez les Femmes Tunisiennes." Mr. Edward Legge's forthcoming "Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire" is unsympathetically discussed by M. Gérard Harry. The first few lines of "L'Incendie," translated from the Russian of Alexis Rémisov, made our blood run cold; later we got used to it. M. Gustave Aron starts dealing with the question "Peut-on limiter le Pouvoir Législatif?" He is very inconclusive, beyond rejecting the American solution of a Supreme Court. M. Bolz discusses East-European Yiddish literature, and M. Yves Scantrel has some sparkling aphorisms on Napoleon. M. Challaye "exposes" the behaviour of the N'Goko Sangka Company.

For September 10th, M. Aulard, the historian, traces the relations of Corsica and France. He accuses the Governments of the latter country of having been false to their promises and of having starved Corsican enterprise. M. Clemenceau is the first statesman who has tried to rectify matters. MM. Aron, Bolz, and Scantrel continue their articles from the last number. "Enquêtes" forms a feature of the number; one fruitful in paradoxes and platitudes is that on the merits of the "Monna Lisa;" another concludes the discussion on barrack-life, the general verdict being hostile to the institution; a third is concerned with the educational qualities of the Pathégraph. M. Ernest Charles' appreciation of Brunetière on Voltaire is good to read: it is a picture of an honest man being just to what he does not like. M. André Tibal, *à propos* of the Austrian novelist, Rudolf Bartsch, is very illuminating about Austria, old and new. M. Armand Charpentier deplores the prevalence of the pot-boiler in romance.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

For September 1st there is a correspondence between Mistral, the Grand Old Man of "Félibrisme," and Reboul, a predecessor in the same genre, and the protector of the younger man, presenting him to Lamartine and Dumas. The letters, many of them in Provençal, are full of kindness and Southern gaiety, enlivened with snatches of song. M. Paul Louis sketches the history of the Roman corporations, contrasting them with modern Trades Unions. M. Jules de Gaultier contributes a brilliant but rather exasperating article entitled "Comment naissent les Dogmes," devoted mainly to an examination of "La Critique du Darwinisme"

of M. Novicow. We will content ourselves with one quotation: "Le juste n'est donc, dans la pratique, qu'un cas de l'injuste." Space forbids us to show how M. de Gaultier arrives at this dictum.

Théophile Gautier and Arthur Rimbaud are by no means done with. They loom large in the number for September 16th. The last-named is represented by "Vers Inédits," the frequent occurrence in which of the verb "baver" is the only remark we need offer. Gautier has been already celebrated in the *Mercur* for July 1st by M. Henriot; now it is the turn of M. André Fontainas. He has little to say that is new, but his article is interesting and well-written. M. Léon Séché writes on Henri de Latouche, a snarling free-lance of Romanticism, and on Gustave Planche, a bully put up to abolish him. M. Emile Bernard offers a powerful and well-reasoned indictment of Impressionism. Among the books reviewed are three that have been recently noticed in THE ACADEMY—the two theses of Dr. Hedgcock on Thomas Hardy and Garrick, and the "Adventure" of two English ladies at Versailles. This last has made so powerful an impression on M. Davray, the reviewer, that, though sceptical himself, he has waited to speak of it till he had the verdicts of several of his friends.

"LA REVUE"

The most important feature of the two September numbers is a series of unpublished letters of Victor Cousin and a Madame Angebert, a lady whose imagination was stirred by the lectures of the philosopher at the Sorbonne into a progressive criticism, to which Cousin replied more and more seriously. A certain degree of personal intimacy was also engendered, and the lady rates her correspondent soundly for deserting his professorial chair and taking office under the July Monarchy. M. Léon Séché is the sponsor of the letters.

The acquaintance of Cousin and Mme. Angebert began through a supposed disparagement by the former of the female intellect. M. Ernest Tissot opens his appreciation, in the number for September 1st, of Mme. Daniel Lesueur with another attack by another professor on the feminine sex. Without explicitly corroborating or denying the impeachment, M. Tissot claims an exception for his subject. In the same number "Brada" has an agreeable, gossipy article on Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson among "Voyageuses et Voyageurs Anglais." Dr. A. Gottschalk resumes the story of the madness and tragic end of Lewis II. of Bavaria. M. Faguet is in his best vein, writing on "Le Pragmatisme de Nietzsche." He makes fun of the method of including among intellectual influences "what Nietzsche *might have read*." We are a little surprised that he makes no reference to Mme. Richter's work, recently noticed in THE ACADEMY, where it is very clearly indicated what the apostle of the superman probably *did* read. An interesting article on Lourdes is from the pen of Dr. A. Grillière, who deplores the present arrangements for medical supervision.

In the number for September 15th Dr. Max Nordau enjoys his favourite pastime of crucifying butterflies in a short article called "Les Demi-Talents." M. Victor Dave introduces the poet Eugène Vermersch, a friend of Verlaine's, and gives striking specimens of his work. M. Charles Becker analyzes the national spirit of Luxemburg, and finds it to be essentially French. M. J. Gringoire writes with delightful crispness on the uses of French capital; he denounces the national thrift as the root of all evil, leading to distrust of French concerns, and childish confidence in gambling foreign stock. He sees plenty of work at home for French capital, and he throws out the clearest of challenges to Socialism. M. de Tarlé publishes letters of Murat to Napoleon, in which the former, as King of Naples, is seen

in a permanent state of apology to his exacting over-lord. Fawning! protestations of affection and theatrical indignation ill conceal a constitutional faithlessness.

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

The number for August 26th concludes the letters of the Marquis de Custine. M. de Visan gives an account of Count A. de Gobineau, who in 1848 founded the *Revue Provinciale* to combat the increasing centralisation of France and the ascendancy of Paris. M. A. Bossert gives a synopsis of Mme. Bianquis's "Caroline de Gunderode," a sentimental and tragic figure of the "Werther" time. "Les Amitiés Françaises," a society extolled by M. Jacques Lux, is so characteristic of the nation whence it sprang that we shall be curious to watch its developments. M. L. Charlanne, in this and the following number, is very interesting on Pierre Antoine Motteux, a Huguenot refugee of the seventeenth century, who founded the *Gentleman's Journal*, and gave a lead to Addison and Defoe. He practically introduced Rabelais and Don Quixote, and was a partisan of Shakespeare during the dark ages.

In the number for September 2nd Lord Winterton replies to the questions of M. François Maury, on "Les Ministres Anglais et Leur Liberté d'Action." Mr. George Lloyd continues the answer in the following number. Naturally there is not much that would be new to English readers; it is interesting as a *résumé*. MM. Ribot and Léon Bourgeois, among others, have previously discussed the question as it presents itself in France. M. Lucien Maury is good on Balzac in recent studies. M. Gabriel Mourey places M. Maurice Barrès, who has just written a book on "Il Greco," among the few valuable critics of art.

For September 9th M. Léon Bocquet tells the story of the "Polyphème" of Albert Samain, a poetical drama of rare beauty, often given as a pastoral play. M. de Romain discusses the customary literature of French Switzerland, and M. Lux has very high praise for "L'Angleterre Moderne, son Évolution," by M. Louis Cazamian.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE AND DE LITTÉRATURE"

The principal articles for September 2nd bear the weighty signature of G. Maspero. Sir Gaston, as he is in England, devotes several pages of high appreciation to Professor Max Müller's "Egyptological Researches, Vol. II.: Results of a Journey in 1906." The journey and the work were both financed by the Carnegie Institution. Another review from the same hand is of Herr Borchardt's work on the pyramid of King Sahourîya. M. de Labriolle notices a very complete German commentary on St. Augustin's "De Civitate Dei," by Herr Heinrich Scholz. A new volume of Bossuet's Correspondence, edited by MM. Urbain and Levesque, is also discussed. For September 9th M. Labande combats the thesis of M. Marius Vachon, in "La Renaissance Française," that the Italians counted for little in the architectural revolution. M. André Paulian's "Reconnaissance dans le Droit Anglais" is approved by M. Bastide. For September 16th M. Maspero reviews M. Chassinat's "Quatrième Livre des Entretiens et Épitres de Shenouti," Herr Erman's "Aegyptische Grammatik," and Messrs. Woolley and McIver's "Karanog, the Romano-Nubian Cemetery," the last of which deals with some very newly-broken ground. For September 23rd we again have M. Maspero on M. Chassinat, this time in association with M. Palanque. The book is, "Une Campagne de Fouilles dans la Nécropole d'Assiout." "La fouille est une des plus fructueuses . . . depuis un quart de siècle." Mr. Budge's publication of British Museum papyri is noticed by the same authority—"à quand les autres?"

AHMET ARABI

By "SUDANI"

NEWS of the death of Ahmet Arabi Pasha—for a brief space Dictator of Egypt—reached this country last week too late for any adequate record of his career to be printed in these columns. It would, however, be almost unseemly that a man whose vaunted animosity towards this country has proved so unexpectedly far-reaching in its results should pass finally into the oblivion in which he has long been merged without some short notice of his personality.

In the accounts of Arabi Pasha that have appeared in the Press since his death he has been frequently spoken of as "the Cromwell of Egypt." For what reason this style has been granted to him I am at a loss to understand; surely no man's character less resembled that of England's only President.

Ahmet Arabi was a Fellah of the Fellaheen. That is to say he was a man of no birth, no education, no intellectuality, and no ability. His only assets were religious fanaticism, and as a complement an exaggerated hatred of everything that was European, and therefore not comprehensible to his narrow peasant mind. There was at no time within his limited purview any true idea of patriotism, nor was there at any moment in his mind any thought of redeeming Egypt, his country, either from the insufferable dominion of the "Turk" or from the growing obsessions of the Europeans who had already the grip hand on Egypt.

In a way Arabi might well be compared with the Mahdi. Like him he was stupid; like him he was inordinately vain; like him he was used by stronger wills than his own to mark a situation and advance a supposed cause. To a formidable physique he added no leaven of courage, and his heavy, if handsome, features were ill lighted by his large, vacant and staring grey eyes.

I well recall a visit to him, paid at a moment when on him, or on those greater folk who put him forward, unwitting, as a figure-head, the immediate destinies of Egypt, and perhaps of England and France, appeared to hang.

Arabi was seated in a verandah in the courtyard of his house in the Shoubrah Avenue. Around him was a mob of officers of the lower grades, and of mollahs from the mosques, and of sheikhs of villages from the Delta of the Lower Nile. The great man himself was orating, and it took me some few minutes to discover the fact that he was merely vociferating whole chapters from the Kuran, which he had learned by rote. He made no attempt to speak on mundane affairs, and certainly did not touch on Egypt's immediate emergencies, in which his hearers might have been interested, but merely sung out his verses from the "wise book" in a suave, musical monotone that appeared to charm his audience—all, be it said, men of his own class.

It was to this class indeed that he appealed when he was put up to fight the lost cause of Mahmoud Sami and Abd-el All. And it was by these two brighter and more ably intriguing minds that he was thrust into the prominent position that he held up to the date of Tel-el-Kebir. Of course there were contributory agencies that served to waft poor Arabi to his bladder-lifted prominence. The virulent antagonism of France, the subtle machinations of Italy and Austria, the general irruptive irritation that agitated Europe with regard to Tunis, Sfax, Bizerta and Tripoli in Barbary—all helped to suggest to Arabi's prompters that the moment was propitious for a stand by Islam in Egypt, backed, as the movement undoubtedly was, by the great overlord in Yildiz Kiosk.

A greater man than Arabi, given his opportunities, might have changed the destinies of his country, and in a measure of Europe. When Tewfik Pasha (Khedive) bade him

sheath his sword, in Abdin Square, Arabi, had he possessed physical courage, might well have become ruler of the land from which he was so soon to be an exile.

But the man was a coward. He had the moral pluck—or some would call it infamy—to organise and consummate the massacre at Alexandria, when he refused to stay the hands of his assassins until he was reappointed Minister of War, and his also was the feeble spite that authorised the wreckage and loot of Alexandria after his easy defeat in the bombardment of that town.

But at Tel-el-Kebir, where his vast and splendidly built entrenchments might well have given pause to a greater force than Sir Garnet Wolseley had at command, Arabi was the first man to take flight, leaving his followers in disarray. A sorry patriot and leader, he bolted at the first warning of the British onslaught. And he who first sought his quarters on that morning of our victory found his flag still waving—his horses still in their shelter—his rich furniture still adorning his sumptuous tents, and were informed by his gaping orderlies that "the Pasha had gone long ago, on an engine to Massr."

That was the end. Of Arabi's subsequent trial and of its sudden collapse more might perhaps now be said than while Abdul Hamid still held the throne of Turkey. But to what avail? The conditions that governed the relations of the great European nations thirty years ago have been for some time wholly altered, and it would ill betide to discount those further great changes that seem to loom in the immediate future.

Ahmet Arabi was of himself of but small account; yet we of this country owe him no small tribute for that by his shallow and obstinate fanaticism, coupled with his gross and foolish vanity, he hastened, if he did not impel the change in the destinies of his country that gave to Great Britain the control of Egypt at the one moment when circumstances made it possible for her to assume that great responsibility.

THE THEATRE

THE PEOPLE'S MIXTURE AS BEFORE

HAROLD, Earl of Norchester, had two striking characteristics. He always wore the clothes of a traveller in nail-brushes and he never had his hair cut. He was, for all that, an officer in the Rifle Brigade and a typical member of the House of Lords according to William Le Queux. He lived at a curious place called The Park, Carysford Chase, where, although a poor, proud, attitudinising man, he kept a racing stable somewhere near the kitchen garden. The Park, designed by Mr. Cecil Raleigh and decorated by Mr. Henry Hamilton, the great experts in aristocratic homes, had a garden that was in exact imitation of the Earl's Court Exhibition as seen from the lawn of the Welcome Club. A collection of thoroughbreds which had apparently been picked up for a mere song from a dealer at Barnet Fair strayed about from time to time, making havoc of the Marcus Stone herbaceous borders and tropical plants. One or two of them were very tame and loved to turn up about tea-time in order that Harold might deliver recitations to them—a trick which is generally practised by the best Earls. Here also there were Harold's mother, a keen business woman who ran the estates and saw personally to the mortgages and paid the usual periodical visits to her pet moneylender, and the Lady Barbara Mowbray, her only and charming daughter—a young woman who had broken away from the manners of her class and become a member of Somerville College, Oxford. But all these things do not matter yet.

Somerville College, Oxford, was determined to go one

better than any other College either at Oxford or anywhere else. A Mrs. Bendemeer, for instance, was Principal, because her knowledge of life and humanity was incontestably large. She was the emancipated wife of a man who had walked the tight-rope in the circus, but had risen even higher in the world and become a bookmaker. She had a son who must have been at Ruskin College, but who did not desire to be a Labour Member, and so took advantage of the present shortage of officers and joined the Rifle Brigade. In order that he might play polo and employ his leisure time as an officer and a gentleman, his unique mother employed the services of the moneylender who was kind enough to keep Lady Norchester in continual pocket-money in return for a note of hand only. Mr. Michael Whitburn, who lived in a house in Mayfair which was exactly like the Automobile Club—his drawing-room was modelled on the swimming-bath—evidently did very well on notes of hand. He also sent his pretty but rather careless daughter to Somerville, which was not only a College, but a sort of Metropole Hotel. Harold and most of his brother-officers, including Captain Hector Grant, stayed there for boating and tennis, Mr. Michael Whitburn was a constant and vibrating visitor, and Ben Netherby, the bookmaker, ex-tight-rope-walker, turned up whenever he needed a little ready money from the Principal. It has to be added that the exterior of Somerville College looked exactly like the Traitors' Gate of the Tower of London. But all these things do not matter yet.

Then there was a Miss Brenda Carlyon, who, although she had no father and mother, stood at least six foot high in very smart shoes, and so was asked everywhere by everybody. At any rate, she was seen everywhere, and was on the same intimate terms of smiling and naturally condescending friendship with the moneylender's girl as with Herbert, "Babs," and Lady Norchester. In fact, Bertie aspired to lead her to the altar, but, being poor as well as proud, he hid his love like an officer and a gentleman, and only permitted himself to bend over her and whisper quotations from crackers, or to stand in picturesque attitudes, as he had seen his fellow-Peers do on the covers of William Le Queux's sixpenny novels, and utter piercing sighs while he shot his cuffs. Whatever he did, however, he never forgot that he was a Peer, and made a point of whisking off his hat the moment he spoke to her, both indoors and out. Thus it will be seen at a glance that, although he frequently wore his hair like an actor and obtained his clothes ready-made from the Crystal Palace caterer, Bertie was a credit to the Peerage. For all that—and it was a good deal—Brenda did not help him to keep really silent. Very likely she had money of her own. She dressed particularly well, and changed every hour. Her hats spelt money. Or very likely she preferred to be poor where love was, accompanied by a coronet. No man can say. The fact remains that she looked at Bertie meltingly on all available occasions, lingered at his side, and finally gave him as pointed a hint as a young and elegant woman of six foot dare give by calling one of his yearlings "The Hope." She was not successful, and showed most natural irritation. She kicked her train quite violently. There was no accident. It continued to run smoothly. At that moment, however, Lord Haldane, strongly ignoring precedent and red tape, dispatched a messenger to Bertie at Carysford Chase telling him that he must really tear himself away from his immediate pastimes and go to the front. It appeared that there was trouble in India. The Indian Army was on leave, or had been sent to Birmingham or Belfast, and Bertie must go. And go he did, dressed as he was, but not before he had wept in his brave mother's arms, won a tremendously delicate admission of love from Brenda, and asked "The Hope," who happened to be passing, to win the Derby some day soon, in order that

he—Bertie—should be able to take a flat in Artillery Mansions. But all these things do not matter yet.

It turned out, however, that the regiment had been ordered to India for nothing more tiresome than to put in an appearance in the Mall, Simla, and later to dance in the Dewan-i-Khas, Delhi. The dance was very well worth the journey and the expense of transport. Its promoters had most kindly invited the tall, *svelte* Brenda, Olive Whitburn (the moneylender's careless daughter), Mrs. Bendemeer, and the bookmaking Ben, who, of course, wore Court kit, and looked exactly like a Liberal knight. In fact, everybody was there except Bertie's trainer; and among others who were noticed were Lady "Babs," looking sweet in watered silk, and Captain Hector Grant, who, amidst universal congratulations, had succeeded to a Scots baronetcy owing to the well-timed death of a dozen cousins. His friends were most delighted. He, however, was naturally somewhat pre-occupied, because he had just drawn the favourite for the Calcutta sweep, and stood to win a very fair sum of money—forty thousand pounds or so; enough, at any rate, to ensure his smoking a very decent cigar for several months. He was a little annoyed to hear that Bertie's horse, "The Hope," was entered. Somehow there seemed to be more in that horse than met the eye. Then, too, Brenda had christened it and wished it luck, and he loved Brenda in his hectoring way. But all this does not matter yet.

Odd as it may seem to those who have never met the egregious Grant, he was the cause of Olive Whitburn's carelessness, and when she came to him, as women always do, in the ante-room of the officers' mess, and made a scene, he threatened to tell all the world that her father was a moneylender if she did not hold her tongue. Olive was so appalled at the disclosure of her father's business—she had always believed that he was either a successful music-hall artist or a millionaire in his own right (she judged by the family house in Mayfair)—that she resolved then and there to fly to the Hotel Umberto, Massiglia, in order, presumably, to receive one shock after another. This she did; but not before she had written several letters, beginning in the middle and having no ending—except just Olive. In the one to Grant she told him all the things that he already knew—"You have been all in all," and so on—remember that she was only a girl—and Grant, becoming possessed of them, saw his way to making things hot for Bertie, so he gave Olive's letter written to himself to Brenda, who loved Bertie so much that she immediately uttered enough noise to stop the dancing and make a splendid group so that she might not only denounce her lover publicly in no measured terms, but fall full stretch upon a convenient lion's skin to boot. But all these things do not matter yet.

The moneylender had a big voice, as well as an astounding mansion with as many pillars as go to support a pier. So he was given a splendid opportunity to use it in his office when Grant and Mrs. Bendemeer paid him a visit to talk shop. He wanted his daughter, who was still living on roses and splendour at the Umberto, and would willingly give half his hard-earned fortune to find her. Grant knew, and told him of the everyday occurrence at Delhi, and, of course, mentioned Bertie's name. That did it. The enraged father and noble man immediately went down to the Park. Bertie was there as it happened—the dancing season in India being over—and so was Brenda, still loving but still denouncing, and "The Hope," now a very hot thing for the Derby. So the angry man announced his intention of foreclosing on the entire estate, which included the probable Derby winner. The horse was put up to auction at the sale-ring, Newmarket, and the whole of smart London in reach-me-downs attended. But all this does not matter at all. The thing was that Bertie, still blind to Brenda's great love, determined

to wring an explanation from Olive. He had not the faintest idea where she was hiding, so he went to Massiglia, just to see if by any chance she was there. Oddly enough Brenda arrived just after him with no less a person than Olive's father. And now we come to the only thing that does matter—namely, the earthquake. But first of all some one set fire to the hotel. We gravely suspect Bertie, who was, after all, much upset because Olive would not confess. At any rate, smoke and flames appeared, panic ensued; Olive, hemmed in on every side, and having no faith in the Italian fire brigade, blurted out the truth, whereupon Bertie, in his shirt-sleeves, did Gargantuan things, threw doors about, and rushed away with the whole lot of Brenda in his manly arms. And then great pieces of cardboard were let down very gently, the crowd fell in heaps, a red glare came, thunder joined in the orgy of street noises, and "Mr. Arthur Collins outdid himself." After which not the deluge, but the Derby. Two horses trotted on a revolving circle of stage, eight hundred yards of the population went past on a wheel, and the curtain fell on the most hopeless production it has ever fallen to the lot of man to sit out.

And yet with one voice the Press has offered its breathless admiration, its humble and enthusiastic congratulation to the authors and producer of a hotch-potch such as might easily have been written by two housemaids after a brief course of William Le Queux, and produced with equally "stupendous effect" at the Theatre Royal, Little Diddlecum. Why is it? What is the particular exemptitude of the Drury Lane autumn drama from criticism? There is no reason on earth why the annual Drury Lane drama should not be a genuinely exciting human thing, devised and carried out on big lines. Mr. Hall Caine very nearly succeeded there once some years ago. At any rate, he steered clear of area claptrap and potman's jokes and stale situations, which are the only ingredients of "The Hope." It is all very well for Messrs. Raleigh, Hamilton, and Collins to say, as we presume from results that they did, "Oh, anything's good enough for the B.P." It was perfectly clear on the first production that anything is not good enough. Boredom and disappointment lay heavily upon the auditorium, and people in the stalls were scoffing. Nevertheless, the Press poured eulogy upon the thing, and reduced criticism to meaninglessness. And then managers fling up their hands and complain of the badness of their business. The day is over for such things. If Mr. Arthur Collins does not wake up to a realisation of the views of that small section of the population which can still afford to pay the much too high prices of theatre tickets and provide a steadily dwindling public with a genuine piece of melodrama in which there are recognisable human beings and situations which spring from the story and not from the carpenter's room, the hand of doom will press down upon the old theatre in Drury Lane. There are a dozen, two dozen, novelists—Mr. Oppenheim, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Wells, yes, even Mr. Wells—who, if given a free hand, could put something on that huge stage which would amuse, stir, interest, grip, and even shock; who, with the best available actors, might even teach us something, or send out a great patriotic appeal to a lethargic nation. The days of hack-writing are over. Anything is *not* good enough for the British public, and "The Hope" has thrust the theatre several pegs lower than it is already in its estimation. It is inadvisable to say anything about the acting.

"BONITA:" A NEW COMIC OPERA

FOR a long while now the need has been felt for something fresh in the way of comic opera—something, in fact, which should lift the trend of such productions out of the inade-

quately narrow groove in which its lines have lain for some years. "Bonita" goes a long way towards satisfying this want; it is new in many respects. Mr. Wadham Peacock, the author of the libretto, although he is responsible for much excellent work, appears in it for the first time as the creator of comic opera parts: Mr. Fraser-Simson until the overture on Saturday was unknown as a composer. But the innovations extend further than this. Portugal has now enjoyed a double promotion. Within a month its Republic has been officially recognised, and its national status has been raised to that of the other countries upon which the seal of comic opera has been set. Neither of these things has ever happened before. The curtain rises, moreover, for the purpose of a prologue which opens, and ends, in black night on the trenches beyond Bussaco in the Peninsula War. We have, moreover, a fresh species of villain, who confesses openly that he is merely villainous because he thinks he ought to be. There is sufficient novelty here to satisfy even the most inveterate of first-nighters.

The prologue, as we have said, reveals one of the crests of Bussaco, on which an outpost of British soldiers are blazing their rifles into the night. Presently the officer in command, shot by the enemy, dies in the arms of his young Portuguese wife. The tragedy concluded, we slide along time for a rapid century, and arrive at a Portuguese fishing village of the present day. The setting here is quite unusually charming, with its rising tiers of dazzling white houses and its deep blue sea and sky. The inevitable peasants and local worthies are present, of course, in full force, and the local colour and groupings are strikingly successful. Presently appears a blaze of vermilion lancers, under command of a British officer. The latter has come out to Portugal in quest of a relative, the descendant of the British officer and of his wife of the prologue. This quest he undertakes in full uniform, accompanied by a number of his scarlet-clad troopers. It is a thousand pities that this thing does not happen more often away from the limelight, for the æsthetic gain to ordinary life would be incalculable. Having explained in song that a subaltern's heart is a thing apart, the vermilion Lancer discovers in Bonita his lost relative, and the tide of love is set flowing on the spot—a tide that is much disturbed by the energetic splashes of the villain Frederico.

The setting of the next Act is a ruined cloister, almost as delightful in its effect as the first. Here the loves of the rivals are put to the ordeal of the fire of Saint Antony. Previous to the ceremony Frederico steals in to cheat the saint, and a most stupendous and realistic thunderstorm ensues, during the continuance of which apparitions enter which bear a resemblance to Mephistopheles, accompanied by demons. We are not quite certain on the point. It was a bad thunderstorm; it was very dark. In the end, of course, virtue triumphs, and the vermilion Lancer secures his bride.

So much for a general sketch of the play. The libretto is in parts excellent, although it cannot be termed quite even throughout, and, like the music, fails towards the end to sustain to the full the promise of the earlier stages. As the play progresses no doubt the minor defects will be remedied, in which case the opera may be assured of a lengthy run. The venture is much to be commended, and Messrs. Wadham Peacock and Fraser-Simson are to be congratulated upon having to a considerable extent struck out upon their own lines. In order to appreciate Mr. Lionel Mackinder's comic and volatile villainy he must be seen in the flesh, while Miss Clara Evelyn as Bonita scored a distinct success. Miss Edith Clegg, as the lady whose romance grew with her years, gave a most sympathetic rendering of her part. Mr. Walker Wheatley as the Dragoon officer was rather inclined to stiffness, and obviously suffered beneath the weight of his uniform. From the spectacular point of

view nothing more telling than the setting of each Act could be conceived; the Portuguese fishing village in especial represents a master work in scenic craft that is haunting in its charm.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

STILL they come. "Books generally do little else," wrote Goethe, "than give our errors names." Mrs. Clayton Glyn's (Elinor Glyn) do more. They give our pleasures names, and frequently make us open our eyes rather widely. In her new novel "The Reason Why," which Duckworth and Co. will fling upon an expectant Bayswater very shortly, Mrs. Glyn will solve yet another problem, and prove once more, to her own satisfaction, not that men must work and women must weep, but that men must love and women must reap, whether the harbour bar moans or not. It is interesting to speculate as to whether we are to be introduced to a mere Prince and whether our old friend the tiger's skin plays its usual prominent part. Mrs. Glyn is the Ouida of the day, and sees her heroes and heroines through a telescope. In Duckworth's list there is another novel which may possibly rival "The Reason Why" at the libraries. It is a romance of Indo-Burman life, by Mr. Shivay Dinga, and is called "Wholly Without Morals." These publishers appear to have specialised in Claytons, for they have "The Breath of the Desert," by Mr. Clayton East, and "The Dance of Love," by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. The Modern Play Series, which is extremely pleasant and charming, contains two new plays by Mr. John Galsworthy—"The Little Dream" and "The Eldest Son;" "Passers-by," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, which was delightfully produced by Mr. du Maurier, and is now being played in America by Mr. John Drew and Miss Toller; and two plays by Mr. Sturge Moore, "Mariamne" and "A Sicilian Idyle." "Short Plays for Small Stages," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is not, as has been stated, in this library, but has just been published by Skeffington and Co.

Stanley Paul and Co., although comparatively new publishers, can boast of an autumn catalogue which contains a long list of very popular names. There is "Dolf Wyllarde," for instance, with a novel; the evergreen Rhoda Broughton; Violet Hunt, with a story called "The Doll: a Happy Story," although it will deal with all the intimate peculiarities of divorce; Mr. Rafael Sabatini, with yet another Renaissance story, in which he places Cesare Borgia in a series of imaginary adventures; Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson, with "The Three Anarchists," as she calls Love, Death, and Birth, having been greatly struck by one of the omniscient utterances of young Mr. Masterman; Mr. Archibald H. Marshall, with "The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm," in which the talented author of "Exton Manor" has permitted himself more movement and ventured upon a larger canvas than hitherto; Sir William Magnay, who, having written many exciting stories which relied mainly upon the long arm of coincidence, has now perpetrated a novel called "The Long Hand;" "Jane Wardle," as young Mr. Oliver Hueffer still calls himself; Mr. Charles McEvoy, the advanced dramatist and Master-Tramp, whose last play was passionately produced by Mr. Trench at the Haymarket, and who now makes his story-telling *début* with "Brass Faces;" Mrs. Henry Dudeney, Mr. Armiger Barclay, Mr. Clifton Bingham, Mr. J. Keighley Snowden, René Bazin, Mr. Douglas Sladen, and Arabella Kenealy.

Early in January Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons will publish a new biographical record of the contemporary stage called "Who's Who in the Theatre." It is compiled by Mr. John Parker, who was responsible for "The Green-Room Book,"

and will not only contain useful information for that large army of persons who are connected in one way or another with the histrionic profession, but for that almost equally large section of the population who greedily devour the smallest morsels of information as to the ways, habits, ages, hobbies, and so forth of their footlight favourites. Mr. J. M. Bullock, the dramatic critic and cynic, will give genealogical tables of famous theatrical families, and there will be many pages devoted to the full details of the new productions of the year in England, America, France, and Germany. Other books which will bear the Pitman impress are "The New Art of Flying," by Mr. Waldemach Kaempffert, with numerous illustrations, "Modern Italian Literature," by Mr. Lacy Collison-Morley, in which the author sets out to trace the history of the literary revival in Italy during the eighteenth century, and deals optimistically with the poems of Parini, Affieri, Foscolo, Manzoni, and Carducci, and with the novels of living Italian writers, and a new revised and cheap edition of "A Hundred Years of Irish History," by Mr. Barry O'Brien, who wrote the well-remembered Life of Parnell. This volume has the advantage, or not, of a long introduction by Mr. John Redmond, and will be of interest to those people who desire to obtain a patriot's interpretation of politics as applied to the Ould Counthry. To these there must be added Mr. John Lawrence Lambe's "Experiments in Play-writing," being six plays in prose and verse, with an introductory essay. Mr. Lambe is an enthusiast who runs counter to the views of most critics in that he is profoundly convinced that the English higher drama must be written in verse. He believes, although obviously he has forgotten to make himself acquainted with the work of our popular actors, that the highest success would be achieved if it were possible to enshrine the ideas which underlay the Elizabethan drama, developed and brought up to date, in plays brimful of contemporary interest and feeling. It will be vastly interesting to see how Mr. Lambe tackles modern problems and life in verse. Mr. Zangwill, by the way, has carried out Mr. Lambe's theories in the play which is shortly to be seen at special *matinées* at His Majesty's Theatre.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN CHINA.—II.

THE individual possessing no knowledge of Chinese affairs has doubtless grown weary of vague expressions of opinion in regard to the progress of the reform movement, and is desirous of ascertaining, as far as possible, the concrete evidence upon which students of the situation base their belief that an awakening has begun in earnest. The state of China to-day is one rather of turmoil than of transition. It presents a mass of contradictory elements that require careful sifting before their relative value can be estimated with anything approaching accuracy. As yet the forces of enlightenment are still battling with the forces of reaction, and these latter, it should be remembered, are strongly entrenched behind the usages of centuries. The immediate result of so stupendous and so violent a conflict is to be found in the widespread existence of chaos. The picture presented has two distinctly coloured sides—a dark side and a light side.

The dark side is to be found in the corruption and incompetence that exist in high quarters in Peking, in the bartering of Government posts, in the banishment from office of prominent reformers like Yuan Shih-kai and his immediate friends and colleagues, in the lack of control

exercised by the Central administration over the provincial authorities, and its inability to keep the progressive movement free from anti-foreign sentiment, and finally in the continued and aggressive ascendancy of Manchu officialdom. In no department of the State are the evils of this mal-administration so transparent as in that which has charge of the national finances. The need for drastic reorganisation in this quarter was admirably summarised by Dr. Morrison, who stated that:—

There is certainly room for financial reform in China . . . where nineteen different kinds of dollars of different exchange value are current, besides newly-coined taels, Chinese rupees, and an infinite variety of copper coins and brass cash; where debased subsidiary coinage is issued and not accepted at its face value by the Government issuing it; where unlimited provincial note issue, without a bullion reserve, and other irregularities exist which makes China a paradise of the money-changers, and its currency confusion greater than any country under heaven.

Since the *Times* correspondent made this statement a loan has been contracted, one of the primary objects of which is to place the currency on a proper footing; but sufficient time has not yet passed to enable foreign critics to pass a definite judgment upon the efficacy of its operation. At present sixty million taels must be devoted annually to the service of the national debt. Little more than this total is received from the Provincial Government, and were it not for the revenue from the Customs and the railways, China, under her existing financial system, would be hopelessly insolvent. As it is, her position invariably borders upon the precarious. Between the Central Government and the provincial authorities there is a constant tug-of-war, and in the end the millions of patient toilers are the sufferers. So long as its demands are complied with, Peking cares little for the methods of exaction employed for the purpose. The only class to benefit directly are the officials, who take good care that a large proportion of all money passing through their hands is transferred into their spacious pockets.

Then there is the bright side of the picture. Signs are not wanting that the gathering force of a healthy public opinion will eventually succeed in dislodging the reactionary influences from the Central Administration. In spite of the fact that the incompetence and corruption of Chinese officialdom finds its inspiration in Peking, nowhere in the land are there more evidences of the changing times than in the metropolitan province, and particularly in the capital itself. Within the last few years the whole life and aspect of Peking has been completely transformed. It is now a city thoroughly well equipped with all the facilities that make for municipal and educational efficiency. The abolition of Manchu garrisons throughout the Empire, and the provision made for their absorption in the general community were regarded as a sign that the Government was slowly yielding to national sentiment, which is, of course, opposed to enjoyment of exclusive privileges by the ruling race. So long, however, as high Manchu dignitaries arrogate to themselves the principal offices of State, and so long as classical erudition is placed before statesmanship, progress will be hindered at every turn; that under no circumstances can it be altogether arrested is already manifest. The spirit of patriotism, kindled as a consequence of the Russo-Japanese War, has spread like wildfire throughout the length and breadth of the land. Students returning from Japan have gone among the masses telling them that intellectually they must equip themselves equally as well as Western peoples if they are to safeguard their liberty and their homes from outside aggression. With a rapidity almost magical, schools and seminaries have risen in all parts of the country. Where no suitable building could be obtained, idols have been

taken down from altars and temples converted into educational establishments. Not only children, but their elders, of both sexes, have eagerly flocked to the seats of learning. Serious attention is being paid to industrial training, and the study of Western languages finds encouragement in responsible quarters. Newspapers are published in all important centres, and are allowed some measure of latitude in criticising Government officials and their policy. Shanghai boasts of no fewer than sixteen daily journals, the circulations of which in some instances exceed ten thousand. Peking and Tientsin each have three daily publications. At public meetings and gatherings of various kinds the state of the Empire is criticised with a candour that but a decade ago would have brought down upon its authors the punishment of nothing short of decapitation.

In the sphere of social reform the most important movement is undoubtedly that directed against the use of opium. According to an official estimate, which is probably under the mark, there are nearly fourteen million smokers of this pernicious drug in China. Imperial Edict has decreed that the habit shall be totally suppressed by the year 1916; but authorities differ as to the possibility of complete success being achieved within so short a period. In China, where, apart from the Customs, no reliable statistics are kept, and where, in consequence of the laxity of the control exercised by the Central Government over the Provincial Administrations, Imperial Edicts are frequently ignored or only partially carried out, it is difficult to ascertain the exact measure of progress made with any particular reform. That there has been a wholesome revolt of public opinion against opium-smoking and opium-smokers cannot be denied. From time to time accounts have been published describing the voluntary and wholesale destruction of the paraphernalia used by those addicted to the habit. I take the following extract from an article which appeared in the *North China Daily News*, about the time of the issue of the memorable edict prohibiting the smoking of opium:—

The much-advertised immolation of opium utensils (said this journal) took place at Chang Su-ho's Gardens yesterday afternoon, and had it not been for the obvious earnestness of many of the native spectators the proceedings might have been mistaken for a farce. The roof, balcony, and verandah of the main hall were seething with sightseers, while a thousand or so more were scattered round the site of the coming bonfire and of various points of vantage in the grounds. At 4 p.m., the hour appointed for the bonfire, arrangements had not been concluded, and several tables of opium-smoking utensils still remained untouched. A couple of coolies were engaged in stripping the pipes of their metal work, while others were splitting up the small metal boxes used for holding the drug by means of a hammer and chisel. Yet another man, armed with a sledge-hammer, was showing his prowess on the delicately fashioned brass lamps. Some of the ivory pipes were sawn up into small pieces, but those intended for the bonfire, which were mostly made of wood, were dipped in a kerosene-can and then stacked in two square heaps on a couple of large stones. On one of the tables were two small trays, each containing a complete opium-smoking outfit. A written sheet of paper accompanying them stated that they were the respective offerings of Mr. Lien Yue-ming, manager of the East Asiatic Dispensary, and Kua Kuei-yen, a singing girl. Both these quondam opium-smokers sent in their apparatus to be burnt, with a pledge that henceforward they would abstain from using the drug. To add to the animation of the scene that has been described, a native gentleman, with a reckless disregard for the spectators' headgear, was letting off bombs at intervals, and as the fragments hurtled through the air and landed on the heads of the crowd there was great amusement among the more fortunate onlookers.

Substantial proof of the determination of the authorities

to suppress opium-smoking is to be found in the fact that a number of officials, unable to give up the habit, have been summarily sent into retirement. In one province at least, Shansi, where the poppy at one time flourished, there is now not the least evidence of its existence. Only the complete disappearance of this harmful plant from all provinces will finally rid China of a habit that for centuries has enslaved her hapless people.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

AMONG the 776 members of the A.A. and M.U. who were elected at the Committee meeting on the 19th inst. were the Duchess of Hamilton, the Prince of Monaco, Lord Francis Hill, Lord Sudeley, Lord Hillsborough, Lord Wrottesley, Sir Harold B. Harmsworth, the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and many other notabilities. The total membership now exceeds 38,000.

The Association continues to do good service to motorists generally by prosecuting in cases of wilful obstruction of cars by obstreperous drivers of heavy horse-drawn vehicles. At Highgate the other day a brewer's drayman was charged with wilfully obstructing a member's car on the main road through Whetstone, Mr. Taylor Parkes appearing for the Association. It was proved that, in spite of the repeated use of the horn by the motorist, the drayman, proceeding at the usual snail's pace of his fraternity, refused to give way for a distance of 250 yards, and a conviction resulted. This is the fourth case recently in which the A.A. has found it necessary to prosecute for wilful obstruction of motorists.

What does it cost to keep a motor-car? This is a question often put to everyone who is known to be in any way associated with the motor industry by those who hunger for the joys of motoring, but whose limited financial resources make them hesitate to incur unknown expense. The question, of course, is inherently absurd, unless the enquirer is prepared to furnish information on a number of points, such as the nature of the work the car will be required to do, the hilliness or otherwise of the roads over which it will have to run, and, more especially, the amount of use to which it will be put; one of the chief virtues of the car, as compared with the horse, being that it costs nothing for upkeep when not in actual use. But most people who contemplate joining the ever-increasing army of motorists know approximately under what conditions they will want to use the car, how many passengers it will be usually required to carry, and what opportunities of using it they can look forward to. Given this information, it is not a difficult matter to indicate, roughly speaking, what the cost of motoring will be.

As an instance of what can be done in the way of economical motoring, a case cited in the current issue of the "Motor" is both interesting and instructive to the would-be motorist whose means or leisure is limited. The car in question, a 1906 model of British make (6h.p.), was bought second-hand in 1907, after it had already done about one thousand miles, for £80. Its original price would be about £130. Like the majority of motorists, or prospective motorists, the owner was only able to use it on occasional evenings during the week, for week-ends, and for the annual holiday. But it has been consistently used on all such occasions, and it has not had a single breakdown of any

consequence. Since 1907 up to date, it has averaged about 1,700 miles per annum, and the total cost of upkeep has been about £70, which works out at about £17 per annum, or seven shillings per week. Of course the owner both drove and looked after the car himself, and no doubt drove on all occasions with a due regard to economy in tyres and petrol. Probably, also, he had the advantage of previous experience in motoring, and was able, therefore, to get more out of the car than a novice could expect to do. But in any case these figures cited, which come from an authentic source, show conclusively that a very fair amount of motoring can be indulged in at a much lower cost than is generally supposed.

The latest development in connection with the aeroplane is the aerophone, an apparatus embodying a new system of wireless telephony, invented by Mr. H. Grindell-Mathews. According to a published report, a completely successful demonstration of the new invention was given on Saturday last at Cardiff by the inventor, in conjunction with Mr. B. C. Hucks, the well-known monoplaneist. Ascending with one of the Mathews receivers to a height of 700ft., Mr. Hucks easily succeeded in hearing Mr. Mathews' verbal message, although a strong breeze was blowing and he was travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour. It is said that the apparatus is small and portable, that it needs no skilled interpretation, and that the distance over which it can operate is practically unlimited. The result of further and official trials of the invention will be awaited with great interest, more especially in military quarters.

We hear that the fine and spacious premises of the Continental Tyre Company in Thurloe Place, South Kensington, which were only opened a few months ago, have already been found quite inadequate to deal with the constantly increasing demand for "Continental" tyres, and that another four-storey building, providing another 2,000 square feet of storing accommodation, is now in course of erection. No doubt the extension of the already magnificent premises is largely due to the remarkable series of successes achieved this year by "Continentials" in important racing competitions.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

No sooner had the newspapers decided that the Morocco question was at an end than it was announced that Italy had determined to seize Tripoli. This makes one further trouble to be faced. It is much more serious than people imagine, for it is almost certain that the Turk will not surrender Tripoli without a fight. The Near East question is so complicated that the Turk feels that he has only to begin war to drag in Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, not to speak of Greece, Albania, and Macedonia. It will require the greatest self-restraint on the part of the Powers to prevent the squabble becoming a European conflict. There was never any danger that Morocco would end in a war, because both nations had agreed to make it a question of bargaining. But there is no question of bargaining about Tripoli. The Young Turk appeals to the patriotism of the nation, and as the Turk does not lack courage a fight seems almost a certainty. The immediate effect of the Tripoli question was seen in a fall in both Turkish and Italian stocks—a fall that

is likely to make still further progress. The Bank of Egypt has for a long time past been in a very precarious position, but all hopes of saving a crash were put an end to by a run which took place in Egypt as soon as the Tripoli question was mooted in Cairo. The Egyptians realised that there might be trouble in Egypt, and certain of the more nervous took the precaution of withdrawing their funds from the banks. As the Bank of Egypt was not in a position to stand any run at all, and as the £750,000 that was on its way to Egypt had not arrived, the unfortunate directors had to issue a notice on Tuesday to the effect that they were compelled to suspend payment. It is impossible to say what the position of this bank is at the present moment. At the end of December it had only about £300,000 cash in hand, and owed about two millions to depositors and about a million and three-quarters on acceptances. But the end of December is always a bad period at which to take the position of an Egyptian Bank, for it is right in the middle of the cotton movement. A statement will, therefore, be eagerly looked for.

It is said that the National Bank is ready to take over the depositors, and it is also stated by the officials of the Bank of Egypt that the assets are more than sufficient to pay the shareholders 20s. in the pound, and the creditors in full. It is sincerely to be hoped that such is the case. But whether this good fortune will come to pass, or whether there will be a heavy loss, the shock to banking credit is severe. The bank has never recovered from the muddle its late manager, Luzatto, succeeded in dragging it into. For some years past the officials have had infinite trouble in straightening out the affairs of the bank, and only last February £200,000 was taken from the reserve to write off depreciations. Strong feeling is exhibited in the City at the action of the directors in paying a dividend. The bank directors are, of course, in a very awkward position. If the directors of the Bank of Egypt had passed the dividend there would probably have been an immediate run on the bank, and they no doubt hoped that they would be enabled to keep up the credit of the bank and escape from their difficulties. This is now proved impossible. All Egyptian banks trade upon far too little cash, and all of them have to borrow largely from England in order to finance the cotton crop. English banks are chary of lending money to Egypt, and when the Bank of Egypt wanted help it found it quite impossible to obtain it. It is very difficult at the moment to know how the failure will affect other banking institutions. It is to be hoped that there will be no more nervousness on the part of the Egyptians, otherwise we may see other Egyptian banking institutions in difficulties.

MONEY.—The autumn squeeze has set in early, and almost every bank on the Continent has raised its rate. With the exception of London, where the stock of gold in the banks is, if anything, a little above the average, the Continental banks are all of them very short. Even the great Bank of France itself has lost large sums during the past year, whilst the other French banks are certainly trading on far too small a supply of coin. Both the *Crédit Lyonnais* and the *Société Générale* are satisfied with between 7 and 8 per cent., which is a third less than our London banks consider safe. The German banks get along with a little under 10 per cent., and this is also too small except in days of peace. The credit of all these great banks is, however, very strong. The only thing is that they somewhat overstrain it. The failure of Hellings, the money broker, is now announced. He was a very popular and well-known figure in the City, and everybody will sympathise with him.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market was upset over the Tripoli incident, but, taken all round, it soon recovered, and on Tuesday there was actually some buying of both Tintos and Perus. It is very doubtful, however, whether we shall see any revival here until foreign affairs have quietened down.

HOME RAILS.—The ridiculously over-sold position in the Home Railway market caused a considerable amount of buying back, and this, combined with a certain amount of investment buying, sent up prices with a bound. There has been a very substantial rise during the week, which was

more than justified by the remarkable progress made by the railways. The Stock Exchange still sneers at Home Railways, but it is evident that the complete failure of the A.S.R.S. to control the Irish has damaged that Society very seriously, and now the general feeling is that there will be no more trouble with the railway men in England. No body of men can set themselves against public opinion, and public opinion is distinctly in favour of legislation which makes a railway strike both illegal and impossible. It looks more than likely that railway quotations will go back to the old figures, although it is doubtful whether the dividends for the current half-year will be as good as we expected. Indeed it will be almost impossible for the companies to make any increase on last year.

YANKEES.—The rot in American Rails continues. Every now and then the market is steadied, but the steadiness of one day is always followed by a slump on another. Investors and speculators alike appear to be completely scared at the idea of further trust legislation. It would seem almost impossible to split up some of the trusts, so complicated are their finances. The American Tobacco Company finds it hopeless, and even the United States Attorney has given up the task. The liquidation will therefore take place under the sanction of the Court. There are a dozen trusts in the United States, most of them prosperous and well-managed trading concerns, and if all of them are attacked in the way the Standard Oil was attacked it will be hopeless to expect any revival in the American Market. Trade in the United States is also falling off, and as the big bankers wish to show the politician in the worst possible light, a small slump every now and then just suits their book.

RUBBER.—The Rubber reports that have appeared during the past week have all been quite good. The *Rubana* is excellent, and although the shares are rather high and the return not good enough for a tropical plantation, those who got in at par are not likely to sell. There has been a great deal of fuss made about the *Mabira Forest*, which most unfortunately paid a dividend some time ago, and has been unable to continue a distribution. The circular just issued tells us that the *Mabira* plantations now contain nearly 236,000 trees, of which nearly half are *Hevea*. But the circular does not tell us whether the output of rubber is obtained from the wild *Funtumia* or from the cultivated growth. *Mabira* is an interesting proposition, but highly speculative. *Rotterdam-Deli Hevea*, which was highly praised on its flotation, has now held its statutory meeting. The chairman was enabled to state that the company had been over-subscribed and had over one thousand shareholders. He also stated that the *Rotterdam-Deli Maatschappij* had deposited £20,000 in joint names in order to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. for four years. The *Rotterdam Vendor Company* is now planting at the rate of 50,000 trees a year, and will continue to do so for the next four years. Therefore, the future prospects of this company are extremely good. *Sungei Matang* is offering £20,000 7½ per cent. debentures. It has 730 acres planted and 237 acres felled and ready for planting. But it will not begin tapping until 1912. Its output is estimated at £17,500. *Sungei Matang* belongs to the *Cattenach* group. The debentures have been underwritten so that the company is now secure of a much-wanted working capital. The rubber-market still remains very dull.

OIL.—Nothing further has been published about *Lobitos*, but the shares remain firm. *Spies* are also inquired for, notwithstanding the fact that the output has lately shown signs of falling off. It is expected that the next few months will bring in some fresh wells, and at the end of the six months there will be almost as much oil sold as was sold last half-year. The price is now 28 copecks, at which there is a magnificent profit. I think, therefore, that *Spies* will have no difficulty in maintaining its dividend. *Shells* are on the whole weak, and *Maikop* shares are most of them unsaleable. The companies have no money, and many of them now find that their ground is sterile.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffirs have had quite a little jump, and some Kaffir shares have been a fairly strong market. *City Deeps*, *Rand Mines*, and *Modders* appear to be the favourites. There

is no doubt that there was a large bear account in Kaffirs, and that the shops came in and supported most of their specialities. It is difficult to say whether the public is in or not, but on the whole I should think that most of the dealings have been professional.

RHODESIANS.—Rhodesians have been steadily purchased, and the option dealers in Chartered who have been buying options and then selling a bear against them now appear to have become frightened. It looks very much as though we should see a rise throughout this market. There is a great deal of talk, and it is said that the big Rhodesian houses have been distributing calls on shares to their various friends in the Press. As all the Rhodesian houses have hundreds of thousands of shares to sell, they can do this without hurting themselves very much. The dealers, who know quite well that every big company has a stack full of shares to dispose of, have been rash enough to sell short, and it is probably principally due to the buying back of the bears that the rise has come about. However, the improvement in the mining market has given a much better tone to the whole Stock Exchange, which, of course, subsists mainly upon gambling.

MISCELLANEOUS.—London General Omnibus shares have jumped to 114 on very definite statements as to the dividend. No doubt the ordinary shareholders will at last receive a distribution, for the directors are much more keen on paying dividends than on writing down for depreciation. Hudson Bays have also recovered, and the Miscellaneous Market has improved all round. The Liebig shareholders are to be offered a 5 per cent. debenture in one of the Liebig South American subsidiaries. There will be no difficulty in placing the issue, for the Liebig firm is one of the best-managed industrials in England, and is strongly supported by the very wealthy people who hold its shares. Quite apart from this, the issue would appear to be thoroughly sound.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCOTTISH SUNDAYS AND GOLF

SIR,—The views held as to a Scottish Sunday by "An English Visitor" are not peculiar to himself, but they show a regrettable degree of ignorance of his subject. He approaches the topic apparently without any intention of trying to find a bright side to the picture. Indeed, the want of sympathy he displays is the chief characteristic of his remarks. He does not state if his experience of Scotland has extended beyond the golf-links at North Berwick, about which he writes with considerable humour, and there are not wanting indications that they formed, if not the furthest limits of his travels, at any rate their principal object, and that for the rest he has made use, to some extent, of his imagination. The picture that he draws of a Scottish village plunged in solitude and drink certainly does not represent North Berwick, which, as he admits, becomes at this season of the year the favoured haunt of Prime Ministers and duchesses; but neither does it represent anywhere else in Scotland to-day. The general accusation he makes is quite unwarranted. The modern Scottish village Sunday is probably very much like that of any English village of the same kind. There are certainly plenty of people about on Sunday afternoon; in fact the difficulty is frequently to find any solitude, and the suggestion that Scots men and women shut themselves in their houses on Sunday is without foundation except in so far as it refers to those who dedicate their Sunday afternoon to slumber, a class which is very far from being extinct in England, though apparently the "English Visitor" has no sympathy with it.

His other charge, that of the prevalence of secret Sunday drinking as a marked Scottish characteristic, is not only false, but mischievous. No one denies that some does take place, but it is mostly among those who would indulge in it even if they were offered every possible counter-attraction. It would be interesting to know from what data he has drawn his conclusions on this matter, as it is allowable to presume that it is not from ocular evidence. Perhaps, since he is no doubt aware that no

public-houses are open on Sunday for ordinary purposes, he has performed the experiment he speaks of, and "lifted the roofs of some of the pious cottages"! If he has done so, it is not unlikely that he has come across some members of that class, for which Scotland is no less famous than for its golf, who give their leisure hours (and frequently these are few during the week-days) to the study of noble literature and the cultivation of their intellectual life.

If our "English Visitor's" facts are distorted his history is positively shocking. It is to be feared that it is a case of pure ignorance. If he glances at any Life of John Knox, he will discover to his amazement that the features of the Scottish Sabbath which he deplores are not in any sense a "legacy from John Knox," but are a product of a much later date. He will even find strong evidence that John Knox did what he himself is so anxious to do, and played golf on Sunday!

It is possible to believe that this is his real trouble, that he could not get his game of golf on Sunday. Here he has indeed a genuine grievance, though not to such an extent as he would have us believe. He has apparently not made friends with the "city men and Government officials" of Edinburgh, or they would have taken him to golf at Muirfield, three miles from North Berwick, on Sunday, or, if he was staying in Edinburgh, to Barnton. It is true that he would not have been able to hire a caddie at either of these places, but it is surely not a bad principle in regulating a man's Sunday amusements to see that they shall enforce labour on as few others as possible. Surely he would not deny the caddie the right to spend his Sunday in amusement too! Again, when he pleads for Sunday play on North Berwick links, he takes the worst example conceivable, for there, if anywhere, the treatment the course receives throughout the week warrants the reproof of old Tom Morris to some Southerners wishing to play at St. Andrews: "If you dinna wish a rest on the Sawbath, the links dae." Apart from these criticisms, most educated people in Scotland will agree with "English Visitor" that it would be a good thing if there was more opportunity for reasonable amusement on Sunday, not so much for men like him, who have presumably been spending the whole of the preceding week on the golf-links, but for the workers of all classes, whose hours of labour and the shortness of the light on autumn evenings will not allow to spend in healthy pleasure at other times. This is often called a pleasure-loving age, and to those (and they are not few) who consider this tendency by no means wholly an evil one, some further extension in imitation, though not slavish imitation, of English and Continental models would be very welcome.

"English Visitor" and other English visitors may be inclined to look upon these criticisms as the outcome of an inherent Scottish self-esteem. There are many in Scotland, however, among whom the writer would like to number himself, who are proud of their country and of Scottish characteristics and yet strive not to be, what the delightful Christina McNab was called with considerable truth, "damned Scotch." They welcome criticism, and do not "keep up the colossal bluff of superior virtues over their sacrilegious neighbours across the Border," but they are apt to pay more attention to such criticism when it is applied with a little more sympathy and experience than "English Visitor" has brought to the task.—I am, yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE NATIVES.

"UNWISE HUSBANDS AND UNWORTHY WIVES"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What an interesting article! And so true! These plays do begin seriously and then go off in farce. It is disappointing, but inevitable. The theme cannot be dealt with on the stage, nor off it either, it seems to me.

The mastery of the wife by her husband—it has engaged many minds in many ages. As a woman, it is, of course, of especial interest to me. In my opinion men are too weak and lax altogether nowadays, and that is why women are becoming so rebellious and discontented. The ogre's wife ought, I think, to have had a good whipping; her husband was far too lenient. I am not joking; I seriously mean this. Why should the higher life of a good, sensible man be ruined by a worthless woman, when a simple remedy lies in the application of a birch rod? There were no perplexed husbands in the days of our ancestors, for they knew how to deal with woman.

Our nature is not changed; we may kick and struggle and try to get the upper hand, but we love to be ruled. This instinct may be begotten of centuries of slavery, but there it is, and we cannot get rid of it. I think that we have gone too far in our

total abolition of physical punishment for an unruly wife. Truly in olden days chastisement was often too severe, although sanctioned and encouraged by law and religion. Literature is full of cruel instances—see Boccaccio, and the "Mare's Skin" play on which Shakespeare founded his "Taming of the Shrew," where an unruly wife is dragged into a cellar, stripped and whipped severely *all over* her body, salt rubbed into her wounds, and then tied up in a mare's skin and left there. Yet this met with public approval—not condemnation.

The swing of the pendulum has brought us to a state of affairs in which the mildest caning of a perverse woman would be regarded as almost a crime! Now this is absurd. *Moderation* is a higher and nobler thing than *Abolition*. We get at truth in the happy mean (as Aristotle says), and I hold with chastisement in moderation.

I know perfectly well that to the modern man any form of wife-beating is the Crime of Crimes. With poor arguments and *sham* chivalry he bolsters up his views, thus making a rod for his own back. He will break his wife's heart with cruelty and neglect, but he will not give her a few minutes' smarting for her own good! Open and honourable punishment he shrinks from; but he does not forget to indulge in spite and revenge and sulkiness. No wonder we have grown to have contempt for men. They have ceased to be masters since they abandoned the cane, and they will never be our masters again until they resume chastisement.

I decline to believe that all the good and just men of the past were misguided. Why even Sir Thomas More advocates the chastisement of perverse wives. Aristotle—the wisest of men—said "The husband governs his wife because it is his due"! And women, he tells us, are "natural" slaves among those who do not "obey reason," and therefore must be "corrected by pain, like beasts of burden." This is forcible enough. Can he have been quite mistaken? No! facts are with him.

A friend of mine made her husband wretched for five years, until he could stand it no longer, and then he whipped her as one whips an unruly child. He thought she would leave him; but no! she has begged his pardon, and promised better behaviour. What a fool he has been! He knows better now. I fear you are quite horrified; but these are a woman's views.—Yours truly,

CLARA BEESLEY.

8, Pembroke-road, Bristol, September 23rd, 1911.

P.S.—The man who flirts with his typist ("A Perplexed Husband") in order to bring his wife into proper subjection is a cowardly brute, full of petty revenge. If this is the modern man's mode of punishing his wife I call it most insulting and unworthy of the lords of creation! One can but have contempt for such a coward. Good heavens!—excuse me—we would rather be whipped ten times over than insulted like this. But the modern man is full of all this. Not a real ruler with the power of punishment, he seeks to get the better of us by contemptible means. A wife asks him to get tickets for the theatre; he replies he can't get any; and when he has retired to his club she remembers that she showed some temper yesterday, and said some nasty things—alas! we can do it!—and this is *revenge*!

She goes to a party, and all the evening he flirts with another woman. She cannot understand it until she recalls a recent act of disobedience. So this is *spite*!

He will take a walk in dogged silence to revenge an offence. He gives a favourite kitten to a neighbour. "Oh! I didn't know you wanted it." And so on. Yes, he will break his wife's heart with refined and subtle cruelty, but that does not matter, because *no one can see it*!

Such a man shrinks in horror from the punishment that would make his wife respect him. Oh, inconsistent man! Your methods are quite past my understanding—and your own too.

That a wife should be under the physical control of her husband awakens in me (an educated woman) no horror at all. It is part of our sex instinct. I am sorry if it is wrong, but I cannot get rid of it.

AUTHORS OR LITERARY REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am engaged on a new edition of my father's book "Sappho," and desire to trace the address of certain authors whose permission to quote from their works I seek, and therefore

subjoin this first list to see if any one can tell me their addresses, and thank you for your courtesy and remain, yours faithfully,

LEONARD C. WHARTON.

31, Greville Road, London, N.W., September 23rd, 1911.

E. G. Harman, "Poems from Horace," &c. Dent, 1897.

W. G. Headlam, "Book of Greek Verse." Camba, 1907.

A. Dickison, "Tychiades." T. F. Unwin, 1903.

BOXING IN THE OLDEN TIME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Now that the sporting world is so profoundly interested in the forthcoming pugilistic combat between the chosen champions of the white and black races, it is somewhat curious that I have lately unearthed a document among the Chapter muniments here of the reign of Henry III. which shows that boxing was then a well-recognised and public pastime. I append my *précis* of the deed:—

Grant from Roger Pille, of Westminster, to William de Aulton, Cook, and Cecily his wife, daughter of Duley Perkyns, of Westminster, of one messuage in Westminster at Tothill ("ex opposito places in qua Campiones solent pugnare"), at a yearly rent of one clove of garlic. Witnesses: John de Karliolo, John de La Chersyng, Cisson, John de Eya, and others. Temp. Henr. III. White Seal.

A few years ago I published another document of the Commonwealth period, which stated that golf was the usual sport of Westminster gentlefolk in Tothill Fields at that time.—Yours faithfully,

EDWARD J. L. SCOTT, D.Litt., M.A. Oxon, Keeper of
the Muniments, Westminster Abbey.

Muniments Room, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

September 19, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- A King of Vagabonds.* By Beth Ellis. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
- The Twymans: a Tale of Youth.* By Henry Newbolt. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
- Agnes of Edinburgh.* By Margaret Armour. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
- The Yacht of Dreams.* By Frank Morton. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
- The Song of Renny.* By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
- The Bride of Dutton Market.* By Marie C. Leighton. With Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.
- Delphine Carfrey.* By Mrs. George Norman. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- Wandering of Desire.* By E. Charles Vivian. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
- Hilda Leasways.* By Arnold Bennett. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- Good Boy Seldom: A Romance of Advertisement.* By Oliver Onions. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- Dormant.* By E. Nesbit. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- The Danger Zone.* By Fannie Heaslip Lea. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
- Taken from the Enemy.* By Henry Newbolt. New Edition. Illustrated by Gerald Leake. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Position of Peggy Harper.* By Leonard Merrick. With Coloured Frontispiece. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
- Miss Rovel.* By Victor Cherbuliez. With Coloured Frontispiece. Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.
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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 431	Reviews (continued) :—
I.—In a Garden 432	Shorter Reviews 442
II.—Japanese Students ... 432	Fiction 444
On Bookscapes..... 432	The Theatre..... 446
The Future of the Terri- torial Force 433	Pickwick Riddles—II. ... 447
John Churton Collins..... 435	Tattershall Castle 449
Plymouth: Future 436	New Zealand Sketches—III. 450
Reviews :—	Books for Boys 451
Ferdinand Lassalle..... 438	Music 453
The Weather 439	Books in Preparation 453
The Oxford Under- graduate 440	Imperial and Foreign Affairs 454
The Master Genius of Journalism 441	Motoring and Aviation ... 455
Indian Sport 442	In the Temple of Mammon 456
	Correspondence 457
	Books Received 458

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THE ACADEMY is now obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Messrs. Wyman's, and Messrs. Willings' bookstalls and shops.

THE ACADEMY next week will be enlarged to 32 Pages, and will contain, in addition to this, a Special Literary Supplement of 8 Pages, and an inset of 2 Pages, with Portrait, dealing with Babiism, by Sir Charles Walpole.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK

LORD CURZON, in his comprehensive speech at the opening of the Exhibition of Old Masters at the Grafton Galleries, expressed very pungently the position of England as the "happy hunting-ground" of the foreign connoisseur and of the agent for Americans who desire to become possessors of authentic works of art. It is especially difficult to prevent valuable heirlooms from being taken out of the country at the present time, for, as Lord Curzon pointed out, "just at the very moment when this attack was being made on our virtue, our capacity for resistance was diminished by the enormous burdens of taxation placed on the owners of such works by the hand of the State;" thus the situation is growing worse, since the number of masterpieces is limited, and "as they disappear the price of the residue must continue to go up." It is hardly likely that a Government characterised by disregard of one of the most difficult arts of all—the art of government itself—will find much pleasure in Lord Curzon's suggestion that the annual grant to the National Gallery of £5,000 should be increased to £25,000; nor will Members of Parliament probably see their way clear to "create an Art Fund" by pooling their salaries, despite the humorous remark that they might "justly feel they were rendering a greater service to the State at Trafalgar Square than they could hope to do at St. Stephen's." There is, however, food for thought in the idea that a confidential list of all works of art of unique value

should be drawn up, and that owners should be invited to enter into some form of honourable agreement that in the event of their wishing to dispose of such property their own country should come first. Could this be carried into effect, much of the recrimination and controversy which periodically invades the domain of Art might be avoided.

The heading "Private Organs in New York" appearing in a daily contemporary suggests subsidised newspapers, the carrying on of political campaigns, and those flights of verbal eloquence peculiar to the enthusiasts of the American Press. It refers, however, to actual musical instruments which have been recently erected in the private residences of certain enormously wealthy persons with a *penchant* for harmony at odd moments—Mr. Carnegie, for example, finds a charm in the melodious thunders while he is dressing; others, doubtless, woo sleep or fill the wakeful night hours by listening to the classics. Imagine, incidentally, the feelings of the organist on being awakened sharply at three o'clock of a winter's morn with the message that he is desired immediately to play Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D minor," or to improvise a fantasia on the latest song! One point about these organs is rather perplexing: they are "cleverly built into the houses, so that, besides presenting magnificent decorations, the pipes by being scattered seem to send forth their music from all over the house." What would be the sensations of a guest with a 32ft. bourdon in his bedroom when it suddenly spoke, or with a shrieking "Mixture—three ranks" over his head? Some of these instruments can be played from different parts of the house. We refrain from comment upon the possibilities attaching to a musically inclined cook with a four-manual keyboard in the kitchen.

Most people of ordinary susceptibilities have been convinced this week that our extraordinary summer has really gone at last, and have tasted the joys of sitting by the fire with a book, a pipe, or a person—or perhaps all three—for company. Lament as we will the passing of the long, warm days (we will not whisper now that some of them were a trifle too warm), there is a sense of luxury and well-being which only comes when firelight suffuses the smoking-room or study, when the blinds are drawn, the world shrinks to the illumined circle, and the memories and musings of things most cherished win through the silent hour. As a nation we love the frosty days—when we get them—and the firelit evenings; has not *Punch* pictured the Englishman a thousand times in an attitude which has become more or less typical—with hands in pockets, feet wide apart, coat-tails before the blaze? Stevenson praised this comfortable rest-house on the day's journey, and many another writer has joined with him; every freelance in London takes up his pen in October to compose essays on "Firelight"; every editor in London sends them back by the dozen between now and February. And so it will ever be, until we become a radiator-warmed nation and inspiration wings her way to less prosaic climes.

Readers of our review appearing this week of Georges Brandes' recently translated *Life of Ferdinand Lassalle* will notice that an echo of that tragically ended career reached England on Wednesday last. Countess Helène von Dönniges, news of whose unhappy death was in that day's papers, met Lassalle at a Berlin *salon* in 1863; the two fell in love, and when they next met in the following year, resolved to marry. The story is told, as students and the elect are aware, in George Meredith's "Tragic Comedians"—less a novel, perhaps, than any of his other prose works—where the soul of Lassalle is compared magnificently, if we remember correctly the phrase, to a mighty cathedral organ "foully handled in the night by demons."

I.—IN A GARDEN

Here by the mossy garden well
 A sunrise blossom falls
 Upon my brow
 Enchantingly.
 Under the sudden spell
 I see a heaving-prow,
 And hear the shuttle in the lonely halls
 Of sad Penelope.

II.—JAPANESE STUDENTS

The glory of the golden past
 A mist of years outrolls;
 But slowly towers to shape dominion vast
 In dreams of youth. Grey fathers, gazing back,
 Mistrust the ardent children souls
 Upon the forward track;
 Wise mothers, praying to forget their fears,
 Divine the future through a drift of tears.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

The Fourth High School of Japan,
 Kanazawa, Japan.

ON BOOKSCAPES

SETTLING lightly one day before the well-stocked stall of a favourite second-hand bookshop, I desecrated, and made my own for the nominal fee of one shilling, two volumes of Sydney Smith, bound, as only the bookbinders of last century knew how, in smooth mellow calf. True, there should have been a third—probably was a third—but he had strayed like a prodigal from the sleek little family, and where he is to-day, to what shameless depth of ransacked twopenny boxes he has sunk, stripped and bedraggled maybe, predestined to the pulper, who can say? I think he must really have been a poor lot, for my prize of his better-conducted brethren included "Peter Plymley" and "Botany Bay" and "Chimney Sweepers" and "Man Traps and Spring Guns," and then, you see, I did not get him. On the whole, what wonder that I congratulated my bookseller. Whereupon he, phlegmatic man, made me a revelation. He told me that he had recently received an order for several hundreds of those lovely bindings, to be supplied at the uniform price of sixpence a volume. As to the contents, there was no specification. They were simply to form the bookscape in the library of some *parvenu* without a soul.

Now, in my bookscape they figure very well: two tall, smooth pillars like poplars in Spring. But a whole unbroken expanse of them! And then, not only their desert uniformity, but their wholesale acquisition! I wonder whether he ever dares to sit in that library, or whether the dreary, characterless, yellow ranks, innocent of a single sacred association or any impress of his mercantile personality save the one gross bargain, have not banished him, shivering and lonely, from that alien air.

Yet if the bookscape be true to its possibilities there is no sweep of swelling, heathery down, nor autumnal vista of changing leafage, that can excel it for delight. Its peculiar charm lies not in the massed array of greens and blues and reds, in prosaic layers of solid colour, as the manner of some is; nor is it to be found where the pedantic classification of the public library prevails. Elzevirs are not a prime necessity, nor are *éditions de luxe* the last condition of success. I am quite content to presume that one of those experienced gentlemen who "purchase libraries on advantageous terms" would survey my bookscape with a very superior air. First editions are but infrequent landmarks, and full-calf is judiciously restrained, while such fabled growths as "three-quarter levant" and "pigskin gilt" flourish in other

climes. But no such advantageous gentleman could replace it, for it is my bookscape; and when my western window throws the soft evening sunlight across it in a slow-stealing trail, or when on a winter night the curtains are drawn, and the firelight flickers coquettishly on the low-toned backs, the familiar scene is alive with friendly confidences, and a breeze too subtle to be felt whispers half the memories I care to hold.

For there is no other bookscape like mine, though there be many fairer to the eye; may even be some as dear and intimate—to somebody else. To me it is as romantic as the map of a country beloved—and what is there more romantic than such a map, crammed with the symbolic suggestion of clustered specks and faint, wandering tracks? There are shady spots, sequestered nooks, breezy hills and smiling valleys in the serried landscape, each with its own tale of halcyon hours. And there are harmonies in my bookscape, chromatic, delightfully haphazard harmonies of colour, gardens of scarlet and crimson, and warm blue and restful green and broken flashes of white. Other harmonies, too, startling, whimsical and unexpected, that have shocked me now and then into delighted merriment: Francis Quarles dwelling amicably between Molière and "Tom Jones;" Matthew Arnold hobnobbing with Lafcadio Hearn (after being called a "colossal humbug" and a "fifth-rate poet"!) and dear old Dr. John Brown. ("The great Matthew," quoth Rab, "looks at God through an eyeglass!") Mr. Galsworthy perpetually entertains Jane Austen, and Boccaccio lies down with William Law. I have a memory of William Law—but more anon!

I will recount some of the aspects of my bookscape as I sit here taking in the expanse with my eye. There is a little church set on the top of a green Gloucestershire hill under whose shadow I lay on a summer's day with that copy of "Aylwin;" and there is a breezy common with a sheltered bluff where two of us communed together over that little volume of Mr. Belloc, and had a fleeting glimpse of Pegasus. That small edition of "The Queen of the Air" will always bring to mind the grey sheen of the evening sea creeping over the level sands of a Norfolk shore, while that shabby copy of "John Inglesant" is overhung by blossom-laden apple-boughs. There is the scent and rustle of woodland fern about my "Lord Ormont," and the fragrance of trailing roses—hundreds of white blooms embosoming an old arbour—lingers with Augustine's "Confessions." My "Elia" can tell of the snug fireside, after the buffeting of wind and rain in the winter night, and "The Defence of Guenevere" recalls a window-picture of sun-bathed fields, and the strange, peaceful leisure of convalescence.

These are some of the magic associations which make my bookscape fascinating to me, and warm with autobiography. And there are others of a different sort, memories of delightful gifts, eloquent of discerning friendship; or of chance introductions, first overtures of acquaintance with great lords of the pen, that were to ripen into cherished fellowship.

Another half-hour and the sun will be round at my western window. I know exactly where the first beam will fall: it will fall just where Sydney Smith's two volumes bereaved rise up like tall poplars in early Spring, beside the green quiet of Jusserand's "English Wayfaring Life." Then it will creep round to illuminate the whole storied scene.

What is that? Oh, William Law. Well, I took his "Serious Call" in my pocket one day as I walked over a lyric country to where a gentle stream slides noiselessly through the woodland. It is a very nice edition, neat and unobtrusive, and it did not at all inconvenience the pocket.

P. J. F.

THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

FOR all those who take any interest in the Territorial Force the approach of April, 1912, must be fraught with some anxiety. In that month expire the four years' engagements of the bulk of the recruits of 1908, and between then and June the term of a large proportion of the old Volunteers who transferred their allegiance to the Territorials. Will they renew their engagements, or, failing that, are we likely to secure a sufficient number of recruits to take their places? These are the questions that are being asked by the Associations, the Recruiting Committees, and by Commanding Officers, more particularly in London and in the South. While they cannot be answered with any certainty to-day, one is bound to face the fact that, even if there is a high proportion of re-engagements, the supply of recruits to fill the ordinary wastage has been steadily falling off, and that, unless another boom in recruiting takes place, or some special inducements are held out, the numbers of the Force will be diminished next year, in spite of Lord Haldane's encouraging figures at East Lothian last week. It is in the hope of minimising this loss that I venture, through the courtesy of your columns, to put forward a few suggestions.

Needless to say, the chief and most pressing necessity is more money. In 1907, the last year of the Volunteers, the estimated cost of the Force was £1,894,159. For this outlay, out of a total number of 252,791 men, the country secured a camp attendance for fifteen days of 4,459 men, and for six to eight days 151,998 men. The Territorials in 1910 numbered 267,096, and we secured in camp for fifteen days 168,175 men, and for eight days and less than fifteen days 75,185, while for this enormously increased efficiency the total cost amounted to £2,683,902, an increase of only some £789,000.

Taking into consideration the numbers and expenditure of the Regular Army at home and abroad, say 261,000 men and a total cost, excluding Reserves, of £54,000,000, I submit that even the most hardened scoffer of the Territorials—and unfortunately there are many to-day—cannot contend that the cost of the Territorial—about one-twentieth of the Regular—is excessive. The recent increased allowances have been appreciated, and go to remedy some of the more glaring hardships attached to drills and other attendances, but if the Force is to compete with and overcome the numerous attractions which appeal to the leisure of the young man of to-day, more money must be provided. No officer or man ought to be out of pocket one single penny in connection with the work or play of his battalion. As it is, many officers who can ill afford it have to subscribe towards all sorts of sports and competitions, which keep their men together and increase their efficiency, while the general public are regularly appealed to and generously respond to the call to support battalion funds. Even the men themselves are not exempt. One hears of a crack Scottish battalion being 24s. per man out of pocket on a march through the country, which, while no doubt a pleasure to the men, also meant excellent training and a stimulus to recruiting. Such a tax on a citizen service is inexcusable. There are any number of inter-battalion, inter-county, and, most important, Regular *versus* Territorial competitions, which ought to be arranged all over the country, but no funds are provided for the purpose. More outdoor ranges, more drill-halls with club-rooms attached, are urgently wanted, and greater expedition in carrying out the plans—one hears, for instance, of a drill-hall three years overdue and not yet completed. The men are not sufficiently in evidence, especially in the country districts. Route marches, church parades, and the presence of local companies at all ceremonials where there is any excuse for their appear-

ance ought to be the order of the day. The people must be familiarised with their defenders. Let us follow Lancashire's lead and mobilise periodically, thus arousing popular interest and at the same time putting one's finger on the weak spots in the Force. It will cost money for train-fares, bands, &c., but it will pay. For all such purposes I plead for a special grant of, say, £100,000, to be spent in the absolute discretion of the County Associations. I emphasise the right of the Associations to disburse such sums without reference to the War Office, because, though the distinguished statesman at its head who evolved the Territorial scheme may be trusted to take a broad view, the permanent staff have not yet risen to the occasion. A younger generation of officials may succeed in sufficiently loosening the bonds of red tape to allow of a discrimination between the paid soldier and the Territorial, and so ensure a more sympathetic handling of the problems involved in the increasingly difficult task of maintaining the public interest in a Territorial Force. The Recruiting Committees and County Associations were specially formed to provide recruits, and they ought to have a free hand in the matter, without, of course, seeking to encroach upon the training, which rests with the War Office. Meantime the combined supervision of the Commanding Officer, the Recruiting Committee, and the Association, with, if necessary, as a final tribunal, that useful body the Council of Associations, ought to be a sufficient guarantee to the Treasury that any such sum earmarked by the War Office will be judiciously expended.

I do not advocate payment of officers and men apart from the period of camp. There may be a good deal to say for a moderate scale of pay for drill attendance; but, on the other hand, that is not the spirit which permeates the Force as a whole; and the monetary attraction, while it would probably appeal to a wider circle, would not necessarily draw the best class of recruit. For the moment I think we might leave the amateurs of St. Stephen's in possession of that privilege. Nor do I propose to deal with the question of compulsory service, for the simple reason that, whatever may be its merits or demerits, it is a proposition which neither party will put before the country, and is therefore for the present out of court. That there is ample scope under the Territorial scheme can, I think, be demonstrated, provided the country will take the matter seriously and encourage the Treasury to be a little more liberal with its doles.

Let us assume that even with the additional grant suggested we fail to retain a fair proportion of the time-expired men next spring, are they necessarily lost to the defence of the country? Surely not. Within the last two years a notable body of men have rallied to the call—the Veteran Reserves, now known as the National Reserves, with that grand old soldier Lord Roberts at their head, have sprung into existence. Composed not only of old Volunteers, but of a large proportion of old Army men who have seen active service, the new body bids fair to conserve and consolidate the Territorial Force. Emerging at a time when the inevitable reaction from the recruiting boom began to take place, the Reservist movement appealed to many who, while unable to spare the time to take their places in the Territorial ranks, felt that they would like to be on hand if occasion arose. So far only registration without any obligation to serve has been attempted, and, short of an occasional parade and presentation of badges by private donors, little has been done to encourage this important movement.

Surrey, which was among the first to recognise and encourage the Reservists, now numbers some 3,500 trained men, or only about five hundred short of the total units under the control of her Association; while the County of London has over twenty thousand on the muster-roll. It

only needs the other counties throughout the kingdom to take the matter up heartily to ensure a Reserve force equal in numbers to the present Territorial force, while its efficiency (owing to its leaven of Regulars) is likely, after its rustiness is worn off, to be considerably greater.

Here, then, is an asset which makes the probable reduction in the Territorial numbers not so serious as it might at first appear, but it is hardly necessary to say that, if the third line is to be effective, we cannot stop at a presentation badge and an occasional parade. These men must have uniforms and arms; they must put in a few drills during the year, and be at liberty to attend the annual camp on the same terms as their younger men-at-arms. It would indeed be a scandal if this excellent material—60 per cent. of the Surrey men are under forty years of age—were allowed to run to waste.

They must be encouraged to take their places with the Regular troops and Territorials on all possible occasions. Every effort should be made by company officers to enrol all men leaving the Territorials in the ranks of the Reserve. There are many officers, both Regular and Volunteer—as is evidenced by their registering as members of the National Reserve—only too pleased to give their time to the duties of organisation. But, of course, here again we are faced with the need of more money. Another possible source of supply may be looked for in the numerous rifle clubs in the country. So far beyond a certificate that the range complies with official requirements, the War Office takes no cognisance of this important body of men. While it is quite true that little disposition has been shown on the part of members to become amenable to Army discipline, on the other hand, no sort of inducement has been held out by "the powers that be" to encourage proficiency; no offers of ammunition at cost or even at reduced rates; no facilities for open-air ranges. These ranges have been provided by public subscription or by private donors. Honorary members contribute towards the upkeep and prizes; ordinary members have to pay for ammunition and entrance money for special prizes. An amazing degree of skill at the target is acquired—enough to put the shooting of the Regular Army to shame. As an example, the club, of which I have the honour to be president, during the first year of its existence defeated a team of N.C.O.'s of the Brigade of Guards. All this proficiency seems to be thrown away. Would it not be possible to develop a corps of sharpshooters by selecting the best shots, and by offering some inducement in the shape of a distinctive uniform, or a modest retaining fee to attach a certain number of such men to the local Territorial Corps? I am aware that success at a miniature range has little bearing upon shooting in the face of an invisible enemy; but, on the assumption that marksmanship is encouraged in the Army, there is no reason to believe but that civilian proficiency would tell in time of need.

But while Reservists and riflemen are useful adjuncts to the Territorial force, it is to the younger generation we must look to fill the gaps in the ranks. I plead, therefore, for a closer and organised connection with the Boys' Brigade, Church Lads' Brigade, Boy Scouts, and kindred societies. I would commence with the children of the county and national schools. It is well known that the educational authorities look with a jealous eye upon any fostering of what is known as "the military spirit" in the Council schools of the country. For some mysterious reason it is considered unwise, if not positively wrong, to pander to the natural tendency of the ordinary human boy for soldiering while in the State school, but it is considered an act of grace and patriotism to induce that same boy when he has reached the age of eighteen to enrol himself among the defenders of his country.

Why should this be so? Is there any reason why the schoolboy should not be taught to look forward to the time when he will be privileged to train himself to protect his hearth and home, and that meantime his natural bent for things martial should be encouraged and developed so far as the curriculum of the school permits? The knowledge and discipline so gained would never be forgotten, and it would be taken as a matter of course that when age and other circumstances permitted he should take his place in the Territorial Army. Once let this principle be instilled into the mind of the schoolboy, and there will be no need for compulsory service. Commencing with school, and carried into the ranks of the Boy Scouts, the various Brigades, and Cadet Corps, there ought, in my opinion, to be a combined movement having in view ultimate enlistment in the Regular or Territorial Army, and finally in the National Reserve. Let public opinion get behind a concentrated movement of this kind and its success is assured.

What is the attitude of the representatives of the people in Parliament? Does the predominant party go out of its way to back up the Secretary of State for War even in the matter of the Territorials, let alone the youngsters? Is there not a lukewarmness—not to call it by a harsher name—on the part of many Liberals in supporting the views of their War Minister? Is not their cry for peace at the bottom of the stinginess of the Treasury? We are all for peace, but not at any price. Would it not be well for the Labour party to rid itself of its obsession that every Territorial means an extra rifle and bayonet to suppress the striker? They should be the first to encourage and promote the means of defence, as they would be the first to feel the pressure which, in the absence of preparedness, a strong foe would bring to bear on this country. All honour to the Lords-Lieutenant and leading men in the counties, in most cases politically opposed to the promoter of the scheme, who have supported heart and soul the Territorial movement, while a tribute must be paid to the enterprise and publicity of the Press; but to ensure complete success the whole country must be behind it.

Are the employers of labour doing all they can? Many of the large firms have done yeoman service, but is there not a temptation in certain quarters, in these times of good trade and competition, to prohibit the willing Territorial from taking his fifteen, or even eight, days in camp? With the small man one can sympathise. At a busy time he cannot spare any considerable proportion of his hands or afford to pay extra for substitutes. The fact that men are willing in many cases to forfeit their wages and let the family go on short commons during camp is sufficient testimony to a keenness which surely should not be put to such a severe test. The suggested special grant in the hands of the Associations may find a way out here.

We want to put down with a firm hand the legend displayed by some employers, "No Territorials need apply," and to replace it with the notice "Territorials only accepted." We ought to try to put the Territorial and all associated with him in the country's defence upon a higher plane. His zeal and keenness ought to be recognised and applauded, not scowled upon or sneered at. Some members of the Army Council will have to become better acquainted with the Territorial, to take him more seriously, and to get rid of the prejudices engendered by the old Volunteer. Keenness, intelligence and endurance, properly led, will take a lot of beating, even by the machine-like soldier of the Continental type. Edward the Peacemaker gave a splendid send-off to the movement, which his Majesty George V. in every way supports. Heartened by their illustrious example, let us, therefore, co-operate on all sides to utilise the excellent material of the citizen soldier; but to do this effectively it is necessary, in addition to the various means I have ventured

to indicate, first of all to parody Danton and demand *L'argent, toujours l'argent, et encore l'argent.*

R. J. TURNER, Chairman Caterham and District Recruiting Committee, and Member Surrey Territorial Force Association.

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS*

By FRANK HARRIS

HERE is a book which has given me three or four hours of pure and keen enjoyment. The son tells the story of his father's early life, and tells it excellently, bringing before us the happy, studious yet energetic boy, and making him live for us, and at the right moment, as by some happy fortune the father's own memoirs come in to carry on the story which the son completes with the untimely, inexplicable, tragic death.

Churton Collins' memoirs contain interviews and talks with half a dozen of the greatest men of his time, and record their opinions on the most vital matters. With Swinburne he discusses poetry and writers, and wins inestimable criticism, some of it new—contempt for Sainte-Beuve, admiration for Cyril Tourneur; from Carlyle he hears that "Christ was a world-historical humbug," Swinburne a "curious growth," George Eliot "dull," Ouida's work "damnable, hateful, abominable." Browning tells him what the path finders of the time thought of death and the hereafter:—

Tennyson told me that he felt positively certain of an extension of individual consciousness after death. Carlyle said to me a short time before his death: "I have no notion at all, not the smallest idea, whether I am going to be annihilated, or whether I shall burst out into something splendid and quite strange." Old Landor said, "I do not care a jot which way it goes. I am ready for either." Huxley felt very depressed and dissatisfied that he would be "out of it"—felt the hardness of having to quit consciousness when his curiosity was so ardent, when so many new truths were daily coming to light. Harriet Martineau was anxious to live because she hated the idea of annihilation, and that was, she felt, certain.

He (Browning) said himself that if he were perfectly certain that a new life was before him, that a new series of experiences was awaiting him—he should not scruple to determinate this life himself, after, he said, making arrangements to secure the comfort of those connected with him.

Browning goes on to say that his belief in God and God's goodness is absolute, and that every time he stretches forth his hand he is conscious of a miracle. An unforgettable, priceless book, which should be in every house were it but for these interviews.

As Churton Collins was a very old friend of mine I prefer to talk of him as I knew him—paint my own picture of him, so to speak.

The first impression Collins made on me was rather agreeable. Our meeting took place more than twenty years ago, shortly after his tremendous attack on Mr. Edmund Gosse in the *Quarterly Review*, an attack which made him famous. I had met him earlier at dinner, at Sir Charles Dilke's; but had had no intimate talk with him. Churton

Collins was some 5ft. 8in. or 9in. in height, a strong, square figure, not particularly muscular, though he was a fair walker and cyclist. The head was of good shape and size, the forehead broad, the eyes pale blue, the jaw and chin peculiarly square and massive. Considerable brain-power one would have said, and very considerable determination. His attack on Gosse provoked curiosity. "Why did you do it?" I asked. "His ignorance, carelessness, blundering," was the answer.

The tone of the schoolmaster; but the source of his anger was that he had an extraordinary reverence for facts, and Gosse treated them, he thought, far too lightly. Collins searched once through the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the exact date of the poet Greene's death, and at length found it.

I feared at first that we should never get on well, for he had a spice, too, of the schoolmaster's envy: "Fancy Cambridge asking such a man to lecture," he said; "disgraceful!" His bitterness amused me; rage seems out of keeping with matters of Art and Letters.

Once I remember praising an article of his as better than anything Macaulay had done. He was overjoyed. He admired Macaulay beyond reason, knew pages of him by heart; thought him very unjustly treated by Arnold; was delighted at being compared with him. "Macaulay," he declared, "was one of the great English writers."

Later I found him misquoting some verse. For a while he argued the point, and then, on conviction, admitted that he had a treacherous memory. Strange to say, his bad memory was the secret of his extraordinary accuracy as a writer. He had to verify everything, and this habit of verifying grew into a virtue with him that corresponded to the careful punctiliousness of his nature. He lived in this way to me for several years, as a solid, strong, capable teacher of English literature, with wide reading, a bad memory, and a surpassing carefulness about mere facts; an honest, kindly nature, full of chivalry and loyalty, with incomprehensible bitterness towards what he regarded as pretentious ignorance; a good and cheery host, an easily pleased and laughter-loving guest, preferring his pipe and armchair and a good talk about letters (poetry for choice) to anything in the world. He liked beer, too, and good, plain English living, and found his real temptation in a glass of old port.

When I took over the editorship of the *Saturday Review*, in '94, he was one of the first—after Bernard Shaw, Cunningham Graham, H. G. Wells, and D. S. McColl—that I invited to help me. While he was writing reviews for me we became friends, and I got to know him well and hold him dearly.

Of course we used to talk Shakespeare interminably; he admired him beyond words, and had some vague idea of his personality, a nebulous and incoherent idea including Hotspur as well as Hamlet, but still an idea. He saw Shakespeare through professorial spectacles, all smoke-coloured with holocausts of inconsistent facts. I think I made the master plainer to him; but I would not be taken as saying that he ever accepted my views even partially. He found them "very interesting;" assured me more than once that when my book came out he intended to review it for the *Quarterly*; but there the matter rested. I think I reached him first on the side of textual criticism; he had the usual mandarin nonsense in his head about "Titus Andronicus" and the "First Part of Henry VI." and the first two Acts of "Pericles" not being Shakespeare's, and followed the usual attribution of "Henry VIII." A good deal of that I managed to alter in time, and this book holds the proof of it.

On page 42 he gives an account of a talk with Swinburne

* *Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins.* By L. C. COLLINS. (John Lane.) 7s. 6d. net.

and says:—"Agreed with me when I thought that both Peel and Kyd may have had a hand in 'Titus Andronicus.'" Whereas, on page 146, he writes to Sir Sidney Lee on his "Life of Shakespeare" in this vein:—

It seems to me that we really have no right at all to question the authenticity of "Titus Andronicus." It is the youthful Shakespeare to a T—external and internal evidence seems to me conclusive. Nor can I agree with you that "Troilus and Cressida" could possibly have been written as early as 1603; surely it has every mark of the latest style . . . "Henry VIII." . . . Fletcher could never have written, in my humble opinion, Wolsey's speech to Cromwell; but this is, of course, mere opinion. Nor can I go with you when you say that it is *certain* that Shakespeare didn't write "First of Henry VI." and the old plays on which Second and Third were founded.

But even in yielding he was stubborn-slow and scrupulously conscientious. He would argue each new point till he was convinced, and often go away unpersuaded, but he did not hesitate to admit afterwards that I had been right. In the above letter to Lee look how he limits Shakespeare to Wolsey's farewell to Cromwell, though the soliloquy before the "farewell" is still more clearly Shakespeare's. But for some reason or other Collins wasn't sure of it, and would not admit it—a stubborn, honest soul if ever there was one!

Collins had a most absolute admiration of genius, and delighted in praising a young poet without any qualification.

Gradually I arrived at the conviction that this sober, stolid, honest Professor would rather have written one beautiful line, would rather have composed one supreme page, than have won all the honours of the trade. He was near enough to genius to tell that it was different in kind and in degree from talent; he had an instinctive, worshipful reverence for it—a passion of admiration.

And this was the tragedy of his life. He knew beyond peradventure that nothing he could do would live; that the best in him was what he called "laborious mediocrity;" that the reach of genius and the ease were beyond him for ever. "Others labour," he used to say, "with hope, comforting themselves with the belief that they are doing the great work they admire. I have no delusions. I am doing good hodman's work, and that is all." And that was the secret of his hatred of any one who was not what he called "a genius," and yet who came to distinction. There he let the passions of envy and hatred take the reins.

I cannot help thinking that of all the terrible tragedies of human existence there is none greater than this: to desire fame, to agonise to reach it, and to know all the while that the power is denied; and this was the tragedy of Collins' life.

But this was not enough to wreck the stout, strong ship of his destiny. He had a large family; many calls upon his powers; he was a glutton for work, and he worked inordinately even after he had passed middle-age. "If I cannot reach the highest," he said to himself, "at any rate I will do all that is in me, bring out all that I have got, show all the wisdom." And beyond this desire of self-realisation there was also a desire to make money for his children, and as the years went by this became the object of his life. He was not content to do as much journalism as an ordinary journalist does, while writing as many books as an ordinary writer; he also lectured two or three times a day for months together. He told me he earned £4,000 a year. After earning such sums for twenty years he had no business to be hard up, for his wants were simple and his house could have been kept up for a thousand a year. But in money matters Collins was a child. He did not know one invest-

ment from another, and had to take advice which was not always disinterested. This feebleness in him, this failure to grasp ordinary business details, was part of the idealism of the man. It went in my mind with his straggling, lank hair and untidy, careless dress.

One day, when talking of Carlyle, he confessed that he too was a martyr to indigestion—had indeed been for years such a sufferer that he thought of suicide again and again:—

"It is only my family that keeps me back," he used to say, "otherwise I would have ended it long ago, and got a respite. Once I went down and plunged into the Serpentine, thinking it might change things, get rid of the bad ideas and the depressing thoughts, and I found the swim did me all the good in the world. I threw off the indigestion through it."

Gradually through the years that followed he seemed to have learned to live. He got rid of the indigestion to a certain extent, but the depression continued darker and darker. There were of course lighter, happier moments. He stayed with me once on the Riviera, and was intensely interested in the gay, pleasure-loving life of Monte Carlo, declaring that he had never had a better holiday, and went back with a lighter heart.

But the catastrophe was only put off. He himself traces the cause of the attack to "a great stress of work and then a sudden cessation." The last words—a "sudden cessation"—are most significant. Work shielded him to some extent from despairing thought. When his mind was delivered over to itself it ground itself to powder, as millstones do when they have nothing else to grind.

Towards the end he wrote frankly in his diary about his misery and depression: "Looking for D(eath)." A few days later he writes: "I can sleep well, God be thanked!" Next day: "This fearful depression again; what will become of the children if I get worse?" Then on September 2nd: "Am now in dull, dead, suicidal misery. . . ."

And then the tragic, untimely end, and one is free to think of poor Churton Collins not as he was when harassed and worn out, but in the earlier, happier days. I love to remember his laughter, his pipe, his good fellowship—all the kindness of him, and all the charm—his enthusiasm, too, his chivalries, the insight of him, and the honesty, for after all he was a great worker, an honest English workman:

"A good man gone where we all must go."

PLYMOUTH: FUTURE

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

Out! Out alas! My destiny is fulfilled:
Hurry me hence within with quick co
The wreck and ruin of my former self.
Farewell my name and honours! Thou, my garland,
Farewell! my successor must wear you now,
To shine in new pre-eminence—a rogue,
Perhaps less perfect, but more prosperous!

"THE KNIGHTS" OF ARISTOPHANES.

As by observing the position of a planet on three separate occasions it is possible to construct its complete orbit, so from the past and present of a country or a town we should be able to deduce its future. Plymouth in the past bore an illustrious banner to the house of fame, and that banner was

emblazoned with the names of seamen whose hands upheld it, was blown upon by the winds of the sea. Plymouth of the present lives, to a great extent, by the sea which her citadel-crowned height adorns. And it is safe to forecast that chiefly, if not only, by developments in connection with the sea will the town of capstan and chanty preserve and enhance its honoured name.

Those developments—if they take place—will not differ essentially from the lines of past years. The time has gone by when the salt-encrusted worthies assembled on Plymouth Hoe and talked largely about expeditions to the Indies, or proposed thrashings to be administered to objectionable foreign Powers; to-day, in taut uniforms, their descendants gather in the club-house and over the walnuts and wine converse on naval matters, controlled in their movements by various personages hidden in a building in London, whence flash messages and orders innumerable on wings swifter than the wind. But the same spirit is there, though the men and the ships have a vastly different appearance. Plymouth—and Devonport (lest Devonport be angry at the omission of her arsenals and dockyards)—exist partly by the grace of the Navy; and it is a question whether the commercial side of their sea-life has not been overpowered. In an article which appeared in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* about three years ago, from which I may quote, I commented upon this, noting that for many years Plymouth has been at a disadvantage in the competition which she has so strenuously maintained:—

Her magnificent haven attracted the attention of the Admiralty, and for her splendid situation and contour of coast she had perforce to pay the penalty. Battleships, destroyers, submarines—every imaginable war-craft occupy the wide Hamoaze, her western waters; dockyards and stores and victualling-yards line the Devon shore for miles. To the east the Navy is encroaching with giant tanks of oil-fuel, and when not long ago a scheme was set afoot to deepen that portion of the harbour for the accommodation of liners the Admiralty vetoed it at once. Not altogether in the nature of a penalty, of course, is this predominance of the A.B. and his accessories, for where ships are built and launched and kept men and trade follow; yet there are many who think longingly of what Plymouth might have been—a port unequalled, where the mightiest liners afloat could have come alongside and unloaded; and there are others who think that the two things could be combined.

In one sense commerce and the Navy do already join hands at Plymouth, since the finest liners of the world constantly anchor inside the breakwater to take up and discharge mails and passengers. The White Star boats, the New Zealand Shipping Company's packets, the Orient, British India, and Hamburg-American liners, and many more, visit the port as regularly as clockwork on inward and outward voyages. But Plymouth wants more than this. Why should she not be a terminal port, with the traffic and honour and profit of a second Glasgow or Liverpool? One glance at the map is enough to show the unrivalled position of the town; it guards the very gateway of the land; vessels making it their headquarters avoid the fogs, the shoals, the complicated traffic of the English and Irish Channels; its magnificent harbour defies all gales, even those which drive almost straight in from the south-west. A whole fleet can ride safely sheltered here, as has often been proved. Its excellent railway service includes one of the crack trains of the world; two systems afford it distributive facilities for mails, freights, and passengers which many a larger town might envy. And yet not a single vessel above average tonnage—always

excepting warships—can dry-dock at Plymouth; not a single liner is accommodated with wharfage. Once, many years ago, during a London dock-strike, the *Liguria*, an Orient boat, came into the Great Western Docks; as far as I am aware no vessel of her size (and she was not big, as liners go now) has since entered. Why is this?

At the time of writing the article quoted above a scheme was under consideration which, if it could be carried out, would settle once and for all the question of Plymouth's commercial prosperity. It was proposed to construct an outer harbour at a part of the coast on the Devon side which is of favourable contour. This harbour would enclose about a thousand acres of sheltered water of adequate depth—48ft. over more than half of its area. Lying, as it would, outside the present haven, the cautious entry into the Sound would be avoided. There would be no necessity for the double transference and handling of the thousand or twelve hundred mailbags which often form one boat's portion. However smartly this operation may be performed, it is an annoying waste of time; it should be possible, especially in the case of important long-distance mails, to transfer directly from boat to train. Many other advantages might be mentioned, not the least of which would be the elimination of the tedious journey up either Channel with England on the port or starboard all the way and the equivalent delay. The total cost of putting the scheme through, inclusive of four miles of railways to link up, was estimated at £2,000,000. "If," said the *Western Daily Mercury*, commenting upon the subject, "such a dock should be found in existence to-morrow by some feat of magic, it would be used at once by the largest liners afloat."

But, as usual, the scheme was banned. Parliamentary powers could not be obtained. The Admiralty wants Plymouth to grow to order, on the naval side; and as "Plymouth" in this respect means the adjacent town of Devonport, she may well be downhearted. If the "Three Towns" were one united body, and the absurdity of their separate control were remedied, Plymouth would stand a better chance of accomplishing something notable in the way of deep-sea hospitality instead of being a mere port of call. As things are, it is difficult to understand why she has not become, in these days of saving minutes, first or second port in the kingdom after London.

Is Plymouth verging upon that indolence of old age which overtakes cities and countries as well as men and women? Do the few new shops and "improvements" signify a feeble struggle against an impending fate? Is she resting upon the laurels hardly won, content to have made history and to let the present, which is the history of the future, pass her by? It is not a simply local matter, this question of Plymouth's development; it means something to the country, precisely as the health or illness of a part affects the whole. From time to time schemes are mooted; they raise a wave of enthusiasm in the whole district; Southampton trembles, Liverpool frowns; but they pass unfulfilled, and Plymouth sinks back to her placid existence. When a guileless excursionist once inquired the reason of the high wall erected on Staddon Heights to stop the spent rifle-bullets from falling into Bovisand, he was told by a wag that it was built "to stop the small-pox from reaching the town." There is a conservatism which is too rigid, too keen on setting limits and laying down laws, and if a wall could be built to protect Plymouth from its encroachment, it would be well. Meanwhile other ports gain the traffic and prosperity which should be shared by her; her broad waters are given to the man-o'-war and the "little cargo-boats that sail the wet seas round," and the stately liners, which ought to berth and unload, look in for an hour as guests who cannot stay, since Plymouth cannot "put them up."

REVIEWS

FERDINAND LASSALLE

Ferdinand Lassalle. By GEORGES BRANDES. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

SOME time ago, in the columns of THE ACADEMY, we passed in review the somewhat eventful days of Helene von Racowitza. An occasion such as that naturally drew out an account of the central episode of that perplexed and passionate life—her tragic affair with Ferdinand Lassalle, which passed to literary fame, under Meredith's auspices, in "The Tragic Comedians." And thus, in its turn, it became necessary to consider who and what the man was who came to so fateful an end, for, as has repeatedly been said, there is no tragedy in the death of mediocrity. In order to see Helene's love-story as one of the earth's great tragedies it was necessary to be assured that the lovers were of heroic proportion. In her case this might be held to be a very doubtful question. But then with her it did not matter so much. She did not die. For her there was no tragedy, or, at least, the tragedy was of indirect consequence. It was rather of Lassalle we wished to know whether he was composed of the necessary tragic timber, and it was clear to see that he did fulfil this condition. This much was apparent, despite some unhappy obscurations, in Helene von Racowitza's own memoirs; but when, as now, it becomes possible to discover him not in the way of oblique reflection, but full-length in a biography of himself, it is more than ever clear that he was even such a man as he seemed to be.

This biography by Brandes is, of course, no new one. It has seen the light of day on the Continent for some time, and now it is to be had in English it seems strange indeed that the thought of rendering it for English readers had not earlier occurred to some publisher. It is, perhaps, next to even if not before, the study of Shakespeare, the work of his pen most destined to live. He himself says, "With reference to this portrait, or to the art of portraiture in general," that his effort has never been to be brilliant. "My ideal is Velasquez, and his ideal was not brilliance, but truth." In spite of this, however, the book is undeniably best entitled by the word "brilliant." It is learned and exhaustive, even as it is also detailed and careful, but happily these attributes are not in any necessary conflict with brilliance of treatment.

All aspects of Lassalle are treated in turn. If the work is brilliant, it is very largely so by reason of its subject, for it would be difficult to imagine any book with Lassalle as theme (however much we may disagree with his tenets) being otherwise than cornucopian. One of the most admirable features in it is that while the concluding tragedy of his life is given fully and vividly, it is accorded its proper place in the canvas. In a sense it is the most important event in his life. There are few things more important in a man's life, there is certainly nothing that more precisely finds the value for his life than his death. Yet Lassalle was of heroic timber. When he met the lady by whom he was to come to his untimely end he was a figure in the front of his age. That is to say that, however much we may desire to fix our attention on his dramatic end, it is primarily necessary that we should look at the man in the light of the life he lived. And this Herr Brandes does. The book is divided into two main portions, each in turn being entitled "Lassalle before the Agitation," and "Lassalle as an Agitator." In the first is to be discovered a personality precocious enough in all conscience. At the age of twenty we find him in Paris with Heinrich Heine, and, if you please, fighting battles on behalf of that mordant mocker. One would scarcely

imagine Heine greeting any one open-armed, much less a youth of twenty who was willing to undertake the advocacy of his temporal affairs. Instead, we find Heine writing to Lassalle in this fashion: "You have the right to be impudent; the rest of us usurp this Divine right. In comparison with you, I am but a modest gnat." A career begun in this way could not, surely, end otherwise than dramatically. And the letter that Heine wrote subsequently to Varnhagen von Ense, by way of introducing Lassalle to him, happens not only to be a very considerable tribute to a young man at the threshold of life, but is also one of the most important clues to the inner heartiness and frankness of the Aristophanes of his age.

Leaving Heine, Lassalle struck forthwith on the episode that was to give the destiny to his whole life. Brandes' habit of beginning each of his chapters with a dramatic opening is rather apt to confuse the true order of the Countess Hatzfeldt affair. For instance, one would like to know more of the beginning of that fateful friendship than merely to be told, as an explanation after the central business has been dealt with, that "Mendelssohn . . . introduced Lassalle to the Countess." Yet, having been introduced, Lassalle's advocacy of a woman cruelly wronged, unable to get justice because her husband was of high rank, enormously wealthy, and a personal friend of the King, displays him as a man who, however impudent (as Heine put it), was yet cast nobly. And the long, weary fight that followed only confirms the sight. When one comes to consider it, it is positively amazing. Here was a youth of some twenty-three years; poor, when it is remembered that early nineteenth-century legal proceedings in Germany were in question; with the stigma that his age placed on his Jewish origin; with no influence to command, and with the legal order against him: such a man undertaking to compel a personal friend of the King—a high-born and colossally wealthy German Junker—to accord justice to his wife. It is Goliath and David outdone. Fight after fight was lost; case after case went against him: but defeat was only the signal for the opening of a newer combat. It sounds foolish beyond words, and so it was; but it was successful nevertheless. In the middle of 1848 the fight was begun; and, as Brandes says, "at length, in August, 1854, his opponent, the Count, was exhausted. The silly Jewish boy had been too much for him. His strength was broken. Lassalle set his foot upon his neck, and dictated terms of peace under conditions most humiliating and dishonorable to the Count."

We have given some space to these early events of Lassalle's life because the later portions belong to history, and also because it is these portions that best indicate the character of the man whose later years were to mean so much to Germany. The winning of his case placed him at once in an independent position. A certain part of the annuity he won from his opponent for the Countess she made over to him in a life interest. And so he turned to several literary ambitions that had lain idle during his long legal campaign. Each of these Herr Brandes examines exhaustively and in turn. The ponderous work on Heraclitus, entitled "The Philosophy of Heraclitus the Obscure," which he had planned and begun prior to his campaign, first engaged his attention. Then this young Hegelian turned to his great work on the law of inheritance, which he called "The System of Acquired Rights." Previously, in the great forward stirring that moved through Europe in 1848 (one of the results of which was the overthrow of Metternich, that symbol of absolutism), he had declared himself a keen Republican, patriotic withal. Now in this present work he takes his stand academically on the same ground.

All this study and strife was only preparatory to one end. He might have interspersed his legal contests on behalf of

Countess Hatzfeldt with imprisonments many, by reason of sedition, yet he cannot be said to have taken his position historically in any sense of the word until his thirty-eighth year. Then he began his career as an agitator, a career that led to the permanent establishment of the Social Democratic party, a party whose power in Germany is such at the present moment that none can say what its future is to be. All this portion of his life and achievement we dealt with when treating of the Racowitza memoirs; and therefore we do not allude to it fully now. It is sufficient to say that he was thirty-eight when turned to the task of active agitation, and he had not achieved his fortieth year when he met the lady through whose weakness he came to his death. The work he accomplished during those two years proves him to be of heroic mould, even though we had not the somewhat grudging testimony of Bismarck himself. And certainly Georges Brandes' biography is a valuable study of an interesting and fascinating personality.

THE WEATHER

Weather Science. By F. W. HENKEL, B.A., F.R.A.S.,
Member of the British Astronomical Association. (T.
Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

WHAT a wonderful collection of phenomena is the English weather! It is supposed to dominate our conversation; we grumble at it whatever be its mood; it is sometimes our unrecognised friend, at other times our relentless and far-sighted enemy; but we could not live without it. Its secrets are known only to the weak; all the professors of logic and mathematics could not discover an empirical formula which would foretell the weather. With all the text-books of "weather science" we should be rash to forecast the weather two days hence; all the meteorological experts, with their hundreds of telegrams conveying barometric observations, could not do more than suggest the probable or average weather over a large area, *e.g.*, London and Channel—they would not even dare to guess the atmospheric conditions which will prevail to-morrow at Hastings. And so for local forecasts we must seek the humble and ignore the learned. The fisherman, whose school has been the atmosphere he breathes, who knows nothing of cyclones and anticyclones, will prognosticate for our immediate needs with remarkable accuracy. His education has been subconscious; he learnt to foretell the weather just as he learnt to eat; indeed his daily bread and the weather have been interdependent. We thus see with all the advances of science and perfection of recording instruments that weather prognostics have progressed but little. But this small advance must not be minimised. The weather expert, if defeated by local vagaries, is able to herald the approach of a gale, and may thus appreciably decrease the dangers of the mariner and the troubles of the agriculturist.

Mr. Henkel's volume will serve as an interesting guide to the amateur weather-prophet. The approximate functions of the temperature, atmospheric pressure, wind velocity, rainfall, etc., and also their measurement, are carefully described, and we grow so interested that we instinctively feel that every dust eddy in the roadway is the ghost of some extinct cyclone. The different types of cloud formation and their respective antecedents and results bring us still nearer to the great unknown. A science built up on such a complicated foundation provides many pitfalls for the unwary, and is often the delight of the superstitious individual. Mr. Henkel therefore warns us against many popular illusions. The barometer is not a "weather-glass,"

because the coming of rain and the barometric pressure do not depend on each other, though both depend on the direction of the prevailing winds. Thus rain often occurs associated with northerly winds and a rising barometer. As the author points out, it is difficult to estimate the value attached to some of the old weather sayings, such as:—

When cats sneeze, it is a sign of rain.

When dogs eat grass, it will be rainy.

Nevertheless, meteorology is such an embryonic science that it is risky to sneer at any one, and even if these saws are more honoured in their breach than in their rigid observance, Mr. Henkel must not forget that it is preferable to carry an overcoat on a fine day than to be without it on a wet day. On the subject of tornadoes, Mr. Henkel refers to our climate in a sentence which should be repeated from every pulpit in this land of croakers:—

Those who are fond of complaining of the badness of our own weather may at least be reminded that we have much to be thankful for in our exemption from such catastrophes; though besides this purely negative benefit, the existence of many positive advantages alluded to in the course of this work may with more justice cause our own climate (or at least that of the more maritime Western regions) to be regarded as one of the best in the world, though perhaps that of certain stations in the Southern Hemisphere is more salubrious.

And we all think the same in our heart of hearts.

Mr. Henkel's book attempts to appeal both to the student and to the general reader, and thereby runs the gauntlet of both parties. The arrangement is undoubtedly bad if all the endless repetitions which occur are necessary. Buy Ballot's law is quoted on three occasions; in another chapter and on consecutive leaves we are told that "since the total amount of light given by the full moon to the earth is only about one-eight-hundred-thousandth that of sunlight, any action [of the moon on our atmosphere] must be of excessively small amount." The remark "The moon in one sense is always changing, in another always the same" is reiterated with great sincerity; and so on. Then again the attempt to repeat himself sometimes causes the author to trip: on p. 47 we are told that Pascal found the barometer recorded 25in. of mercury at the top of the Puy-de-Dôme as compared with 30in. at the base; but on p. 162 we read that Pascal observed a pressure of 26in. of mercury at the top! Which are we to believe? How frequently the utility of a book is diminished by the absence of diagrams—Mr. Henkel should have included synoptic charts to illustrate the types of circulation of the atmosphere, as in Abercromby's "Forecasting by Weather Charts." He does not even include a copy of the daily weather chart.

Mr. Henkel unfortunately omits mention of the most recent types of recording instruments. We sincerely hope that photographic recorders of the "shadow" type are not still used in first order stations, and that electrical instruments have taken their places. The old-fashioned sunshine-recorders, which did not register faint sun, should have been replaced by platinum grids and automatic temperature-recorders; neither is there any reference to the barograph as used at the South Kensington office.

Weather observation and inference are very satisfactorily treated, but the author falls on dangerous ground when he wanders into pure science. This may be due to a looseness of expression, and, while of small import to the general reader, may be misleading to the student. On p. 32 there is a tendency to confuse "pressure" and "force;" to speak of the "pressure on unit area" is redundant, as pressure is the force on unit area. We are told on p. 67 that "when the air is dry it is denser than if partly composed of moisture,"

because air is denser than water-vapour. The latter fact is undoubtedly true, but of the preceding inference we feel doubtful. When air takes up moisture there is no displacement of air; air and moisture exist according to Dalton's law of partial pressures, the sum of the separate pressures. In equilibrium, but we cannot value as suggested in wet weather elsewhere winds. thermo-

undergraduate will really not mind going out every day in the cold and getting wet "if only he can *make his boat win*." There has only been at this task one really successful modern, and he is the author of "Keddy." "Keddy" is the one perfect book written about undergraduate Oxford, because it is all true and all lifelike, and nothing else but true and lifelike. "Keddy" is (to use the phrase of a famous Oxford man) a perfect "foolometer." You may test an Oxford man by it, and if he does not see how good "Keddy" is, but begins to talk priggishly about the absence of any mention of lectures or the serious side of study, you may dismiss him as Coleridge dismissed the critic who could not tell the ring of Shakespeare's verse—he may have ears, "but so has another animal."

Now the success of "Keddy" was obviously due to the fact that the author observed life at Oxford very closely, and then what he saw with entire candour. And this, too, is also what Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs has done. Hamilton, in an excellent and pointed way, says that "it has been left to the present generation to write the great Oxford Man—according to the facts as we read his book, has a great sincerity, and a fund of common sense. These are essential qualities about the undergraduate. He knows himself; and that is a quality which a Lincolnshire stable-boy, or a Lincolnshire stable-boy, but he is an undergraduate. The cap fits.

Great many of the things that old men do. He has the genuine quality to resist the temptations—at least so one can draw portraits of him because he never had

His survey is, of the common man and the common aminee, the more too. He is not a student; he has a very probably also of the things about him and he pursued a week-long to be the head of a

this better than Mr. Gibbs. He has concentrated himself, for the benefit of his readers, mainly on boating and boxing; and he writes like a past master (or present master, if the phrase be allowed). He even enters into the charmed circle of Blues, and tells us with much biting irony why it is that a boxer is only a "half." Of course in all this, in the more limited part of his book, or in the wider, where he surveys all undergraduate mankind (except when they play football or cricket), there may be things that some critics will not recognise; but that will be their fault. They may desiderate a more serious view, and begin to talk about the idle rich. There is no doubt that Mr. Gibbs' undergraduates are rich and that they assume the air of being idle. But as a matter of fact he knows—none better—that there is very serious work done at Oxford, that no one is handicapped by being poor, and that every one can if he will be studious as well as (like Mr. Gibbs' characters) clean and merry. A charming epitaph said of its subject, in the language of the eighteenth century, that "His Religion did not make him insociable, nor his Mirth irreligious." Now that is exactly true of the Compleat Oxford Man; and there is nothing in Mr. Gibbs' charming book to prevent our seeing it.

A final word may be added, perhaps, on what, after the two special subjects of Mr. Gibbs' enthusiasm, will strike readers as being the best parts of the book, or at any rate the truest. Such are the descriptions of the attitude of undergraduates towards dons' wives and "tea in the parks," the account of an interview with a nervous Vice-President (the successor of one who allowed anybody "chapels" for the asking), and the description of a "Smoker" with the rather irritable young Dons at the end. We do not dare to suspect too much literalism even in these; though we are getting very near it when we have a verse of a College song. On the other hand, we feel sure we have wandered far from fact when we find the consumption of Veuve Clicquot not uncommon, and are told that the University hooligan is "very often destined for the Church." Finally, we are very glad to see a good word, more than once, for College servants. And if we recognise portraits of them or of Dons, we hold our tongue.

THE MASTER GENIUS OF JOURNALISM

Masters of Literature: De Quincey. Edited by SIDNEY LOW.
(G. Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

CHARLES LAMB is reported to have said, with that playful spite which was characteristic of certain of his humours, that he never dared look at the Cumbrian mountains for fear of seeing the apparition of Wordsworth's great hooked nose between their peaks. Some such association is almost inevitable in the case of any writer of marked individuality, and there is one for the name of Thomas De Quincey. This is not, as might at first be imagined, his waistcoat-pocket pennyworth of happiness, but something less recondite and even more characteristic—a litter. That huge bath, full of the manuscript fragments of many years' accumulation, into which, when some publisher or editor pressed for copy, he fished with such sublime impartiality; those locked doors from which he fled in comic terror of the inextricable chaos they restrained—these are the associations which seem most fitting to the man.

De Quincey is an example of the narrow limits in which indubitable genius may find expression. One had almost written that in him we have genius subsisting on the minimum—this in a quantitative rather than in a qualitative sense. Genius is always specific rather than comprehensive; its peculiar abnormality ever counterbalanced by curious

deficiencies. But literary genius has never more emphatically declared itself within such limited scope than in the case of De Quincey. The very circumstances of his life betrayed few of the "irregularities of genius" which we have come to look for. He is not to be reckoned among the "great philanderers." He neither hated his country rhetorically nor loved her lyrically; and he rather flattered than despised his public. But his unique distinction lies here: he achieved recognition as a master of English prose through the medium of writings that were almost wholly fragmentary, and with none of the white-heat motive-power that, in the form of an exalted doctrine or a sublime passion, has so often lifted the wings of genius to its loftiest flights. De Quincey should have a special niche in the temple of the devotees of *l'Art pour l'Art*, for his genius lay entirely in the direction of perception and expression. He dreamed massive works that never saw their second chapter, but he could invest a mere contingency with the lucid magic of his fancy, and a white cloud seen through a window was more to him than a yellow sea of primroses to Peter Bell.

Mr. Sidney Low, whose Introduction to this volume, if brief, is a valuable contribution to the criticism of De Quincey, presents his subject in the suggestive light of the genius as journalist. He shows how circumstance helped to define the author, for De Quincey commenced his literary activity in the halcyon period of magazine literature, when that medium was informed with a seriousness and uniformly high quality which, with all the brilliance of present-day journalism, has perhaps never been quite regained. But it was not altogether that he had in the first instance to "cut his work to magazine scale;" his genius was, as we have shown, of just that peculiar order. There was little that came his way but he could illuminate with the chromatic light of his imagination; much that suggested to him infinite possibilities of treatment; but his power could be sustained only over a short compass, or rather, it so swiftly distributed itself that few of the great possibilities he discerned had opportunity for sustained development:—

He had thought of many things; but it seems that he had thought out none. . . . There are brilliant flashes of truth everywhere, but they are not followed out: they guide us to nothing, or lead us astray into some tangled swamp of discursive prolixity.

De Quincey himself laid something of this to the charge of opium, but while it may have aggravated, Mr. Low is of the opinion that it does not entirely account for the deficiency.

But such considerations as these are not to mitigate our full enjoyment of De Quincey's prose, nor do they subtract in any appreciable measure from the undoubted genius of his work. We have not his projected "History of England in twelve volumes," or his "book on the relations of Christianity to man," but we would not on this account resign his "Confessions," his "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," or his "Vision of Sudden Death." If he was nothing more than a sublime journalist, De Quincey merits the title of Perpetual Laureate of Journalism. Often too discursive and digressive to be brought even into the category of the strict essay, his brilliant fragments seldom fail to sustain the level of a lofty, rich, and rhythmical prose. Indeed, as Mr. Low points out, he has his indisputable place in literary history as the prose-poet of the romantic movement, and his influence as a stylist on his successors has been incalculable. All that goes to make that much-discussed quality, style, is to be found in rich abundance in these selected pages; rhythm and colour, passion and pathos, facility and felicity—*et l'homme*.

In this particular instance, as he is ready to own, Mr. Leo has had a happy task, for few writers lend themselves so perfectly to the work of selection as De Quincey. And the

editor has given such a sublimated as should serve to perpetuate "the English Opium Eater's" fame, and attract not a few new feasters to his delectable fare.

INDIAN SPORT

Stalks in the Himalaya: Jottings of a Sportsman-Naturalist.

By E. P. STEBBING, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated.
(John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. STEBBING is an officer of the Indian Forest Department, which he joined in 1893, and, being a member of an Imperial Service, has been liable to serve, and, as his record shows, has served, in many Provinces of Upper India, from Zhob in the West to Chittagong in the East. He dwells chiefly upon his expeditions after game in Chamba, Sikkim, on the Bhutan frontier, on the Himalaya-Tibet road beyond Simla, the Salt Range country, and the Afghan border. He limits himself strictly to his subject—sport, so that he says nothing of any importance of these parts of India in their other aspects; his descriptions of the mountainous country are of a very general character, except where he refers to the trees, of which he had professional knowledge. This is not his first effort in literature. His earlier work on "Jungle Byways in India" dealt with sport in the plains; this is meant to be a companion volume, compiled from the jottings and notes of a sportsman-naturalist, treating of the shooting of big game and birds in the hills. It contains the usual enthusiastic eulogy of the charms of a camping life in the hills, which all who have tried it have felt; but Mr. Stebbing is too practical an Anglo-Indian to gush at any length over mountain scenery and the glories of Nature. He quickly comes to the big game, the goral, the various sorts of deer, the Kashmir and Shou or Sikkim stags, and then deals, in different parts, with the bears, the cats (tigers, panthers, leopards), the goats, and the sheep, with some observations on the pheasants, monal, kaleej, and cheer, and the chukor. Though he was not always successful, he procured trophies of most of the larger animals he mentions—the several kinds of bear, the serow, the tahr, the markhor, ibex, bharal, and urial.

If it pleases Mr. Stebbing to write such books, transcribed from his notes, there is no earthly reason why he should not do so; but he cannot expect other people to take the same interest or find the same amusement in his personal adventures, his stalks after animals up tremendous acclivities, his descents of precipitous slopes, his escapes and his triumphs. Such books are commonplace and altogether ephemeral. General Kinloch (whom Mr. Stebbing persistently calls Kinlock) wrote a much better book on "Large Game-shooting in Tibet, the Himalayas, &c.;" also Major Bruce's "Twenty Years in the Himalaya," and Mr. Eardley-Wilmot's "Forest Life and Sport in India" have anticipated Mr. Stebbing as to his Himalayan ranges visited and the subjects treated. The whole matter has been somewhat overdone, and no more books on sport in the hills are required unless an author has something special to say. Mr. Stebbing has hardly anything new to add to the knowledge of sport, the ways of animals, or natural history. The observations, based on his personal experience, on the proper manner to treat *shikaris* (native hunters) may be useful, though other sportsmen hold, he admits, very different opinions. He records a warning against wearing a wrist-watch while stalking without covering it up, as on one occasion it transmitted a helio message to a fine stag, at which he had an absolute pot-shot, and thus lost. He also exposes the absurdity of globe-trotters taking an English valet into the interior of the hills,

which once at least resulted, for want of accommodation in the forest bungalow, in the servant having to share his master's room, and probably his bed also. It will be news to many that in some places urial live in flocks, numbering up to thirty.

But if Mr. Stebbing has otherwise nothing new to offer, he makes a fresh departure in English grammar in using the expressions "even for he who," "necessary for he who," "a man to replace he who," where "him" was obviously the correct word. However, Mr. Stebbing should not be discouraged; he should continue taking notes, and when he has earned his pension and retires he may be able to do something better than merely record personal experiences. The illustrations of the heads of animals, which are very well done, are a prominent feature in the book, and the views of mountain scenery, though for the most part mere sketches, recall to the memory many a familiar spectacle.

SHORTER REVIEWS

ART AND MEMORY

Training of the Memory in Art. By LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN.

Translated by L. D. LUARD. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net)

M. LECOQ DE BOISBAUDRAN was a great art teacher, whose life coincided almost exactly with the nineteenth century. His qualifications amounted to genius. He had original notions of his own, and (what was still more to the purpose) he could communicate them to his pupils. Those pupils included some of the most famous names in modern painting and sculpture, through whom in widening circles he has influenced and still influences others as famous. Education, he realised, could not create genius, but it could do a great deal towards developing it, and in his hands it achieved some very remarkable results. His main theory was that expressed in the admirable work before us—that one of the indispensable qualifications for a true artist is the cultivation of the memory gift to its highest possible power. Memory means so much. It means swift accuracy, it means a tenacious grasp of the essential features of a subject, which is gained by memorising salient details to the suppression of the irrelevant and the superfluous. Mr. Boisbaudran trained his pupils to feats of memory which are nothing less than astounding, and some of the examples given in this volume of memory-drawings from well-known subjects would be almost incredible were it not that they exist to shame the doubter. Before a man could produce such results at all he needed a very high degree of technical skill of the ordinary sort. But armed with the acquirement demanded by M. Boisbaudran, he could memorise his subjects, and especially the pictorial moments of Nature as she lives and moves—the swift and evanescent attitudes of the human figure and passing phases of expression, in the fresh air and open country, and lighted by the sky—as no ordinary technical training could possibly bring him to do.

Furthermore, M. Boisbaudran would have nothing to do with prizes and competitions. His students were made to understand that their business was to study Nature simply and without prejudice, with the sole purpose of recording the impressions received directly from her. Their eye was to be single, so that their bodies should become full of light. No work of art can be produced with double and incompatible aims: the man who desires to win a prize will think of his judges more than his work; and more recently,

as Mr. Louis Parker has shown in practice, the art of pageantry will only reach the point of being an art when there is no confusing question of the disposal of any possible pecuniary profits. Thus if there were among the pupils any youth of genius—that is to say, with an individual message to deliver—he would have freedom to develop and to deliver that message instead of being fettered by the conventions demanded by the judges in prize competitions. All this, of course, has been said before, and by nobody more strongly than Ruskin; but M. Boisbandran was the first that we know of to give these principles full play and opportunity. So his book, which records those principles and aims and methods, is stimulating and instructive in the highest degree, and we can only express our gratitude to the translator, who has made available for us in the English tongue the precious lifeblood of this great master spirit.

Our Fighting Sea Men. By LIONEL YEXLEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

THE average Englishman, whose ways do not lie near the sea and its ships, or at any rate near its fighting-ships, has very vague ideas as to the life on board the battle-craft on which his safety so intimately depends. Thousands of good people who visit their favourite watering-places year after year have never seen a cruiser, or have only seen one as a blur of grey and a wisp of smoke in the distance; they do not know a torpedo-boat from a punt, and take but the slightest interest in affairs which excite the enthusiasm of Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth; and this, not because they are particularly stay-at-home folk, or unpatriotic, or lacking in intelligence, but simply because their lives are passed out of touch with naval matters. They know, if they read the papers, that the crew of a battleship numbers anything from five hundred to eight or nine hundred men; but of the rules and regulations, the arrangements and complications, necessary to control and employ to the best effect such an assembly they know as much as they do of the breech-mechanism of a 13.5 gun.

To such folk this book of Mr. Yexley will be—or ought to be—of enthralling interest, for he is an expert on all naval subjects, as those of us brought up in dockyard towns are well aware. Of the modern fighting-ship and its *personnel* he treats with exceptional first-hand knowledge; he is frank and fearless in his comments, and so clear that the least technical reader can fully comprehend him. For instance, he does not defend such a “regrettable incident” as the throwing overboard of a ship’s gun-sights, but he speaks pertinently with regard to the necessity for something more than the customary inquiry conducted by naval men only. Such breaches of discipline, he maintains, “should be dealt with by an outside and entirely disinterested authority, with power to go into the matter with the object of tracing the cause and effecting its removal.”

The chapter entitled “In Lighter Vein” contains many amusing stories, some of which we should like to quote had we space to spare. In the first half of the book Mr. Yexley tells much of the history of our battle-fleet; he covers an immense amount of ground—in the chapter “Ship Mutinies,” for example, we have the tale of the *Bounty* and Pitcairn Island. The main portion of the volume, however, is concerned with service conditions at the present day, and makes fascinating reading; the whole book, in fact, is one which should be studied by any one who is interested in the men of the English Navy. And, in a country protected by these floating fortresses, who dare say he can disregard them?

The Romance of Aeronautics: An Account of the Growth and Achievements of all Kinds of Aerial Craft. By CHARLES C. TURNER. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 5s.)

THE idea of being able to rise in the atmosphere and travel through unlimited space—

To reign in the air, from the earth to highest sky—

has so possessed mankind at all times that it can be traced back to the earliest traditions of the human race. Aerial navigation, in one form or another, figures largely in the ancient pagan mythologies. A belief in horsemen of the air is to be met with in early Hebrew folklore, whilst in the Scriptures we read of those winged celestial beings the seraphim and cherubim. The first flying creatures of this terraqueous globe were probably the Ornithosaurians, those Dragons of the Air of the Mesozoic or secondary period of time, and therefore it is by no means strange that ancient races should have bequeathed to us the effigies carved in stone of various huge winged monsters like those to be found in the ruins of the buried cities of bygone ages. Such symbolic figures were familiar to the Assyrians, and no doubt to still earlier peoples. Mr. Turner only cursorily glances at the fanciful legendary period of aerial navigation. Like Mr. Gradgrind, he is anxious to get to the domain of facts, hence the romantic part of his story is considerably curtailed. He mentions, however, the adventure of Simon Magus, the Magician and founder of Gnosticism, who, on attempting to ascend to the heavens, plunged—

With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition.

The volume, which contains many interesting illustrations, deals chiefly with the more modern and authentic side of aeronautics, and shows what great advances have been made in the art of so-called flying during recent years. After all, Bishop Wilkins may not have been so very far out when he declared more than two centuries and a half ago that the time would come when men would call for their wings as they did in his day for their boots and spurs.

Peeps at the Heavens. By the REV. JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

THESE astronomical peeps provide a fund of information concerning the world of our system and the starry spaces beyond. The author has adopted a simple style of writing, avoiding technical terms almost entirely, and his account of the heavenly bodies will be easily understood by any fairly intelligent child or more elderly tyro. Long ago it used to be universally thought that comets were sent to foretell all sorts of dreadful things, and even in these days of enlightenment some benighted people may be found who still believe that—

A Blazing Star

Threatens the World with Famine, Plague, and War;
To Princes, death; to Kingdoms, many crosses;
To all Estates, inevitable losses;
To Herdmen, rot; to Ploughmen, hapless Seasons;
To Sailors, storms; to Cities, civil treasons.

Halley’s Comet, which reappears every seventy-six years, put in an appearance in the eventful year 1066, when William of Normandy was getting ready to invade England, a “strange coincidence” which, with others, may account for the superstition. Another comet—Donati’s, with its magnificent plummy tail—travels for more than two thousand years before

reappearing. The illustrations to this interesting volume are excellent, especially those in colour by Constance N. Baikie.

Australia. By FRANK FOX. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.)

MESSRS. BLACK are adding several new volumes to their admirable series "Peeps at Many Lands and Cities." One of the latest gives a concise but entertaining and instructive account of the great Australian continent and the adjacent islands. Ostensibly written for young people, these small books will, no doubt, also prove interesting reading to many persons of maturer years, and the volume under notice is sure to be appreciated by every one who opens it. The first chapter relates the beginnings of the "Sleeping Beauty" land and the coming of the English, the second deals with the Australia of to-day; while other chapters describe the natives, the animals and birds, and the "Bush," or forest, of the sunny Southern continent. The last chapter of all is devoted to the Australian child, the hope and the pride of this youngest of civilised nations. A word of praise must be bestowed on the coloured illustrations, and the one depicting the garden-streets of Adelaide shows how even a busy and populous city may at the same time be "a thing of beauty" and "a joy for ever." It would be an improvement if the titles to the plates were printed in a rather bolder type.

Britain on and Beyond the Sea. By CECIL H. CROFTS. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 1s. 6d.)

THE present volume on "Britain on and Beyond the Sea" is issued as a Handbook to the Navy League Map of the World, and is "dedicated to the British Schoolboy." It is divided into two parts: Chapter I. deals with the naval history of Britain from 1588-1911, and is broken up into periods which treat of the various engagements as they took place. Chapter II. gives a short and concise account of British dominions beyond the sea. Both the map and the handbook are clearly and well arranged, and should prove of great assistance and interest to the schoolboy who wishes to learn as much as possible about the Empire to which he belongs.

NEW EDITIONS

Seven Splendid Sinners. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Twelve Bad Men. Edited by THOMAS SECCOMBE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Twelve Bad Women. Edited by ARTHUR VINCENT. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

If good people like to read about wicked people—and we must suppose that they do, otherwise the inference is staggering to humanity—here they may find their pleasure, as it were, by the bucketful. "Bad Men"—"Bad Women"—"Splendid Sinners;" was there ever a "splendid" sinner? Is there not rather something inherently, inevitably squalid and pitiful about these sycophantic amusers of kings and toys of the courtly throng, courtesans, clinging avariciously to favour lest the worst of the outer darkness be their portion? There was much fine gold in some of their

natures, doubtless; but the gilt and tinsel spoil it. Such as they were, however, we suppose there will always be plenty of readers eager to know their story, unpleasant though it often may be; the colours are vivid enough to make a popular appeal, and inasmuch as the events dealt with are matters of history, forming, in some cases, important elucidative elements in the movements of famous characters, they cannot very well be neglected by the student.

In the three books here noticed some of the most notorious sinners are shepherded into favour, and (alas! for feminine frailty or feminine craft) the seven "splendid" ones are all ladies—the Duchesse de Châteauroux, Catherine II. of Russia, the Duchesse de Polignac, Lola Montez—so the list goes on. Mr. Trowbridge writes well and tactfully, although we question the advisability of tacking a stanza of Swinburne's "Dolores" to each chapter—one stanza per sinner; it is a little too pointed for our taste.

Mr. Seccombe's collection of twelve "Original Studies of Eminent Scoundrels by Various Hands" is a capital idea, and it must be bracketed with Mr. Vincent's twelve "Illustrations and Reviews of Feminine Turpitude set forth by Impartial Hands." Many capable writers contribute articles on many capable sinners, and the general result is very readable; Mr. Alfred Kalisch's sketch of the life and times of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, is excellent; and Mr. W. A. J. Archbold's study of the notorious Judge Jeffreys is most comprehensive. All three of the volumes are attractively presented, and their contents, being written and supervised by men who have a literary reputation, rise considerably above the level of the too frequent, ordinary book of this class which only lives by its its scarcely veiled suggestiveness.

FICTION

CLAYHANGER—PART II.

Hilda Lessways. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

"HILDA LESSWAYS" is not, as many people will suppose, a sequel to "Clayhanger;" the two books are rather complementary, running as it were on parallel lines. In "Clayhanger" we had the evolution of a youth from the crude, inexperienced, provincial boy, to the lover and the master man; in the later work we are given the history of the woman with whom he fell in love, from raw girlhood to unhappy and experienced womanhood.

The process by which we arrive at a realisation of Hilda Lessways' rather complex character is familiar to readers of Mr. Bennett's books. He is no vivid, free-handed impressionist, dashing in his brushfuls of colour here and there, standing off and attitudinising to observe the startling effect; he is the steady worker in monochrome, filling in almost every detail, analysing the thoughts of his models, until we wonder whether in a few years he will not become, in a restricted field, a second Mr. Henry James. It is masterly, but, in the case of Hilda, not so convincing as it was in the depiction of Edwin Clayhanger; nor does George Cannon, the enterprising sinner who rouses reluctant passion in the girl who is fascinated by his smooth capability in worldly affairs, act consistently at the crucial moment when Hilda, married to him, discovers that he has a first wife still living. Such a man—expert, callous, and clever at subterfuge—would surely have made a better fight when the frightened Hilda tells him what she has overheard; so it seems to the reader, for he holds her heart at times of

emotion completely in his power, and she would have believed in him through everything. Several times we are led to conclude that the author's psychology is slightly at fault.

These things, however, do very little harm to the book from the standpoint of interest. "Clayhanger" held us from start to finish; so does "Hilda." It is abundantly clear that the scheme of the two novels—and doubtless that of the third which is promised—was thoroughly conceived and planned from the beginning. They fit like the pieces of a puzzle, although, perhaps, this is not a perfect comparison since at points they inevitably overlap—Edwin and Hilda's conversation at the critical moment of their intercourse, for instance, is one point. This does not matter; indeed, it was necessary in order to make the second novel complete in itself. Mr. Bennett's picture of the Orgreave family is one of the finest things he has done; every individual of that prosperous group, from humourless Mrs. Orgreave and her kindly, waggish, clever husband, to vivacious little Alicia, at the "flapper" stage of existence, is intensely alive and true. The life at the Brighton boarding-house, which forms the scene of a great part of this story, is so accurately and ingeniously portrayed that it makes the reader shiver. "Cannon's Boarding-house," despite its new and splendid brass plate, was not an exhilarating spot when Hilda took up her quarters there as Cannon's assistant:—

The street and the house were disappointing. After the grandeur of the promenade the street appeared shabby and third-rate; it had the characteristics of a side street; it was the retreat of those who could not afford anything better, and its base inhabitants walked out on to the promenade and swaggeringly feigned to be the equals of their superiors. The house also was shabby and third-rate—with its poor little glimpse of the sea. . . . It looked like a boarding-house, and not all the style of George Cannon's suit and cane and manner, as he mounted the steps, could redeem it from the disgrace of being a very ordinary boarding-house. . . . The party passed into a long, narrow hall, whose walls were papered to imitate impossible blocks of mustard-coloured marble. The party was now at home. . . .

With many touches resembling the "blocks of mustard-coloured marble" the depressing atmosphere is skilfully conveyed; the stale smell of past meals, the drone of the inane conversations, the cheerless bedrooms, the "kennels of the unclean servants"—Hilda realises it all, and "the organism of the boarding-house seemed absolutely tragic to her, compact of the stuff of sorrow itself."

Without doubt the book is depressing; but he who begins it must finish it, and leave off with the acute anticipation of the concluding volume of the trilogy strongly upon him. Let us hope that it will prove Mr. Arnold Bennett's masterpiece. To do that, however, it must be leavened with a little more of his lighter touch—the happier side of life which, as we know the "Five Towns" people, is not altogether swamped by the grimness and tragedy of too introspective heroes and heroines.

The General Plan. By EDMUND CANDLER. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

MR. EDMUND CANDLER is widely known as the author of "The Mantle of the East" and "The Unveiling of Lhasa," the latter of which in particular will be found on the shelves of most readers of books of travel. But we think we are right in saying that in this book he makes his first appearance as a writer of fiction. His stories are all concerned with the remarkable, and all save one with India or its neighbouring countries, Burma and Tibet. This topography

and choice of subject naturally suggest Kipling, and it is with him that Mr. Candler has most in common. He has the same zest for the occult, the same sympathy for the ordinary man in the lonely and difficult posts which he is called upon to fill in the East, the same love of colour and the same trick of backing away from the emotional. He is, perhaps, more restrained in style than Kipling, but at present far less perfect in construction. Of the nine stories in the book, four, "Gunga Water," "Mecca," "Walden," and "The Waters of Thunder," stand out as more remarkable than the rest. The first deals with the pilgrimage of Tilak Singh, a Sikh who had inherited a sinecure post in the palace of a decayed native kingdom, to Ramésvaram and how he found a soda-water bottle on the banks of the sacred river and believed it to be miraculously sent to him as a receptacle for holy water. We follow with all the vague distinctness and aroma of a dream his journey down India as far as that place, a week from the shrine of his pilgrimage, where a fanatic Brahmin destroyed his vision by telling him the real nature of his sacred bottle. "The Waters of Thunder," which in atmosphere recalls "The Man Who Would be King," and also the journey over the mountains in "Erewhon," is an account of an exploration into the middle of Bolivia to seek a waterfall, the din of which was so terrific that all living things in its neighbourhood were congenitally deaf; it also provides a problem in casuistry of great interest.

All these stories are of the nature of masterpieces. The touch is always sure, the details are handled with the utmost skill, and every page glows with rare colour and a fine sense of mystery. Of the others, "Probationary" tells of a young police-officer who in an unconstitutional manner revealed the murderers of a native king's favourite; while "The Testimony of Baghwan Singh" is concerned with the ghost of a bereaved lover and how it sought and found an explanation of its loss. "A Break in the Rains" recalls "The Mark of the Beast" in describing the eerie vengeance which followed the desecration of a native idol. What Mr. Candler knows of India must be very great; he never seems at fault for the most intimate detail, and he has no difficulty in convincing us that India remains a gold mine for the tale-teller of real gifts. By this volume he puts himself, in our opinion, far ahead of all writers of Indian stories but Kipling, and we see no reason why he should not in the near future give us another inspired revelation of the jungle such as "The Jungle Books," or another such close and haunting transcript of native life as "Kim."

The Unofficial Honeymoon. By DOLF WYLLARDE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

WHEN an authoress says of her book, "It has no parallel in real life, and is, I believe, utterly impossible in all its details," the critic, especially the captiously inclined one, is disarmed, and, under the circumstances, to cavil would be more than ever objectionable and out of place. We will not therefore find fault with the strange title Miss Dolf Wyllarde has chosen to give this delightful story of the simple life under a tropical sky. We must, nevertheless, warn the reader that "The Unofficial Honeymoon" has nothing in common with "the first month after marriage," which is the dictionary definition of that generally supposed blissful period. Indeed, it precedes by some months the consummation of the "excellent mystery," and is nothing more shocking than an *al fresco* courtship under more or less primeval conditions with no censorious Mrs. Grundy, or inquisitive policeman round the corner to play Peeping Tom. The problem the authoress has set herself to solve—

for this is unquestionably a problem-novel—is, put briefly, how would a man and woman act for whom there was no such thing as public opinion? So by means of a tidal wave, or something of the sort, she casts her selected couple ashore on an uninhabited island in Polynesia, where she leaves them to their own resources for six months. There is danger of “a return to the merely animal,” but the situation is saved by the timely arrival of a mission-boat driven out of her course, and “the imperative necessity of the one woman to the one man” is satisfied according to the usages of polite modern society and the canons of the Church.

The Red Lantern. By EDITH WHERRY. (John Lane. 6s.)

MISS (or should it be Mrs?) WHERRY'S book labours under the initial disadvantages of a flaming representation of a red Chinese lantern on the cover, a title printed in large letters of a very sanguinary hue, and a very familiar quotation on the title-page concerning the incompatibility of East and West. But it is not the mere riot of sensation which these things suggest. The story tells, often intelligently and always carefully, of the Boxer rising of 1900, as it affected an American Mission in Peking and two Eurasians, who were at one time among its inmates. In the proem, perhaps the best part of the book, we meet Mahleex, the daughter of a Chinese woman and a “foreign mandarin,” in a coffin-maker's shop, where she attends on her old grandmother amid all the weirdness and fantasy proper to a Chinese background. To placate the old lady on her deathbed Mahleex tries to cut off her own indecently large feet, and is found unconscious and carried by a deaf-mute to the Mission. Her after-life contains plenty of vicissitude, a large part in it being played by Sam Wang, another Eurasian, who is also a Boxer, a qualified medical man, and a complete ruffian. The authoress overdoes her descriptions at times, and they are apt to smack of the guide-book. No doubt she is right in assuming great ignorance of Chinese life in her readers, but the excess of local colour has its natural effect in making the story itself seem rather immaterial.

A Painter of Souls. By DAVID LISLE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. DAVID LISLE is to be heartily congratulated upon his novel “A Painter of Souls.” It is a piece of work of which he may be justly proud. Miles Dering, the character round which the plot of the book revolves, is a young Irish painter, full of genius, and a pupil and ardent disciple of the famous Carrière. Besides being a rising artist he has absorbed ethics from an uncle, who had been a friend of Emerson and a member of the Brook Farm Community. He has a studio in Rome, where the *mise-en-scène* of the book is laid, and the author paints for his readers an interesting, vivid, and life-like pen-portrait of society life during a winter season in the Eternal City.

A famous artist, who scorns and makes fun of Carrière's methods, nicknames Dering “The Painter of Souls,” but Dering proves his genius to be stronger than ridicule, for his character stands well out and is finely drawn throughout the book. His love-story is both human and real. There is a point on which no doubt many readers will agree—namely, that the girl, Violet Hilliard, who wins the heart of Miles Dering, is not worthy of him or of his greatness. The subtle character of the Princess Borizoff is a piece of unique characterisation. The book is one which will undoubtedly meet with well-deserved approbation.

THE THEATRE

“THE GREAT NAME”

THEATRE managers in London resemble more and more those plucky and persistent Frenchmen who go down to the Seine day after day, year after year, armed with baits and rods, and a small box to sit upon, and fish. The former are just as likely to bring the public into their theatres as the latter can ever hope to hook a fish. In the case of the latter there are no fish to hook; but the former have no such excuse to put forward as to an audience. It is merely a question of bait. Again and again these dogged gentlemen, who do not, as some may think, run theatres for fun, have been told by observant people as well as by the audience to whom they make so many piteous appeals, what is the bait that attracts. They know better. They have devoted their lives to the business of theatres in one capacity or another, and they are in no need for friendly advice. They surely are experts, and whether the plays they put up in such painfully quick succession fail instantly, or drag their half-deserted length along for three months, they hold that they are the plays which ought to have attracted because they produced them.

How really sad it is! Also, how amazing. They are, unbelievably enough, incapable of learning a lesson from the abortive attempts of their brothers. Because A and B fail with such and such type of play, it does not follow that I too shall fail. The productions of A and B had not the inestimable advantage of my personality in the leading part, they say to their obsequious hirelings, who agree. Just as if that mattered. There is no actor or actress on the London stage who has the power to draw a single human being into the theatre if the play is uninteresting. As in horse-racing, where men back their fancies and lose ninety-nine times out of a hundred, so it is in play-producing, where the manager puts up a play that *he* likes without taking the trouble to ask himself if the people for whose entertainment it is produced will like it also.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey is just as inexperienced and persistent as the French fishermen and the rest of the managers. He has seen that audiences have refused to support adaptations from the French, so he characteristically pins his faith to an adaptation from the German made by himself. In the case of “The Great Name,” with which he recently reopened the Prince of Wales's Theatre, having been very successful with an adaptation from the French, by accident, it would not have mattered very much who made the version used. Mr. Hawtrey would have seen to it that the adaptor transplanted the scenes and characters from their native and only element to that of England, where they are impossible. “The Great Name,” by Victor Leon and Leo Feld, was a great success in Germany. It deserved to be. It told a simple human story excellently, and presented a set of everyday German people with admirable faithfulness, and the author's dialogue was full of humour and pathos. It was natural that such a play should have made an instant and irresistible appeal.

Mr. Hawtrey bought the English rights, believing—and rightly believing—that English audiences are no different from those of Germany in that they, too, have hearts that are easily touched, and a great appreciation of a charming story. He then set to work to remove from the play those very points of excellence which carried it to success. He twisted its characters out of all recognition by making them belong to a different nationality. He removed the scene from Germany to England, and he ruthlessly contorted the main motive so that he, as leading actor, should be regarded as an amusing, irresponsible creature. Victor Leon and Leo Feld have therefore precisely the same cause of grievance against English managers as nearly all French authors have

against them. The play as they wrote it has not been seen. What has been seen is merely a weak distortion—something to which they would be ashamed to sign their names.

In German we found an accurate atmosphere of a middle-class home. The reek of garlick was everywhere. We found men and women who had walked straight out of the street on to the stage. We had met the successful composer of well-orchestrated tunes, the man who had made a fortune by supplying light, catchy numbers to musical plays, whose sentimental valse were played in every restaurant and beerhouse by every amateur pianist, either with both hands or one. His clothes were right, his hair characteristic; it was right that he should wear rings and glasses and have run to fat in early middle-age. It was right also that his publisher should almost live in his over-grand house and refer to the homely old mother, who counted every farthing, in the matter of contracts. Above all, it was most right that there should be a fly in the ointment of this too successful man—two flies; that one should be that of heavy sentiment in the shape of unrequited love, and the other a secret and bitter jealousy of those less successful musicians who wrote music that would live, and not mere graceful jingles which hung not much longer on the air than rings of cigarette-smoke. The play was written by Germans for Germans about Germans—in which case there must be simple sentiment as well as picturesque sausages.

It almost goes without saying that the woman who had won and retained the successful man's love should be married to an old friend and fellow-student whose music was too high-class to be popular. It goes without saying also that the wealthy valse-monger should have discharged this embryo Grieg or Schumann from his orchestra, having failed to recognise in the grim, cynical face of the embittered musician the round, optimistic countenance of the boy by whose side he worked; that, discovering the true state of things, he should rush off to his old sweetheart and offer, even thrust, his enthusiastic help upon her and her husband; and that at last, as all his suggestions had been proudly refused, he should urge the great musician to win a hearing for his *magnum opus* by putting it before the public under another name—the name of his successful friend. The truth must, of course, be told when there is a lull in the tumultuous applause long enough to permit of the announcement.

All this was interesting, amusing, pathetic, and right. The last Act, however, led up to a splendid and very moving situation—a fine paradox. The Act was placed in the artistes' room of the concert-hall during the first performance of the great symphony of the unknown musician. The two men, both nervous and on tenterhooks, came face to face and spoke to each other as men only speak in moments of great excitement and suspense. The musician, while thanking his generous friend for all that he had done, told him of the jealousy which had been eating into his soul. To be renowned, to have money, to enjoy triumphs—ah, how he envied all these! And then the valse-king turned upon the pale, half-starved creature and confessed that such jealousy was as nothing when compared to that which he felt for the man who had composed the symphony which was at that very moment holding the audience spellbound. Jealousy! . . . He would gladly put all his valse, money, renown, ease and comfort in a heap and watch them blaze if only he had it in him to write such music. His name would die with him. His friend's name would be cut deep into the heart of his country.

And then the final curtain—the success of the unsuccessful man, the self-disgust and misery of the man who had succeeded. All very good and sincere and excellent. What does Mr. Hawtrey do with it? He makes himself "John Harcourt," a well-groomed, conventional person, who certainly had a club in St. James's Street, and

went to Eton and Oxford. He put him in an extremely civilised house in St. John's Wood. He talked about "musical comedies" at the Gaiety, not of the comic operas for which the German composed his tunes. There is a world of difference. He dragged in a Lady Roderick. His mother might easily have passed muster for a Duchess. He twisted the whole thing out of the lower middle-class German atmosphere into the public-school atmosphere of England. The perpetual Jew music-publisher was therefore comic in two senses. The pale-faced Robert Brand, the other composer, was too real, too tragic, for so untruthful a frame. The love-story was trimmed almost all away, hedged, and made foolish and insincere. It became English mutton which had never hung in the same larder as a piece of garlic, and at the same time it was not mutton at all. It was a vegetarian substitute.

The acting success in this unsatisfactory, unsatisfying production was indubitably made by Mr. Arthur Playfair as the music-publisher. Utterly unlike a music-publisher, he gained all the laughter of the evening by a genuinely comic piece of work. Mr. James Hearn did more than any other English actor could have done with his material, and brought into the play a note of actuality which was inimical to it. Miss Lydia Bilbrook looked very beautiful and picturesque, and played her extraneous part most charmingly. It goes without saying that Miss Mary Rorke was good to the eye and ear. So also was Miss Dorothy Thomas as the unsuccessful musician's brave wife. The boy and girl were badly cast. Miss Enid Leslie, late of the Gaiety Theatre, bore its marks upon her. Every moment we expected to see her catch the conductor's eye and break into a song of six notes. Mr. Charles Hawtrey was, with all his limitations, very natural and at times very sympathetic. He played for laughs where no laughter was needed, and was either afraid to let himself go in the big scene in the last act or incapable of doing so. Perhaps he felt that his personality and his version were wrong. If so he was perfectly right. Mr. Hawtrey must stick to his last. It is a pity, but he cannot assume the character of any man who is not the very spit of himself. He is always then very well worth seeing.

PICKWICK RIDDLES—II.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD

AMONG other prodigies in Pickwick is Wardle's great barouche, which ought to have had four stout horses to draw it. This vehicle held—how many persons will it be supposed? Let us count. There was old Wardle himself, his two daughters, his sister, his future son-in-law, and Tupman (six in all), with yet another, the fat boy, outside. That makes seven, and, as two of the party were very corpulent men, there was surely no room for any more. But presently they were joined by Messrs. Pickwick, Winkle, and Snodgrass, and, incredible as it may seem, accommodation was found for all. How, it does not appear. The party now consisted of eight inside and two outside, making in all ten. The corpulent Mr. Pickwick was added to the other two corpulent gentlemen. Then begins the eating of lunch, with plates and bottles, which required additional room for elbows, &c.

Dr. Slammer, who challenged Winkle at the Rochester Ball, said he had identified him by the gilt buttons on his coat, which showed a bust (Mr. Pickwick) and the two letters "P.C." This was inconceivable, unless the Doctor had seized on one of the buttons and brought it close to the light to decipher.

One of the most curious problems in the work is the

mysterious system of punctuation adopted by the author. System it may be called, as it is quite uniform and directed by a sort of general rule. Further, it does not seem to have been followed in his other writings. The chief feature was an old fashion of using commas in odd places where one would have expected the words to follow on without separation. He also used the colon and semi-colon profusely where one would have expected commas. To illustrate this treatment, I will supply a few instances:—

... the same, who with a brass label &c. looked at the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return, in chosen terms, his thanks &c.

In this strain, with an occasional glass of ale, by way of parenthesis, when the coach changed horses, did the stranger proceed, until they reached Rochester Bridge, by which time the note-books, both of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, &c.

And again—

"You rendered us a very important service, this morning,

five o'clock, came the stranger.

... to the depth of misery—

...ionally, were to

ordinary

into his clothes." But it seems our author was mistaken here. Mr. Pickwick must have unpacked his portmanteau and put his clothes into a *carpet bag*, which he carried to the Golden Cross: *vide* the picture. It is well to be accurate even in such trifles.

The old lady at Manor Farm, who was too feeble to move from the fireplace, and who had to be assisted to the arbour leaning on a stick with one hand, the other resting on the fat boy's shoulders, suddenly and miraculously regained all her youthful strength at the Christmas festivities, galloping up and down in the country dance. Wonderful!

We have all laughed heartily at the "tall quadruped" and Mr. Pickwick's driving of the chaise from Rochester. But there are some odd, unaccountable things. Why was Winkle made to dismount from his "tall horse" to pick up Mr. Pickwick's whip when the two Pickwickians in the carriage could have done so? or why not Mr. P. himself? Why did Mr. Pickwick himself get down to hold the tall horse when he did not get down to pick up his own whip? In the "sagacious dog" picture the artist forgot to furnish his gun with a cock.

One of "Boz's" pleasant illusions for himself and the reader is that there was an old affectionate friendship between Wardle and Pickwick. What a glowing, touching speech the latter made at the wedding! Two dear old "pals" and contemporaries who may have been boys together. Yet their whole knowledge of each other was comprised within a span of a few days!

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TATTERSHALL CASTLE

THE report that this English castle has been purchased, with the object of conveying it bodily to America, opens up many vistas. First of all it affords a vantage ground from whence the trend of modern land legislation may be appreciated. To possess land and houses in Great Britain is rapidly becoming as penal as to own the shares of a brewery company. Not content with the injury of rendering such property unsaleable, save at slaughter prices, the trusted leaders of the Radical party seem to be intent on holding the owners of real estate up to public obloquy. Mr. Lloyd George never fails, when addressing an indiscriminating audience, to represent the landowner as worse than a drone in the social hive. Castles and parks must of course often come into the market, but, if England were really prospering, home buyers doubtless would be found for them. When travellers return from scenes of Oriental despotism they tell us of areas of fertile territory lapsing into prairie. The State is ever busy in such lands in the congenial occupation of killing the goose of security which lays the golden eggs of national prosperity. While judging others we are ourselves guilty of precisely the same folly. The coming Conservative Administration will fail in its duty if it does not at the earliest moment set to work to repeal the recent legislation which has well-nigh killed the traffic in British land. State plunder of the wealthy landowner is a futile and myopic policy. Revenue so raised goes the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire of State expenditure. If the wealth of all our millionaire landowners were confiscated to-day, in a couple of years' time the problem of ways and means and taxation would have to be faced afresh under worse conditions. We should but have hamstrung our best "pullers."

From another point of view the recent incident enables us to realise the haphazard fashion in which our national archaeological possessions are guarded. We say "national," for the individual owner would surely be the first to admit that he is but the temporary custodian of any unique treasure of the past which is to be traced on his corner of the map of England. In this respect we owe the same duty to posterity to guard our historic inheritance inviolate as we do to protect our shores from invasion.

Some of the most truly Wordsworthian lines are those suggested to him by Beaumont's picture of Peele Castle in a storm. In those verses the poet expresses with magic fidelity the atmosphere of imagination with which we are wont to surround a favourite relic of antiquity. About it—

The air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

There, "cased in the unfeeling armour of old time," it is associated in our minds with days of loitering pleasure, when, in the treasured companionship of congenial friends, we have wandered about it in the grey of summer dawning and the twilights of the Spring. The birds that wheel about its mossgrown turrets sound a language familiar to our ears. A friend of the present writer, who knew his Sussex by heart, was accosted by the stationmaster at Chichester on the afternoon of February 21st, 1861. "Do you miss anything, Sir?" he was asked. The familiar landscape was bereft of something. What was it? For a moment our friend hesitated. "Why, what has become of the Cathedral spire?" he demanded. It had telescoped that afternoon, and thus fulfilled the words of the old proverb:—

If Chichester Church steeple fall,
In England there's no King at all.

Surely that instinct which binds us by ties of sentiment to the land of our birth is not lightly to be tossed away. We weave into the fibre of our being an appreciation of those features in which England differs from every other land. A man may lie parched with malarial fever in an African swamp or have to face the music in a Canadian log-hut, with the mercury in his heart down to *minus* 50. He dozes and there flits back to him the light that never was on sea or land. He is once more in English meadows; larks scatter their liquid music over his head; incense-breathing morn hovers about him like a benediction.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide; a breeze;
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Thus Wordsworth muses over the picture of Peele Castle in a storm, that same castle which he had watched from day to day in unruffled calm. When he wrote his noble verses the poet had just heard of the death of his brother at sea. The landscape lashed in the fury of the trampling waves at that agonised moment more truly accorded with the deep distress that humanised his soul. The halcyon calm with which in his memory the Castle was haloed no longer appealed to the deepest stirrings within him.

From this wonderful picture we come back to the sordid story of the impending exportation of Tattershall Castle. Year by year we hear of the treasures of Literature and Art being "lifted" to the United States. It is inevitable, and it is not unreasonable that such treasures should sometimes leave England. The Anglo-Saxon race forms the backbone of the race inhabiting the United States. They are our flesh and blood. Their history up to the period of separation was our history. The day may come when the two peoples will be for practical issues one again. It is therefore but reasonable that a fair share of the common heritage of which we are equally proud should cross the sea. But to root up from their native soil historic buildings is another story. The rape of Tattershall Castle will rob us of that which not enriches him that filches it. Perked up in some Yankee domain it would merely move the beholder to contemptuous laughter. It is true we have our Cleopatra's Needle, but the poor thing has wasted away more in our acid-laden atmosphere in thirty years than it would have done in thirty centuries among its native sands. Temple Bar at Theobald's Park is like a once-active worker stranded in an almshouse. We once heard a conversation of two Scots about the temple on Calton Hill. "'Tis a na-ational monimint," said one. "I ca' it a na-ational disgra-ace," said the other. Incongruity, pretension, sham are fatal to the best-laid plans of millionaires.

We hold that the contemplated vandalism should be illegal. We ought to have a permanent Commission whose function it should be to schedule our national resources in treasures such as this, which can never be replaced. It should no longer be legal to destroy or mutilate them. Here is a chance for our Socialist friends to do real service to the State. We have laws as to treasure-trove; we take steps to prevent the extinction of rare birds and beasts. Why should the chance owner have it in his power to rob the community of that which belongs to all alike? Who is the owner of a priceless work of art or of a noble building? Surely the man who has eyes to see its glories. The rich man may have it in his custody, but his artistic perception may be less than that of the ninth part of a tailor's. We want a census of castles, monastic and other historic buildings, cromlechs, camps, and other prehistoric relics. No private owner should have it in his power to do away with them without the consent of a competent public authority.

Our American cousins are some of them intent on the cult

of the bizarre. It is rather pitiful to see what very little good the vast wealth of their millionaires is to them. A millionaire cannot eat two dinners a day; sometimes he dare not eat one. But his effort often is to start some futile demonstration of human ostentation. To spend thousands of pounds on a dinner to be eaten up in a balloon or down a coalmine is an exhibition of poverty-stricken lack of ideas which makes the judicious grieve. A few years ago an American friend asked the present writer to lay out for him an English route by which he might see the real beauty and ripeness of the old country. We knew our man, and give him an itinerary by loitering along which he could realise the mingled splendour and simplicity of large tracts of rural England—the noble sweep of our Down country, the homely attractions of villages almost unchanged in tone since the days of the Armada; the magnificence of our storied buildings. Our American went home with a wealth of reminiscence which he will not lose for the rest of his days. Had he been a traveller of a different type we should have said to him, "Go to Cook's. They will fix you up."

A. E. CAREY.

NEW ZEALAND SKETCHES

By W. H. KOEBEL

III.—UP-COUNTRY (*continued*).

ALL this, however, is concerned with only one aspect of Bray's Hill. There are few who go to the township by the side of the sea and fail to return. As a matter of fact, it is on the homeward way that the place attains its greatest importance as a landmark. I have already referred to the attitude of mental irresponsibility that a visit to the township induces in some. It must be admitted that the sudden coming together of sociable atoms from all parts of the district is trying to the best-ordered temperament. A few may cast their eyes on the whisky when it is yellow. Even so, there is very little harm done as a matter of fact. The thing may occur only four times in the year, and therefore claims every right to the privileges of an exception. In the case of others it is different, of course, but to these I am not referring just now. If a bachelor has suffered from one of these exceptional periods, it may be left to his conscience to reproach him. If a married man, it is certain that his own conscience will be actively assisted by a similar force in skirts that will sit at his side in the buggy on the homeward way. There is no doubt that the pointing-out of error is a reasonable, commendable, and even a charitable act. It can be effected in various ways. Strangely enough, I have never yet discovered one of these that was received with genuine and hearty appreciation by the culprit. The latter has a curiously impracticable idea that if he acknowledges his fault the matter should end with the admission. Whereas the wife knows quite well that it is only at this point that it should begin.

It must be admitted that mankind occasionally employs unfair strategy in order to avoid that which, after all, is nothing more arduous than the rôle of listener. From time to time you may meet with some evidence of this on the outskirts of the township. On such occasions you may see a buggy, drawn by two galloping horses, speeding furiously along the level road that leads from the spot. The pace is certainly an amazing one for the mere home-coming of husband and wife. But there is method in the driver's madness. Subdued by the stress of this wild career, the woman is perfectly silent. Otherwise she would have much to say. Now, you know, this sort of thing is not quite fair. It

is not even wise, for this indirect muzzling is only effectual for a time. One might entertain more sympathy for the man, were it not that the utmost success of his procedure can only result in the putting off of the evil hour. It is at Bray's Hill that retribution falls. No mortal horses can mount the ascent here at any other than a walking pace. Bray's Hill stands for the deluge, all the more overwhelming for its long-pent-up force. This spot represents the endless story of the world, the ultimate triumph of woman over man. It is sacred to moments of rue and to the fire of purification, while the horses plod steadily upwards. At the best of times Bray's Hill is a long hill; but there are occasions when it seems longer than others.

Perhaps I am entering too deeply into matters that by rights partake of the nature of family secrets. In any case, we have topped Bray's Hill now, and can leave its atmosphere behind us. All about are the peaks and valleys, the white specks of grazing sheep on their sides. The road dips and falls and winds, now leading through the ford of a miniature stream, across which the horse plunges at a canter, striking up sheets of sparkling water into the sunlight, now fringing the steep sides in the shape of a boldly conceived cutting, now spreading out over a level stretch dappled with the white blossoms of the tetre. And then comes the bush itself. The horse is thudding along a cool and exquisite aisle of verdure. The great trunks of the lofty forest trees are smothered and hidden by the undergrowth that presses in rich green waves of handsome leafage to the edge of the narrowing track, while above the roof of foliage is impenetrable. Here and there, where an opening in the foliage permits the sight, are glimpses of graceful nikau palms and spreading tree-ferns, and the thick carpet of maidenhair beneath. It is fairyland, deepened and rendered more wonderful by its solemn hush. There are many miles of it, and each is as perfect in its sylvan beauty as the last. Then the greenery to the front is illuminated by a blaze of sunlight. The green waves recede as the track sinks down the side of a gorge. A minute later the horse's hoofs are splashing in the waters of a river whose rippling current hastens onwards in its summer shallowness. Save where the ground slopes down towards the ford on either hand the banks of the river rise in sheer walls of rock, heavily hung and festooned with trees, shrubs, and creepers. It is very majestic, sufficiently awe-inspiring to take away the breath for a moment or so of him who beholds it for the first time in this unexpected fashion. The bush has closed in again, and the last murmurs of the river have died away. After a while the horse shies with a frantic start that sends his hindquarters into the mass of leafage. Just ahead is a Maori on his wiry pony, who has swung suddenly into sight from round a jutting promontory of green. The big fellow grins broadly, gives out a hearty "Tenakoe!" in greeting, and has passed from sight.

Onwards through the walls of bush, and the clearings, open stretches, streams, and rivers! What if we have to ride for five or six hours or more! Distance is nothing in Maoriland provided that horse and rider are fit and happy. Not quite so happy at the end of the journey as at the beginning, for all that. With the loss of the full spring in the action of the horse comes the sympathetic lessening of the man's vitality. There is a point, when three-quarters of the journey have been accomplished, that makes the thought of the homestead a blessed one. That point has been reached even now, and passed! The mount has taken all four legs in charge of his equine soul, and is cantering as he has not cantered since he left the livery-stable in the township. A couple of minutes later he has entered a clearing. In the midst of it rises a small slab-built, Noah's-ark-shaped erection. By no stretch of imagination could you call the building an imposing one. Perhaps its most salient

feature is a single iron chimney placed at one end in the form of a flattened lime-kiln, and seemingly altogether out of proportion to the size of the dwelling it serves. No, I fear that the shanty can hold out no claims whatever to orthodox beauty. Were you to see it in the midst of a town, it is possible that you might even condemn it as an eyesore. Placed where it is, you bear no other sentiment towards it but a wholesome affection. It is a homestead; is not that enough? The clearing itself in the centre of which the building stands is in a state of transformation that detracts somewhat from the natural charm of the place. It is thickly strewn with the blackened stumps of giant trees—a grim warning to the encircling dense forests of the fate that is to be theirs.

You may anticipate a pleasant surprise on entering the building itself. If so, I fear that you will suffer disillusion. It is the home of honourable makeshifts. It is a place where kerosene-tins do duty for the more elaborate chairs in vogue nearer the centres of civilisation, and where packing-cases, cunningly contrived, blossom forth into almost every article of furniture of which the modest household may stand in need. A similar ingenuity prevails throughout. The wool from the newly-introduced sheep forms a not inappropriate stuffing for the home-manufactured cushions, and the leaves of illustrated journals serve to increase the crudity of the plank walls. For culinary purposes a camp oven, that is to say an ordinary iron pot swung from a chain over a roaring log fire, together with a couple of saucepans, form the equipment of the kitchen. You will kindly undertake no risks with the household objects here. Breakage is a serious matter, as will be brought home to you by the sight of the windows, where the paper that serves in the place of the more transparent material will of necessity have to remain for many a long day ere the damage can be repaired. Where packhorses form the sole means of transport, the carriage of necessities, to say nothing of luxuries, is no light task. For the well-cut road has died away, and has shrunk into nothingness long ago. All that is here is a thread-like track, struggling for its existence against the onslaughts of the vigorous shoots of young grass that seek to cover its bareness; a faint thing that winds its way, snake-like and timorous, through the heaped logs, fallen trees, and the various hindrances flung out by the yet rebellious virgin land.

Little more is required to complete the picture. Within a stone's-throw of the house flows a creek, rippling gently in the summer months, foaming and swollen in the rainy winter. A few rough kennels shelter the half-dozen sheep-dogs, while the horses are grazing near by in great content just now. It will be different in the winter. Then, shaggy-coated and mud-besmeared, they will wander uneasily to and fro, and at times will make their way, in the absence of a barrier, to the few boards that constitute the verandah flooring in an impertinent attempt to seek shelter from the periodical outburst of pouring rain. For all that, you need waste neither your contempt nor your pity upon this solitary homestead. It has already afforded some very pleasant hours to its inmates. Moreover, it marks the second stage of the squatter's upward career. Quite near by may be seen an erection—scarcely a building—half-European, half-Maori *whare*, that was his shelter when first he commenced his battle with the soil. It is a reed hut that sprang into existence on a small open space before a tree had been felled or the earth trodden by the foot of a single sheep. This second stage will go the way of the first ere long, you may be certain of that. It will stand for nothing more than a remembrance of the past then. With the widening of his cleared lands and the increase of his flocks will arise one of those spacious, soft-tinted bungalows, with its attendant

comforts and gardens. It is only for the present that he is tied to the humble little shanty. But neither the reader nor I are under any restriction of the kind. We can ramble at our ease the length of every species of homestead, from this youthful enterprise to the finest and largest building that ever had its foundations in mutton and wool.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

I WAS much interested in Mr. Richard Middleton's article the other week on "Treasure Island," and gladly respond to his request for other experiences of boys' tastes in reading. I am forty-eight years of age, having been born in September, 1863. I could read fairly well before I was seven; consequently my boyhood includes the whole of the 'seventies. The first book I can remember was in our nursery—an immense folio seventeenth-century "History of the Bible," with a picture on every other page. We never read the print, but "Jacob vigorously wrestling with the Angel" and people "Digging the grave for Sarai" represent in my mind's eye those events even now. The first book which was read to my brothers and myself was "Willie's Birthday," a highly proper story, in which Willie asks and is allowed to do anything he likes on his birthday and comes to dreadful grief. The second was "Sandford and Merton," and we naturally had what we called "a sneaking likeness" for Tommy Merton "the wicked one." There were some excellent fairy stories published in those days, "King Gab's Story-bag and What it Contained," by Heraclitus Grey, with delightful pictures by Walter Crane. Then there was a fat little book, translated from the German, called "A Picture Story-book" (which in 1855 was in its fifth edition); it had 400 quaint illustrations, and contained three capital stories—"Dame Mitchell and her Cat," "The Adventures of Prince Hempseed," and the enthralling "History of a Nutcracker," a book which I should have thought it would pay to republish. We read and re-read Louise M. Alcott's books, "Little Men" and "Little Women" and "The Eight Cousins." They were girlish, American, and gentle and simple mixed together in a way we could not understand, but they held us in their sway.

We liked "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-glass" fairly well, but thought "The Water Babies" rot, and could see no fun in A Becket's "Comic History of England." We liked the pictures in Surtees' books, but found it difficult to understand the political cartoons in "Punch," even when explained.

I remember buying the first number of "Little Folks" outside the old tin station at Westbourne Park early in the 'seventies. The earlier stories in it were "The Magic Beads; or, Gilbert's Shadow," "The New Mistletoe Bough," "Raggles Baggles and the Emperor," "Stories Told by some Little Folks around the Nursery Fire," containing one whose title pleased us—"How Polly Patterson took a Dislike to a Little Girl in a Whitey-brown Frock." "The Star in a Dustheap" and others of equal merit followed. A short reading-book called "Nelson's Series, No. 9," had a great influence on us, and by the end of 1875 we could practically recite the whole of it by heart. It consisted of singularly well-chosen extracts from the best authors and some poetry. I could not recite "Beth Gelert" for tears, but I loved Macaulay's "Horatius" and "Armada," and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" and "Hohenlinden." We

next took in "The Boys of England," a dashing publication that had so great a vogue that the proprietor, Edwin J. Brett, was not only able to make a priceless collection of armour, but still leave a handsome fortune. This was largely due to one story, "Jack Harkaway," which I believe was written by a wayward genius named Stephens Hayward, who is just now attracting the attention of "Notes and Queries." Jack went through incredible adventures. The story started with "Jack Harkaway's School-days," which must have run for a year; then "Jack Harkaway at Oxford," then among the Brigands, the Pirates, and Savages in America, Asia, Africa, &c., finally winding up with the comprehensive title of "Jack Harkaway and His Son's Adventures Round the World." Whether they went into the third generation I cannot tell, but every number ended up with a desperate situation, and they never succeeded in quite killing the villain, whose name, I think, was Hunsdon. I have not read it since those days, but I fancy a great many of the feats were annexed from better books, and the interest was kept up from week to week and year to year with an energy that never flagged. Wells, I read with interest the other day, approved of "Jack Harkaway" as a stimulant to the imagination, but my parents mildly objected to him. We were given "Tom Brown's School-days," "St. Winifred's," "Eric; or, Little by Little," and "Agathos" on our birthdays, and dutifully read them; but "Harkaway," "Jack Rushton, or Alone in the Pirates' Lair," and somebody who was the "Boy Chief of the Delawars," were the sweets at our literary feast.

All the sentences were short—there were no descriptions, explanations, or moralising that needed skipping. Although full of braggadocio and heroics, the morals were always sound and patriotic. The "Young Folks' Weekly Budget" was a publication of a slightly different kind—it aspired to be more moral and less "penny-dreadfully." It dealt, so far as its serials were concerned, in well-illustrated tales of Giants and Dwarfs—stealing most of the ideas, I fancy, from the "Idylls of the King" and that period. We liked stories of adventure, and read some of them over and over again—"Masterman Ready" and "The Little Savage," by Marryat; "Coral Island," by Ballantyne; "The Swiss Family Robinson," and "Tom among the Crocodiles." "Tales of the Colonies," by the late C. Rowcroft, a story of emigration to Tasmania early in the nineteenth century, specially held us captive. (We skipped, of course, all the law about the convicts.) I remember reading the long, close columns of the "Wandering Heir," by Charles Reade, when it appeared in the second or third Christmas Number of the "Graphic" about 1872. I did so because I wanted to know what the splendid pictures were about. About this time we came across a strange strain of books—"Valentine Vox the Ventriloquist" (which caused us to buy a sixpenny book of instruction as to how to "ventriloque!"), "Silvester Sound the Somnambulist," and "Verdant Green." Of grown-up books about the mid-'seventies, I read "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers" and that terrible story called "Caleb Williams," by Godwin, side by side with two pious ones—"Susan Hopley; or, the Adventures of a Maid Servant" and "The Basket of Flowers." Some books we never read right through—for instance, we always shut up "Monte Christo" directly he found his fortune. We never read "Gulliver's Travels" after Brobdingnag, and had no curiosity as to what became of Robinson Crusoe after he got off the island. We thought the rest of all these books tedious. "The Pride of the Mess" and "The Star of the South," a tale of the American Civil War, by the same Stephens Hayward, also formed part of our library at this time. We also read with avidity "creepy" stories—"Bring Me a Light" and a "Noctuary of Terror" in "Once a Week" were our favourites, together with a short story by Lytton at the back of the "Haunters and the Haunted."

The "Dumberdene," which came out in "Belgravia" or "London Society," was a prime favourite.

Many years later I found myself sitting one night at dinner next to the late Lord Brabourne, and he told me that the "Dumberdene" was written by his sister, under circumstances deliberately made similar to the conditions under which "Frankenstein" was written—viz., a number of young literary people determined to see who could write the most gruesome story.

We liked "The Gold Beetle" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" of Poe, but none of the others. Side by side with all these grown-up stories we contentedly read our younger brothers' and sisters' copies of "Chatterbox"—a wonderful half-pennyworth full of stories translated from the German, and enjoyed Harrison Weir's clever pictures of animals. I wonder if it goes on now—I never see it; but it flourished in my day without an advertisement of any kind. Both my parents were omnivorous novel-readers, and as they came out I read all the serials in the "Cornhill" and "Temple Bar"—Trollope's, Hardy's, Miss Braddon's, and others; I did not understand them very well, but would read them. We were fond of a gloomy story called the "House of Elmore," by Robinson, because the father in it was like our grandfather, and we sympathised with the heroics of Guy Livingstone and "Barren Honour." "Ouida" was considered to be desperately wicked, but I am sure we came to no harm by reading "Under Two Flags." We liked "The Path-finder," by Cooper, and most of Marryat's. We preferred "The Lancashire Witches," "Old Saint Paul's," and "Jack Shepherd" of Ainsworth's, and got through some of G. P. R. James. We were urged to read Scott, but found him so difficult to get into—it took such a long time to get to the point. We only cared about "Pickwick," or rather parts of it, as far as Dickens was concerned. Thackeray we never attempted. No one supervised our reading; one week we were reading a grown-up book, the next a girl's story by Mrs. Molesworth—as one of my sisters said, "We would rather read a Directory than nothing at all."

"Ernie Elton; or, The Lazy Boy at Home and at School," I have forgotten to mention as an old favourite by Mrs. Eiloart. Of course we were familiar with Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm, and the "Arabian Nights;" but my mother objected, for reasons which we did not then understand, to Madame D'Aulnoy's effusions. We never liked Kingston—we thought him too long and too full of incident. We read George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind" because of a certain cosy picture in it. Manville Fenn and Henty were popular, and we read every line of Ballantyne's, and once I had a much-prized letter from him. The "Boy's Own Paper" came out just as I was giving up boys' books. It was brought out by the Religious Tract Society with the avowed intention of combating the influence of penny dreadfuls, which I think had got worse. It was far better done than "Peter Parley" or "Every Boy's Annual," which was full of impossible articles telling boys how to make things, "How to Make Artificial Fireworks"—as if any boy cared a rap about "safety" fireworks—"Practical instructions in Plane-turning," &c. The only redeeming feature was that it introduced me to Jules Verne and some capital school stories of H. C. Adams. Jules Verne was a revelation. I remember at the commencement of one year vowing to be as exact and as punctual as that impossible but fascinating hero Phileas Fogg, and at another time to be as silent and reserved as Captain Nemo, greatly to my own discomfort. I took in the "Boy's Own Paper" until I was ashamed to do so; and this must close the literary recollections of my boyhood, as in 1880 I was a youth—I mean I was seventeen.

MUSIC

DEAN RAMSAY tells us somewhere that when Mrs. Siddons first appeared on the stage in Edinburgh, the General Assembly—that company of Signiors than which we can suppose none to exist more potent, grave, and reverend—fixed its most important business for the days when she did not act. This has always seemed to us the most remarkable tribute to the player's art that has been recorded; and, musing on the glory of the actress, we have perhaps wondered if the day would come when a musician should win honour of so amazing a kind. Surely we may now say that it has come. The Americans are a grave and serious people—an unlikely people to neglect, even for an hour, any important business to which they had set their hand. Their legislators would not adjourn, as ours were wont to do, for a race-meeting, would they? Yet have we lately read that during the recent tour of two hundred choristers from the good town of Sheffield, "in one State of America the House of Representatives vacated their seats" for them! Music is clearly avenged, and Mrs. Siddons has a rival!

The long and laborious journey of these intrepid singers seems to have been a triumphant progress. Canada, the United States, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and the Fiji Islands have vied with each other in paying them unprecedented marks of delight and respect. In Capetown an Archbishop conducted an open-air service for them. But the action of the American statesmen strikes us with the greatest admiration. The whole story of this musical tour reads like a highly-coloured romance. Our sober minds are a little bewildered by it all. Yet there is no manner of doubt that everything happened as has been described. Dr. Harriss, an Englishman domiciled in Canada, where he has acquired wealth, conceived the idea of this gigantic tour. He is an Imperialist, and although he was anxious to show to our Dominions how well an English choir could sing, he admits that his compelling motive was "to take two hundred English folk round the Empire, letting them see what the Empire really meant, and then bringing them back to England and turning them loose to act as Empire agents." It would appear that his scheme has thoroughly succeeded. The choristers are now determined to use their voices in singing the praise of Empire; their madrigals and their fugues will no longer be the chief joy of their lives.

It is a remarkable instance of the saying that enthusiasm will achieve anything. The determined spirit of Dr. Harriss has enabled him to do what Mr. Barnum might have shrunk from undertaking. The unflagging zeal and devotion of the two hundred singers with that of their conductor, Dr. Coward, has carried them through a task that required almost super-human powers, and we look in vain for words which shall adequately convey our congratulations to all those concerned in this wonderful enterprise. Musicians who know what Sheffield singers can do will feel no surprise when they hear of the artistic success of the tour, of the magnificent impression made upon the music-loving in our great Dominions. Sheffield could doubtless supply several such choirs as that formed of those of the singers whose circumstances permitted them to wander over the earth for six months, and display their beautiful voices and their finished art to their brothers and sisters over the seas. And Sheffield would be the first to admit that she is not alone among the towns of England in producing choirs which could so impress the world. Our choirs are among our most precious possessions, and the glory that has been achieved by one of them will be rejoiced in by thousands of admirable choristers whose voices will never, perhaps, be heard outside their native town.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

MR. JOHN LANE is a sort of literary Columbus. He is always bringing to light the work of a new writer whose genius has been glowing beneath a bushel. With keen enthusiasm, and very natural flamboyance, he sends out delightful preliminary notices which must bring blushes to the sometimes beardless faces of the authors to whose work he refers. Take, for instance, a very pleasant example. Mr. Lane has found Mr. Hector H. Munro, and he calls him "A New Humorist," although as "Sake" Mr. Munro's witty writings have made a host of friends. Of his forthcoming novel, "The Chronicles of Clovis," Mr. Lane has composed the following gem: "Clovis is an embodiment of the Modern Man in his most frivolous, cynical, mischief-loving vein. He moves through, or inspires, a series of congenial adventures in the world of country-house and restaurant life. The chronicles of his sayings and misdoings form a feast of wit and humour that will convince many that it is no longer necessary to go abroad for our humorists." And this: "'The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore' deals with the vagaries of a middle-class family suddenly enriched. Mr. Bendall has a wicked wit, which, with his ability to assume the attitude of the interested looker-on almost amounting to inspiration, stamps him as a humorist." Luckily Mr. Hector Munro and Mr. Gerard Bendall, author of that most amusing book "Mrs. Jones's Bonnet," can afford to smile comfortably at these delicious outbursts. We know them for what they are, and so completely sympathise with Mr. Lane's pride and enthusiasm. We are much interested to hear that Mr. B. W. Willett, late of Kegan Paul and Co., and earlier of Magdalen College, Oxford, has recently joined Mr. John Lane. Both are to be congratulated. Mr. Willett is not only a publisher of wide experience, but a golfer of no mean prowess.

Stephen Swift and Co. add rapidly to their already interesting and even valuable list of books, every one of which hitherto has contained something original and arresting. Among their new volumes we find "An Englishman in New York," by a brilliant writer who hides behind the pseudonym of "Juvenal," and who has set down with great force and skill his impressions of a vast and hysterical city; "Poems," by Mr. Charles Granville, a writer not of mere love verses and Nature sonnets, but of poems filled with ecstasy and spiritual insight which deal with the soul of man—the eternal rather than the transitory; and "Motley and Tinsel," a novel by Mr. J. K. Prothero, which in serial form was the subject of a well-remembered libel action founded on the coincidence of the plaintiff's name with that of one of the book's characters. As a protest against the absurd state of the law in this connection Mr. Prothero has altered most of the names of his characters to those of actual men who are well known in literature and journalism. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that he has done this with the consent of the gentlemen in question. It is to be feared, however, that the person who sees the means of adding to his unearned income by hunting through the pages of new novels for a character who inadvertently bears his name will continue to do so. The law permits and rewards such industry. It has almost become a new profession.

Mr. John Murray informs us that the final revision of the proofs of the second volume of the "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" will not be completed in time for publication this side of Christmas. This is a matter for general regret. The first volume made all its readers eager, like Oliver, for more. On or about the 17th inst. Macmillan and Co. will publish three books which deserve to be widely read. The first is "Autobiographical Memoirs," by Mr. Frederic Harrison, which is packed full of contemporary history, anecdote, and

criticism; the second, Mr. F. W. F. Fletcher's "Sport on the Nilgiris and in Wynaad," and the third "The First American Civil War—1775-1778," by the Rev. H. Belcher, with chapters on the Continental or Revolutionary Army and on the Forces of the Crown, with numerous illustrations, coloured maps, and plans.

Mr. Edmund B. D'Auvergne's history of "The Coburgs" will be ready in a few days' time. Published by Stanley Paul and Co., it deals fully and sympathetically with the rapid rise of a family intimately connected with the Thrones of England, Belgium, and Bulgaria, and almost every reigning family in Christendom. This firm is publishing at once an equally interesting volume in the shape of a biography of La Fontaine. It is written by "Frank Hamel," and should be in the hands of all earnest students of the literature of France in a period which can boast of such masters as Boileau, Racine, and Molière. La Fontaine himself, though not perhaps so great a writer as these, has flung his name into French history. His Fables and Contes are among immortal works.

Mr. William Heinemann has had a translation made of M. Octave Uzanne's new book "The Modern Parisienne," to which Baroness von Hutten has added a Preface. M. Uzanne has made a close study of his fellow-countrywomen who live on the "right side" of the Seine, and has already written very charmingly of their dress and manners. Mr. Max Beerbohm's long-promised novel "Zuleika Dobson" is due this month. It is a long time since anything has been seen from the pen of this delightful writer, although happily his pencil has been busy. It is some years now since "More" created a cult, and some months since the dramatic criticisms in the *Saturday Review* have borne the magic word "Max." They were something more than mere criticisms of generally inferior plays. They were mosaics of bizarre words, ingenious patchwork quilts of neat and precise word-pictures.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE WAR

AT the moment when the Franco-German negotiations over Morocco have taken a hopeful turn Europe has once more been plunged into the depths of anxiety by the abrupt action of Italy in declaring war upon Turkey. From the comments of the daily Press it would seem as though the situation which led to the opening of hostilities was of recent origin. Consequently Italy has been severely condemned because, by means of an ultimatum with a twenty-four hours' time-limit attached, she forced the issue to the arbitrament of the sword. For some months past, however, it has been no secret in diplomatic circles that the relations between the two countries were becoming strained to the point of breaking. Again and again Italy has obtained from the Porte assurances that her interests in Tripoli would receive more sympathetic treatment than had hitherto been the case; but these pledges have proved utterly worthless. In England we have heard little concerning such *pourparlers*, for it is a far cry to Tripoli, and the daily Press, being in reality only a commercial institution, records merely that which, in journalistic language, is of "live," and therefore simply of paying, interest. Italy's patience was clearly exhausted. For the rest, her diplomacy anticipating war was bound to take into full account the strategical considerations of the moment. The Turks are masters of tortuous diplomacy, and it would have been their aim to prolong negotiations while they reinforced their army in Tripoli. Delay would

further have placed an Italian military expedition at a disadvantage, inasmuch as with the approach of winter a landing on the Tripolitan coast would have been attended by considerable difficulties.

In an attempt to judge impartially of the rival cases as presented by the two belligerents let us not forget the odious record of the Young Turks since they seized the supreme power. Only a few months ago the columns of the English newspapers were full of recitals of atrocities committed in Albania—the burning and pillaging of churches, the massacre of women and children, and the committal of nameless horrors. The Turks then vigorously denied the veracity of these accounts, but the evidence of independent witnesses was overwhelming and conclusive. It was only at the last moment, when the patience of Europe had been exhausted and the intervention of the Powers seemed imminent, that the Porte decided upon a welcome change of policy. It is the same *régime* and, to a large extent, the same barbarous methods which in the past the Italians have been compelled to tolerate in Tripoli. We are told that in bestowing our sympathies we must bear in mind that Great Britain has within her Empire many millions of Moslem subjects whose feelings must be considered in a crisis like the present. But also Great Britain has many millions of Christian subjects whose creed teaches that a cruel and corrupt administration such as that of Turkey cannot endure.

A superficial sense of fair play at first leads us to feel genuinely sorry for the hapless plight of Turkey—an Empire in the turmoil of domestic strife, lacking even a Government to guide and control its people, let alone direct them in a campaign against Italy, without a sea force to convoy its troops to the scene of war, beset on all sides by hostile States ready on the first signs of disintegration to invade its outlying territories. On the other hand, it would have been unreasonable to expect Italy to tolerate injustice and oppression until such time as Turkey had built a modern Navy, reconstructed the defences of Tripoli, and strengthened its garrison, or, in other words, until military and strategical conditions as between the two potential belligerents had approached equality. War to-day is not arranged according to sporting ethics. With our entire approval, it will be recalled, Japan, ally of Great Britain, seized the moment when Russia was wholly unprepared and forced hostilities upon her. Moreover, she attacked the Russian Fleet before war was actually declared; and so soon as the war was over, also with our entire approval, she laid hands on Korea. Germany and Austria profess righteous indignation at the action of Italy, which they describe as "an infringement of international principle," "tantamount to piracy," &c. But not many months have elapsed since Austria robbed Turkey of Bosnia and Herzegovina, while in sending a gunboat to Agadir the pious censors of the Wilhelmstrasse provide us with a still more recent precedent in international aggression. France is also annoyed with Italy. In her case, as in that of other Powers, the reason is manifest. As a neighbour of Tunis a weak Turkey is preferable to a strong Italy in the Tripolitan territory. It is abundantly clear, from international incidents of the past few months, that the Powers of Europe are either not ready for war, or else are sincere in their determination that the coming of the general conflagration, so often predicted, shall be stayed. For instance, if Germany had wished to provoke a conflict over Morocco she would not have been content with timorously sending a gunboat into the harbour at Agadir. She would have landed a considerable force, taken possession of the Hinterland, and, together with her allies, defied Europe. Italy, with timely foresight, gauged the trend and limitations of world politics to-day. She realised that the Powers, anxious to avoid the general conflagration, would not intervene to

save Tripoli. Naturally, her already successful initiative has annoyed her zealous partners in the Triple Alliance. Germany particularly is placed in a predicament. She is the friend and adviser of Turkey and the ally of Italy—and Turkey and Italy are at war!

The dread shared by all the Powers of the outbreak of a conflict that would involve the whole of Europe has led them to insist that Italy shall localise the area of hostilities. Italy has, of course, consented, for by so doing she will not be prevented from attaining the object for which she went to war—the annexation of Tripoli. She has no desire to invade Turkey proper. The Ottoman Army, in spite of many years of bad pay and maladministration, is not without military prestige and capacity. But the Turkish Army is in Turkey, not in Tripoli, and the Italian Fleet effectually patrols the intervening waters. In these circumstances it is not surprising that the so-called war has up to the present proved a very harmless affair. The Duke of Abruzzi, one of those fortunate heroes destined by fate and fortune always to be in the public eye in connection with some exploit of gallantry, has disposed of several antiquated little Turkish torpedo-boats. Thereupon the newspapers announced in bold black type, "Two Naval Battles." The out-of-date battleships which Germany sold to Turkey for a consideration far in excess of their real value have been generously allowed by the Italian Admiral to reach the Dardanelles. The Italian Navy, so we are given to understand, would disdain an uneven conflict. The tale of blood and slaughter is not yet complete. Two barges, misnamed transports by the Press, containing Italian troops were reported to have been sunk. Then, at the time of writing, there is a rumour that Tripoli has been bombarded. On a previous occasion when a similar rumour was prevalent it turned out that the Italian Fleet was only indulging in a little target practice out at sea. The latest reliable news from the "fortress" declares that "The Turks display a profound indifference. It seems as if for them, at any rate, this day is precisely the same as another. Their batteries are deserted and their sleeping guns are still wrapped in their coverings." The only measure so far taken by the Turks which could be described as retaliatory consists in putting out all the lights along the coast. The refusal of the Turks to fight must be extremely irritating to the martial ardour of the warm-blooded Italian warriors. In vulgar language, the Turks are "taking it lying down." Surely never in history was there a war so bereft of bloodshed. Doubtless if the Italians could find a Turkish soldier or sailor they would kill him, or at least inflict upon him serious wounds; but it must be understood that according to the rules of the game such soldier or sailor must be found "within the localised area of war." It would really seem as if both belligerents are genuinely desirous of avoiding bloodshed. Their motive is not, of course, humane. It arises from fear of a possible sequel—a European conflagration. Altogether we are bound to regard this fear as wholesome. At least its existence is reassuring to all who realise the evils and count the cost that would be entailed were the little campaign to become war on a serious scale among the nations of the earth.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

DURING the past summer motorists who have used cars with enclosed bodies of the torpedo type have endured much discomfort owing to the excessive heat, and many attempts have been made to overcome this drawback whilst retaining the advantages of the torpedo type of body. This appears to

have been accomplished by Mr. S. F. Edge, who, as a result of his personal experience, has had designed a Torpedo Pullman body which is claimed to combine comfort with freedom from excessive heat, noise, and smell. Fitted to a 30h.p. six-cylinder Napier chassis, the complete car is exceptionally low, although there is ample clearance underneath to minimise the dust-raising. The suspension is also said to be remarkably comfortable, whilst another feature is that the driver's seat is made adjustable to suit drivers of varying height and length of limb. Mr. Edge himself uses a car of this type.

Few cars of what may be termed the moderate-powered class have come more decisively to the front during the last year or two than the all-British Vauxhall. Following on the brilliant speed records accomplished on the track at Brooklands, it is now announced that in the Russian reliability race from Petersburg to Sevastopol, a distance of 1,400 miles, a 20h.p. Vauxhall, driven by Mr. Percy Kidner, has completed the whole journey without the loss of a mark, and has thus won the first prize in its class. Out of the sixty-three starters, which included cars of British, Continental, and American make, only forty-three reached the destination, a result which need excite no surprise when one realises that Russian roads are frequently merely rough cart-tracks. The performance of the Vauxhall in such circumstances is a triumph for British workmanship.

It is announced that there will be no motor-car exhibition in the Grand Palais this year, the principal French manu-

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facturers apparently being of opinion that the benefits arising from the show are not worth the expense entailed. The splendid building will, however, be utilised at the end of the year for an exhibition of aeroplanes, which, it is almost needless to say, will be the biggest, most comprehensive, and most interesting in the brief history of aviation. The opening day has been fixed for Saturday, December 16th, and the show will remain open until the evening of Tuesday, January 2nd, 1912. Even at this early stage the whole of the space on the ground-floor has been engaged by exhibitors of aeroplanes, and arrangements have had to be made to house machines on the upper floor. This will be the third annual aeroplane exhibition held in the Grand Palais.

If official encouragement and lavish prizes can effect their purpose, France is not likely to lose her commanding position in the world of aviation for a long time to come. No less a sum than £48,000 is being offered in prize and purchase money in connection with the aeroplane trials now in progress on the military ground at Rheims, of which £24,000 may be won by the most successful flying-machine constructor. The trials, which are intended to discover the most suitable type of aeroplane for military purposes, consist of weight-carrying, speed, and altitude tests, with a final flight of 186 miles (non-stop) at a minimum average speed of 37 miles an hour, and with a load of 661lb. Following the example set in the *Daily Mail* race round Great Britain, all the essential parts of the machines were stamped at the commencement of the trials, and none of the stamped parts may be rechanged. The winning machine will be bought by the Government for £4,000, and an order placed for ten similar machines.

Apparently the Wright brothers have not been so inactive during the last year as the absence of news with regard to them might have led many people to suppose. It is reported that they have been busy in perfecting a new device which, if successful, will revolutionise aeroplane construction. In their new machine, which is practically ready for testing, propellers are entirely dispensed with, movable wings in imitation of the flight of birds taking their place. The brothers Wright displayed such un-American reserve and quiet confidence while conducting the experiments which resulted in astonishing and convincing the world, that one feels inclined to attach more credence to the latest rumours as to their doings than would be accorded in the case of most other inventors.

The science of aviation may now be fairly said to constitute the subject of a firmly established and flourishing industry in this country. At present the number of certificates granted to aviators by the Royal Aero Club is between 140 and 150, and this is being constantly increased by finished pupils from the various flying schools in England. In efficiency of tuition these schools now compare very favourably with those of the Continent, which not long ago held what was practically a monopoly in this field of enterprise. During the last two months one well-known English flying school has taught and granted certificates to nineteen pupils, of whom fourteen were officers of the Army or Navy. Of these, ~~one was the only~~ British Brigadier-General who has qualified as an aviator, and another a naval cadet who enjoys the distinction of being the youngest person to pass the tests of the Royal Aero Club.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE City is sublimely optimist. It has lost money steadily for the past eight or nine months, and it thinks that this is quite long enough. Therefore it has made up its mind that prices will go up. And they have gone up. But careful observers notice that most of the dealings are professional. The public has not yet come in. True, it may change its mind, and once again begin to gamble. That is a thing no man can tell us. I can only say that if the public begins gambling before either the Morocco or the Tripoli questions are settled it will show itself to be greatly lacking in common sense.

The position to-day is this. The bull account that existed in the various markets has disappeared. That is to say, the people who had bought shares upon money borrowed from moneylenders and banks have lost both their money and their shares. The banks and the moneylenders have acquired both. There are still just the same number of shares to gamble in, but they are now held by rich and acute people instead of by impecunious ones. If the rich financiers think that war is improbable they will engineer a fresh rise, and unload as near the top as they can. If they find a European conflict unavoidable they will sacrifice every share that is in the least risky, for gold, and gold alone, tells in warfare. But the unloading will produce a panic—it will afford the world a spectacle it seldom sees outside the United States—a struggle between the great finance houses—ruthless and cruel—a fight that must bring down some of the largest firms, and will be long remembered.

The German banks have financed Turkey already to the extent of ten or twelve millions. They will fight to the bitter end to save their creditor and their customer. If he is destroyed they will themselves be involved in his ruin. The wealth and power of the great German banks is enormous. But it is of mushroom growth. The Deutsche was not established until 1870. To-day it rivals the great English joint stock banks that are the result of sixty years or more of patient building-up. It may not possess the prestige of a house like Rothschild, more than a hundred years old, but it controls immense enterprises all over the world. It has not the minute ramifications of that extraordinary Crédit Lyonnais. But it has the courage of a Morgan and an influence second to no bank in the world. To the student of history rapid rises connote rapid falls. The German banks have one and all plunged in Turkey. If Turkey falls they will be crippled for years. Hence the superhuman, almost undignified, efforts made by Kaiser Wilhelm to patch up a peace between Italy and the Sultan.

CONSOLS AND MONEY.—As money grows dearer, Consols should fall. But we have seen a really good rise in Consols, and money rising also. The banks want all the money they can get for the autumn crops in the United States, in Canada, in Egypt, and in the Argentine. Even were peace assured, the autumn demand would be large. But, with politics in a dangerous condition, the call for gold is the more urgent. Yet Consols go up. It is plain that they are very heavily oversold.

FOREIGNERS.—Italian Rentes have been supported by the Italian Government, and have only fallen a few points from the highest. Turks, however, tumbled badly, and did not get any support until Tuesday, when they recovered a shade. Other foreigners have really not felt the trouble. This would show, if nothing else did, that the great bankers are very optimistic,—strangely, and, let us hope, rightly, full of hope. The Morocco question we none of us believed could result in war. But Tripoli was "a horse of another colour." Yes, the banker smiled. It is that he is so deeply involved that he can do naught else.

HOME RAILS.—Every dealer and every broker tells us that a universal coal strike is one of the certainties of the

autumn. All the country thinks that we are not yet at the end of our Railway Strike. Yet Home Rails are firm and all prices have risen. The fact is our English Railways are much too cheap, and big investors are buying quietly. One big broker has locked up half a million Dover A, presumably because he believes that Kent will one day prove an enormous coalfield. Other wealthy people buy Sheffield A and B as a long lock-up—also relying upon the coal to be found in the Doncaster field. As investments all the English railways yield high interest and have great possibilities.

YANKEES soon recovered. But is the battle over? No one seems to know. Morgan has definitely taken the bull side, but the Standard Oil people seem yet bearish, and their holdings are enormous. Kuhn Loeb do not buy Unions; perhaps they wait the result of the strike. The market has had a big rise from the bottom, and a reaction might come any day. It is clear that trade does not improve. Eries seem the cheapest thing in the market, but any gamble must be dangerous in stocks that are manipulated until some definite lead is given by those who are in command.

RUBBER.—Although all the other markets have responded to the bullish sentiment in the Stock Exchange, Rubber remains dull. Prices droop and there is no business. The Rubber Share Trust asked its shareholders to reduce the capital by 12s. 6d. per share. They refused, like silly people. The meeting was funny. Bauman said that he had had no quarrel with Arbuthnot, and added that the baby was Arbuthnot's own, and he wished to God he would nurse it! This remark, so naïve and so true, made us all laugh, but did not carry the meeting. — The general view of the City is that rubber shares are quite high enough to-day.

OIL.—The Continent has decided that the oil war is ended, and some big option buying of Shells sent the price spinning upwards. Spies were also strong, and the oil markets generally showed strength, even poor Nigeria Bits rising to 8s. Indeed, all oil shares, except the hopeless Maikop concerns, have been strong—the more one hears of Maikop the more one is sorry for the foolish people who have put their money into the field; on all sides it seems a failure.

KAFFIRS.—In spite of the East Rand fiasco, Rand shares have been good all the week. The shops have supported their special shares, and though there are no signs of the public having come in, a very fair rise has taken place. It may continue. The new drill is said to save a great deal of money on reefs of about 36in. width, and on the Central Rand mines, which are the richest, Messrs. Wernher Beit report large savings. Frankly, although the Rand mines are in the main well managed, they are also extravagantly managed. Big savings can be effected, and must be effected, if the dividends are to be maintained.

RHODESIANS have jumped, and Chartered have been bought by the option-dealers. But the public seems sick of the market in which all the shops only mark up prices in order to unload. The Jumbo report is bad, very bad; yet the shares rise! The mill is to be used to crush Commonwealth ore and a profit will be made; but the mine is heavily mortgaged, and I should advise holders to get out. An agitation is being got up in Globes, but whether it will succeed I cannot say. It is also said that the Goldfields Company gets unfair advantages out of the Chartered Company. In short, the air is full of trouble. Yet so hard is the market made by bear repurchases that I cannot see any fall.

DIAMOND shares have also moved up, and they say that a determined effort is being made to catch the bears in De Beers, which are talked to 19. The account here is heavily over-sold, and the bear-hunt may prove successful.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are also more active, and Cements have improved upon the promise of a good report. Hudson Bays also rose on the land statement. The Forestal shareholders are offered both ordinary and prefs. at a price which gives them a handsome bonus. This company does well, and will do better. Marconis are also bought.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"TREASURE ISLAND" AS A BOOK FOR BOYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Richard Middleton, in THE ACADEMY of September 23rd, raises a question which has always exercised the minds of editors of boys' papers and of writers of boys' books. Mr. Middleton says, truly enough, of the boys' taste in reading, that "he knows what he likes," and asks, "What was it in 'Treasure Island' that the readers of *Young Folks* did not like?" At a loss to find an adequate solution of the puzzle why a story containing "pirates, treasure, a desert island, some good fighting, and a boy hero . . . the elements that we should seek in a model work of that description," fell so flat when presented in serial form, Mr. Middleton advances the theory that "Stevenson's characterisation is more than skin-deep," that the "grown-ups in the book do not turn to the boy-hero for orders," and that "his splendid achievements (i.e., the boy-hero) are due to luck rather than judgment, and he emerges from his adventures without a halo." While concurring in this criticism, I venture to think it does not touch the weak spot in "Treasure Island," regarded as a serial story. Its failure in *Young Folks* was due to causes which every editor of a boys' paper will recognise.

It is a fundamental rule with a boys' serial that unless it "catches on" in the first three instalments, it will not catch on at all. Judged from this standpoint, the fault of "Treasure Island" is evident. It not only opened with a "Prologue" (called Part I. when the story appeared in book form) which boys as a rule do not understand, and are too impatient to read, but the three first instalments are uninteresting—from the boys' point of view—and have little to do with what follows. The real story began in the fourth instalment, and by this time the interest of the readers had waned.

The title in *Young Folks* was "Treasure Island; or, the Mutiny of the *Hispaniola*." The sub-title was not a good one, and maybe Stevenson thought so, as, like the Prologue, it was subsequently dropped. There were other circumstances which acted prejudicially. Nowadays a new serial in a boy's paper is boomed for weeks beforehand, and the reader is led to believe that the story will surpass everything that was ever written. "Treasure Island" was modestly announced, without the slightest flourish of trumpets, the week only before it started; it was hidden in an inside portion of the paper, and beyond a small and very poor picture in the opening instalment it was never illustrated. Stevenson congratulated himself that he did not "get illustrated"—it was the price he had to pay for his copyright, and the bargain was a good one for him, but not for the proprietor of *Young Folks*, for the prospects of the serial were blighted at the outset. The boy-reader is shrewd, and he would naturally assume that a story with no pictures, and occupying a subordinate position, was not worth taking the trouble to read.

Apart from the initial defect, "Treasure Island," I conceive, failed as a serial because it did not comply with what a boy looks for—it did not picture a hero appealing to his imagination. The boy likes a hero whose mantle he can don; into whose triumphs he can enter; whose deeds he can fancy he is performing. Mr. Middleton is quite right in what he says about the "grown-ups." All the way through Jim Hawkins is a little outside the picture, instead of being constantly in the foreground. Moreover, the story is told in the first person, and for some reason which might be worth discussing the personal form of narrative is not popular with boys. "The Black Arrow" can be only considered a pot-boiler by the side of "Treasure Island," but it fulfilled the requirements of the serial, and probably by this time Stevenson had learned something of his new craft, for in the opening he plunges into the marrow of the story in the approved style. Again, "The Black Arrow" was finely illustrated by the late W. Bowcher, and it was always in the place of honour. Hence its success.

May I be pardoned a reference to myself in connection with "Treasure Island"? In THE ACADEMY, of March 3rd, 1900,

Mr. Robert Leighton, the editor of *Young Folks* at the time "Treasure Island" appeared as a serial, wrote as follows:—"As indicating the kind of story he (Mr. James Henderson) desired for *Young Folks*, he gave to Stevenson copies of the paper containing a serial by Charles E. Pearce—a treasure-hunting story entitled 'Billy Bo's'n.' In his 'My First Book' article in the *Idler* Stevenson seems to suggest that 'Treasure Island' was already formed and planned in his mind prior to the time at which it was thought of as a serial for *Young Folks*; but there is evidence that in 'Billy Bo's'n' he found and adopted many suggestions and incidents for his own narrative." Dr. A. Japp, who was the medium of communication between Stevenson and Mr. Henderson, joined issue with Mr. Leighton, and in *THE ACADEMY* the following week told how he had heard Stevenson read the first half of the story, which half he took to Mr. Henderson. It would be very flattering to myself if I could say that "Treasure Island" owed something, if only in a suggestive sense, to my early effort in the same direction, but the matter is conclusively settled by a passage in a letter of Stevenson to W. E. Henley to be found in the additional Stevenson correspondence published this year. In this letter Stevenson refers to his contemplated boys' story, and says: "It's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship." That my story had an island, a cypher, a map, and a mutiny is nothing. Such things are stock materials dating from Poe's "Gold Bug," and perhaps earlier. It is pretty clear, however, that the whole of the manuscript was not in Mr. Henderson's hands at the time the story began to appear in *Young Folks*. Later on copy came somewhat slowly from Stevenson, and I had it from Mr. Clinton, the sub-editor of *Young Folks*, that on one occasion the instalment arrived so late that he was compelled to divide the sheets for distribution among the compositors—an act of spoliation which aroused Stevenson's wrath. Mr. Clinton's ornate literary style moved Stevenson, when writing to Mr. Edmund Gosse, to say "it's like buttermilk and blacking; it swings and hums away in that last sheet like a great old kettle full of bilge water." As Clinton was at the time defending "Treasure Island" against adverse criticism, this sounds a little ungenerous. One need not, however, labour the point. Thirty years have gone by; the paper and its "humming" sub-editor are both dead, and so also are Mr. Henderson, Dr. Japp, and, alas! Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHARLES E. PEARCE.

Chiswick.

"UNWISE HUSBANDS AND UNWORTHY WIVES"

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—I do not know whether the letter of your correspondent Clara Beesley excites more pity or disgust. But any woman to express such views must be, to say the least, of a very coarse grain. What does such a woman know of a "higher life," either in a man or a woman? Yet she has the impudence to speak for her sex, the sex to which Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Josephine Butler belonged. The woman who begged her husband's pardon, after he had so humiliated her, is utterly contemptible. No one would despise her more than the said husband. I am afraid, if such methods were commonly resorted to, the marriage state would soon develop into boxing matches. A perplexed wife can hold her own in these days, and to good effect, as well as a perplexed husband, as those who read the daily papers know. The ending of that play—"The Taming of the Shrew"—which is often brought forward as an example of how to manage a wife is stilted and unnatural. No woman with the spirit of Katharine would submit, in the way Shakespeare makes his heroine do, to Petruchio's stupid command. In fact, if the famous dramatist had been true to life, Petruchio would not have risked his reputation before his friends by commanding his wife at all. He would have known she was of too uncertain a quantity.

Again, your correspondent says that "there were no per-

plexed husbands in the days of our ancestors." Although I am no great student of history, I could mention some very renowned ones. Moreover, the finest writer of ancient Greek comedy makes special mention of woman as an inveterate plague, yet who in spite of that strangely fascinates man. Perhaps one of your cultured readers will give the passage and the name of the author to which I refer.

But putting such arguments aside, our sex would indeed be pitiable if our "love" and "reverence" could only be excited by physical chastisement. We would then only deserve to be slaves—deserve to be treated no better than the animals. Aristotle, although no doubt a very wise man, possessed the bias of his time and his sex. I wonder, if he lived in these days, when candidates for Parliament have to take men in motor-cars to the poll, and when hooliganism is rampant in religion, politics, and trade, would he say "Men obey reason"! One with keener insight and free from prejudice—Christ—showed wonderful tenderness towards women. What did He say to the woman in adultery? "Go, thou, and sin no more." And to her persecutors, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." It was because of Christ's infinite tenderness that Mary Magdalene, repentant, wept over His feet, and wiped them with her lovely tresses. And were not the women unto His death more faithful to Jesus than even His Apostles?—I am, yours faithfully,

GERTRUDE MAGEE.

8, Glasgow-street, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, Oct. 2, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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- Likeness.* By Edith Dart. Mills and Boon. 6s.
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- The Fatal Woman.* By Dick Donovan. F. V. White and Co. 6s.
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- The Common Law.* By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. D. Appleton and Co. 6s.
- In the Days of Serfdom, and Other Stories.* By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by L. and A. Maude. Constable and Co. 6s.
- The Outcry.* By Henry James. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- Dan Russell the Fox: an Episode in the Life of Miss Rowan.* By E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross. Methuen and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Casanova and his Time.* By Edouard Maynial. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.
- Daughters of Eve.* By W. R. H. Trowbridge. Illustrated. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.
- The French Ideal: Pascal, Fénelon, and Other Essays.* By Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). With Portraits. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.
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- Sixty-eight Years on the Stage.* By Mrs. Charles Calvert. Illustrated. Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 463	Books in Preparation 484
Sirmio 464	W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge 485
The Willow-tree Woman 464	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 486
De Omnibus Rebus 465	Motoring and Aviation ... 487
Home Rule and Antiquarianism 466	In the Temple of Mammon 488
Some New Experiences ... 467	Correspondence 489
Reviews—	Books Received 490
A Nation in the Making 469	
Pauline Theology..... 470	SUPPLEMENT
Poems 471	Light and Twilight..... 1
Shorter Reviews 471	Reviews—
Fiction 472	Marie Louise 2
The Theatre..... 473	The New India..... 3
On the South Devon Coast 474	The Transformation of
Archæology in India Threa-	Palestine 4
tened..... 476	Poetry on the Dissecting-
After the Crisis 478	table 5
Music 480	The Compleat Small-
Art 482	holder 6
October Magazines 483	Shorter Reviews 6
	Fiction 8

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

LORD ROBERTS, "the hero and the man complete," astonishes the world from time to time by some new evidence of his activity and capacity. We were not in the least surprised that he gave his support to the stalwarts who followed the lead of Lord Halsbury against the humiliating surrender at discretion—or, as we think, indiscretion—by the majority of the Peers of rights which were inalienable. Lord Roberts has been accustomed to overcome obstacles—however formidable in appearance—and not to enter into a campaign of *finesse* with his adversaries.

We own to surprise, however, when we observe from the veteran Field-Marshal's pen a cogent, closely-reasoned, and terse exposition of a sane policy for the Unionist party, such as has proceeded from no other source. In a single column Lord Roberts exhausts essential principles, which it is customary to extricate with difficulty from streams of verbiage, full of the snags of hesitation and saving clauses.

Lord Roberts having disposed of the possibility of a Liberal party whose prominent features are chaffering and self-abasement proving equal to the situation, proceeds to ask how far the Unionist party under leaders who have not possessed or who have lost the capacity for leadership, are likely to respond to the exigencies of the moment. In a few paragraphs, Lord Roberts deals in a really masterly manner with the way in which the Unionist party should approach the question of social reform, and glances at the

necessities of national defence—"Is it too late to hope that the Unionist party will come forward to lead the millions that wait for a leader?"

Hope and expectation are not synonyms. Hope is denied to none but the fallen archangel, expectation is the equipment of the foreseeing and reasoning man. All honour to the veterans Lords Roberts and Halsbury who have endeavoured to enjoin the path of duty.

It is our intention to publish a symposium on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. Sir Charles Walpole in two articles has recently dealt with Irish Legislative movements and systems of the past. Professor Kettle in this week's issue writes a weighty introductory article. We notice that he complains of Sir Charles Walpole's articles as savouring of antiquarianism, and writes: "We modern Home Rulers have it for our foible to be loyal to the twentieth century;" and later on: "We go not upon the past, but the present." That is absolutely the editorial view, but we do not agree with Professor Kettle that it is widely adopted. Many at least of modern Home Rulers are incessantly harping on English "robbery" in the past. Lord Dunraven has recently issued a volume* which will shortly be reviewed in these columns. The book is in excellent prose, and, as Professor Kettle would say, of much antiquarian interest. Its tendency, however, is to keep open the sore—not to heal it. We welcome the attitude of being "loyal to the twentieth century" and the policy of the clean slate.

A literary event of great importance to all who are interested in Shakespeare's works—and who is not, either at home or abroad?—is the promise of a new volume by Mr. Frank Harris. Very shortly Messrs. Methuen will publish "The Women of Shakespeare." We have had the advantage of seeing an advanced copy of the Introduction, and it foreshadows a study of great value and interest. The frontispiece is a portrait of the "Dark Lady of the Sonnets," drawn by Joseph Simpson after the portrait at Arbury.

That which Lady Newdigate-Newdigate in her book "Gossip from a Muniment Room" failed to appreciate, has not escaped Mr. Harris' trained perception. The authoress publishes one letter of Mary Fitton to her sister, with the comment that there is nothing remarkable in it. We cannot endorse that opinion, as Mr. Harris has discovered the line:

"Time, that limits all things, bares me of words."

The plan of the book is an elaborate examination of the prototypes amongst Shakespeare's surroundings who furnished him with the material for the female figures in his plays and sonnets.

The work promises to be one of extraordinary interest, judging by the Introduction, which is instinct with all the author's literary grace and charm. Many will look forward with an expectation of unusual enjoyment to the forthcoming publication.

We are informed that Abbas Effendi, the head of the Moslem sect professing the Bâbi reformed faith, is now in London, and we doubt not that he will be much exploited by those Churchmen of all denominations who are prone to sensationalism. It will be a misfortune if this single-minded professor of a simple and pure form of religion should be vulgarised by any modern form of advertisement. We publish in this number an article by Sir Charles Walpole on the little-known history of The Bâb and Bâbism.

* *The Legacy of Past Years: a Study of Irish History.* By the Earl of Dunraven, K.P. (John Murray. 7s. 6d.)

SIRMIO

[From Catullus]

My Sirmio, Queen, undoubted Queen of all the isles that be,
Whom Neptune hath on placid lakes or on the boisterous sea,
How gladsomely and with what joy do I revisit thee!

That I have left Bithynian plains and Thynia far behind
I scarcely may believe, but oh, what perfect peace of mind
My lovely Sirmio once again and all unharmed to find!

Oh, what more blest than cares dismissed, soul's burden laid
aside,

Fatigued with travel and with toil, at home once more to
hide,

And to the couch of one's desire the weary limbs confide?

Ah! this alone repays the toil of foreign field and dale,
Hail, sweetest Sirmio, Queen of Isles, my happy homestead,
hail!

To greet thy tardy lord's return let wine and song prevail!

Ye, too, rejoice, ye limpid lakes and waterfalls of Rome,
My merry-men, let laughter ring through mine ancestral
dome,

To welcome to his native land your lord arriven home!

CYRIL MORGAN DREW.

THE WILLOW-TREE WOMAN

THE incense, an old vibration of the Japanese heart, quite peculiar, naturally fastidious, gesticulated, while stealing up from a two-horned dragon's mouth, for my friend (who returned home from America by the last steamer) to stop his talk on automobiles and sky-scrapers. It was only a little while since the new moon, looking so attractive after a shower-bath of rain, had left the pine branches of my garden. I begged my friend to change his Western sack-coat for one of my *yukatas*, the cotton summer dress with somewhat demonstrative design (thank heaven, it is in the summer time all free, when we are allowed to act even fantastically), as it was, I told him informally, out of place in my Japanese house; I confess that the poetical balance of my mind has grown to be easily ruined by a single harsh note of the too real West. When I, with my friend new-made in Japanese robe, most comfortably stretched my body upon the mats, I felt the night lovely, the dusk so blessed; my friend said he wished, if possible, to cry heartily while listening to some old Japanese songs of tragedy whose pain he had almost forgotten. The words reminded me at once that Madam Kosei, the well-known singer of *gidayu* or lyrical drama, was appearing in some entertainment-house close by; with much glee he received my suggestion to take him there. When we left the house the moon was seen nowhere.

"Dzden, den, den"—the sound of the three-stringed *samisen* trying for the right note was already heard when we sat ourselves down in the hall, where my artistic mind began soon to revolt against the electric-light, which only serves to diffuse the music deep or low, the song tragic or simple; I thought if we only could hear them in a small room, perhaps of eight mats, with candles lighted, where the voice reaches the ecstasy when it suffocates! The husky cough, quite natural for the professional singer who has forced her voice too severely, made us understand that we were going to hear Kosei in the tragic death of O Ryu, that poor willow-tree woman who grew under the blessing of dews and suns.

The audience hushed like water when the singer's voice rose: "The leaves fall, the tree cracks, the axe flashes. . . ." O Ryu, the willow-tree woman, shivers, trembles in pain as her last days are reached; she cries over her sleeping child, Midori, whom she got by Heitaro, her hus-

band, and she says, "The child will grow even without the mother's milk. If he should become great and wise and live up to his father's reputation with arrow and bow! Oh, must his poor mother go away? The voice, the sad voice, calls me back to the tree. Oh, voice calling me back. . . ."

Once she had no human form, but was only the willow tree on whose high branch Suyetaka's hawk alighted when he was hunting, which was almost doomed, then, to be cut down, as he saw no other way to get the hawk; it was Heitaro, the clever archer, who shot the branches to pieces and rescued the bird, of course, and also saved the tree from its ruin. The inhuman tree grew human at once in feeling the sense of gratitude toward Heitaro, whom she decided to serve in the rôle of woman: the days, the years that passed made her forget that she was a tree; her love for her temporary husband was sealed in Midori.

The scene changes from night to day. The fallen willow tree never moves when people try to pull it to its destination. Who in the world could know its secret heart? Who could hear its inner voice, except Heitaro and Midori? When they hasten to the place, the tree, not wholly dead, seems to stir as if in joy; why should it not, as its husband and child have come to bid farewell at the moment it is taken over to the dark and death? The tree moves when Midori and Heitaro lead the people in singing, because they pull with the strength of humanity and love.

We, I and my friend, were silent when we returned home from the entertainment-hall; I fancied that he was impressed as much as I was. We all take the same step in the matter of humanity without any discussion. I left my friend in his room, I myself retiring into the mosquito-net of my compartment, whence I could see the paper lantern still burning in the darkness, swinging as if a lost spirit of the willow-tree, perhaps, of my garden; what would it speak to me? I could not sleep for some long while, being absorbed in my own reflection.

It was Buddhism which encouraged and endorsed the superstition, even with added reasonings; it would only need a little light of circumstances to make it shine like a pearl which quickens itself, to speak figuratively, with the golden faith within. The humanising of a tree, whether it be a willow or a pine, has its origin in the general Nature-worship which is as old as the sun and the moon; I think it is one of the prides we can fairly well claim that we never laugh, jeer at, or wound Nature, and never invade her domain with cold hearts; it is, in truth, the Western intellect that has taught us of the scheme and secret how to force the battle against Nature. Must we thank the West for our disillusionment? It was the romance of trees—like that of the willow, for instance—that saved at least old Japan from natural ruin; how such an allegorical story impressed our Japanese mind!

I used to hear, when I was young, of the lovely maiden ever so young and sad, who disappeared, like a star into the morning mist, into the cherry-tree, when the evening bell sent the sun down across the West, and the flower-petals fell fast to the ground; I began to dream of the luminous moment of meeting with that lady of apparition, when my boyhood grew to ripen into youth, and of the ecstasy of shock and deathless joy in her single touch. I confess I was ever so haunted by the woman of the cherry-tree. The pain I earned from realising the fact that I should never get her, although she was within my hand's grasp, became healed only lately.

Where I lost my idealism I got humanity; to-day, when my days of youth have begun to fade into the colour of grey, I am married, and have children crawling by my side. The story of the willow-tree appeals to my mind more intensely than the lady of the cherry-blossom. I think that the worship of the tree belongs to an age ten years later than the flower adoration.

YONE NOGUCHI.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

It must be, I think, four years since I wrote in *THE ACADEMY* on the subject of Education. And a day or two ago, looking in the daily paper, I saw that somebody had been pointing out that a classical education disposed men to idleness, and that technical instruction in the methods of production and distribution was more useful than the classics, and equally elevating.

Now, though this is nonsense, it is not quite the usual nonsense which is talked on the subject. The man who is opposed to compulsory Greek at the Universities is usually content to say that, though Greek is beautiful, there are comparatively few who are mentally fit to study it; that most young men are constitutionally incapable of deriving benefit from Homer and Sophocles, and that it is mere waste of time to force them to acquire an elementary knowledge of a language which they will never appreciate, and the reformer in most cases presses for some branch or branches of physical science as a substitute for Greek. Then there is another body of opinion which declares brutally, but in the main truly, that Greek does not pay, and that the Universities should teach business methods—otherwise the art of hustling. There are many minds to whom the school described by Stevenson in "The Wrecker" must appeal as the perfection of good sense; the pupils were given imaginary credits at the beginning of each term, and were required to speculate, day by day, in Wall Street and the Wheat Pit. But the most recent of our educational reformers not only says that Greek does not pay, but that a knowledge of commerce elevates the mind. It is an astounding claim; for the life of me I cannot see how a process of instruction in the manufacture, transmission and distribution of Siberian butter and Dutch gin can have on the mind an effect in any way analogous to that produced by the *Odyssey* or the *Edipus*. One might as well say that a draper's shop is as good as the "Arabian Nights;" the proposition is evidently sheer, unthinkable nonsense.

It is nonsense because the aim of true education is to develop, to foster and direct the imaginative faculty—incomparably the most important asset in the human equipment. In saying this, I do not mean to declare that writing novels is the supreme office of man, though I do mean to say that the faculty by which novels are written is the supreme faculty of man. In logical language the imagination is the human "difference;" it is of the essence of humanity. That is, a man without imagination is a contradiction in terms, as inconceivable as a dormouse with a taste for landscape-painting and lyrical poetry. All human performance, every great achievement of man, is the result of the exercise of the imagination; and, it may be added, by the way, this faculty is as necessary in keeping shop as in writing poetry or building Cathedrals. When the late Professor Churton Collins was in America he met an engineer, who told him that he was firmly convinced of the value of the classics in business—in his own business. "They stimulate the imagination," he said, "and all invention is the result of a powerful imagination." Before reading the "Life" of Churton Collins I had occasion to deal with aeroplanes in an article that I was writing. I pointed out that if men had not dreamed long ago of Icarus and of the flying-horse we should not have got our letters by the "First U.K. Aerial Post" the other day. And when you are shown a whole street of shops bearing the same name, and are told how the founder of the business began with one small shop and one assistant you may be sure that here is a case of imagination applied to retail trading.

For reasons of all kinds, then, education ought to be so

ordered as to do everything possible for the development of this faculty; and there is no better way than the way of Latin and Greek. Here you have two literatures; that is, two new-old worlds of thoughts and dreams and beauty; and he who makes the voyage and discovery of these worlds has of necessity widened and broadened and strengthened his imaginative faculty; he is so much more of a man than he who knows no tongue but his own.

Of course there is one great and pressing reform needed in classical—as in all other—education. Referring again to the Life of Professor Churton Collins, I see that Mr. Frederic Harrison, writing to the Professor about the study of Italian, declined to discuss some Board of Examiners; all examiners and all examinations, Mr. Harrison declared, were essentially and inevitably and invariably bad. This is one of the truest and the best things that I have read for many a long day: examinations and the mode of teaching which examinations make necessary are, indeed, utter abominations, grotesque and injurious follies. Examination knowledge is mechanical knowledge, and mechanism of any kind, material or spiritual, is the great foe of the imagination. The examiner and his "papers" should be abolished; and in their place the old system of the thesis—and, possibly, of the disputation—should be restored. The only test of real knowledge is the doing of original work. The carpenter who wants a job is not required to describe a plane from memory; he has to show that he knows how to use a plane.

It is ill indeed that people are talking this sorry stuff about the abolition of the classics, in this age of all others, when we are most in need of them. It is odd how the obvious things, how the things which are terribly and insistently obvious, somehow seem to elude our observation. Ask half a dozen men to tell you what in their opinion is the distinguishing and prerogative mark of the present age: each will give you a different answer, and I doubt if one will be the true and real answer. The religious man will tell you, sadly, that there is a great falling off in faith—people don't believe as they used to believe. The politician will impress on you that this is a democratic age; that "the people" are at length coming to their own. The "practical" man will talk of the improved means of locomotion; he will tell you that in the last hundred years we have made more advance in this way than in the eighteen hundred years which preceded them. Then another will point to the spread of education; yet another to the extraordinary developments of science; another to the unique complexity of the social and economic problem in our times. And all these answers are right in a sense; but not one of them is the real answer. Most of these points have been paralleled in the past. No period can ever be more faithless than the age in which Horace flourished. The servile class did not vote in the Athens of the Peloponnesian war; but the Athenian democracy was democratic enough to ruin the State by sheer power of oratory—otherwise gabble. As for modern science—I speak, be it understood, of the science of the last ten years—it is rapidly approximating to the position of the ancient alchemists. And as for education, I have seen many letters from the products of the modern L.C.C. school which are neither better nor worse spelt than the epistle of the Vinegar-yard lady in Smollett. No, none of these answers really establishes the grand point of difference between this age and other ages. Even the swift travelling answer is not satisfactory. It is true we do move about much more quickly than our ancestors; but the difference is neither radical nor essential. I cannot feel that Edinburgh, for example, would impinge differently upon me if I took eighty hours to get to it instead of eight hours.

What, then, is the essential difference between man as he is and man as he was? Just this, I think, that imagination

has become—or almost become—a dead language. Observe, I do not say an unknown language. Latin is a tongue perfectly well-known to a good many people. Indeed, I have no doubt that there have been hundreds or even thousands of scholars in the last three hundred years whose knowledge of Latin has been greater than that possessed by many ancient Romans. Nevertheless, Latin is undoubtedly a dead language.

And so it is with the imagination. We have great artists now—men who by a conscious and intense effort unlearn, as it were, the tongue that is in their ears all day long, and acquire the strange speech of beauty. These are the fakirs of art; people who through great agonies have raised themselves into a kind of superhuman ecstasy. We have artists as we have scholars; but we have no craftsmen, any more than we have little children who babble away in funny, unconscious Latin to one another, quite unaware of the fact that they are using the *oratio obliqua*, and of the rule as to *dum* in the sense of *donec*. A man no longer takes a bit of wood, a bit of stone, or a bit of iron, and quite unconsciously makes it into something beautiful. He may be taught to copy—and perhaps to copy exquisitely—the work of former years; but if he does so he will be speaking a dead language; he will be like a clever schoolboy with his elegiacs, that sound as good as anything that Ovid ever wrote, which are, for all that, a mere exercise: wax fruit, not fruit growing and swelling on the tree. And all the natural and unconscious beauties of the old craftsmen were fruits of the live tree of the imagination, and that tree, I am afraid, is now dead.

HOME RULE AND ANTIQUARIANISM

By PROFESSOR T. M. KETTLE

I.

SIR CHARLES WALPOLE will not think me merely rude if I begin by observing that his two excellent articles* belong rather to antiquarianism than to politics. Who now reads Bolingbroke? asked Edmund Burke. And who now dreams of linking the modern Home Rule demand with Poynings' Act or the Sixth of George the First? The assemblies of which Sir Charles Walpole writes were not Parliaments of Ireland: they were merely Parliaments of the English interest in Ireland. As such, they are a fit and fruitful subject for research. Not only do they belong to Irish history, but, studied at large and in the full context of their times, they are Irish history. But to the ordinary Nationalist they have no more to do with Home Rule than the Edict of Nantes.

Let me explain. There was a period—about the beginning of the eighteenth century—in which the history of Parliamentary institutions in Ireland was canvassed in a violent controversy. Less than a decade after the Battle of the Boyne Ireland renews her old task of conquering her conquerors. The colonists stir with that ferment which is afterwards, in Grattan's words and under Grattan's leadership, to "transform a Protestant settlement into an Irish nation." In such circumstances these men of the Pale naturally turned for justification to the history of the Pale Parliaments. Molyneux, the friend of Petty, argued the independence of Ireland—that is to say, the English colony in Ireland—with such weight of precedent that the Government handed over his book for review to their most effective critic—the public hangman. That functionary burned it in 1698 with all due ceremony; but the book had

a hidden flame of its own which struck from mind to mind, not missing Swift's, until corruption was withered up, and a place scorched clean for the founding of Grattan's Parliament.

In those days Sir Charles Walpole's essay would have touched raw nerves in Dublin and London. Favourably or unfavourably received, he would certainly have had nothing to complain of in the matter of liveliness. To-day one reads it with a sort of pleasant lassitude. It interests, even fascinates, but it has nothing in the world to do with the Home Rule Bill of 1912. Suppose you prove to a Nationalist that Ireland, or at least the Pale, did in the past enjoy political autonomy as of right; he will reply, "Very good. Let us restore it in a large way." If *per impossibile* you prove the contrary, he will reply, with unruffled amiability, "Very good. Since Irish autonomy has never before existed, it will be our glory to create it." Either way you are encumbering yourself with what a Longford peasant would call dead knowledge.

II.

All this will apply with less force to the Parliament of 1782-1800 than to earlier Assemblies. That body was but the mutilated torso of a National Parliament. Or rather, since a living image is more appropriate, it was an immature organism which had not yet grown up, and was never suffered to grow up, to the stature of the Irish nation. Yet, although it was a Garrison Parliament, it had begun to find its way to the hearts and the affection of the people. Although it was a Penal-law Parliament, it had learned from Grattan the gospel of religious freedom, and had in 1793 made a substantial move towards the emancipation of the Catholic majority. Above all, and for all its limitations, it was an experiment in freedom which had richly justified itself, especially in the field of material progress. For these reasons the extinction of Grattan's Parliament is regarded by Home Rulers of the present day as a crime of *lèse-liberté* of a fundamental kind; the memory of what that Assembly was and what it did holds a place both in the prose and in the poetry of the national movement. And for these reasons it is necessary to correct a cardinal error into which Sir Charles Walpole has fallen:—

This Parliament, which extinguished itself more than a century ago, was, with one exception, a Home Rule Parliament as defined by Mr. Redmond—viz., "a Parliament freely elected, with an executive responsible thereto."

The exception which he specifies turns on the exclusion of Catholics. But there was another exception which breaks the very backbone of the comparison. The Executive Government in Grattan's Parliament was responsible not to the Irish, but to the English House of Commons. Without this fact as a key, the course of Irish politics in that period would be altogether unintelligible. In a matter so notorious it is hardly necessary to call witnesses, but the reader will permit me to quote the brief account of the system given by Mrs. J. R. Green in her recent book "Irish Nationality:"—

All Bills had to go through the Privy Council, whose secret and overwhelming influence was backed by the Privy Council in England, the English law officers, and finally the English Cabinet. Irish proposals were rejected not in Parliament, but in these secret Councils. The King had a veto in Ireland, not in England. The English Cabinet, changing with English parties, had the last word on every Irish Bill. There was no Irish Cabinet responsible to the Irish Houses; no Ministry resigned, whatever the majority by which it was defeated.

It was precisely because Grattan's Parliament was not a Home Rule Parliament that Pitt and his agents were able to organise its suicide and self-extinction. It must be remembered that when the Union was first proposed in

* THE ACADEMY, September 23rd and September 30th.

1799 it was defeated. Had a system of Home Rule existed the Government would have been driven from office, and in the inevitable Election the patriotic Opposition would have damned Pitt's plan beyond all redemption. But the Government were under no compulsion to resign. They remained to bribe, to bully, to cajole with insincere promises, and by these methods to accomplish what Lecky styles the great crime and great blunder of the Union.

III.

So much for what I have called, in no wounding spirit, the antiquarianism of Home Rule. Let me not seem so foolish as to suggest that there is no historical argument for Irish autonomy: such an argument there is, and, fully understood, it is conclusive. But to find it you must go to the whole spiritual and material history of the Irish nation, and not to the merely political history of that fragment of the Garrison which, from time to time, created for itself assemblies of varying degrees of power or impotence. This argument has often been made, but we modern Home Rulers have it for our foible to be loyal to the twentieth century. We are sick of that caricature which depicts Ireland as the mad heroine of a sort of perpetual suttee in which all the interests of the present are immolated on the funeral-pyre of the past. "Repeal the Union!" cried Canning in one of his lapses; "Restore the Heptarchy!" We agree. The mere fact that an institution existed a hundred years ago is no reason why it should be re-established to-day; that principle, if conceded, would bring back not only Grattan's Parliament, but the Bourbons. We go, not upon the past, but upon the present. History is indeed necessary to any full comprehension of the content of politics; it is the Rubicon between savagery and civilisation, between a horde and a nation. But if all the histories were burned, and an impartial observer (moved by no bias except a weakness for justice and efficiency) were to study the actual government of Ireland, we claim that his report would be an unanswerable case for Home Rule. An attempt will be made in a further article to give a sort of shorthand summary of the main lines of that report. For the moment, as an indispensable introduction, we may so far follow Sir Charles Walpole as to ascertain, by the historical method, what is really meant by Home Rule.

There has been in Ireland a marked evolution of thought on the subject. O'Connell began by demanding simple Repeal of the Union. But by 1844 he had advanced towards a Federal programme.

"Besides the local Parliament in Ireland having full and perfect local authority," he writes in that year, "there should be, for questions of Imperial concern, colonial, military and naval, and of foreign alliance and policy a Congressional or Federal Parliament, in which Ireland should have a fair share and proportion of representation and power." The change of programme was not received with universal approval. O'Connell died, and Repeal and Federation alike were swallowed up in the Great Famine. But when Isaac Butt came to formulate his scheme at the Home Rule Conference of 1873, he renewed the Federal proposal in terms almost verbally the same. The Conference resolved:—

That, in claiming these rights and privileges for our country, we adopt the principle of a Federal arrangement, which would secure to the Irish Parliament the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, while leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial Crown and Government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the Crown, the relations of the Empire with Foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the Empire at large; as well

as the power of granting and providing the supplies necessary for Imperial purposes.

Mr. Parnell declared his mind with great candour on the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1886:—

Undoubtedly I should have preferred the restitution of Grattan's Parliament . . . but I consider that there are practical advantages connected with the proposed statutory body, limited and subordinate to the Imperial Parliament as it undoubtedly will be, which will render it much more useful and advantageous to the Irish people than was Grattan's Parliament. . . .

It seems clearly established, by the way, that Mr. Parnell had never been at the trouble of ascertaining the nature and powers of Grattan's Parliament. Mr. Redmond stands where Parnell stood. He claims for the Irish people "the legislative and executive control of all purely Irish affairs."

Where, asks the triumphant critic, is the line to be drawn between Irish and Imperial affairs? We answer that it was drawn by O'Connell and Butt, by Gladstone and Parnell. It can be drawn to meet the circumstances of to-day by men of goodwill, after discussion and mutual adjustment. Why not postpone Ireland until a scheme of Home Rule all round, either for the United Kingdom or for the whole Empire, can be worked out? We answer that Ireland comes first on grounds both of ethics and expediency. But a Home Rule assembly, functioning in Dublin, may well afford a model and a basis for a new organisation of the Empire. If so, let it be remembered that it was not Mr. Chamberlain but Mr. O'Connell who first in these countries gave Imperialism a definite and articulate form. Enough has been said at all events to show that Home Rule is no mere resurrection of a mouldered past, but a modern polity devised for modern needs. It differs not in species, but in genus from the Assemblies of which Sir Charles Walpole has written.

SOME NEW EXPERIENCES

BY FRANK HARRIS

AGAIN and again lately I have been asked why I don't criticise living writers and books of the day in the same spirit as I criticise Shakespeare. Now whenever the chance comes to me this is just what I do: I criticised Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale" in this way, and now I seize the opportunity to talk of Mr. Wells' latest book and a play of Lord Dunsany.

The book of Mr. Wells is entitled "The Country of the Blind" (Nelsons), and contains some thirty of his short stories—all those he thinks worthy of republication. In an "Introduction," which deals with the efflorescence of short stories in the 'nineties, he mentions me with Barrie and Stevenson among the notable writers, and I can hardly show my appreciation better than by talking frankly of some of these short stories of his. The majority I had read when they first appeared, and had found abundant cleverness in them and an admirable sense of what is fitting in form and language; but nothing more, no revelation of human nature, no appeal to the soul, nothing enduring. Had that been all I should have been unable to say anything of this book, for it is my custom only to consider such books as I love and can therefore praise from the bottom of my heart. The star-finder and not the fault-finder, it seems to me, is the true critic.

In this book, however, there are two stories which I read

with the keenest interest—two stories of the kind I most admire, which, therefore, I am delighted to praise and appraise, for they will show us Mr. Wells, I believe, at his most characteristic. The two stories are "The Country of the Blind," which has given its name to the book, and "The Door in the Wall." Both stories are symbolic, and have accordingly a double interest for us as stories first and afterwards as allegories illustrating some spiritual truth or experience.

Before analysing them let me say one thing in general about their author and his place in contemporary literature. In my opinion neither Barrie nor Stevenson has written anything at all comparable with these two stories of Mr. Wells. Indeed, "The Man Who Would be King" is the only story of Kipling which I would rank with these two, and, speaking frankly, I prefer "The Country of the Blind" to Kipling's best.

Having said this about Mr. Wells not grudgingly but with real pleasure, I must get to the stories themselves. On reading them through again I cannot recapture the pleasure I felt when I first read "The Door in the Wall." It seems to me only half thought out. It's as if a man of genius had caught the idea of a great story and then treated it off-hand slap-dash as a journalist.

I do not speak only of the writing of the story, but of the architecture of it, though, as often happens, the writing is on much the same level as the architecture. The hero is a child when he first finds the Door in the Wall, the door leading into the paradise of dreams, the ideal world. Now that does not seem to me to be true.

A child has no need of a door in the wall in order to find paradise: the whole world is miraculous to him, wonderful, fascinating. It is not an ordinary person who is about to come round the corner, but an Indian in full war-paint with bleeding scalps hanging from his waistbelt. The loafer at the public-house is not a wastrel, but a boatswain who has just returned from a pirate cruise on the Spanish main. In childhood all doors lead into the ideal world. But when childhood is over and forgotten and the real world has made its grotesque, tragic imprint on the soul, the youth finds the door in the wall with his first love; she first teaches him that he is dirtied with the world's mud, and his ideals even are unworthy. It is his first love which transforms the world for him, shows him what might be, opens for him the door in the wall, and gives him a foretaste of paradise.

Mr. Wells is not content with choosing a child to find the door in the wall; he also invents a sort of governess, who turns the child out of his earthly paradise; and here again the symbolism of the story, it seems to me, is not observed. No outsider turns us out of paradise; we leave the ideal world of our own free will, because, after all, we are much more at home in the real world, and our souls hanker after the fleshpots. The youth comes out of his paradise because he misses the homely touch of common things, and his soul even thirsts for the taste of a girl's lips. At least so it seems to me, and I should have liked Mr. Wells to find the artistic symbol for this truth.

Still, I admire "The Door in the Wall" on the whole, though I should have preferred another ending. I think Mr. Wells should have presented his hero as having attained his goal and realised his ambition; he should have been offered the Premiership, and then when he had reached the best that this world could offer I would have had him turn away to seek the "Door in the Wall" and the ideal world. Still, as I say, Mr. Wells' version is provocative and interesting, though I must insist that I could not re-read the story with the pleasure I felt at first. It did not seem to me to wear well.

I can leave it the more readily because it is not so good a story as "The Country of the Blind." Mr. Wells was right to make this, the eponymous story, the chief story of the book. It is far and away the best story in it, and I think one of Mr. Wells' latest stories; at any rate it is his masterpiece.

Mr. Wells compares the short story with a small picture, and this is the right way of looking at it; but if, instead of treating the short story or small picture as a "jolly art," he had just recalled the fact that all the greatest stories of the world were short stories, that "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and "Lear," like the "Antigone" and the "Agamemnon," are short stories, just as most of the great pictures of the world are small pictures, he would have come nearer the truth. But still here is his masterpiece. Let us see how he has treated it.

"The Country of the Blind" is thirty-three pages long, or, say, ten thousand words, and the first thing that strikes me is that Mr. Wells takes nearly ten pages to get his hero into "The Country of the Blind," ten pages which have no influence on the story at all, which do not even tell us much about the hero; ten pages of what I must call scaffolding, necessary to the builder, no doubt, in order to help his imagination to work, but which should have been taken away after the house was built, the story realised.

But now we come with Nunez the mountaineer of the Andes, and find ourselves in "the narrow, shut-in valley which is 'The Country of the Blind.'" At the very beginning Mr. Wells strikes the keynote. Through the mind of Nunez runs the old proverb, as if it were a refrain, "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king."

It was this proverb, no doubt, which gave Mr. Wells the idea of the story. He will show us that this proverb is not true, is indeed the reverse of the truth, the theme of Mr. Wells' story being that in the country of the blind the man with eyes will be made a common servant, and before he is admitted to citizenship or fellowship he must lose his eyes and become blind. Now there is, of course, an element of truth in this theory.

All the stories of great men born into the world are stories of men gifted with eyesight in the country of the blind. It is not true that the man with sight becomes king; it is never true except with many qualifications. Let us examine the matter. With fine insight Mr. Wells begins with the fact that the blind will not believe what the man with eyes says, and the truths he tells them make them hate him. He represents to us that Nunez, his hero, gets into conflict with the blind people, which, of course, is true, and at last, in order to get food, he has to submit to them, and they make him a servant. Here my agreement with Mr. Wells comes to an end.

He represents Nunez as isolated in a hostile world; no one believes in him, no one credits the fact of his vision; even the girl he loves begs him to submit to an operation, and be blinded in order to become like an ordinary person. Rather than consent to this, he leaves her, and climbs up out of the shut-in valley, and turns his back for ever on the country of the blind.

Now all this, it seems to me, is false, and a libel on humanity of the worst. Mr. Wells has fallen into a half truth lower than the proverb he seeks to disprove; lower because more hopeless and more untrue. The truth is that in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king; but not the man with two eyes and perfect sight. Your Mahomet, who is one-eyed, makes himself king; your Shakespeare, who has two eyes and perfect sight, is made a common servant of, and passes through life almost unknown by the

many. It is, however, absolutely untrue to say that even a towering genius like Shakespeare can be born into the world with no one to understand him or appreciate him. On the contrary, your Ben Jonson sees him completely, and, when he is not blinded by vanity and jealousy, he will boldly proclaim that Shakespeare was not "for an age, but for all time," greater than any Greek or Roman of them all, an Immortal among the Immortals. Even Lord Southampton saw enough of him to give him £1,000, or say £10,000 of our money, in order to let him buy the best house in Stratford, and write his "Hamlets," that no one cared for, rather than the "Titus Andronicuses" which every one hurried to see. On this side and on that, when he least expected it, Shakespeare found admirers and defenders. Were that not true genius would end in suicide. And as we drop in the scale and come to the one-eyed we find the appreciation more common and the admiration more intense.

Luther comes out of the first examination almost in despair. Every one seems against him, the nobles as well as the priests, and the common people are awe-stricken and stand aloof. Suddenly a knight whom he does not know comes up to him and slaps him on the shoulder cheerily: "Well done, little monk!" he cries; "go on; you'll win yet;" and Luther, thrilling, makes up his mind to go on to Worms "though it rain devils." Mahomet, too, found supporters even among his enemies, and help and encouragement on all hands. Did not Napoleon conquer twenty millions of people without a weapon and almost without striking a blow? The truth is every great man born into the world is surrounded by an invisible cloud of witnesses, some of whom see him as he is, others catch glimpses now and then of his greatness, enough to recognise and admire and love him. Of course he will be lonely in proportion to his greatness, but he will never be alone, and for the one supporter whom he knows there are a hundred whom he may never know, but who are working for him. What does Wordsworth say?—

Thou hast great allies.
Thy friends are exultations, agonies
And love and man's unconquerable mind.

One other feature of Mr. Wells' story strikes me as untrue and unduly pessimistic. The girl whom Nunez loves does not recognise his superiority, and begs him to let himself be blinded in order to be as other men and marry her. This appears to me a libel on womanhood: when even the Disciples hide themselves and hold aloof, the women kept near the Cross heedless of self. Mahomet's wife stood by him through good and evil report, even when he married a younger woman. The girl Shakespeare loved did not, perhaps, see him as we see him; but she surely knew that he was an extraordinary man, and gave herself to him in defiance of convention and morality with passionate abandonment. The truth is that the great man, almost without exception, finds his most constant and most loyal supporters among women. Women have a peculiar weakness for the best and for the worst of men. It is mediocrity that leaves them cold.

Mr. Wells' reading of the whole story is unduly pessimistic, a libel on humanity: and how lamely it ends! Nunez, the great man, can do nothing but leave the Country of the Blind no wiser than he entered it. What an impotent and disappointing conclusion!

And yet the idea is a great idea, and the story one of the best of English stories, only Mr. Wells has taken his art too lightly; the "jolly art" must be a ministry before it produces a masterpiece.

REVIEWS

A NATION IN THE MAKING

A Holiday in South Africa. By the RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)

A WORK from the pen of Sir H. Mortimer Durand cannot fail to attract attention, even though it be of the light nature suggested by its title. The book, indeed, consists of a number of sketches which have appeared in serial form, and which are concerned with the author's experiences in the course of his trip, a journey undertaken in order to "watch on the spot the progress of the movement which has now resulted in the birth of a new nation."

The author's itinerary included Capetown—this as a matter of course—Kimberley, Potchefstroom, the battlefields of Natal, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bulawayo, the Victoria Falls, and Salisbury. Thus he saw many things, and what is more, if the expression be permissible, he saw them shrewdly, as was only to be expected. Perhaps the most valuable of his remarks are those which deal with the question affecting Briton and Boer, whites and blacks. Concerning the eventual fusion of the two former races he is optimistic. It is undoubtedly with strong reason that Sir Mortimer points out that the differences which separated them, far from being inherent, were for the most part the result of mutual misunderstandings. Although in certain quarters some slumbering rancour may yet remain, there can be no doubt that the final traces of this must in the very near future die out completely beneath the force of the new ideals which now fill the mental horizon of the South African.

However paradoxical it may appear, no force would seem to rival that of a sanguinary war in the subsequent uniting of factions and nations. In South Africa history has repeated itself once again. Until the conclusion of the great struggle between Briton and Boer the conception of United South Africa was an undreamed-of thing. Nevertheless during the past decade not only has birth been given to the idea, but the vague inception of the ambition has now matured and swollen into a definite aim that looms large in the minds of the various colonies. This, when it is achieved—as, apparently, cannot fail sooner or later to be the case—must inevitably quench the last sparks of jealousy and animosity. The predicted consummation, it is true, cannot fail to exercise a certain influence upon the Empire as a whole; but so long as the leaders continue to be imbued with a fitting spirit not only of patriotism, but of ordinary fairness, there is no reason why this influence should not work purely towards a very admirable end. In any case, the workings of this new force are already evident, having increased amazingly in intensity during the past two years. In Natal itself, "of all the four colonies the most exclusively British in blood and sentiment," the growth of national feeling has already attained to unexpected proportions. Concerning this the following paragraph is of exceptional interest:—

As one Natal man put it to me, "The Dutch don't love us and we shall have some unpleasant pills to swallow; but if we keep our tempers all will come right in the end. It is better for the country." That was what men were beginning to say everywhere, "It is better for the country." Among soldiers and civilians alike, between October and January, the feeling seemed to spread like a prairie fire. The men who had come out in their thousands nine years before to fight against the Boer invaders now caught up the cry of Africa for the Africander; and merchant and lawyer and farmer seemed to join in with equal enthusiasm.

The agitation, the author explains, is the work of English-

men loyal to the British flag, and than the chief of their Boer collaborators, General Botha, no personage is to be more fully admired and trusted. Sir Mortimer Durand has much to say on the relations between the colonies and the motherland. Very justly he emphasises the fact that, while untravelled folk at home clamour for a full measure of loyalty from Greater Britain, they themselves are not a little apt to forget that they owe to the lands oversea as much as is given. As an example of crass foolishness he cites the case of an Englishman who inquired of a visiting Canadian concerning his President, naming the President of the United States!

On the subject of the colour problem the author's remarks cannot fail to be appreciated by those who have had actual experience of this very burning question. Although the expression of his views is necessarily somewhat guarded, he is in favour of yielding to the judgment of the men on the spot whose knowledge has been gained by practical experience. The Kaffir is a child with the passions of a man, and undoubtedly requires firmer handling than is agreeable to the minds of a number of sentimental and untravelled folk in England. The present condition of affairs is, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory. The limitations of caste have entered with lamentable thoroughness into the field of manual labour. All unskilled labour, having become "Kaffir's work," is shunned by the white, whether Afrikaner or newly-arrived European. The result has been the inevitable one—the demoralisation of the lower classes of European labourers, and the formation of an aristocracy of the whites that is to a large extent spurious. The situation is the more to be regretted since so large a proportion of South Africa is eminently fitted for European manual toil. No effectual remedy has yet been introduced, but the situation is one that has to be faced in all seriousness, for until a solution is found the progress of South Africa will continue to be retarded by a condition of affairs that in itself is purely artificial.

PAULINE THEOLOGY

St. Paul in the Light of Modern Research. By the REV. J. R. COHU, sometime Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. (Edward Arnold. 5s. net.)

It is a pity that Mr. Cohu did not give his latest book the title which in his Preface he admits would have been better—viz., "St. Paul in the Light of Modern Thought." For the chief part of this clever work is a searching examination of Pauline theology in relation to the development of modern views on Christianity. At the same time those who know the author's former writings will understand that there is no shrinking from the most recent critical standpoint, though such criticism is rather incidental than the main thesis.

Mr. Cohu adopts the view of Matthew Arnold that "Paul's reign has only begun," and that his influence in the future will lie in direct ratio to the liberation of his ideas "from the elaborate misconceptions with which ecclesiasticism has overlaid them." We wonder what Arnold would have said about Mr. Cohu's estimate of St. Paul's conception of the Church and the Sacraments. It appears to us sufficiently "ecclesiastical" to accommodate the most orthodox. But whatever line he adopts, Mr. Cohu is possessed with a refreshing, even captivating boldness.

He begins by the startling, if probable, statement that "Paul himself, were he amongst us now, would be the very first to call for a revision of his own theology in the interests of Paulinism and of religion itself." It is slightly humorous to contemplate Paul among the higher critics. It is no disparagement to Mr. Cohu to say that he has himself stepped into the gap. But his method is not so much that

of revision as an explanation of the development of St. Paul's ideas to a convergent maturer aspect by a natural evolution of his views, and an endeavour to translate the Pauline theology into the message required to-day. This in itself is no easy task, especially in the face of the varying and contradictory opinions on St. Paul's writings advanced by opposing schools of thought. We congratulate Mr. Cohu on a distinct measure of success. He has given us a scholarly piece of work, full of original thought, with a keen perception of the complex and baffling character of the Apostle. His chief aim is to show that the theology or teaching of St. Paul is based absolutely on the religion of Christ, and that these two are absolutely correlative: in concrete expression the Gospel of the Sermon on the Mount and the Gospel of the Pauline Epistles is one.

Such a position, we are aware, presents great difficulties to some minds. In dealing with this difficulty Mr. Cohu is at his best. With minute care he approaches what seem glaring inconsistencies, while he patiently unravels the tangle of Judaism in which Paul's philosophy is wrapped. The bed-rock of his position is the personal relation of Paul to Christ. Paul's views on Predestination, Justification, and Election may be illogical, inconsistent, limited, and coloured with Rabbinical teaching. That does not touch us to-day. What is important is his conception of the Person and work of Christ, and, above all, his experience and realisation of the effects of Christ's example and teaching on his own life, and, prophetically, on the life of all Christians in succeeding ages. This is admirably brought out by Mr. Cohu. In our estimate to-day of St. Paul's teaching we have to liberate ourselves from hallowed prejudices, from traditional views and accepted prepossessions, but "it is as hard for us to escape from them as it was for Paul to shake himself entirely free of his Rabbinic Judaism." Mr. Cohu thinks that the difficulty is insuperable for many. But he has done first-rate pioneering work in clearing the way. Not that he would claim to have overcome all obstacles. Far from it. Paul's views on sin and death, flesh and spirit bring us into very deep waters. Yet one great truth emerges—salvation through the love of Christ. This should be sufficiently clear as an answer to those who say "Leave St. Paul and go back to Christ." But in this direction Paul is emphatically the leader. Here pre-eminently, Mr. Cohu rightly insists, is his message to modern thought.

Having said thus much, it is only fair to add that we cannot quite follow the author in all his interpretations. The chapter on Paul's Conversion is weak and inconclusive. To attach the hackneyed label "psychological" tells us nothing. To speak of "eliminating the magical element" betrays a misleading notion of the term "magic," which is a crude mechanical process totally different from supernatural religion. Is any difference of belief required for the account of Paul's Conversion and for the Baptism or Transfiguration, or the Ascension of Christ? Is there any difference of degree? Is one more difficult than the other? But there is nothing savouring of "magic," as anthropologically understood, in any of these relations.

The chapter on the gradual development of Paul's views on Eschatology is remarkable for some unexpected deductions; notably that his later teaching involves our Lord's Resurrection direct from the Cross and not from the Tomb, that our resurrection is instantaneous at the moment of death, that there is no intermediate state, and that Paul believed in the universal salvation of all mankind. These and similar difficulties are summed up in an excellent appendix on the hopeless Antinomies of St. Paul. All students of the Pauline Epistles should welcome Mr. Cohu's valuable study, which certainly finds a place among the ablest and most interesting theological works of the year.

POEMS

The Inn of Dreams. By OLIVE CUSTANCE (Lady Alfred Douglas). (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

The City of the Soul. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. Third Edition. (John Lane. 5s net.)

SEVERAL of the poems by "Olive Custance," which appear in this new collection, "*The Inn of Dreams*," will be familiar to those who have read a slim volume by the same author entitled "*The Blue Bird*," "*Endymion*," "*Hyacinthus*," "*Black Butterflies*," "*Beauty*," and others, are here reprinted. Knowing the prevailing attribute of these—a certain charming dreaminess of outlook which invests all things seen with a mantle of gleaming, jewel-like words—they will be prepared to find the same quality expressed here. It is the same quality, we must admit—neither stronger nor more advanced in thought, and to the sternly critical eye there is not much "muscle" in these poems. There is considerable beauty, however, and we are not sure whether it is not better to write daintily and delicately than to belong, as it were, to the glorious company of footballer poets who kick their ideas high into the heavens and gasp mightily and unrhythmically with the exertion. They are liable to be rather unlovely and crude; they can never make the

Little passionate song
Out of the shadows of immortal things,

as "Olive Custance" happily expresses it. Hardly a poem in this book is without some haunting line, such as the imagery from "*Spring in the South*," a sonnet:—

And as a lovely woman languidly
Trailing her long blue robes, so comes the sea. . . .

Some of the stanzas err, however, by being too precious and artificial; the first passage of "*Candle-light*" is an example:—

Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,
Flickering points of honey-coloured flame,
From sun-set gardens of the moon you came,
Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers of death . . .

Very young poets invariably do this sort of work, and are generally sorry for it after. How much better and stronger is the sonnet entitled "*Grief*," with its fine opening:—

I, that was once so eager for the light,
The vehement pomp and passion of the day,
Am tired at last, and glad to steal away
Across the dusky borders of the night;

or the little lyric "*Daffodil Dawn*," simple, yet as cleanly and clearly cut as a diamond.

Lord Alfred Douglas, while intent as ever upon perfect artistry, adventures in wider fields of thought. There is no need to criticise at length this third edition of his "*City of the Soul*"—the poems were welcomed long ago as exceptional both in the fineness of their technique and the beauty of their conception; all lovers of poetry know the worth of the sonnets. Here, for instance, the true poet speaks:—

Only to build one crystal barrier
Against this sea which beats upon our days;
To ransom one lost moment with a rhyme!
Or, if Fate cries and grudging gods demur,
To clutch Life's hair, and thrust one naked phrase
Like a lean knife between the ribs of Time.

Greatly daring, Lord Alfred even wrote a "*Sonnet on the Sonnet*," and it is worthy to rank with its classic predecessors. Again, an "*Ode to Autumn*" many poets

conscious of great gifts might have hesitated to indite, but the author is justified in the very first verses:—

Thou sombre lady of down-bended head,
And weary lashes drooping to the cheek,
With sweet, sad fold of lips uncomfited,
And listless hands more tired with strife than meek;
Turn here thy soft, brown feet, and to my heart,
Unmatched to Summer's golden minstrelsy,
Or Spring's shrill pipe of joy, sing once again
Sad songs, and I to thee
Well-tuned, will answer that according part
That jarred with those young seasons' gladder strain.

We have quoted enough for fairness—enough to refresh the memories of those who have read and to quicken the desire of those who have not. Such distinguished work is needed in a day when tinkers, tailors, and pushers of bath-chairs take to "literature," and we could wish that more of it came from the same hand.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Health for Young and Old, Its Principles and Practice.

By A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN this unconventional manual the author's aim has been to enforce those principles that underlie all health questions, and to lay stress on certain facts in daily life that are but little known. So instead of laying down exact laws and dietaries, which, after all, can only suit the few, and hence prove inapplicable to the majority, he confines himself to pointing out the general rules that govern health at different ages. He divides his work into two parts—"The Principles of Hygiene" and "The Practice of Hygiene." The first, starting with "The Story of Life," ends with "How to Wash," and the twelve chapters forming it embody a great amount of necessary information and advice. In the second part it is sad to read: "If ten babies are born in the slums, one lives; if in the West End, five live." And: "If a child only succeeds in living till it has turned four, it will not be in much danger of its life till after sixty. It is a dreadful fact to face, that as long as a child is dependent on its nurse and mother absolutely, it seems in imminent danger of its life." This is mostly due to improper feeding. On the other hand it is gratifying to find that Dr. Schofield is decidedly optimistic with regard to our girls. "The girl is getting much taller, stronger, healthier, cleverer, wiser and more sensible every year, and there is far less 'hysteria' and 'nerves' than twenty years ago." This is pleasant reading, for we must not forget that "women have to bear the future race, and it is a physical necessity for the well-being of mankind that the bodies of women be strong, healthy and well proportioned in every way,"

And the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Dr. Schofield has dealt learnedly and exhaustively with his subject, and his manual should be welcomed by every household.

Byways of Ghost-Land. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

OF ghost-stories there is seemingly no end, and Mr. Elliott O'Donnell has firmly established himself as a recognised provider of this particular variety of literary fare. Every few months he produces a fresh batch of vouched-for

accounts of awe-inspiring and blood-curdling ghostly phenomena, and this, his latest collection of the so-called "strange—but true" is quite as horrific as the earlier ones. We have not the space to introduce the reader into the numerous byways the author has explored either personally or through the medium of friends, but we cannot refrain from quoting the following experience from the chapter entitled "Buddhas and Boggle Chairs." It has to do with one of the latter, "a uniquely beautiful piece of furniture" made of ebony:—

One o'clock struck, and ere the hollow-sounding vibrations had ceased the vague form once again appeared behind the chair, and the malignant, evil eyes met mine in a diabolical stare; whilst, as before, on trying to speak or move, I found myself tongue-tied and paralysed. As the moments slowly glided away the shape of the thing became more and more distinct; a dark and sexless face appeared, surmounted with a straggling mass of black hair, the ends of which melted away into mist. I saw no trunk, but I descried two long and bony arms, ebony as the chair, with crooked, spidery, misty fingers. As I watched its development with increasing horror . . . I suddenly realised with a fresh grip of terror that the chair had moved out of the corner, and that the Thing behind it was slowly creeping towards me. . . . Clawing at my throat with its sable fingers, it thrust me backwards, and I sank gasping, retching, choking on to the pillow, where I underwent all the excruciating torments of strangulation.

The volume contains a number of other equally terrifying experiences, and the wonder is that so many persons have survived to place them on record. Even on the peaceful Thames Embankment, up Chelsea way, Mr. O'Donnell has encountered at twilight giant spectral reeds and bulrushes which swished across his face. We are wondering what he will have to tell us next, and devoutly hoping there will be no rise in the price of salt.

Missionary Adventures: A Simple History of the S.P.G. By G. M. FORDE. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Church and the Children: A Handbook of the Graded Sunday-school and the Catechism. By REV. R. E. JOHNSTON. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

IN "Missionary Adventures" Miss Georgiana M. Forde relates some of the principal adventures and vicissitudes which befell the pioneers of the S.P.G., and also traces the progress of that Society in various parts of the world. Founded in June, 1701, in a comparatively short space of time its missionaries turned their ceaseless energy to the work of spreading the Gospel. Centres were established in many parts of Africa, America, and Asia, and the untiring efforts of the pioneers of the movement have been succeeded by those of other generations. The book is concise, well put together, and should prove of great use in the teaching of the young.

The Rev. R. E. Johnston, in preparing a handbook of the graded Sunday-school, does so with the idea of its being introductory to the "Marden Manuals of Graded Lesson Courses" compiled by the same author. The main object of the little work is to aid teachers and those responsible for Sunday-school work in providing instruction suitable to each stage of a child's development, and used in conjunction with the Marden Manuals should prove of great usefulness to those who undertake the training of the young in the Christian Faith.

Map of Tripoli, Morocco, and the Near East. (George Philip and Son. 1s. net.)

THOSE desirous of following the course of the war between Italy and the Ottoman Empire will find this a useful map

for the purpose. It is well printed and cheap, and has the additional advantage of including Portugal within its area, so that the operations of the Royalist raid into that country may be watched at the same time. Inset are maps of Morocco and the Dardanelles on a reduced scale, so the field of likely hostilities is well covered.

FICTION

The Russian Wife. By GERTRUDE M. FOXE. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)

"THE RUSSIAN WIFE" is described as "a story of excitement and startling situations." The prologue raises our hopes—the eccentric poet Bashiloff, who possesses little but his genius, loves the Countess Poljakoff, wife of the rich Vassili Petrovitch. The Countess refuses to fly with her lover to the Caucasus, so the passionate Bashiloff resolves to await the return of the husband. Realising his determination, the woman strikes down her lover with a battle-axe pulled from the wall, and hides the body in a cellar, the family ghost appearing at the correct moment. The social position and advancement of the children had triumphed over the Countess's scanty love. Unfortunately for the reader, this ends the promised excitement, the remainder of the story detailing the morbid history associated with the lover's son. Sergei is unbalanced like his murdered father, but inherits the ambition of his mother; these two traits, aided by his love for his wife, Nadia, completely wreck him. Nadia, the heroine of the story, is the possessor of a love which fills her little soul. The authoress endeavours to persuade us that Nadia, with her boring insistence upon her love and her bottomless wells of patient misery, will save Sergei from himself. Sergei is the central figure of a terrible tragedy in which his love for Nadia wrecks him physically, mentally, politically, and socially. Knowing Nadia, we are surprised at his foolish sacrifice. The story throughout is one of bitterness and gloom, the puppets do not deceive us, and the only true ring occurs when the mad Sergei attempts to avenge his father.

Hurdcott. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

WE could wish that Mr. Ayscough had given us a little more of the Lambs and of the pretentious Mr. Hazlitt in this book, and a little less of his heroine, Consuelo Dauntsey. The sketch of the former, unfortunately so quickly passing, seems to us executed in an excellent vein of humour, while we do not greatly care for Mr. Ayscough's psychology. He is fond of winging conscientiously around serious matters with complete sincerity and unfailing literary craftsmanship, but he does not succeed in flying high enough to hold our attention. He plays so long with what he finds uncommon in his heroine's character that he manages at last to make her appear commonplace, not to say tiresome. Of Hurdcott, her lover from afar, we hear comparatively little, which is a pity, because he might have been interesting, if one had had the chance of making his closer acquaintance. The reader acknowledges that he had manners above his station, but he does not feel that the unfortunate young man's tragic romance was made any more natural by a posthumous revelation of his exalted blood. Throughout the story there is an exasperating sense of being kept at a distance. This seems partly the effect of the author's rather undramatic methods, and partly due to that common mistake of restricting the humorous vision to the humorous characters. If we could have seen Consuelo and Hurdcott and Basil, the young Eurasian who did not care to be a lord, with the same eyes

as those with which we saw the two Misses Dauntsey, Uncle Rupert, and Lady Caradoc, we should have liked them better, and Mr. Ayscough would have written a better book. As it is he has produced one which is often solemn and not seldom dull. Very pleasing at times it certainly is, but it gives us the impression of having listened to a lay sermon, of having been called upon to reverence two people vastly better than ourselves, who nevertheless leave us cold. And this feeling is enhanced by the fact that while "Hurdcott" is quite a longish production, it has a plot which would not have crowded a short story.

THE THEATRE

MEN, SUPERMEN, AND MARIONETTES

THE London stage is all the better for the return of Sir John Hare and Mr. Robert Loraine—the former a splendid representative of the old school, the latter a young and enthusiastic exponent of the new. It was perhaps as right that Sir John Hare should make his *reentrée* in a piece which might have been written in early Victorian times as that Mr. Loraine should commence management with a play by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Would the result have been any different, we wonder, had Sir John appeared in "Man and Superman" and Mr. Loraine in "The Marionettes"? Would the precise, polished, essentially artificial methods of Sir John have been as strangely wrong in the super-modern play as the natural, breezy vigour of Mr. Loraine's methods would have been quite hopeless in the mechanical, chessboard stuff of M. Pierre Wolff?

"The Marionettes," done into English, and very good English for the most part, by Miss Gladys Unger, suffered somewhat for having been seen after "Man and Superman." Though it is not to be assumed that Mr. Shaw's play is perfect, it has a vitality, a swing, an impudence, and a dialectical persuasiveness which make M. Wolff's play all the more lifeless and made to measure. Then, too, the characters in "Man and Superman" are recognisable. They have their prototypes in a dozen different parts of London, especially Adelphi-terrace, and St. John's-wood. There have been many John Tanners at Oxford. No man can be in the inner ring at Balliol who is not a John Tanner. The Tanner manner is essentially Balliol, and wears off about two years after an undergraduate comes down. England is peopled with Mr. Shaw's apparently impossible women. They may be found in large numbers in Manchester, Leicester, Southport, Bath, Matlock, and Cheltenham. They abound in Earl's-court and West Kensington, and there are one or two in Maidenhead. Mr. Shaw's artistic young men walk on at His Majesty's Theatre in dozens, and occasionally at the St. James's in ones and twos. His elderly ladies are photographically exact, and his Americans, with all their practicality and childish snob-bishness, visit the City of London every season in ever-increasing numbers.

But where, outside the plays of Sardou and Mr. Sutro, can be found the wire-pulled, inhuman tailor's dummies of "The Marionettes," except in the autumn dramas at Drury-lane? In fact, "The Marionettes" is a Drury Lane drama without its earthquakes, its racehorses, its railway accidents, and its sinking ships. The play is founded on the same artificial thesis, on the same mechanical lines. The characters wear the same clothes nearly always as wrong. They say the same things, with a greater abundance of stilted words. They belong to the same nationality, which is neither French nor English, but the nationality of the theatrical stockpot. M. Wolff calls them by one set of names, M. Sardou called them by another

set, and Messrs. Raleigh, Henry Hamilton, and Alfred Sutro by others. They belong just as obviously to these writers as Mr. Shaw's characters belong to life. We know them for Stockpot at first sight. We know exactly what they are going to do and precisely what they are going to say. Mr. Sutro employed them all in "The Walls of Jericho" and "John Glayde's Honour." They were lately at the Haymarket in "Above Suspicion." We met them quite recently in "The Hope," and here they are again in "The Marionettes." How small a nation Stockpot is can be judged from the fact that its inhabitants do not number more than a dozen, each one of whom has many aliases.

In "The Marionettes" the Marquis Roger de Monclars marries a young convent-bred girl called Fernande to acquire her money. In order that M. Wolff may spread his mechanism over four Acts he makes this Roger of Stockpot blind and deaf so that he shall neither see nor hear the overwhelming love of his baby-wife, which is tremendously plain to every one else. He also, for the same reason, makes Fernande unaware of the fact that there are hundreds of shops in Paris at which she can buy the pretty, fashionable clothes that are worn by all her friends. He asks us to believe that Roger is so great a fool that he cannot see the obvious beauty of his wife because she is not dressed by Lucile. That is the First Act. In the Second Act he dresses Fernande in the skimpy coverings of a demi-mondaine and shows us Roger in love. He makes him so obviously and hastily in love that it becomes the subject of amusement to all her friends. There are to be, however, two more Acts, so he then makes Fernande blind and deaf. That is the end of the Second Act. In the Third Act he brings in young Monsieur Pierre Vareine, whom we have only seen for a moment or two in previous Acts, to make passionate love to Fernande, so that she may speak to him over the telephone in the small hours of the morning and be overheard by Roger. Without waiting to hear what she is saying, he makes Roger jump at the conclusion that his wife is going to run away with a lover, seize her by the throat, hurl her on to a settee, and then fling himself out of the room and bang the door so that Fernande may rise up, quite unhurt, and tell her convenient uncle that "Roger loves me, he loves me." How clever! What excellent construction! That is the end of the Third Act. In the Fourth Act there is nothing for anybody to do, and those of the audience who are betting on a certainty wait to see husband and wife clasped in each other's loving arms. Even then, however, the curtain is kept up in order that Sir John Hare, who is "starred" on the programme, may enter, speak two lines, and go off again. And then, at last, it falls.

There is not enough story, such as it is, in the whole of these long-drawn-out Acts to provide sufficient matter for a mechanical one-act piece. So it is filled out with altogether superfluous Stockpotians, who come by mechanism and so depart. One of these is Raymond Nizerolles, and he is played so delightfully and is made so wilfully human by Mr. C. M. Lowne that we wish he had taken the evening into his own hands and made every Act a monologue. Although Mr. Arthur Wontner and Miss Marie Löhr have a great deal more to do they are unable to make half as much of it. It is true that Mr. Wontner wears Stockpot-clothes well enough and says Stockpot stereotopics with immense earnestness. Miss Marie Löhr emulates his example wholeheartedly, but the more emotion and distress the pair of them depict the less they move us. We cannot believe in them. They are bloodless. We know them for marionettes. They came to the Comedy Theatre by way of the Garrick, the St. James's, the Haymarket, and Drury Lane. The only emotion Miss Löhr stirred in us was one of infinite regret that she, who is so admirably fitted to show us girlish charm

and lightness of heart should have been drilled into a part so wooden and so ineffective. Sir John Hare, as the convenient uncle, gave us another example of his polished artificiality, and played in his best effortless and irresistible manner. Mr. Godfrey Tearle, the only person in the play who made any effort to look French, really appeared to be passionately in love, and gave an admirable performance. It was unnecessary to place a line on the programme to the effect that the play was produced under the direction of Mr. Dion Boucicault. The needless restlessness of the actors made it apparent. They made every room in which they appeared like a railway station on a chilly day. Besides, although undisguised as French people and talking colloquial English, one of the characters was made to sing a song in French. The production of "The Marionettes," then, puts the Comedy Theatre back to 1800.

The modernity of "Man and Superman," on the other hand, was done ample justice, and was, for the most part, assisted greatly by the acting. Mr. Loraine did not merely appear as John Tanner. He *was* John Tanner. In every movement, turn, gesture, and thought he was the living man. He did not deliver his long speeches of dialectical fireworks as though he had committed them to memory. He said them on the spur of the moment. They were all impromptu. It was the performance, not of an accomplished actor with a clean, strong, resonant personality, but of a superman, a man almost too much alive, a man who might easily become almost too manly, too much of a good thing. He was admirably supported. Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, who took up Mr. Bishop's part at a moment's notice, was so good that he did not make us regret Mr. Bishop. Higher praise is impossible. Miss Florence Haydon was altogether perfect, and Miss Doris Lytton delighted us. There is a great future for this young lady. Mr. Guy Standing, Mr. Sass, and Mr. Gwenn could not have been bettered. The one weak spot in an excellent cast was Miss Pauline Chase. It was almost an act of cruelty to entrust her with such a part. In any case it was not kind to the audience. After a round of the new plays it was refreshing and exhilarating to listen to Mr. Bernard Shaw's characteristic *pot pourri* of vital bosh.

ON THE SOUTH DEVON COAST

By W. H. KOEBEL

A WHILE ago I was reading from a magazine some verse that sang of Devon. The verse was pretty matter, that went with a lilt; doubtless the majority of folk who read it smelt for a while the air of the moors, and saw with their minds the softly-timbered coombes that delve downwards to press apart the bright-red cliffs and thus to hold communion with the waves below. But not I; nor any other of those folk who have more than a passing knowledge of the West Country. The reason is simple enough. The lines—the exact wording of which escapes me—implored the reader amongst other things to listen to the song of the nightingale in Devon. Now the nightingale is as rare in Devon as are diamonds in its soil. The bird, in short, shuns the county. It is his one serious lapse from discernment and taste. In his own heart the West Countryman feels and resents the slight. Therefore it was none of his genuine tribe that wrote those pretty verses.

Yet in at least one sense we can avenge ourselves on this ungallant night-singer. Let us tell him at once that there exists no county that misses his notes less, for the simple reason that there is no county that holds so many compensations of its own. Just now it is South Devon that I have in

mind, and in particular the coast that stretches from Dartmouth inlet to where Exmouth sits in such imposing fashion by the side of its broad estuary. It is a coast of bold cliff and glowing sea, this, into which bite deeply the mouths of the Dart, the Teign, and the Exe. It has its towns with which its thousands of visitors are familiar. Exmouth, Starcross, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Dartmouth ring with too accustomed a sound in the ears of Londoners and Midland folk—so says many a staunch old Devon man whose profession is unconcerned with tourists. It is not to be denied that the multitudes that throng the beaches have thrust away the old-world atmosphere of each place. But the remedy is perfectly simple. If your temperament urges you to avoid the rather blatant gaiety of the popular resorts, there are tranquil corners in plenty left between the three rivers. There are lesser-known coombes—their names you must find out for yourself, since it is not fitting that those who cannot discover such haunts for themselves should be led to unearned bliss in the easy guide-book fashion—that hold out every possible joy to the lover of unspoiled nature.

Here, it is not even essential that you should look on blue sky above and blue sea beneath—a great concession this! Given even a horizon that is dull, and grey, and lowering, the spot is independent of the gloomy thing; it has provided its own colour, regardless of clouds and weather. In the first place, there is the warm red of the cliff that stands up in its ruddy defiance over the sea. No sail ever made a more harmonious background to the close-clinging grass and the spreading shrubs and trees, while the little plateaus on the slopes bear blossoms and hues of a variety too numerous to be mentioned here. Where the sea laps are caves, and great rocks, and tiny semicircles of sand, and out on the waters will be the sails of a Brixham trawler or two, and perhaps the distant hull of a battleship that has steamed out from Torbay. If you have chosen the right coombe there will be no other evidence of human life.

So much for the stray nooks of the coast. You may become the owner of one, for a morning or an afternoon, at the sole cost of a walk. But no county must be judged even from a coastal fringe as delightful as this. After all, where earth and sea meet is the consistent haunt of the tripper alone; the native is concerned with wider horizons. For him is the dim blue swell of the moor, the green and russet of the sloping orchards, and the soft and verdant meadows where browse the red Devon cattle, whose hides harmonise so conveniently with the soil. The moor comes first, of course, and in the eyes of the average stranger there is only one in South Devon, and what should that be but Dartmoor? Dartmoor overshadows all else, I admit, but there are other and minor stretches in its neighbourhood that hold a charm of their own that is almost as deep, if not so wide.

Haldon Moor is one of these, and I will drop yet further down in the scale of size, and hold up the Lesser Haldon before you as a feast sufficient for any man's æsthetic needs. Now, whether you make for Haldon from Teignmouth, Dawlish, or from any of the villages just inland, your way will be much the same in its characteristics. You will climb up steep lanes, with lofty banks that sprout ferns, and that are starred with close clusters of wild flowers. Now and again the bank will fall away to admit a wooden gate, and if you lean on the sociable timber and gaze—but you had far better do nothing of the kind! If you are wise you will gather no broken impressions from halfway houses. You will hold back your curiosity, if necessary for two hours or more, until you have laboured upwards to the spot where the hedges and banks dissolve for good and all.

Then you may step on the heather and the ling, avoiding, from a sense of the fitness of things, the foxgloves that prick upwards in their thousands of purple spires; avoiding

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also, for a less sentimental reason, the little, stony, fossil-haunted pits that lurk beneath the surface growths here and there. Having achieved all this, you are at perfect liberty to look about you.

Inland, some dozen miles away, rise the folds of Dartmoor, the big brother of this little moor, crowned by its Tors that stand out like mystic castles against the sky. To the west is the valley of the Teign, sloping shoulders of land that fall in leisurely curves to the level of the broad stream far below, pleasant, smiling stretches that harbour villages of whitewashed, deeply-thatched cottages, broad clumps of timber, cornfields, and here and there a vivid splash of the red, fallow soil. By the harbour at the river's mouth are the roofs of Teignmouth, an insignificant little architectural spread, as seen from here. Following to the east the country beneath the broad hand of the sea, you will make out little of Dawlish, for it is hidden behind its screen of forest; but there, far beyond, is the great estuary of the Exe, a wide sheet of water that eats far into the hills, with the piled roofs of Exmouth on its further bank visible even from here. Beyond this again rises the mighty sequence of red cliffs, until, dimly seen on the horizon, the red walls give way to white.

The little moor of Haldon itself is a fitting spot from which to drink in a panorama such as this. Its heather carpet is well aired; it is open to every light breeze that blows, and for inhabitants it has the bees in myriads and the butterflies and birds. You would say that this Lesser Haldon was the frankest place on earth; yet one never knows. Even Haldon has its secrets.

There is a dip just here on the very edge of the heather country. At the bottom is a small copse, a shy spot that has strewn its approach with dense masses of bracken, and rank coils of impeding blackberry bushes. Effective barriers these, the very sight of which is apt to restrain a wandering stranger, even should he be desirous of visiting the insignificant copse, which is in itself unlikely.

But you who know will go on in defiance of the thorns and breast-high bracken. You will brush through the protesting leaves of the copse itself, and in the very centre you will light upon the dead soul of the place—the remains of a small grey chapel, ruined, and with gaping window places. Swathed closely about by the surrounding foliage, the place consents to reveal itself only when the wayfarer has penetrated to its very walls.

It has a history of its own, this ruined chapel of Ladywell, although of this the dwellers in the countryside itself suspect nothing, even should they be aware of the existence of the tragic thing. It was in the thirteenth century, so runs the legend, that a spring of holy water gushed out one day without warning from the spot. The event was celebrated with such pomp as the neighbourhood could afford, and the little chapel of our Lady's Well rose up by the side of the spring. Sunk in its placid hollow, the peace of the spot apparently remained unbroken until the early part of the fourteenth century, when a certain Robert Maddicot was named its priest.

In those days the material or spiritual tendencies of a priest lay very much at the discretion of their owner. The clay of Robert Maddicot was of the rankest. That he prowled Haldon Moor and swooped down to wrest his spoil from a belated wayfarer was nothing. It was necessary to live in those days, just as now, and a highway robber had little to fear then except from his immediate antagonist. But matters did not end here, for the priest in his leisure hours was an all-round man—in fact, a proper villain. So Agnes, the daughter of Roger the Miller, discovered in the end. Whether Agnes was winsome I have no means of knowing. For the sake of the story let us endow her with all the comeliness that ever cost a woman dear! But, after all, the pathos of her

corpse floating in the Holy Well needs no such veneer. By the walls of the chapel lay the small body of her dead child, slain in company with its mother by Robert the Priest.

Can you picture the hue and cry that ensued? The wild chase over the heather and through the bracken, up and down the great slopes, while the quarry panted in despair, and the fierce shouts of the pursuers echoed? You need conceive nothing of the kind. Robert the Priest had no occasion to run. He confessed to the high Church authorities in proper form, obtained Benefit of Clergy as a matter of course, and concluded the matter with a mild purgation!

This is the story of Ladywell. There are many other haunts in the neighbourhood that lay claim to legends equally grim. But of them all, none, I think, has been so appropriately guarded as this, shut off from the sunny, swelling hills by its close shroud of verdure. For every thousand times that it has been passed, I doubt if it has been entered once. I have not the least fear, moreover, that this publicity will endow it with an unwelcome popularity. The place is uncannily secretive. He who would discover that particular copse, and, having lit upon it, would find the little chapel within it, must be a man of patience. He will search for a long while first.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN INDIA THREATENED

No one can always agree with Lord Curzon, and as a principle it is undesirable that an ex-Governor or Viceroy should endeavour to interfere with the actions of his successors. But there may be occasions on which a protest from an emeritus officer is justifiable, and indeed necessary, to prevent a mistake being made. For instance, Lord Lawrence led the opposition to Lord Lytton's Afghan policy. Such an occasion has now arisen. In an excellent letter to the *Times* of Saturday, October 7th, Lord Curzon has called attention to a measure in contemplation which would mean the reversal of his policy in one of its best features and entail serious consequences. The proposal is now under consideration at the India Office to abolish the post of Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India, which Lord Curzon got revived in 1902, and to leave the archæological work of India to be performed (or mismanaged) by the Local Governments, some ten in number, who ordinarily have no one qualified in archæology, or specially interested, to superintend it properly. The present Director-General, Mr. Marshall, is an officer of the Supreme Government, an officer of very high attainments—as his record shows—gifted with enthusiasm, energy, and sound judgment in a very difficult subject. Mr. Marshall was specially selected for his post, and has done admirable work since his appointment. In the proposal now before the Indian Secretary there are principles at stake. Centralisation and spending were in vogue under Lord Curzon. With the usual swing of the pendulum decentralisation and economy now hold the field. But, as Lord Curzon rightly points out, the expenditure on this appointment is "the merest drop in the ocean."

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be truly said, "*Pereunt, etiam perire, ruinae.*" Above all, the restoration and custody of their ancient buildings are matters of great interest to the native peoples, who appreciate intensely, as Lord Curzon writes, any reverence shown to the monuments of their faith. "No word of criticism, nothing but praise, has been bestowed by them upon the active policy that was initiated ten years ago; and amid many symptoms of discord or unrest we have in recent years been able to point with confidence to this claim upon the respect and gratitude of our Indian fellow-subjects."

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By POLITICUS

A FEW months ago a discourser on the political crisis, after having defined the correct attitude of the Crown in regard to that crisis as one of scrupulous non-intervention, on the ground that it must on no account give the semblance of immersing itself in party politics, much less appear to become the tool of a faction, and that it must least of all attempt by an arbitrary personal act to subvert a Constitution which it has sacramentally pledged itself to uphold, added these pregnant words:—

Nor will the situation in any way be redeemed if, as is urged as a convenient course, the House of Lords gives way and sacrifices the vital interests of the Empire to save the face of the Royal position. Once any such menace or pressure has been employed the status of the Throne has been automatically transferred to a new plane.

The pressure in question has been exercised, and the status of the Crown, hitherto loyally instinct with devotion to its neutral duty, is *ipso facto* relegated to an altered category. This is a sad circumstance, the saddest circumstance of all this ugly business, and if there is a disposition to argue that it was in its essence unavoidable it must be clearly understood that it has been brought about by the persistent blundering of those counsellors who, as in contradistinction to the Cabinet, form the immediate personal advisers of the Crown. These counsellors have been misled by two egregious fallacies, which have been again and again trumpeted so loudly by hazy dialecticians that they never met with any clinching or forcible refutation. The first of these is the theory that the Crown has power to create peers to end a deadlock between the two Houses. The second is the assumption that the Sovereign is

bound to conform to the advice of his Ministers, provided he cannot replace them with others, *whatever that advice may be.*

With regard to the first fallacy, it is sufficient to state that the Crown has not, and never had, the power constitutionally or legally to create peers in the way it has recently been called upon to do. It has, it is true, been asserted in some text-books that it possesses such a power, but such text-books are merely the pious personal opinions of a few speculative individuals, and their contention in this case is totally opposed to the authority of historical data, and is, moreover, at variance with the common sense and sanity of any chance investigator of the problem. That is to say, that even if such a prerogative did exist, to call upon the Crown to resort to it in 1911 can, in the mind of the most casual observer, have no possible defence.

The counsellors of the Crown, therefore, started with an initial blunder, which they followed up with a series of others which can only be computed by tabulating categorically the representations they should have made. They should have represented:—

1. That the Crown has no power under any circumstances to coerce any branch of the Legislature, and that any such coercion must prove fatal to the welfare of its future influence.

2. That if it could be said to possess a right to coerce the House of Lords in regard to certain Bills, it could on no account coerce it to the acceptance of a Bill involving its own destruction. Such a thesis has never been asserted in any text-book, and involves a violation of the solemn oath to preserve the Constitution taken by the Sovereign on his accession. It is noteworthy that this point was put to the Editor of the leading Government organ, and elicited the feeblest of replies.

3. That this violent measure could only be resorted to when every possible attempt at compromise had been doggedly rejected by the Upper House. It is now almost inconceivable to reflect that this high-handed act was threatened, in the face of the fact that the House of Lords had accepted the relinquishment of practically the whole measure of its efficacy.

4. That the formula had always run in the text-books "to end a deadlock between the Houses," and could not possibly be extended so as henceforth to read "to prevent an anticipated deadlock before it has arrived." Nothing is more remarkable than the indelicate haste with which the whole of this infinitely grave matter has been rushed in less than two years. It might have been thought that at least before the name of the Crown was brought in the crisis might have come to a head, that the Prime Minister might even have resigned, so that the *impasse* as an accomplished fact might have been brought home to the general mind, and the necessity of some abnormal act of intervention emphasised by its requisite and ostensible antecedents.

5. That in order to safeguard the elementary decencies of this departure, so reluctantly acquiesced in, the peerages about to be created should under no sort of circumstances be sold. The fact that this stipulation was not made furnishes the most serious indictment against the counsellors in question.

It is now necessary, having stated the representations that should have been made on behalf of the Crown, to estimate how far its advisers were actuated by the influence of the second fallacy referred to above.

This fallacy, that the Sovereign is bound to accept the advice of his Ministers, provided he cannot replace them, *whatever that advice may be*, has found its most vigorous advocacy in the columns of the *Spectator*. Its absurdity is glaring on the face of it. It is only necessary to ask, "Suppose the King was advised to go down to the House of

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Lords and make a party speech, ought he to do so?" The answer might be that that is an extravagant hypothesis. One may point out that its extravagance is infinitesimal compared with the extravagance of creating five hundred peers. Or, again, one might inquire, "Suppose the Prime Minister had invited the King to create peers to pass a Bill disfranchising every Unionist, ought he to have done so?" Again it will be said that this is extravagant. But it is not extravagant from the point of view of theory, and it is only by whittling down from extreme cases that one arrives at what actually is included in any contention.

It therefore appears on the face of it that the King is not bound to accede to any advice tendered him by an inevitable Ministry, but must refuse both in defence of his own dignity and on behalf of that trusteeship which he pre-eminently exercises for his people. If, however, there is any doubt upon this point as affecting the recent crisis, it is as well to consider this very remarkable paragraph in the *Westminster Gazette* of August 16th:—

It is nonsense to suggest that the Prime Minister, by having the guarantees, made all subsequent Parliamentary proceedings a sham. Whatever was said and done in November, Mr. Asquith still had to go to the King a second time, and he *could not have obtained the use of the Prerogative* had the Government been seriously weakened either in the House of Commons or the country.

Naturally one asks: Why could he not have received the use of the Prerogative? He was the only possible Minister, and no weakening of a lost by-election or two would have rendered him otherwise. The deduction therefore remains established that in the matter of acceding or refusing the King had the power to use his discretion. The Crown had beyond dispute an option in its procedure.

It was an error that the Sovereign should countenance for a single moment the revival of a grotesque anachronism, whereby its autocratic weight was to be thrown into the scale of party politics. It was an error that it did not insist on the fact that an attack on the House of Lords was of all things in the world outside its province. It was an error that the crisis was not allowed to develop so that it might satisfy to the full the required obtuseness of conditions and interval of contention. These were errors, but one cannot withhold a graver term as applicable to the fact that not only was the creation of Peers to be made to enforce an absolutely one-sided settlement, towards which the Government had not budged the fraction of an inch; but it was finally to be aimed at a single solitary stipulation on the part of the House of Lords that Home Rule before enactment should first be submitted to the people. Was that a pig-headed assertion of privilege and property that must needs be overborne by an unheard-of machinery of force? One must also stigmatise with regret the circumstance that no assurance was rigorously exacted by the bestower of these peerages that they were on no account to be sold. One may also add that the names of some of those upon whom this ambiguous honour was to be conferred leave a most unpalatable sensation of regret that the monarchy should, even indirectly, have a hand in such ignominies. There is no Republican feeling in this country, or likely to be, but the supreme overlord of the State must be essentially an impartial holder of the scales between the parties. If he is anything in the conflict, he must be the umpire. The game has been given, it would appear, against one side, while the other has with impunity been permitted to violate recognised rules of fair play. Thus has the lustre of the sceptre suffered, to the profound distress of all loyal persons; but of course to the intense jubilation of many in other quarters, who had determined to drag it in the mire.

Lord Haldane has still further aspersed the Throne by

attributing to its occupant last November the astounding utterance—"Whatever the people decide I will accept." It is needless to point out that the Throne had no power to accept what the people decided without the consent of the House of Lords. The impropriety of the alleged words suggest the aberration of the Minister who uttered them, and will no doubt produce an official contradiction.

MUSIC

It is believed by certain shrewd observers of musical fashion that public concerts of chamber music have had their day; that since the rich pleasure which the playing of fine orchestras gives can now be frequently enjoyed, it is not likely that the more delicate delights of chamber music will again be tasted as they once were by the mass of musical amateurs. For a good many years the cultivated amateur who had got beyond the miscellaneous concerts of songs, with a violin or pianoforte piece thrown in, found his chief joy in the performances of Ella's Musical Union and the St. James's Hall Popular Concerts. Only enthusiasts could habitually enjoy a Saturday visit to Mr. Manns' orchestra at the Crystal Palace, for the journey was so wearisome; the Philharmonic Society's Concerts were few; chamber music, therefore, held the first place in the affections of the amateur, and the Quartettes of Haydn and Beethoven, and the Trios of Mendelssohn and Schumann, first heard at St. James's Hall, were thrummed and strummed at home wherever a fair pianist or violinist could gather a few persevering colleagues together. But when opportunities for hearing orchestral music began to multiply, when Symphonies and excerpts from Wagner's operas began seriously to attack the heart-strings of the elect, there eager souls hastened to worship at the newer shrine, and little by little their interest in chamber music declined. It became "the right thing" to adore Richter and his orchestra, and when other great conductors, such as Mottl and Nickisch, found their way to England, the younger generation could think only of the gorgeous splendours of orchestral music. The dear old quartette and quintette were put away, and young people who could dilate for ecstatic hours on the thrilling moments passed at a Wagner concert were found to be as ignorant as the Chinese of the charm of chamber music. We do not mean to imply that the *real* lovers of good music who had once been familiar with the best chamber music were ever unfaithful to it. They could always enjoy a Rasonmowsky Quartette on Tuesday, even if they had listened to the Ninth Symphony and the Trauermarsch on Monday. They, a devoted remnant, always supported the Joachim concerts, and did their best to encourage the numerous quartette parties to which the rise and progress of the Royal College of Music gave birth.

But the large majority of people who thought music "divine"—that is to say, the people who cannot have too much of whatever happens to be the musical Cynthia of the minute—these turned aside from the whisper of the gentle quartette, and had ears only for the sonorous diapason of the orchestra. Many of these good people, it may be said in passing, find at present that the music of Bach "says more to them" than any other; they have got beyond Wagner to some extent, and they suspect that the worship of Bach is the "right thing" just now. They will only come out of their dens to listen to the music which "does not really appeal" to them, if an unusually brilliant combination of artists is there to interpret it; in these cases their worship is for the stars, and not the music. There is a deal of humbug and make-believe about the exaggerated professions of love for

... THE ...

EYE=WITNESS

Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

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COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.	MOMENT.—V.
THE POLITICIAN'S WAY.	BALLADES URBANE. XVII.
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music made by many of these otherwise honest folk, and we doubt whether they would continue to patronise a regular series of chamber concerts after the first year or two, even when given by a combination so extraordinary as that of Messrs. Bauer, Kreisler, and Casals. But we wish, indeed, that we may be wrong in this supposition; we should consider it a real sign of grace, of a healthy tone among the concert-going public, if these recently inaugurated concerts came to be regarded as regular institutions which no amateur would dream of failing to profit by—if they came to hold such a place in the life of musical London as do the Sunday Orchestral Concerts, let us say, in Paris. We cannot bear to think that the shrewd observers are right in their prophecy, and that the day will not return when amateurs are as ready to enjoy fine chamber music as they are to hear symphonic poems. We insist upon hoping that broader views, more catholic tastes, may come to be the rule. We English need constantly to be reminded of the Italian shepherd's maxim—"Non perché mi piace il giglio, gl' altri fiori sprezzero"—that sensible shepherd who did not propose to neglect the rest of his garden because the lily happened to be his favourite flower. We are all amorous of our flowers nowadays, just as we all are "devoted to" music, and there is a curious likeness in the course of our love for forms of gardening and forms of music. When we were young, the lady's greenhouse was her joy and pride, the stoves and succession-houses, with their tropical plants, were all that interested the rich proprietor and his visitors, while the beds and borders outside were only the concern of John the gardener. But since the advent of the "herbaceous border" and its successor and rival the rock-garden, it is rare to find any one who takes the trouble to walk through the "houses," except, indeed, there be a carnation-house. Your truest gardener, however, loves flowers of whatever kind and wherever he can grow or see them, even though circumstances may induce him to specialise in one direction. In like manner, your true music-lover will keep a place in his heart for the tender if less gorgeous blossoms of chamber music, as well as for the magnificent wealth of colour that he gets from the tones of the orchestra.

The concert of Chamber Trios given last week at Queen's Hall by Messrs. Bauer, Kreisler, and Casals, which has moved us to indulge in these reflections on the attitude of the amateur towards chamber music, was one of those rare musical occasions when the critic's function in its ordinary sense could be put aside, when every listener competent to form an opinion could surrender himself to the delight of enjoying a performance which must have reached perfection as nearly as is possible in an imperfect world. It is many years since anything like it had been heard in London. We must go back to the days when we heard trios played by Mme. Schumann, Joachim, and Piatti to find anything of the same class, and he would be a bold *laudator temporis acti* who would confidently affirm that these three magnificent artists produced a finer *ensemble* or displayed more interpretative power than the three musicians who, we trust, are going to revive the former glories of chamber music concerts, and stem the tide which has set in with so vehement a rush towards orchestral music that it disregards the equal claims of the quartette and trio. Well acquainted as we were with the consummate musicianship of the three artists, we will own that we were to some extent surprised by their marvellous unanimity. Each of the three is an unrivalled solo-player, yet such was their *ensemble* last week that one might readily have supposed that their lives had been passed in playing trios together. We can never forget that playing; the gods of music had indeed descended from Olympus to favour mortals with an echo of the music of the spheres.

ART

JAMES AUMONIER, R.I.

BY ONE OF HIS STUDENTS

MUCH has been said and written during the last week about the late Mr. James Aumonier, who passed away on October 4th in his eightieth year. His fine work is known and admired in all parts of the world, but only we who loved him knew the greatness of the man. He hated publicity, fuss, and sensationalism; was modest in the extreme about himself; and he had attained the age of seventy-six before he could be prevailed upon to have a "One-Man Show"!

He never "re-arranged" Nature, but painted always just what he saw before him faithfully and conscientiously. If it were necessary for purposes of composition to make any alteration, he would do so with a humbleness of spirit that was perfectly astonishing to those of us who were younger and less reverent. I remember on one occasion hearing him say, with a sort of apology, "I have taken the liberty of moving that tree a little to the left."

Students found in him an ever-ready helper and friend. No work was too trivial for his notice as long as it was earnest and sincere; but he had no patience with any kind of carelessness, and could not understand that impressionistic cleverness which to him amounted to affectation. Yet he would never entirely condemn the work of another, however false it appeared to him. He would say—"I do not see it like that, but it may be right; everyone must paint what he sees."

In the last years of his life he suffered some adversities which at times caused him great anxiety of mind for the sake of those belonging to him. But he came of the old Huguenot stock, and misfortune could not crush his strong, brave spirit. Until a fortnight before his death he worked, losing none of his power till his fingers could no longer hold the brush. He died as he had lived, giving as little trouble as possible, his only anxiety being to spare his family the sight of his sufferings.

A great artist has gone from us, but we, who knew him, mourn most of all for the great-hearted man. As someone else has already said—"He taught us how to live and how to die."

A pretty little exhibition of the work of Miss E. M. Leeson, Miss E. Leoni Wright, and Miss Mildred Ledger was opened this week at the Walker Galleries, New Bond-street. Of the paintings on view, those by Miss Ledger impress us the most; her portraits especially are exceptionally fine. It was a daring thing to attempt a "Lady Hamilton: after Romney," but the result is eminently pleasing, and the simple "Portrait" (No. 116), a study in low tones of a woman in profile, reminiscent of Whistler, is the finest thing in the gallery, although two or three items of a somewhat conventional, decorative group on its left are not far behind in artistic value. "Primroses," the placid face of a girl with a bowl of the flowers, is a good example of a "popular" subject treated with deliberate stiffness without detracting from its beauty, and the various street scenes in Cornwall (one of which we note is duplicated) have the spirit of the county. "The Cottage Window" is too set—the lady before the casement looks as though she had posed for a photograph; but, on the whole, Miss Ledger's work is of a very high standard indeed.

The best picture shown by Miss Leeson is probably "A Brittany Weaver," but it is badly placed in a shadowy corner; it shows lack of finish, but the face and figure are

excellently given; all her Brittany studies are good. Miss Wright is not at her best in the paintings of Kew Gardens—too many young artists are beguiled by the wealth of colour there in the time of the azalea-bloom; she succeeds, however, in little landscapes such as "Strand-on-the-Green" and "Alfriston" (wrongly printed "Alfristen"), though in this sketch of the famous hostelry she should have made more of the gargoyles which adorn it. Her crayon head, "Ivy," a study of a laughing child, is charming, and her miniatures, in a class by themselves, should not be overlooked.

OCTOBER MAGAZINES

THE *English Review* for October begins with a poem, entitled "The Everlasting Mercy," by John Masefield, which is open to criticism on several points. It runs to over forty pages. The story could have been told with infinitely greater effect in prose, and the sentimental, religious musings which overpower its latter part are totally incongruous with the ruffianly "hero." It has beautiful passages, and it has deplorable passages; in the short space at our disposal we can neither quote nor comment as fully as we should like to do, but the reason for casting a fight, a drunken brawl, and the subsequent repentance of the principal character into rhyme seems elusive. Other features of this leading monthly are a good article on "Navy Discontents," by Stephen Reynolds, a suggestive discussion of "Thoroughness in the Theatre," by Gordon Craig, two capital studies of boyhood by Richard Middleton, and a short sketch of Dartmoor life by Eden Phillpotts. A hint to the railway authorities is conveyed by an ex-railway man in an interesting contribution on the recent trouble:—

One of the railways in the South of England was scarcely affected by the strike. This was due to the fact that the general manager of this company made a point, wherever possible, of personally investigating all complaints or suggestions sent in by the staff. He visited districts affected and acquired information direct from the men, instead of merely relying on reports from interested officials, and, in consequence, he was respected and backed by the staff when trouble arose.

The most attractive article in the latest issue of the *Dublin Review* to students of literature is one on Francis Thompson, by A. A. Cock. It is poetic criticism of the lighter order, with plentiful quotations, and though it throws no particularly strong illumination on Thompson's poems, it is well worth reading; the author draws some interesting analogies with Blake and Wordsworth. Mrs. R. Balfour discusses "Fiona Macleod and Celtic Legends," and other writers in this excellent number are Hilaire Belloc, W. S. Lilly, and Mrs. Alice Meynell.

Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M.P., in his *Empire Review* deals strongly with "The Passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," noting certain inconsistencies in the career of the Canadian Premier, and pointing out that commercial union is as important for the consolidation of the Empire as unity of ideals. Other matters of general interest to politicians are thoroughly treated by capable writers, and the inevitably serious nature of the contents is varied this month by a delightful article, entitled "Oddities," from the pen of Mrs. Ella Hart-Bennett, in which some curious letters are reproduced written by persons whose acquaintance with the English language was just sufficient to lead them into amusing errors. One of these, from a coloured girl seeking a situation, we cannot resist:—

My Ma's very 'ticular bout where I goes. I've been on Govment Hill [Government House] with the Eternal

Mr. Elkin Mathews' Autumn List.

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General's lady [Attorney-General] and with the Lord [Bishop] and I may say with all the *rankest* families in Nassau.

The October number of the *Quarterly Review* contains an article on "Diplomacy and Trade," which emphasises the defective condition of our diplomatic and consular services with regard to the commerce of this country. The author, Percy F. Martin, has travelled widely in the Latin-American Republics, and has made a close study of the question. The principal papers in the *Economic Journal* for this month are those on the National Insurance Scheme (by R. Lennard) and "The Theory of Railway Rates" (by Professor Edgeworth).

Turning to lighter fare, we find the *Smart Set*, with its new cover, quite up to the average as a budget of entertaining and clever stories and articles; while the *Atlantic Monthly* strikes the happy medium between mere entertainment and contributions provocative of thought. Among the latter is a remarkable "human document," entitled "The Handicapped: by One of Them," describing vividly the evolution of a philosophy of happiness by a man physically deformed who has his own way to make in the world. The strong point of the *Home Counties Magazine* is its first article, "The Haymarket," by J. Holden MacMichael, in which many interesting anecdotes of old times in that busy district are brought to light.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

MACMILLAN AND CO. are particularly busy this month. An examination of their interesting list discloses the fact that they are adding to the almost abnormal rush of autumn publications several volumes which are likely to take a permanent place on the shelves of judicious collectors of books. "The Story of Emma Lady Hamilton," by Mrs. Frankau, for instance, is, without doubt, a volume to possess. It will contain thirty reproductions in colour by a special process, and eight in monochrome of famous paintings and engravings by and after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Laurence, Romney, Angelica Kauffman, Madame Virgée Le Brun, Masquerier, Westall, and other contemporary artists. It will have also thirty-seven illustrations in photogravure of personal and topographical interest printed on the wet, and a catalogue of portraits, caricatures, engravings, and sketches far more complete than any which has hitherto been attempted. It must be clearly understood that the plates are not produced by the three-colour, four-colour, or any other mechanical process, but that they are printed in colours exactly by the same method as that employed by the Intaglio printers of the eighteenth century. Although not engraved by hand the result is exceedingly beautiful. This is due on the 20th. On the 17th a new economical work, entitled "Monopoly and Competition: a Study in English Industrial Organisation," by W. Hermann Levy, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Heidelberg, will appear; and in the same week Dr. Bland Sutton will add his volume "Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia" to works on Anthropology. Mr. Algernon Blackwood's new novel, "The Centaur," is due on the 20th. Its scenes are mostly laid in the Caucasus, and it is said that its author has developed even further his already well-known gift of imagination—the power of describing unusual experiences and sensations and a keen insight into the spiritual side of man's nature.

A work of very special interest to all those who are keenly alive to the important work of the great Indian Army is about to be published by A. and C. Black. Written by Major G. F. MacMunn, D.S.O., with illustrations in colour

by Major A. C. Lovett, Gloucester Regiment, it is called "The Armies in India." Lord Roberts, in his foreword, gives it as his opinion that the author's review of the method by which the existing Army has obtained its present state of perfection will greatly help to a proper understanding for the necessity of studying the characteristics of the many Indian races. To their collection of books for young people A. and C. Black are shortly to add a new edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales, illustrated by Mr. Charles Folkard, which will have the benefit of Ruskin's well-known Preface; an exciting romance of wild Wales in the days of the Civil War called "Red Men of the Dusk," by Mr. John Finnemore, illustrated by Mr. Lawson Wood; a story of public school life and adventure by Mr. Warren Bell, the well-known boys' writer, called "Green of Greyhouse"; and Miss Grierson's "Life of St. Paul," with drawings in colour by Mr. Oswald Moser, R.I.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash, who seems to be specialising in autobiographies, has persuaded Mr. Frank Newton Streatfield, C.M.G., to write his recollections. Mr. Streatfield has, as everyone knows, enjoyed a very distinguished official career in many regions of the globe, and has observed the fortunes of war from many points of view. It will be remembered that Mr. Streatfield served in the South African War of 1877-79 as Commandant of Levies, and that he has done State service at Franskei and Bechuanaland. It is easy to assume, therefore, that his reminiscences will include his personal recollections of many of the most distinguished soldiers of the last half-century. If the book is less sensational than at least one of its predecessors on Mr. Nash's list, it is safe to say that it will not be less entertaining.

Mr. William Austen Leigh, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has collaborated with Mr. Montagu G. Knight, of Chawton, in the production of a volume called "Chawton Manor and its Owners: a Family History." Although the unspoiled and untrammelled neighbourhood of Chawton is known only to the ordinary reader as the birthplace of Jane Austen, the story of its old manor must be full of quaint and curious romance, for the authors have searched deep among old family papers in order to tell again the story of the defence of Chichester in the Civil War, and bring to light many tales of local things which will not be without a certain charm to all lovers of topography and country lore. They print also a shorthand report of the interview between the Fellows of Magdalen College and King James II. What will Sir Isaac Pitman have to say to this?

Mr. A. C. Fifield's list includes volumes varied enough to suit many tastes. "Castellinaria: Further Diversions in Sicily," by Mr. H. F. Jones, and "Round About a Brighton Coach-Office," by M. King, may stand for home and foreign travel; "Poems of Joy," by W. H. Davies, "The Secret Things"—poems by Margaret L. Andrews, and "The Poet's Calendar," by Margaret Macdonald, will please those whose fancy turns to the Muses; an edition of Samuel Butler's "Evolution Old and New," and "Charles Darwin and Samuel Butler," by Mr. H. F. Jones, are books for the sterner students of philosophy. "The Magic Crook," by Dr. Greville MacDonald, is a fairy-tale with many illustrations, that will appeal not only to children; and for the reader who desires mere entertainment Mr. Fifield issues "The Country Heart, and other Stories," "Christian's Wife," and "The Archdeacon's Family," by Maude E. King. "The Blood of the Poor: an Introduction to Christian Social Economics" and "The Science of Symbols," both by Mr. Godfrey Blount, B.A., are promised shortly, with a study of Maeterlinck by Mr. Henry Rose.

Hutchinson and Co. have just published "Lucas Malet's" long-expected novel "Adrian Savage." They claim thus to have perpetrated the literary event of the autumn. Faced

with new novels by Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Joseph Conrad, we confess that we do not quite see how this contention can be put forward. It is the time-honoured right of publishers and of parents to regard their offspring as swans, however obviously they belong to the goose family. "Lucas Malet" incontestably glides gracefully and proudly on the upper waters of literature among the not too numerous swans. Her appearances in public are shy and infrequent, and if they never fail to be greeted with the clamorous welcome of many admirers, they are not more epoch-making in the literary sense than those of the writers we have named. If Hutchinson and Co. had said that the appearance of "Adrian Savage" was the literary event of the autumn, so far as women-novelists are concerned, we should have agreed very cordially. They add Miss Evelyn Everett-Green's new novel, "The Evolution of Sara," to their excellent list this week. Mr. John Dill Ross's "Sixty Years" of adventures by land and sea is in great and well-deserved demand. It is more entertaining and exciting than a whole batch of novels.

Abbé Duchesne's "Early History of the Christian Church," which Mr. John Murray is getting ready for publication, has been placed by the Consistorial Congregation of the Vatican upon the Index Expurgatorius. Whether this high-sounding act will have any great effect upon its value to earnest students in England remains to be seen. The first volume of the English translation was published about two years ago, and as the MS. of the second is at this moment in the printer's hands, it cannot be long before it will be ready for us to review. We look forward to the task with keen interest. "The Bulb Book," written, appropriately enough, by Mr. John Weathers, is ready. It contains much information as to bulb-growing and other horticultural matters, and should be in the hands of expert as well as enthusiastic amateur gardeners. For more or less immediate publication Mr. John Murray announces "The Life and Letters of Martin Luther," by Dr. Preserved Smith, who, despite his Christian name, has been able to deal with animation with much new material in regard to good old Martin Luther; Sir Edward Durand's "Rifle, Rod, and Spear in the East"; "The Gentle Art," by Mr. Henry Lamond; and the final volumes of Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life," edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester.

W. B. YEATS AND J. M. SYNGE*

SINCE the death of J. M. Synge on March 24th, 1909, there have been not a few who have somewhat eagerly waited to hear what W. B. Yeats had to say concerning him and his work. Indeed, with characteristic English timidity and uncertainty on all matters appertaining to the mystical ritual of Art, there have been critics who have waited in order that Mr. Yeats might give them an indication of what line criticism should take with regard to the strange author of "The Playboy of the Western World." There have been those who have dismissed Synge lock, stock, and barrel as an undramatic accumulator of coloured verbiage. Yet in the main, critics, arrested by the phenomenon for which they could not discover the actuating secret, have written as though they knew not what to say, as though they would gladly praise, but were afraid to praise lest they should

praise the wrong things; and at least one has honestly declared that without the promised declaration by W. B. Yeats we were all faced by a responsibility that was at least undesirable.

It is not merely that J. M. Synge was one of the Directors of the Abbey Theatre together with Yeats and Lady Gregory; nor even that for ten years Synge and Yeats were steadfast friends, continually in each other's company, though this last in itself gave the latter an insight into Synge's art and ambitions such as none other can have acquired, or have had the opportunity to acquire. It is rather the fact that Synge received the impulse that led him to the source from which he derived his art. How much this meant is not always recognised. Very largely, it is true, it was an accident that led to the suggestion that Synge should leave Paris to take his way to the Aran Islands. But it was a very happy accident. It is difficult to glean authentic and direct information concerning the Synge of Paris days; but if he were then similar to his older self of the later Dublin days—and the perpetual history of human nature insists that men do not change but merely develop—then the man who roved the Continent from 1893 to 1899 was a man not a little impressed by the power of his own genius. In his maturer days the distinction between George Moore and J. M. Synge was said to be that while the former had doubts as to who was the foremost living writer in the English tongue, Synge was never in any manner of doubt at all, and it is very unlikely that the same man in his younger days was innocent of the same emotions. Therefore, when Yeats met Synge in that little hotel in the Rue Corneille in the year 1899, and bade him leave Paris, where literature had become far removed from life, and proceed to the West of Ireland to express a life that had never found expression, the situation was a vital one—far more vital than either of its two participants could ever have realised at the time. The fact that Synge acted on the advice is everybody's knowledge, and it is to be examined in its results in a handsome collected edition of perhaps the only plays of their own decade that shall rescue themselves from oblivion and pass to literature. But it gives Mr. Yeats an authoritative voice on anything he may choose to say concerning his friend.

It is this that makes his present publication important; even as it is this that will cause many to read it with increasing disappointment. Perhaps they who will suffer the greatest disappointment will be the critics aforesaid, for Mr. Yeats has rigorously excluded from his pages any attempt to criticise or appraise his friends' dramatic achievement. We remember having seen at odd times various matter over Mr. Yeats' signature that has given an invaluable indication as to Synge's aims and purposes. Perhaps it is wise, however, that these should be excluded. It is always better that a man's work should find its way through the years unattended by expositions that are his own or that derive from him. Invariably there will be found in it possibilities and susceptibilities, inherent with its conception, but undreamed of by its author, and these things may well be obscured by an author's own pronunciamiento. But there is a mass of information very relevant to the understanding of Synge, which we should like to have known, but which has been withheld from us. For example, and on a side issue, Mr. Yeats' account of the 1899 meeting in Paris is only available in an introduction to an edition of Synge's "Well of the Saints," published some years ago by A. H. Bullen, and not very easily procurable now. It would have been no bad thing had this been rendered to us anew, and been made the beginning of an account of his friendship with Synge, that would not have traversed the inviolacy of friendship, and yet have permitted us an intimacy with that strangely aloof and mordant personality such as would have

* *Synge and the Ireland of his Time.* By William Butler Yeats. With a Note concerning a Walk through Connemara with him by Jack Butler Yeats. (The Cuala Press, Dumdrum, Ireland. 10s. net.)

better equipped us for an understanding of his written achievement.

The fact is that one is mainly concerned either with the man who achieved the work, or with the work that he achieved. It would be difficult to conceive of anything else that in any way affects the matter. And yet this study of Mr. Yeats is concerned with neither one nor the other of these two interests. In fact it may be said that it is mainly not concerned with Synge at all, though its beginning is with Synge at a dramatic moment of his history. There is almost more of Synge in the following opening paragraph than there is in the rest of the book:—

On Saturday, January 26th, 1907, I was lecturing in Aberdeen, and when my lecture was over I was given a telegram which said, "Play great success." It had been sent from Dublin after a second act of "The Playboy of the Western World," then being performed for the first time. After one in the morning my host brought to my bedroom this second telegram, "Audience broke up in disorder at the word shift." I knew no more until I got the Dublin papers on my way from Belfast to Dublin on Tuesday morning. On the Monday night no word of the play had been heard. About forty young men had sat in the front seats of the pit, and stamped and shouted and blown trumpets from the rise to the fall of the curtain. On the Tuesday night also the forty young men were there. They wished to silence what they considered a slander upon Ireland's womanhood. Irish women would never sleep under the same roof with a young man without a chaperon, nor admire a murderer, nor use a word like "shift," nor could any one recognise the country men and women of Davis and Kickham in these poetical, violent, grotesque persons, who used the Name of God so freely, and spoke of all things that hit their fancy.

Nevertheless, directly this one matter is concluded, Mr. Yeats proceeds to occupy himself with sundry other matters, the relevance of which to Synge is hard to discover, although in a certain way it is very closely connected with "The Ireland of His Time." Familiar names—such as Thomas Davis and T. F. Taylor—cross his pages; and J. M. Synge's name flits in and out in rather a confusing and perplexing way.

It is just this lack of orderly sequence that destroys much of the value of this book. Yet from another standpoint it is just this lack of orderly sequence that gives it much of its strange charm. Mr. Yeats speaks in one place of having written "most of these thoughts in my diary on the coast of Normandy," and indeed the whole book reads as though it were some kind of a diary, as though its author had unpacked his ideas concerning much that had engaged his thoughts in the literary history that Ireland is now achieving for herself, on the ways, means, and manner of that achievement, with only a secondary interest in Synge himself. Often it reads as though the thought of Synge suddenly crossed his mind, with the result that he penned down some sentences concerning Synge that are startling in their illumination: such, for instance, as "He was a drifting man full of hidden passion, and loved wild islands, because there, set out in the light of day, he saw what lay hidden in himself;" or the record of his conversation with Synge, in which they spoke of the not altogether strange preference that many minds in England and Ireland gave to "Riders to the Sea" over "The Shadow of the Glen." These things startle our attention doubtless because the sudden memory of Synge that caused them in no less a degree startled Yeats as he wrote. But one of the chief gains of all this is quite another matter. We may not receive as much knowledge of Synge, nor as much criticism of his work, as we may desire; but we do get a prose that in its musing reminiscence works its way into a long, rolling cadence that is peculiarly haunting.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

JAPAN'S NAVAL EXPANSION

A MESSAGE from Reuter's correspondent in St. Petersburg declares that information has been received there of the intention of the Japanese Ministry of Marine to demand from the Diet at the next session an extraordinary credit of forty millions sterling, to be spread over a period of seven years, and to be devoted to the purpose of naval expansion. Obviously in this announcement is to be found Japan's answer to recent measures of international importance in the region of the Pacific. Those students who have knowledge of the assertive character of Japanese policy will not be surprised at the decision of the Tokyo Government. The determination of our Colonies to possess strong Navies under their own control in Far Eastern waters, the revision of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in such a way as to leave that instrument nothing more or less than a polite record of platonic friendship, and the advancement of the date of the opening of the Panama Canal to 1913, were factors which Japan was bound to take into consideration. Viewed in a sense strictly correct, the expansion of her Navy is purely a matter of her own domestic concern. At the same time we should be lacking in the quality of ordinary precaution were we not to attach to her action the deep significance which it warrants. It is apparent that not only in the Western, but in the Eastern Hemisphere the rivalry in armaments on a tremendous scale is now actively in progress, and that in our endeavours to maintain a two-Power standard we must take into full consideration the hypothetical distribution of our Navy as against enemies not only in the West, but in the Far East. In plain language our prestige no less than our vital interests will not be adequately protected in the Pacific unless we calculate upon the basis of a two-Power standard against Japan. Furthermore the question seriously arises as to how far we should assist Japan to expand a Navy which one day might conceivably be employed against ourselves. It is notorious that the finances of Japan are at present in a precarious state. To a large extent the cost of increasing the Navy has hitherto been met by appropriations from war loans, and it is difficult to see how any further expansion can be carried out without recourse to the English money markets, or, in other words, to the pockets of the English public. Japan will not, of course, candidly declare the object of her borrowing. She will merely indulge in a transaction of shuffling funds—that is to say, attracting money for the avowed purpose of railway or other productive development, and, not needing immediately to apply the whole sum to such purpose, will re-lend it to the Admiralty, who will promptly invest this British money in Japanese warships. A precedent, as I have already pointed out, is to be found in her appropriation of thirty millions sterling from the Russo-Japanese war funds.

Ostensibly they negotiated the loans for the purpose of waging war against Russia, but it is beyond all reasonable doubt that the financiers of the West were hoodwinked into providing an additional thirty millions sterling which it was never the intention of Japan to utilise for any other object than the systematic construction of warships over a period she well knew must extend far beyond the latest date when hostilities could have been brought to a close. Leaving altogether out of the question the underlying but ever present motive of an Imperial ambition—a motive that, sooner or later, must invariably have committed her to the creation of a sea force of first magnitude—it is to the lessons of the China war, and particularly to the corollary of that

campaign whereby, in regard to the Kwantung fortress, Japan found herself dispossessed of the fruits of victory, that we must look for the determining point in her destiny as a naval Power. During the period of ten years following the conclusion of the Treaty of Shimonoseki two separate programmes of expansion reached completion, and her Navy increased from 61,000 to upwards of 280,000 tons, so that on the outbreak of the recent hostilities she was able to command, exclusive of her torpedo flotilla, an effective fighting force of seventy-six vessels of all classes, representing a total displacement of 275,000 tons. In the course of the campaign she lost in all twelve ships, aggregating 46,000 tons, but of these only four vessels—two battleships, the *Hatsuse* and the *Yashima*, and two second-class cruisers—were of material fighting value. Against this loss, however, she was able to place seventeen ships with a total of 105,000 tons, some of which she had captured during engagements, and others she had raised from the harbour of Port Arthur, where they had been sunk by the Russians on the eve of the capitulation. These seventeen ships comprised eight battleships and one armoured cruiser of various degrees of fighting efficiency, two first-class protected cruisers, one third-class protected cruiser, and five destroyers. Japan emerged from the war, therefore, with eighty-one warships, representing a displacement of 333,000 tons. During the past half decade she has, in ships built and building, still further augmented her Navy by 258,000 tons. Thus there have been two distinct periods in her recent history, each following the conclusion of a successful war, during which Japan resolutely set herself the task of realising an ambitious scheme of naval armaments.

In a broad survey of world conditions as they exist to-day it requires no effort of the imagination to see that Japan holds a position of overwhelming superiority in the Pacific. Her Empire is geographically compact, and the territories over which she wields a political influence lie at her very door. Outside the region of Eastern Asia she has now no serious national responsibilities, and it is unlikely for years to come that the strategical disposition of her fleets will take them far from home. Within a few days of their base her warships are able to show the flag in the coast and the river ports of her helpless neighbour China, and to this natural advantage is to be attributed in a large measure Japan's growing influence in the capital and in the provinces of that great Empire. It has not been entirely due to coincidence that a conclusion, favourable to our ally, of protracted and troublesome negotiations with a patriotically stubborn *Wai-wu-pu* has frequently synchronised with the sudden and sinister appearance of a Japanese squadron in the waters of Pechili. We cannot, as I have already said, prevent Japan from still further strengthening her position by means of additions to her Navy, but that is no reason why we should blind ourselves to a potential menace and continue to lend her money and patronage.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

ON Wednesday of last week 118 candidates were elected to membership of the Royal Automobile Club, which brings the total number of members, including those belonging to affiliated clubs, to nearly twenty-four thousand. Many unpleasant things have been said about the Club in reference to its alleged indifference to the interests of the motoring community—more especially since the transfer of its headquarters to the palatial building in Pall Mall—and its attitude towards the A.A. and M.U. in such matters as the proposed National Council of Motoring certainly lends itself to adverse criticism; but motorists should not forget the great services the Club has rendered, and continues to

render, by the holding of its "trials." All through the year its experts are engaged in subjecting to exhaustive tests motor-cars and new devices designed to reduce the cost or add to the comfort and convenience of motoring, and its "certificates of performance" have rightly come to be looked upon by motorists as invaluable. It may not be generally known that these certificates, which set forth in the fullest detail and with absolute impartiality what a car, tyre, or other accessory has actually done under expert observation and ordinary touring conditions, may be obtained by any one on application to the Secretary of the R.A.C., who will also be pleased to furnish any supplementary information that may be desired respecting any particular trial. The most recent entries for official tests are a 15.9h.p. (R.A.C. rating) "Sunbeam;" a "Mira Magnetolite" electric car-lighting equipment, which is entered for a 3,000 miles trial by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts; and the Thomas Transmission, which is to be tried on a Delahaye car from London to Edinburgh and back.

In the columns of a French contemporary (*La Vie Automobile*), M. Faroux, perhaps the most famous living writer on technical automobilism, outlines his conception of what the typical motor-car of ten years hence will be; and although experience has proved the fallacy of many a prophecy relating to motor-car evolution, the well-considered opinions of so intelligent and level-headed an expert are well worth attention. M. Faroux does not anticipate any drastic departures from the main features of present standard design. Modifications of detail will be numerous, but in all essentials the car of 1921 will be much the same as it is to-day. He considers that the part of the modern car which is the most in need of radical improvement is the suspension; shock-absorbing devices are, in his opinion, merely palliatives necessitated by the unsoundness of all existing methods of suspension. The dispensing with the gear-box, the increasing of engine and transmission efficiency, and the development of the two-stroke motor represent, according to M. Faroux, the probabilities in motor-car evolution during the next ten years.

Perhaps, however, the most interesting and important pronouncement of the French expert is with regard to the tyre of the future—a subject of perennial interest to every motorist. He is firmly of opinion that, so far as pleasure vehicles are concerned at any rate, the pneumatic will never be supplanted, although improvements in their construction will be made from time to time. As M. Faroux has been intimately associated with the organisation of many open competitions for spring wheels, he is entitled to speak with authority upon this point, and his opinion will be endorsed by many who have devoted special attention to the subject, and noted the rise, progress, and rapid decline of practically all the numerous devices which have made their appearance during the last ten years, and been confidently expected—by the inventors—to consign the pneumatic to oblivion. Another interesting vaticination of M. Faroux is that the next ten years will witness the arrival of the ideal small car which will render motoring a pastime for the multitude. This car of the future will have a four-cylindrical engine of about 8h.p., and it will be sold at £100 or less, fitted with two-seated body, and completely equipped for the road. This is, of course, the car which thousands of people have long been waiting for, and when it does materialise, the day of universal motoring will be at hand.

The Secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union informs us that the Secretary for Scotland has

authorised the Association to perform in Scotland all the duties specified in Article 1 of the Motor-car (International Circulation) Order of 1910 in reference to the work of examining and certifying motor-cars and drivers for use in foreign countries, and to issue international passes in accordance with the International Convention. Similar authority with regard to England and Ireland had already been delegated to the Association, which is the only organisation entitled to issue the passes in all the three countries. Applicants can now be examined at any of the offices of the Automobile Association and Motor Union—in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and Belfast.

At a meeting of the committee of the Royal Aero Club on the 3rd inst. aviators' certificates were granted to Captain F. W. Richey, Captain Steele Hutcheson, and Lieutenant C. L. N. Newall, and two new members—Lieutenant J. F. Lecky and Lieutenant E. J. Strover—were elected. It is interesting to note that the holders of the three certificates of proficiency above mentioned are all users of "Bristol" machines.

The attention of commissioned officers in his Majesty's Regular Army, the Royal Navy, and the Royal Marines is drawn to the Army and Navy Aviation Prize of £1,000, presented by Mr. A. Mortimer Singer, one of the members of the committee of the Royal Aero Club. The entrance fee is £1, and the rules can be obtained from Mr. Harold E. Perrin, the Secretary, at 166, Piccadilly, W. Entries have already been received from Captain E. L. Gerrard, R.M.L.I.; Lieutenant C. R. Samson, R.N.; Lieutenant R. Gregory, R.N.; and Lieutenant W. Parke, R.N.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

LAST week's optimism did not last very long. The Stock Exchange declared that it was growing nervous over Morocco. But this was merely an excuse. Prices had risen, in some markets very considerably, and the holders of pawned stock thought it a good opportunity to get out. As there are no buyers of speculative shares to be discovered, and as dealers have neither the inclination nor sufficient capital to put stock on their books, they let everything go with a run. The political situation does not appear to have changed at all. It still seems certain that Morocco will be exchanged for a portion of the French Congo. It is still almost certain that Austria views the Italian expedition with the greatest dislike. England will probably declare a protectorate over Egypt, and in the general scramble Turkey will certainly get badly damaged. She is desperate, and desperate people are not usually very particular what they do.

As the Bank of Egypt liquidation proceeds, the City finds it rather more disagreeable than they first anticipated. According to the statement given to the bankers who attended the meeting, the assets amount to £3,122,000 and the liabilities to £2,749,000. But these assets are made up to a great extent of £2,480,000 "customers' loans" in Egypt. It is understood that large sums have been borrowed by the Mohammedan religious community. No legal action could be taken to recover this money. But it is perfectly secure, and will probably be taken over by some other bank. Nevertheless, it seems very doubtful how much the Egyptian assets will produce. The figures in the balance-sheet to December 31st, and those on the day the Bank

stopped payment, show astounding differences. Cash has fallen nearly £309,000 in the nine months, and the Bank only had £64,000 in the till when it suspended payment. The securities, however, show a strange stability, for they have only fallen £25,000. Evidently either the Bank had pledged these securities or its directors were afraid to sell them. Bank premises in the end of the year balance-sheet stood at a nominal figure. They have since been raised to £120,000. No one will grumble at this, as it is understood that they are worth even more money than is to-day stated. Perhaps the two most astounding items in the new figures are the acceptances and the appearance of a loan from Glyn's. Acceptances on December 31st were £1,733,319. They have only fallen £218,000 in the nine months! Glyn's loan of £117,000 is a new item, or was not disclosed in the old balance-sheet. It must be admitted that the Bank of Egypt failure is one of the worst Bank failures we have had in England for many years. The Egyptians are furious with the suggestion that Luzatto brought about the failure. They say that the failure was entirely due to the incompetence of the directors and the extremely bad management of the Bank after Luzatto died. At first the stoppage was received very quietly in both Cairo and Alexandria. But now that the figures are available the strongest feeling is manifested, and there cannot be any doubt that the collapse has done a great deal to shake English credit in Egypt. Most unfortunately nearly all the people that England sends out to Egypt are bad men of business, knowing little of Arabic and not understanding the Eastern character. As a result the native Egyptian, the Greek, the Levantine, and the Italian all have the greatest contempt for English business methods. The failure of the Bank of Egypt will not help us. The National Bank will, it is said, pay all the depositors, taking a lien on the uncalled capital. But the Stock Exchange evidently considers that the National Bank is not doing very good business, for the price of the shares has fallen since the announcement was made.

With reference to the fourteen million Argentine Loan, a story has been current that the Syndicate were unable to pay up their instalments. This has been definitely denied. It is also denied that the Argentine Republic will be in the market again. The Argentine Minister of Finance cables a flat denial.

MONEY.—The Stock Exchange had to pay 4 per cent. for its loans at the settlement, but this was not an unreasonable amount, and shows that all our banks have plenty of money to lend out. The extraordinary movement of the Reichsbank at the end of the quarter settlement has caused a good deal of talk in the City, but the credit of the German banks is good, and unless we get a war they will be able to pull through. But the accumulation of credit in Germany is enormous. The whole of Germany is living upon credit. Whether this is quite wise is a doubtful point. The multitude of banks of every description that are continually lending out money and pawning the securities on which they lend the money grows every day. The business looks astoundingly dangerous, but the German has absolute confidence in the future of his Empire; and as long as he can keep peace there is very little chance of a collapse. The German joint stock banks run on about 10 per cent. of cash, and the German mortgage banks have actually accumulated nearly 600 millions of credits, on a perfectly nominal amount of cash. Then there are thousands of banks that lend to poor people founded by Schultz-Delitsch and Raffeisen. When things are good credit grows rapidly, but it has a habit of withering up under misfortune. Then gold is the only thing that tells. Whether we have not all made a huge mistake in our system of currency is a debatable point. It is too late now to alter, and we must accept facts as they are. In the present day the nation that has the biggest supply of gold is the nation that can stand up the longest, and Germany has certainly less as compared with her credits than any other nation in the world. She has built up vast industries, but they have become so vast that they have outgrown their strength.

CONSOLS.—Consols pulled themselves together last week, but they have gone flat again, notwithstanding the efforts

of all the postmasters in the country to sell a few. Nothing, however, will be done by such amateur attempts to strengthen the Consol Market. The only legitimate and businesslike way is to sell Consols to bearer in £5 blocks.

FOREIGNERS.—A contemplation of the Foreign Market acts as an antidote to the pessimism of the City. Here, in spite of war and rumours of war, prices remain unchanged. There is hardly any speculation except in Perus and Tintos. Nobody wants to sell any bonds and there is no scare anywhere. Guayaquil and Quito rose on a boom cable from the President, which probably means that the Ecuador Government are in need of money. But none of these Central American republics can be trusted a yard, and the sooner they are all taken over by the United States the better for the creditors. After all it is only a question of time before this will become an accomplished fact. As soon as the Panama Canal opens the United States will be compelled to act. In the meantime it might probably be a good speculative lockup to buy some of the more rotten bonds.

HOME RAILS.—Gradually and slowly the railways are making up the losses they sustained through the strike. It is known that most of the lines will in the end secure as good traffics this half-year as they did in the corresponding half-year of 1910, and this knowledge keeps the market moderately steady. Great Northern have already succeeded in wiping out their loss. We cannot, of course, tell how much the strike cost, but we know that some of the railways spent very large sums, which they will of course charge against the expenses of the half-year. The rise in the price of coal will not affect any of the companies until 1912, as the contracts are made once a year. After all, the coal strike may never come to pass. It has been talked about for a long time. It is the maddest thing that a British agitator ever suggested. Possibly if such a strike came to pass it would so disgust the average workman with the leaders of the Trades Unions that it might turn out a blessing in disguise.

YANKEES.—The speculator very wisely keeps out of the American market, and all the business is done either on behalf of New York or is purely professional gambling entered into by the jobbers in the American houses in London. It is useless to argue about the future of American railways when there is no business going. The American bankers have now as much money as they want, and actually, instead of being financed from Berlin, New York is financing Germany herself. The market moves in spasms, and I can see no sign of any improvement this year. Perhaps, towards the end of the year, the banks will mark up prices in order that their balance-sheets may show up. This is often done, and some gamblers make a point of speculating upon it. But we need hardly expect a boom until next spring. Wise people keep out of such a risky market as Yankee Rails. Investors, however, may buy Unions and consider themselves lucky to secure a 10 per cent. stock at so low a price.

RUBBER.—Some of the rubber reports that come out are good. North Hummock, for example, although the price of this share is too high. But others are not so satisfactory. The British Rubber Estates of Java, which promised us £5,221 in the prospectus, does not propose to pay any dividend at all. The estates are moderately capitalised, but evidently working costs are very much too high. Notwithstanding the fact that the Company sold its coffee at from 45 to 48 guilders a cwt. as compared with 31 guilders prospectus price, there is practically no profit to show on the year. The Company will be very lucky if it manages to go through another year without calling for further capital.

OIL.—Everything in the oil market is good. Shells are going up every day. Spies are strong. Burmahs are being bought. Lobitos still rise, and Nigeria Bitumen have jumped 10s. This Company has found good oil in its deep wells. Another piece of good news for the oil market is the striking of oil by the Guapo, one of the Taylor companies in Trinidad. Trinidad looks as though it would turn out a fairly profitable oil-field.

KAFFIRS.—The latest blow to the Kaffir market is the news that Wit Deep is flooded in its lower levels. This will stop development work and reduce profits. Wit

Deep, considering the life of the mine, are too high in price. People talk about bargains in the Kaffir market, and the newspapers publish tables of yields, but all these tables omit the lives, which are the most important thing. Everybody seems to forget that a mine is a vanishing asset, and that no sane person would buy a mine share without writing off so much every year as amortisation. If the amortisation question is considered very few mines in the Kaffir market are undervalued. The Kaffir magnates know the value of their properties to a sixpence, and they are far too cute to let the public have them when they are cheap. It is reserved for the British public to buy them at the top. The big houses pretend that they are supporting this market, but I see very little sign of it to-day.

RHODESIANS.—Rhodesians are being puffed for all they are worth. No one can say that the Rhodesian magnates do not support the Press. They spend many hours every day in giving away calls to journalists, and go in for this sort of thing. As it costs the Rhodesian magnates nothing, and as it ties up a journalist by the leg for the rest of his natural life, there does not appear to be much in it for either party. Puffs of Rhodesian mining ventures should always be read with the greatest caution. Eventually Rhodesia will become a very reasonable agricultural colony. But if we take the capitalisation of the mines of Rhodesia from the day when the Chartered Company started, we shall find that hundreds of millions of paper have been created, and that the return of this capital is so small as hardly to be discoverable. The dividend-paying mines in Rhodesia are few and far between. Most of the dividend-paying Rhodesian companies make their money out of stock-jobbing, and not out of genuine mining. All the Rhodesian houses are out with one idea—to sell shares to the public as quick as they can. As they have literally millions of shares to sell, one can understand their anxiety to see those shares written up in the newspapers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—London General Omnibus have had a big rise, and if it be true that they have earned enough to pay a 15 per cent. dividend, the rise is justified. The report will soon be out; but I do not fancy that the Board, in view of the heavy depreciation that takes place every year in a motor-omnibus, will dare to pay more than 5 per cent. It is asserted that they have got their running costs down to 8d. a mile; if so, this is a feather in the cap of the engineers. Marconis are still bought; but Cements are weak, and we wait anxiously for the report, which should be out very shortly.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with extreme interest Mr. R. J. Turner's admirable article in your last issue on 'The Future of the Territorial Force.' I think he has touched upon every one of the most important points to be considered in keeping up its efficiency, and has some good suggestions to offer as well. He writes at a most opportune moment, for next April—none too far off—will be a time of vital importance to the Territorial branch of our Army, as in that month the engagements for four years of men who joined in 1908 will expire.

Therefore a large number of recruits will be required to fill up not only these vacancies, but also the shortage which exists at present.

I do not propose to consider the case of men re-engaging. I think it advisable that a small number should re-engage in order to make a leaven of old soldiers, as with the Regulars; but as a whole it is better for the nation—nay imperative—that fresh batches of young men should be passed through the Territorial Force every four years, so that in a certain number of years we should have nearly the whole of the young manhood of the country trained to arms. I hold this view as the chief and most

essential *raison d'être* of the Territorial Force, just as it is the main object of compulsory service and conscription.

Where are the recruits to come from? Or rather let me express it differently—What are the reasons that a good supply has not been forthcoming so far, and that the Force is still under strength?

Mr. Turner puts it down first and foremost, most correctly, to the need of money; in other words, enough money is not spent on the Force, a view with which every one who knows the working of the Force will agree. The truth of the matter is, and there is no use in hiding it, that if any nation wants an Army of trained soldiers it must be prepared to pay for it—no matter whether those soldiers are to belong to the first, second, or third line of the Army. In every other profession or trade money has to be freely expended on the pupil, yet the unfortunate soldier is expected to teach himself at his own expense, and very often to his own pecuniary loss. A working man who happens to be out of work when he is called out for training, does his training and has lost a fortnight in looking for work—the obtaining of which is of vital importance to him. The State should do something for him. As regards the employer. Mr. Turner is quite sound in his idea that all employers should display the notice "Territorials only accepted." A great step forward would be reached in this vexed question when this is accomplished. I call it a vexed question for, in my opinion, the one great fault in the Territorial Army scheme is the part our friend the employer is expected to play. This gentleman has practically the whole burden placed on his shoulders. We are supposed to shut our eyes to the losses incurred by him in his business by having all his assistants away at once, and having to engage new and raw hands temporarily, to say nothing of the severe handicap caused by a rival who is unpatriotic enough to refuse to allow his employees to join the force. This is quite unfair.

As for the Veteran Reserve, it is a splendid movement. Here again, money is wanted. For the men must be given instruction every year in order that they may keep pace with the continual and endless changes in drill formations, words of command, and musketry. Otherwise they would be quite useless on a sudden emergency. I would suggest, roughly, a small permanent staff kept for the purpose at a regimental dépôt or Territorial barracks where the men could come at any time during the year as their labour engagements permitted them (thus entailing no hardship), do their training, and, on completion of it, receive their allowances.

I fear I have greatly encroached on your space, but the whole subject is of such absorbing interest that one letter is not sufficient to do justice to all the intricate details. I will therefore draw my remarks to a close by expressing the hope that my countrymen are fully aware of the great importance of the Territorial Army as a national factor. It is turning out a magnificent Force, and it has a great future before it. No one who has seen the officers and men—their smart turn-out, their work at manoeuvres and in quarters during the year (I have in my mind the West Surrey Battalions particularly) can deny this. It would be the greatest misfortune to let it now die of inanition after the initial difficulties of its existence have been surmounted so successfully, for in its place must come "compulsory service," with all its attendant disadvantages, as every sane man must realise that our Empire must have an adequate Army to defend its honour, population, Possessions, and trade—in fact, its very existence.

T. QUIN, Lieut.-Colonel (Retired).

Lingfield, Surrey.

WANTED, SCIENCE IN CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—To the man in the street who, from his common ground of outlook, is no mean reader or interpreter of signs and imports, the results of our present world chaos (for social disorganisation has developed into a universal thing) must appear to be due to the manner of our subjection to an empiric condition of affairs rather than to the manner of our objection to it. For it cannot be denied, in the face of experience, that the social evils and distresses of the times emanate more from pure ignorance (human forms of impotence) than from pure wilfulness (human forms of desire). I am speaking, of course, of civilisation in general. This fact of ignorance is proved by the general though futile efforts promoted to ameliorate or rectify conditions.

Now, speaking for our own critical attitude as a nation, why is it that our endeavours to alter or amend conditions merely

hang fire or add to the heat of controversy? It is because criticism, to be effective, must be soundly objective, and not, like ours is, merely imperfectly so. An empiric condition of things cannot be successfully fought by empiric forms of opposition. To illustrate this I submit the following instances:—

1. Our religious or spiritual life is disorganised. You cannot readjust it by further disorganisation—by disestablishing a National Church.

2. Our political life is disorganised. You cannot readjust it by further disorganisation—by demolishing or dismembering a political union.

3. Our industrial life is disorganised. You cannot readjust it by further disorganisation—by Penal Statute or State Insurance.

4. Our civil life is disorganised. You cannot readjust it by further disorganisation—by Universal Suffrage.

Now these are supreme instances of our empiric attempts to alter an empiric condition of things. It would take a volume to recount all the minor instances. But it is these very supreme instances which should make the objective of criticism sound and therefore effective in producing a supreme state of order. Failure must, therefore, be due to systematic unsoundness—to structural rottenness. A basic form of adjustment is wanting in this sense, and it is here that a certain brilliant assertion in the forcible writing of Mr. Frank Harris strikes me as being very significant.

Present conditions, according to this writer—and I am not making a literal quotation—make it impossible for a man to give of his best—only of his second best. What this second best amounts to is of no consequence whatever, seeing that it can have nothing to do with a man's own purification, and, therefore, in an indirect way, with the welfare of his country.

But surely a system or condition of things which fails to demand as well as reward the best efforts of mankind is a system which, like our own, must fail in every leading or commanding characteristic. It systematically impoverishes and destroys its ground of stimulation—namely, Genius, whatever form it may take,

And yet—mark the canting hypocrisy—we pride ourselves on the possession of Shakespeare.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge, October 9th, 1911.

THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND ROBERT GREENE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I notice that Mr. Frank Harris illustrates what he is pleased to call his friend's extraordinary accuracy and reverence for facts by telling us that Mr. Collins searched through the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the exact date of the poet Greene's death—and that he at length found it. This surely is a discovery which is quite a surprise to the majority of Elizabethan students. When Gabriel Harvey wrote that Greene was buried on September 4th (1592) in the "new churchyard near Bedlam" he must have been writing at random if Mr. Collins's discovery was not a mare's nest. For my part, I am more inclined to accept the word of a contemporary than to trust the "extraordinary accuracy" of Mr. Collins. Mr. Harris must know what that is worth if he has taken the trouble to examine his friend's thesis that Shakespeare was a good classical scholar and much indebted to the Greek tragic poets. Even Mr. Gosse, with "his ignorance, carelessness, and blundering," could not have produced any quite so inaccurate, inept, and incoherent. Mr. Collins's edition of the "Plays and Poems of Greene" for the Clarendon Press is a still better example of his "extraordinary accuracy"—it is not too severe a criticism to say of that perfunctory piece of armchair editing that as a final edition of an English writer it is a gross insult to English scholarship.

I am, yours truly,

HESTER BRAYNE.

October 9th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED FICTION

- Adrian Savage.* By Lucas Malet. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.
Troubled Waters. By L. Cope Cornford. William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By Gerard Bendall. John Lane. 6s.

- The Chronicles of Clovis.* By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). John Lane. 6s.
Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad. Methuen and Co. 6s.
The Love-Locks of Diana. By Kate Horn. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
Mated. By Isabel Smith. Digby, Long and Co. 6s.
The Mark of the Cross. By Edgar Swan. Digby, Long and Co. 6s.
Mates at Billabong. By M. Grant Bruce. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 2s. 6d.
Danger Mountain: A Story of Adventure in Unexplored New Guinea. By Robert M. Macdonald. Illustrated by A. Webb. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
The Boshury People, circa A.D. 1900. By Arthur Ransom. Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.
The Story of Helen. By M. F. Hutchinson. Illustrated by Harold Piffard. S.P.C.K. 3s. 6d.
Another Pair of Shoes; A Northumbrian Story. By Austin Clare. Illustrated by Oscar Wilson. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.
In the Days of Queen Mary. By E. E. Crake, M.A. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey. S.P.C.K. 2s.
Hugh Carrington's Ordeal. By Charles W. Haskins. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Annual Progress Report of the Superintendent Hindu and Buddhist Monuments, Northern Circle, for the Year ending March 31st, 1911.* Punjab Government Report. P. S. King and Son. 1s. 4d.
Beautiful Britain: Stratford-on-Avon, with Leamington and Warwick. By Dixon Scott. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net.
The Consolations of a Critic. By C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.
The "Adoration of the Magi" by Jan Mabuse. By Maurice W. Brockwell. Illustrated. The Grafton Galleries, W. 10s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Forty Years of Friendship as Recorded in the Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge, and Ellis Yarnall during the Years 1856 to 1895.* Edited by Charlton Yarnall. Portrait Frontispiece. Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.
The Baganda: An Account of their Native Customs and Beliefs. By the Rev. John Roscoe. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.
Tolstoy. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Bernard Miall. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
The Wife of General Bonaparte. By Joseph Turquan. Translated from the French by Violette Montagu. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
The Regent's Park and Primrose Hill: History and Antiquities. By A. D. Webster. Illustrated. Greening and Co. 5s. net.
Turkey and Its People. By Sir Edwin Pears. Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.
Fore and Aft: the Story of the Fore and Aft Rig. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.

VERSE

- Ballads of Old Birmingham.* By E. M. Rudland. E. F. Hudson, Birmingham. 1s. net.
Survivals. By R. Charles Moir. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
Œuvres d'Horace—Satires. Texte Latin avec un Commentaire Critique et Explicatif. By Paul Lejay. Hachette and Co. 15f.
At the World's Edge, and Other Verses. By Maria Steuart. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.
Prospero, and Other Poems. By William Gerard. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.

PERIODICALS

- Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Book Monthly; The Land Union Journal; The Antiquary; Harper's Monthly Magazine; Monthly Musical Record; The Author; Literary Digest, N.Y.; St. Nicholas; Dublin Review; Bird Notes and News; The Anglo-Russian; The Publishers' Circular; The Bookseller; The Century Magazine; Feuilles d'Histoire du XVIIe. au XXe. Siècle; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Parsi, Bombay; The Moslem World; Cambridge University Reporter; The Scottish Historical Review; Revue Bleue; The Mask, Florence; The Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; United Empire; Mind.*

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 495	Fiction 507
A Tribute 496	The Theatre..... 508
Villa d'Este 496	The Future of the Library 510
A Baseless Suggestion ... 496	Agadir and After 511
Commercial Literature ... 497	Music 512
La Veille de la Vierge ... 498	The Magazines..... 513
Tripoli and After 499	Some Indian Reviews..... 514
Some New French Books 500	The Brewers' Exhibition 515
Reviews—	New and Forthcoming
Views of a Revolutionist 502	Books 516
A Maharani as Autho- ress 503	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 517
Inexpertæ Pennæ..... 504	Motoring 519
Ingenious Bookmaking 505	In the Temple of Mammon 520
Shorter Reviews 505	Correspondence 521
	Books Received 523

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE contrast between the welcome extended to the National Insurance Bill before its scheme was thoroughly comprehended and examined, and the chorus of adverse criticism which it has recently drawn from all quarters, forms one of the most significant warnings against hasty and immature legislation which the country has ever seen. The recent series of articles from the pens of expert writers which have been appearing in our columns discussed the Bill from many points of view, and still, on all sides, it raises severe comments. From Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Saturday last the layman might regard him as the ineffable benefactor of mankind, and over Friendly Societies in particular were his protective wings outspread. What do the Societies themselves think? At the annual gathering of the St. Mary's Lodge of Oddfellows on Monday the Grand Master made some pertinent remarks. He pointed out that whatever desires any one man might have in the House of Commons, he was not entirely master of the situation, for forces and influences were there at work beyond the conception of the ordinary man; there were serious defects in the Bill,

and to pass the Bill and amend the Act afterwards was simply ploughing the sand. Mr. George Cave, addressing a conference of Friendly Societies at Richmond, expressed himself as sure that, even with the suggested amendments, the Bill would have a very serious effect upon all such associations; that the small ones would be killed, and even the large ones would not survive for many years. On the pleasant "9d. for 4d." fiction he remarked that "on examination it would be found that people would get 5d. worth of benefits for 4d., and that the penny would in the end be found by themselves."

Unless the doctors, who held the key to the position, helped the Bill, continued Mr. Cave, it would be a failure. In THE ACADEMY of June 17th Dr. Milton Townsend clearly explained why the medical profession resents the "absolutely unacceptable conditions" which the Chancellor seeks to impose upon it. A storm of disapproval greeted the scheme when the doctors began to understand it, and the fine analysis of its provisions in our issue of July 29th exhibited its faults from the workman's point of view. We do not wish to condemn the Bill wholly; but obviously, when a number of highly important interests agree in opposition, the measure opposed is unsound in finance and hasty in construction—as happens with most of the matters Mr. Lloyd George proposes. We do not see for a moment why he should take upon himself to "stand or fall" by the Bill, and in any case it is a gross outrage on the Parliamentary system that any Minister should insist upon the passing of an important measure, affecting tremendous issues, in a time-limit which is fixed by himself.

Lord Rosebery's speech at the opening of the new Mitchell Library on Monday last, at Glasgow, was in his happiest vein of whimsicality—that whimsicality which contains more than "a grain or two of wheat among the chaff." He dilated humorously upon the terrible number of platitudes which must have been uttered on similar occasions, and went on to inquire "whether there were not 100,000 of the 180,000 books in the Mitchell Library which nobody ever asked for"—dead volumes, occupying space to no purpose. After a pessimistic improvisation on the theme of the "baffled ambitions, disappointed hopes, and crushed aspirations" represented by such a collection, Lord Rosebery went on to suggest the awakening China as a fresh field for Mr. Carnegie's vicarious literary enthusiasm. We note that the speech has been taken seriously by the librarian of Brixton, and the rosier aspect of the question is given by an interview quoted in the *Standard*. Not many "dead" books, according to his experience, find a place in a London suburban library, and the list of works asked for on a single day in the reference department, if at all typical, might reassure any one who suffers under an impression that the age is becoming less interested in intellectual affairs.

The new Opera House in the Kingsway by which Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has impressed Londoners will be opened on Monday, November 13th, with a performance of "Quo Vadis," by Jean Nougues, which is new to this country. On the Wednesday night Rossini's "William Tell," which has not been heard in England for many years, will be given, and on the Friday evening Bellini's "Norma," while the Saturday *matinée* and evening performances will be respectively "William Tell" and "Quo Vadis." Mr. Hammerstein intends to adhere to this system of five performances weekly during his whole season, Tuesday and Thursday remaining always blank days.

A TRIBUTE

O splendid soul! Into the battlefield
 You leap; upon your lips the songs of joy,
 Welcoming fearful conflict as a boy
 The pleasure that a sportive hour may yield.
 Great heart, what mighty weapon do you wield
 That victory follows always its employ?
 Had you no self-reared dragons to destroy?
 Always was glorious certainty your shield?

I too would follow where your steps lead on,
 I too would sing your praise by the camp fire,
 Defend the name envy would spit upon,
 Would hearten you to climb from high to higher,
 Be as the moon to sun when you are gone,
 Or as the wind to your Æolian lyre.

MAX PLOWMAN.

VILLA D'ESTE

Long walls are there of sable yews
 And monumental cypresses
 In unmolested avenues
 Like milestones of the centuries,
 And the great fountains through the night
 Fling up cold jets of moon-washed light.

There the deathless nightingales
 Sing unassuaged for evermore,
 And where the setting moonlight pales
 Dim throngs of trailing clouds deplore
 The perished years, like ghosts that late
 Steal from a place grown desolate.

Who shall assuage the nightingales
 Or quench the sorrow of that place?
 Its unaccompanied Spirit wails
 And covers up her sightless face:
 The waters of its founts and meres
 Are bitter with her quenchless tears.

Nor beamy dawn, nor kindling spring
 Shall dry the fountain of her grief:
 New suns and coming springtides bring
 New tears with each unfolding leaf.
 The sorrow of a withered past
 Shall last as long as grief shall last.

M. D. ARMSTRONG.

A BASELESS SUGGESTION

UNDER the leadership of Mr. Balfour the habit of occasionally calling the Unionist party together in conclave at the Carlton Club has fallen into desuetude. The memorable gathering at Lansdowne House in reference to the ill-starred Budget of 1909, was not an absolute equivalent. When one is under a hospitable roof, one is not very well placed for uttering doubtless wholesome but nevertheless unpalatable truths about temporary hosts. The atmosphere of the Carlton Club is free from such clogging conditions, and we think that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne would have been more in touch with the sentiments of those on whose support they are dependent, if they had from time to time taken counsel with them.

After the astounding disaster of 1906 which was largely—if not mainly—in the nature of an individual and personal defeat for Mr. Balfour, the Unionist party displayed unexampled loyalty to him. Although the bitter fruit of years of laxness and avoidance of the fulfilment of

pledges to which the party was in honour and in interest bound, had disgusted the Unionist party and extinguished every vestige of enthusiasm in it, Mr. Balfour's position was not challenged.

Hanging on to office long after those of his colleagues whom the country most trusted had left his Cabinet; replacing these colleagues with mediocrities whom nobody respected as statesmen, Mr. Balfour prepared the way with the utmost diligence and success for the shattering disaster which befel his party. We shall be told that such action was a tactical error; we think it was a strategical error of the first magnitude. The leader however was retained in command, and since has done much to justify the continued confidence reposed in him.

At the present juncture, however, the party is asked to do something more than to ratify the forgiveness and the clemency of five years ago. It is asked not only to blot out from memory the disastrous results of several years of leadership prior to the General Election of 1906, but it is also asked to condone—if it cannot forget—the *débâcle* of 1911—the end of the Constitution as the nation had hitherto known it.

Again forgiveness, again condonation will doubtless be accorded to a leader who has in the past rendered conspicuous services to the country and to his party.

We would ask however whether there is not a justification for the formation of a Club which is destined to prove a serious obstacle to such regrettable incidents in the future? Lord Halsbury has in his published letter made it absolutely clear that his Club is not actuated "by any disloyalty towards the leader of the party." We never for our part supposed that it was. The situation is different. No man—however gifted and however illustrious—is we think entitled to arrogate to himself the position of a dictator. Mr. Balfour does not, in our opinion, possess the attributes of such a character, but he has gone perilously near to asserting such a position for himself. No leader of a party in recent modern days—not even the aloof Lord Salisbury himself, has kept himself in greater detachment from the thought and the sentiment of his party than has the late Prime Minister. Even if a record of unfailing success could be claimed such an attitude is out of harmony with the spirit of modern parties.

A Prime Minister or a future Prime Minister is sure to gather round him colleagues or associates whose mode of thinking approximates to his own. Public appreciation of course in some cases forces upon him certain men who are not agreeable to him; but especially in opposition the leader can surround himself very much as he desires.

The formation of the Halsbury Club has its justification in the fact that it represents a school of thought which notoriously is not that which appeals to the mild and philosophic temperament of the leader of the party. That school is essentially militant. It may be somewhat poorly equipped in all the refinements of finesse and casuistry, and may even in some aspects present some of the features of a chop-logic. The fact is nevertheless apparent that the Club represents the views of a large—if not the largest—section of the Unionist party—a section which has been inarticulate too long, and the tenets of whose faith have consequently been inadequately appraised.

"One who served under Disraeli" observes that it is difficult to believe that Lord Selborne and Mr. Austen Chamberlain deliberately desire to ostracise Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, and those who have thought and acted with them. It would be monstrous to suppose that any such desire exists. The Halsbury Club is not designed to create a line of cleavage, but a rallying point for the promulgation of a united and energetic policy.

CECIL COWPER.

COMMERCIAL LITERATURE

THIS is an age of improving literature. Messrs. Shaw, Galsworthy, Chesterton, Kipling, and Masfield have already improved us considerably, and will no doubt continue to do so, and this is as it should be. But since a changeless diet of lesson-books is unwholesome for the literary student, we may allow ourselves now and again to rest our minds with that kind of literature that leaves us as imperfect as it finds us. French kickshaws are sweet to the palate after a surfeit of your funeral baked meats, and it is probably true that the demand for light fiction increases as our novelists grow more serious. I doubt whether I should have enjoyed my catalogue of bulbs so much if I had not just read that depressing masterpiece "Sister Carrie."

It supplied my mind with a bridge whereby to pass from autumn to spring without suffering from the fogs and east winds and rainy, muggy nights of our English winter, and fitly enough the cover was adorned with a spring-like picture of a pretty Dutch girl—the real article, and not the creature in a striped petticoat that prances gracelessly at English music-halls. Only the artist had not given her a large enough mouth to satisfy my craving for naturalism, for I have noticed that in the Low Countries even the pretty girls can make one bite of an apple. The photographs of flowers with which the book was illustrated were very satisfactory, for the beauty of hyacinths and tulips and daffodils depends on their form rather than their colour, and they lose little by being reproduced in black-and-white.

But even better than the photographs was the letterpress, which had evidently been written by a Dutchman with an equal enthusiasm for flowers and the English tongue. The merits of his prose can only be illustrated by quotation:—"The ubiquitous sparrow is the gardener's most inveterate enemy, for of good in the garden he does little or none, while of irreparable damage he annually does much. Sparrows strip our yellow crocuses of their petals. Notwithstanding the possibility of much of the beauty being destroyed by these marauders, it is indefensible to omit crocuses from the garden." In a similar spirit he cries, "Can any one imagine what our gardens, greenhouses and conservatories would be like in spring if we had no tulips? . . . The dull corner is enlivened by their presence, and the bright place is made still brighter." Moreover we can have "brilliant effects without putting our hand into our pockets to a very serious depth." How kindly and humanly and wisely he writes of miniature hyacinths:—

In comparison with the typical Dutch hyacinth it is fair to say that the miniatures are toys, and are not, therefore, worthy of serious attention. For one purpose they no doubt have a substantial value, and that is for children, who, while small themselves, may prefer a small rather than an adult bulb. This is a phase of bulb growing that might well be accorded much greater encouragement, for the production of really excellent miniature hyacinths is well within the powers of the little ones, whose interest in flowers is beyond question increased when they can watch the progress of their own nurslings.

With daffodils, as he reminds us, "there is a beautiful latitude in price." We can pay "thirty guineas for some highly extolled novelty, or we can have a thousand sound flowering bulbs for as small a sum as one and a half guineas. 'Common!' some one may say. Yes, but if planted in the grass in the wild garden or the woodland they will make a lovely display." It is difficult to stop quoting a man who can write of the leaves of a plant "showing signs of going to rest," of hardy spring flowers that "make their lovely appearance every year," and who can describe a flower

"amaranth red maroon stripes, and all tigered over with black." Let us leave him with his "chaste Poet's Narcissus, which is beloved of everybody. . . . Grow them by hundreds in the garden and by thousands in the grass of the woodland, and their beautiful flowers will never fatigue the eye."

Incidentally this last is a flower that I should recommend for the gardens of critics. In the course of my wanderings in this charming catalogue I have found other bulbs that should also appeal to the catholic student of literature. I shall search his garden next spring for the hyacinths named after Lord Macaulay, Charles Dickens, and Voltaire, for Alfred Tennyson and Sir Walter Scott their crocuses, and for John Davidson daffodils. His tulips must be none other than your "tall and stately Darwins," though perhaps a partial exception might be made in favour of those named after Thomas Moore. In this way flower-beds might be made as significant as a man's bookshelves.

It is strange how poorly an English catalogue compares with these enthusiastic pages from Holland. The home product is better printed and the photographs are better reproduced, but the letterpress is pedestrian, and lacking in that essential quality that the late Mr. J. M. Synge called "joy." It cannot be denied that the English tradesman has an extraordinary contempt for considerations of style. The moment a Frenchman has anything to sell he coins a phrase about it, and nine times out of ten the phrase is poetical. During the recent heat-wave a man who sold fans in the streets of Paris christened them the "little north winds," a flight of fancy of which a London street-hawker is certainly incapable. Nor does the catalogue of an English bulb importer remind me of Bacon's essay on gardens, as it very easily might.

Nevertheless there are not wanting signs to cheer the student of commercial literature. I do not greatly care for the newer kind of advertising that apes the impertinent familiarities of a deplorable school of journalism, but it pleases me that Messrs. Whiteley should persuade me to buy their rose-bushes with a quotation from George Herbert. It is even more delightful that the Underground Railways of London should invite me to visit Covent Garden or the Imperial Institute by means of a quatrain of Fitz-Gerald's "Omar." The application may not be obvious to any one who has not seen their subtle leaflet entitled "The Rose"—indeed, it may not be very clear to those who have—but the intention of this and similar leaflets is excellent. The man in the Tube should feel flattered at being approached in so cultured a fashion.

In the day when all our acknowledged writers shall have become preachers or philosophers perhaps the young men with a theory of beauty and no theory as to the economic conditions of the poor will be permitted to employ their perverse gifts in the preparation of catalogues. They will do it very well, forming new unions between adjectives and nouns, and ransacking their souls to find the true colours and shapes of things. The catalogue as an artistic form hardly exists to-day, but it is certain to make its appearance sooner or later. For instance, there is no reason why a catalogue of fireirons should not be as emotionally and artistically significant as a necklace of carved beads. It would touch on the natures of metals—how some metals are able to resist fire, while others preserve a polish and charm the eye. It would quote Mr. Max Beerbohm's essay on fire, the raging animal that we keep in cages in our houses, and point out the need for instruments with which to awake and control and feed this animal. It would examine the characters of men, how one man will want a poker like a sword while another will want a poker like a ploughshare—if such a poker there be. It would liken the tongs

to the hands of a miser, and the shovel to a beggar's paw thrust out for alms. It would remind the elderly that the fireguard round the nursery fire is a lattice-window through which young eyes can see half the wonders of fairyland on winter nights, fire-ships and palaces of flame, lurid caverns inhabited by goblins with red eyes and bodies of smoke. Really, it would be great fun to write a catalogue like that.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

LA VEILLE DE LA VIERGE

It is the Eve of the Assumption. To-morrow all Brittany will go to Mass in the morning, and thereafter will take holiday. At Lanmeur, five miles away, there is a "Pardon." The roads will be black with peasants in their best—the men fluttering ribbons behind their hats, the girls with rich shawls and lace coifs nodding as they go. They will be dusty with the sweeping past of a hundred *voitures* bearing holiday-makers to the little Place in the centre of the village—normally as quiet as Sleepy Hollow, but now encumbered with stalls and shows and roundabouts, and roaring with a joyful traffic. The costumes and the dances, the merriment and noise, will be interesting enough in their way. But in these days every "Pardon" must have something banal: in Lanmeur, for example, the steam-organ has taken the place of the *binou*, the ancient Breton bagpipe. There will be a Procession with priests and banners, and girls in white; but in front of it there will be a tourist in knickerbockers, walking backwards like a captain of the Salvation Army, pointing his camera.

So to-morrow we will stay at Le Moulin de la Rive. We will let who care venture the dusty road and listen to the raucous voices of a thousand reeds blowing forth the comic airs of yester-year. As we cycled through on Saturday, we heard a rehearsal of part of to-morrow's concert. It was a French tune, I believe, but in English ears it is infallibly and irrevocably associated with the words of a horrible jingle:—

If I catch you bending,
I'll saw your leg off!

The threat lent wings to our toes and vigour to our thighs. As for us, therefore, to-morrow we will sit under the cliff and see the peasants bring the horses down to the flat beach to bathe, since the bounteous harvest is well in hand, and neither the noble beasts nor their masters will work.

To-night, however, by going no more than three hundred yards from our Mill, we may glimpse a bit of the true old Brittany. As we walk up the steep road the harvest moon is rising over the hills to the east, red in a sky of serene, perfect, velvety blue. But on every elevated point in all the country round the harvest moon, wide-eyed, gazes with astonishment upon rival luminaries. They glitter and flicker, now bright as silver, now red as the moon herself. It is the Eve of the Assumption, and, as on the Eve of La Saint-Jean, the peasants of Brittany hail the approach of the festival with joy-fires. Beam answers beam—one on the hill above us, another on Penennis Height, two to the west, many on the cliffs across the sea by distant Trebeurden, challenging the warning light of the *phare* which flashes near the Seven Islands. But these are other men's affairs. *Nous autres*, we of the little community at the Mill by the Shore must have our own *feu de joie* to celebrate the Feast of the Virgin. And so we build it by the cross-roads.

"Le meunier" is a *bonhomme* of the first water. Partly to shelter his little mill from the storms and partly to provide

his hearth with fuel he has built a tall stack of dry gorse to seaward, and he will let us take toll of this.

"Qu'on apporte des fagots!"

The word of command is given by a large, dark-skinned, black-eyed youth, who tacitly assumes the mastery of ceremonies. Soon the swish of the furze faggots is heard on the road. Old men and youths, matrons and maidens tug at them, and with cries of triumph throw them on the pile. A girl advances from a circle of shadows, and, as she stoops over the little torch she holds, her brunette beauty, crowned with white lace, is seen in high relief.

"Voilà!"

The fire springs up, the blaze of dry brushwood mounts ten feet into the air, and sings high with a hiss and a crackle to the bourdon of the sea below. No fuel provides such a wealth of sparks as dry furze. The display recalls the scene of the gipsy-forge in the wood, described by George Borrow in a memorable passage, where he quotes the beautiful Romany metaphor of the sparks: "More than a hundred lovely daughters I see produced at one time, fiery as roses. In one moment they expire gracefully circumvolving." The sudden light is intense. It converts the ring of shadows into a circle of merry faces and shining eyes. A clatter of voices mingles the sharp-ringing, musical Breton with the smooth torrent of French. Those of us who have been to the State school talk both languages fluently.

"Balancez les enfants!" cries the Master of Ceremonies.

The victims are sought out with much hiding, chasing and laughter. Two great peasants, with broad features and enormous shoulders (who might, for every external appearance, be "bhoys" from County Kerry), cross and join their hands. The children are placed upon them, and they swing to a rhythmic chant:—

Un, deux, trois, quatre,
Cinq, six, sept, huit—
et Neuf!

but the last word is drowned by piercing shrieks, for the plunge which accompanies it is towards the fire. Our *feu de joie* is too big to swing the children across, but some adventurous youths fulfil tradition by leaping through the flames from one side to the other, as they used to do in my own land of Devon not so many years ago. Men and women, lads and maidens, too, all bring their fern-leaves and cast them into the fire, thus perpetuating (unconsciously, no doubt) the superstition against which the pious Naogeorgus protested these many centuries since, that herbs thus burnt on a ceremonial occasion give protection against malignant influences, which, as Naogeorgus declared, is "far other-wise than the nature of the Word of God doth tell."

It is to be confessed, however, that this evening we are assembled from motives of merriment rather than of observance.

"On va balancer Mademoiselle Marie!" is the next command. It is acclaimed with unanimous and frantic applause.

Mademoiselle Marie is a girl of the country, who has sought fortune and fame in Paris, and not in vain. She has the typical beauty of her race; she is veritably *la Bretonne*, serious, large, serene. With a gentle smile she comes forward from the hedge where she has been leaning.

"Ah, well, my children," says she, "you may try, but you will hardly swing me."

And the task does prove more than enough for them.

"Un, deux, trois!—Mon Dieu!" cry the two boys in one

breath, as they drop her. "One would not have believed Mademoiselle Marie was so heavy!"

"'Tis Paris and a lazy life; 'c'est le flegme,'" she replies with a smile. "One does not know what work is there, Yves—is it not so? But, here!—I will dance for you."

The ring closes in. Mademoiselle Marie steps to the centre in the firelight. Her shadow flits upon the roadway as she moves, gently at first, singing quietly as she dances:

C'est la fille de la meunière,
Qui dansait avec les gars—
Jiboudi! Jibouda!
On dit qu'elle est malade;
Jiboudi! Jibouda!
On dit qu'elle en mourra!

Look well in the eyes of Mademoiselle Marie, and you will see a reflection, not of the fire at Le Moulin, not of the circle of her schoolfellows around, but of a crowded theatre, and she the central figure on the stage. Gradually her voice rises, her eyes sparkle, the pace of the dance quickens. She flits to and fro in the limelight, with a sea of faces in the dimness beyond:

Jiboudi! Jibouda!
On dit qu'elle est malade. . . .

The gods take up the refrain. She waves her hand to them. The whole house claps and shuffles its feet, and is worked into a frenzy of song.

Mademoiselle Marie dances till she is exhausted, then retires into the wings. The limelight dies away; the *feu de joie* of the Virgin shines again. The wings vanish. Instead are the dark hedges of furze and heather. In place of the gods in the gallery, behold Yves and his companions.

Another faggot to freshen the blaze, a ring around the circle of flame, a hundred feet twinkling and heads nodding in a whirling dance. Mademoiselle Marie has disappeared. Presently her voice is heard calling—

"Allons, mes enfants! Une retraite!"

The ring breaks up.

"Oh, but this is fine! See—the lanterns! Bravo, Marie! Follow Marie!"

Mademoiselle Marie appears, twirling an umbrella with four Chinese lanterns depending. Thus illuminated, she heads a march along the road in each direction as far as the glare of the fire extends, singing always, until sheer fatigue compels a standstill, and the last faggot is added to the pile. The night is wearing out.

"Yves va chanter!" cries the Master of Ceremonies.

The great boy with the bashful face and the curling brown hair steps into the circle, and in a gruff voice commences the Breton song, "Oh, my country!" —

Oh ma Mam-Vro! Me gar ma Bro,
Tra ma vo mor 'vel mur'n he zro. . . .

A sorrowful strain in the patriotic anthem, carrying some suggestion of the sadness of a small nation in course of gradual assimilation by a great one, leaves a certain quiet upon the assembly. It begins to melt away from the outskirts, with soft and gentle good-nights.

"Kènnavo!"

"Kènnavo, mes enfants!" says Mademoiselle Marie. But—

"Attention!"

The voice of the Master of Ceremonies rings out again.

"Il y a des Anglais ici. Chantons le Godsafzeking!"

A motor-car full of English tourists rushes down the hill on the way from Morlaix to Locquirec, and its passengers stand up to look back at the embers of the fire and to hear

the strains of their National Anthem, not in the version familiar to modern ears, but precisely in that of an old copy which I possess, intitled "A Loyal Song: Sung at both Theatres," and published when Marshal Wade was marching against the Jacobites.

"Kènnavo! Bon soir! . . . Good-night!"

We leave the embers of the bonfire glowing.

And so we celebrated La Sainte Marie at Le Moulin de la Rive.

R. A. J. WALLING.

TRIPOLI AND AFTER

BY SUDANI

THE conflict between Italy and Turkey pursues its course. Italy has already landed an imposing army at Tripoli, and it is probable by the time these lines are in print she will have successfully occupied Tobruk and Derna and Tokrah, and the other miserable collections of hovels that are the coast towns. It is not likely that the landing of troops at Benghazi will be attended with any greater difficulty than those already effected. Possibly even, an expedition will have been made against the Turkish forces which have retired some twelve hours' march inland, where their strength is said to be under 5,000 men, with five batteries of artillery. The sooner this is undertaken the better, for the Turkish troops will quickly experience great difficulty in obtaining supplies, in which matter the Arab population is not likely to afford them much, if any, assistance.

The apparently gross act of aggression perpetrated by Italy will probably lose some of its more objectionable features as gradually the history of the many unnecessary and aggravating pinpricks inflicted by the Turks on Italian settlers in the Tripolitaine since 1881 becomes better known to the world. To Turkey apparently—unseeing as usual—Italy's action is an act of persecution as unwarranted as unexpected, and Turkey's greatest statesman and leader, Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, who is to all intents and purposes War Lord and chief ruler of the Ottoman Dominions, has declared that his country was prepared against every other possible enemy save Italy. It is more than probable that were this contention put to the proof it would be found to lack accuracy. It may be feared that if the announced decision of the Turkish Government to expel from her borders the very large Italian population they enclose be carried into force, events may arise that will cause more to be heard of the War Minister's boast.

Turkey, no doubt, has cause of grievance, but that is solely in consequence of her unreasoning shortsightedness. To every one who has studied the story of this stretch of the African coast since when, in 1881, the French took action there and bombarded Sfax and established at Bizerta one of the world's most formidable naval arsenals, it has been evident that sooner or later the power for expansion of Italy in this part of the Mediterranean must be asserted. No doubt the action of Germany in Southern Morocco offered to the statesmen of Italy their opportunity. This, however, was but the occasion of timely chance. It was inevitable that Italy should at the earliest convenient moment establish a permanent suzerainty over this strip of the African continent.

This much may be said to be now accomplished by the hoisting of the Italian flag on the forts and Government houses of the Barbary coast towns. Fighting no doubt will still continue for a time, but inasmuch as the Turkish soldiers have ever hated their sojourn in Barbary and have regarded

their term of service there much as a sentence of exile or even death, the active opposition of Mahmoud Shevket's forces is not likely to be either keen or prolonged. The difference indeed between Turkey and Italy can quite probably be satisfactorily settled by a protocol in the course of a fortnight.

Here is where Italy's trouble begins, and not only the trouble of Italy, but of England and of France. It is an easy matter to bombard and conquer a mud-and-coral-built coast town equipped with antiquated fortifications and prehistoric artillery. It is an easy matter to assume ascendancy and dominion of a stretch of coast whose immediate populace has been for many years dependent for subsistence on the foreign settlers' support. The Arabs have from all time hated the Turks and resented the claimed ascendancy of Turkey's Sultan. They therefore will probably in the main welcome any accident which removes from them this obsession. But from that immediate knowledge of emancipation to a more fully developed sense of freedom, and therefore of power, will be but a small journey.

In Africa, and especially in Northern Africa, the greatest existing force is Islam, and Mahomedanism is and has ever been essentially missionary. We Christian peoples have spent countless millions of money and sacrificed innumerable valiant souls in the prosecution in the wild lands of the world of the teachings by which we hold faith. In the records of our praiseworthy missionary work which are annually given to the public the worth of these heroic endeavours is set forth in figures, and it can but be allowed that the balance in favour of Christianity is small. All the Christian countries of the earth have set themselves to inculcate in the minds of the vast fetish-worship races of the world (who are still more numerous than the votaries of any received religion) the principles of their faith, and all of them combined have failed to gain the number of converts that have been received into Islam.

The wide establishment of Moslemism, it may be said, encloses many more sects than are contained in Christianity, and among these *Tarikhs*, or sects, perhaps the most popular, most forceful, and widest-spreading throughout Africa is that of the Senoussi (or Wahabism). Since this Tripoli question has arisen it has been set forth in the journals that the Senoussi are a tribe inhabiting the hinterland of Tripoli. This of course is an error. The Senoussi have always been enemies of the Turks, and have never acknowledged the Sultan, but since the days of "Anastatius"—that marvellous epitome of Turkish manners, attributed to Thomas Hope—whose author gives a vivid account of his sojourn among the Wahabis, the sect has gained a vast number of converts.

There is not perhaps much danger of a descent in force by the Senoussi warriors on the stronger Italian garrisons of the coast, but it may be anticipated that for years to come the followers of the Senoussi Mahdi will fall upon and destroy the smaller Italian posts in the hinterland and the convoys and expeditions that may be passing between them. This, it may be urged, is a problem for the consideration of the Italians alone. But such is not the case. It has long been recognised that the main strength of the Senoussi movement is in its firm and fixed antagonism to European ideals and to Europeans in themselves. Hitherto they have not molested the Egyptian frontiers, although their influence is almost as paramount in the rich Lybian oasis of Siveh (twelve days distant from Cairo) as at Djeraboub, a chief stronghold of the Senoussi Emirs. The Senoussi were hostile to the Mahdi, and it was at one time expected that they would make an expedition against the Khalifa in the Egyptian Sudan. We used to hear how the Senoussi Mahdi, preparing for attack, was wont to parade each Friday his own body-guard of 4,000 horsemen clad in chain-mail.

The attack was not made, but when, after the victory at Omdurman, old campaigning friends who had seen together years of Sudan warfare were making farewell, the question on each man's lips was: "What is our next war hereabouts?" and the consensus of opinion—held, it should be said, also by Lord Kitchener, Sir Reginald Wingate, and Sir Rudolf Slatin, who may be called the most reliable authorities on African matters—was that the next great war that we should need to wage from Egypto-Sudanese possessions might be a campaign against the dominance and religious sovereignty of the Imam of the Senoussi of Wadai. Great Britain wants no such war at the present time.

The proselytism of the Senoussi is the most far-reaching Mahomedan influence that has absorbed Africa since the day when the Sudan Mahdi declared himself, or was declared, at El-Obeid in 1881. It is an influence that has been growing ever since the downfall of the Khalifa in 1898. It may be said indeed that it was throughout an influence antagonistic to that of Abdullahi-el-Taishi, and that even during his twelve years of misrule it had gained strength and position in the Western Sudan. Already the influence of Senoussi missionaries extends from Wadai to as near a point in the Lybian desert as Djeraboub and Siveh, which last is, after all, but a few camel-marches from Cairo.

The Senoussi, like all other Mahomedan sects, are eminently militant, and are consistently hostile to all European approaches. Until in 1898 the gallant Marquis de Maures and his little band of followers were murdered at a Senoussi outpost in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, only one other party of Europeans had ever attempted to penetrate the territory held by these savage fanatics, among whom the sinister veiled Touaregs are the Emir's foremost champions, and of that party none returned.

Italy's aggressive action in Tripoli should interest us in so far as she is concerned to the extent only that her warships may throw shells and her transports land eager and gallant troops upon the African coast, and that she will doubtless establish herself with more or less security upon that seaboard. Yet the tale of Italy's African enterprises is not encouraging. It is not possible for one who was at Erkowit in early 1896 to forget the great defeat at Adowa, and the way in which the Italians, who had lost nine thousand killed of their own kinsmen, sat down under that disaster and made no forward movement against the ill-armed and ill-organised Abyssinian forces massed against them. Nor could any man who witnessed later the embarkation at Massawa of the hapless, emasculated Italians who had been prisoners with the Queen of Abyssinia's army believe that at any time the forcefulness of Italian uniforms could prevail over Moslem stubbornness, fanaticism, and a lust of plunder.

In striking this blow at Tripoli, Italy, feeble and ineffective as always, has possibly wrought wide-reaching ill to the greatest Mahomedan Power in the world, which is Great Britain. We must perforce at least connive at Italy's action. We cannot, having our own vast interests in regard, do otherwise than condemn her.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

AMONGST the novels—many, too many, alas! mediocrities and trivialities—recently presented to us, one stands out above the rest, both in its conception and in its command of language. This is "*La Maîtresse Servante*," by Jérôme and Jean Tharaud (Emile Paul, Paris, 3f. 50c.). At first this work surprises one slightly by the contrast afforded by the excessively modern psychological problem it relates, and its old-fashioned, or rather classical, form and language. Indeed

this stilted naïveté of style seems to have been worked out to its utmost extent by the authors, who, perhaps, wish to dissimulate under an apparent simplicity their very great knowledge of the science of writing.

The hero, who is also the narrator of the intimate drama related, is a young *hobereau*, which word corresponds fairly well to the English "gentleman-farmer." He tells us his own story, simply, concisely, calmly, and it is a story which arrests our attention by the very bitterness and melancholy which emanate from it. At eighteen years of age or thereabouts he goes to Paris, like so many other young provincials, in order to complete his education. He leaves behind him the beautiful Limousin countryside, the old family dwelling, his widowed mother, and all the simple, healthy interest of a *châtelain's* life. He spends several unprofitable years in the capital trying to persuade himself and others that there is no life worth living excepting that of the Latin Quarter, with its *cafés*, its vain talk, and its idle plans. In the course of time he meets the woman, his senior by five years. She is ordinary both in feature and mind, but he imagines that he loves her, and the inevitable follows.

When his mother calls him home to take up the management of the estate his one condition in obeying her is that Mariette, his mistress, shall accompany him, and live in an old farmhouse at a stone's-throw from the *gentilhommière*. At first his mother is obdurate; she is outraged by her son's proposition—the scandal the situation would cause appals her. But after a while she agrees to the terms stipulated by her son, for her shrewd brain has conceived a plan which will unfailingly detach him from the humble woman he loves. The hero of the story becomes gradually re-enthralled by the charm of rural life; all his bucolic atavism seems to awaken within him; he takes a renewed interest in the simple, healthy pleasures of the country. And Mariette, who is, so to speak, a living memory of the fruitless, artificial existence he lived in Paris, seems to recede from his thoughts and affection, and to occupy a more and more less prominent place in his life. His mother, thinking the time ripe for action, makes poor, neglected Mariette work for her, and even engages her as servant. She accepts this position gratefully, for, realising that her lover is becoming more and more alien to her, she is content to be able to live near him as the humble handmaiden of his mother. And thus the *bourgeois* prejudice, which had at first been ruffled by Mariette's advent, takes a cruel revenge.

The son marries, and the coming into the story of the wife furnishes the authors of "La Maîtresse Servante" with the subject of an original and strong psychological development. The mother becomes fiercely jealous of her young daughter-in-law; she resents her assuming the place of mistress in the family dwelling, and also the authority she exercises over her husband. At last, life having become unbearable for her in the old homestead, the mother abandons it, and goes to live in a neighbouring farmhouse which belongs to her. And, feeling lonely, she calls to her side Mariette, the rejected mistress, hoping to find in her an ally and a friend. Mariette thus becomes the much-loved servant who inherits the mother's small property at the latter's death. The hero of "La Maîtresse Servante" has the sorrow of losing his wife, to whom he was sincerely attached, for she was at the same time of his race and of his class. He continues to live in the grim *gentilhommière* with his children, and often he rides over to Mariette's farmhouse in an instinctive desire of companionship, to talk with her of the days gone by.

Some might qualify this book as being immoral; they would be in the wrong. It is a very precise, calm, unprejudiced description of divers characters, who all have one trait of resemblance—an intense egotism. Contradiction

personified is the hero's chief characteristic. Like so many weak people, his dominant preoccupation is to appear both independent and free, and in order to give this impression he always hastens to oppose any proposition or suggestion made to him. The character of the mother is admirably drawn—hard, harsh, unforgiving, and authoritative, she is a very true type of a certain category of Frenchwomen of the country districts. As for Mariette, she is touching and sad; her great love renders her a curious if rather despicable example of the *amoureuse*, for humility to the extent to which she carries it ceases to be a virtue and becomes simply contemptible. Mariette had evidently never heard of Kant's remark—"Can he who makes himself a worm thereafter complain of being crushed?"

MM. Jérôme and Jean Tharaud's book is further greatly enhanced by their fine descriptions of the Limousin Province—of its picturesque countryside and of the life and psychology of its inhabitants. Some of these descriptions greatly remind us of certain of those contained in Madame Marguerite Audoux's "Marie-Claire" on account of their conciseness and intensity. The contrast existing between the eighteenth-century style, in which the authors of "La Maîtresse Servante" have written their work, and the very modernism and audacity of the subject treated may provoke criticism. But one must remember that, although the action takes place in our days, the outward appearance of the characters described, as well as the scenes and sites depicted, seem rather to belong to bygone times. It is precisely this sharp opposition between the form and the *fond* which gives to MM. Tharaud's remarkable work its very distinct savour and originality.

M. Albert Savine has collected in a curious little volume a series of interesting documents concerning French provincial prisons during the Reign of Terror ("Les Gêôles de Province sous la Terreur," Michaud, Paris, 3f. 50c.). The documents are in general the narratives left to posterity by some of the prisoners themselves, and M. Savine has patiently compiled and annotated them. We are thus initiated to the horrors which took place in the prisons of Chantilly, of Senlis, and also of Arras, where the hideous Joseph Le Bon reigned as supreme master, and introduced the Terror into that town. The revelations of the Arras Jail are written by Montjey and Poirier, two barristers of Dunkirk, who were arrested by order of Joseph Le Bon, and who were incarcerated for four months in the prison of La Providence. They owed their life only to the fall of the Terrorist party. This narrative is most curious, as it reveals the intense tribulations and humiliations to which all the victims of the Revolution, but more especially the women, were subjected. The chapter dealing with the prisons of Lyons is related by the Royalist, Antoine-François Delandine, and we think it may interest our readers to peruse the following passage, which describes the fearful end of sixty-nine young men condemned to a most unusual death by the Revolutionary Tribunal of Lyons:—

C'est de Roanne que sortirent pour aller à la mort soixante neuf jeunes gens, condamnés à un genre de trépas inusité. Le canon devait emporter leurs membres épars et les semer au milieu de nombreux spectateurs, amis de sang et de cette barbare nouveauté. Le lieu de cette scène lamentable fut la plaine des Brotteaux. Deux fossés parallèles avaient été creusés pour recevoir les corps des morts et des mourants. Une haie de soldats bordait chaque ligne en dehors des fossés, et menaçait de l'œil, du sabre et du fusil quiconque aurait tenté de s'écarter de la direction précise où il devait attendre le boulet qui devait terminer sa vie. Cette direction était le plan horizontal, large d'environ trois pieds, qui se trouvait entre les deux fossés. Là furent placés les condamnés, garrottés deux à

deux à la suite les uns des autres. . . . Les jeunes gens offrirent de concert, et par un mouvement spontané, l'hommage de leurs derniers instants au bonheur de leur pays. Sans imprécations, sans se plaindre, sans montrer le moindre signe de faiblesse, ils firent entendre ce refrain courageux :—

" Mourir pour sa patrie
Est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie."

A peine commençaient-ils à le répéter une seconde fois que l'horrible décharge vint l'interrompre. Celle-ci n'eut pas tout le succès qu'on s'en était promis. Elle ne tua pas le tiers des malheureux qui l'essuyèrent, mais presque tous en sentirent les cruelles atteintes et furent blessés. Dès lors des ruisseaux de sang se répandirent dans les fossés et les gémissements de la douleur percèrent à travers le bruit continu de la fusillade qui s'unit au canon pour opérer la destruction. Enfin les soldats traversèrent les fossés, et avec le sabre ils la complétèrent. Ces soldats, peu exercés à manier les armes, et la plupart égorgeant pour la première fois, restèrent plus de deux heures à consommer le massacre.

"Les Géôles de France sous la Terreur" contains many anecdotes of interest, and we have to thank M. Savine for having thus compiled for our benefit a curious recapitulation of one of the most exciting periods history has ever recorded.

Madame Marcelle Tinayre consecrates her talent to the almost exclusive study of feminine psychology. In her latest work, "*La Douceur de Vivre*" (Calman Lévy, Paris, 3f. 50c.), she represents the influence she believes *milieu* and climate may exercise on two emotional young women of essentially different natures. The problem she tries to resolve is perhaps interesting, but it is to be regretted that, in order to prove her theory, she has chosen as background and chief agent of her story the city of Naples and the ruins of Pompeii. It would have been preferable had she placed her heroines in a more exotic, or at least a less well-known environment; the reader would have been infinitely grateful to her, as really Naples has been rather over-rated lately, as a determining influence on the nervous systems of excitable young persons. We are all slightly *blasés* concerning Vesuvius, Santa Lucia, Sorrento, and the inevitable Neapolitan with blazing eyes and easy morals. "*La Douceur de Vivre*" contains nevertheless some sketches of the Archæological Society, which has fixed its headquarters amidst the mysterious old stones of Pompeii, which are interesting as being both unusual and curious. It is, however, highly improbable that it is simply the atmosphere of Naples which causes Isabelle van Coppenalle, daughter of the grey-skied Flanders, to be so forgetful of her conjugal duties. It is almost certain that even in Courtrai, where Fate has doomed her to live, she would have allowed her sentimental imagination to run unbridled. Young Flemish women do not, as a rule, require the aid of any climatic stimulants to awaken their naturally ardent and romantic temperaments. Who, indeed, could possibly blame poor Isabelle in thus transgressing, hampered as she was with so fearful a mother-in-law and so practical a husband. In any case, she will surely be sadly punished for her *caprice*, after having passed a few months with the captivating, unscrupulous Angelo, whose name sadly belies his character. "*La Douceur de Vivre*" is lacking in unity and is far from approaching in value Madame Marcelle Tinayre's other works, such as "*La Maison du Péché*" and "*La Rebelle*" which undoubtedly rank amongst the finest of modern French novels. But surely the author's next book, "*Le Fruit de Cendre*," which is already announced, will reassert for its creator the indisputable claim to real talent which has been assured to her by her previous works.

MARC LOGÉ.

REVIEWS

VIEWS OF A REVOLUTIONIST

The Record of an Adventurous Life. By HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

THIS book is exceedingly interesting in spite of the fact that it is not a book, properly speaking, at all, for a book has always something to do with a man's soul, whereas this volume is what its title proclaims it to be—merely a record of a man's life and the incidents of it. It tells us little or nothing about the man himself. One has to learn to know Mr. Hyndman, at second-hand, so to speak, by the lines of relation which he has drawn from himself to others; and these are not carefully drawn, but whimsically, with humour good and bad. In order to measure Mr. Hyndman we shall have to go of necessity first of all to his loves and his admirations.

Mr. Hyndman has met nearly every distinguished and able man in England, America, and France in the latter half of the nineteenth century; his book brings one to '89 or '90; the last twenty years or so are to be dealt with in a later volume. Who, then, are the men Mr. Hyndman admires in these countries? His warmest praises are given to a gentleman he calls Jack Williams. He contrasts Mr. Jack Williams with Mr. John Burns, and, while saying every contemptuous thing he can about John Burns, he lavishes all his praise on "the energetic, self-sacrificing, indefatigable agitator" Jack Williams, and takes shame to himself and his fellow-Socialists for not fully realising "the dignity and greatness of the indefatigable little figure," and finally he takes off "his hat to Jack as one of the noblest men who ever fought under the Red Flag." Now all this praise is boyish-inspiring; but it is hardly more convincing than the contempt and dislike shown to John Burns, who in his way is an even finer fellow than Jack Williams. Mr. Hyndman is a black-and-white artist: if you are his friend, or rather his supporter, you are all that is noble; but if you venture to disagree with him on politics your moral character is clearly to blame.

Mr. Hyndman admires too, on the whole, but with many reservations, a better-known man, let us say, than Mr. Jack Williams—Mr. William Morris, the poet. He is filled with admiration for Morris so long as Morris worked with the Social Democratic Federation. In fact, his account of some of the talks with Morris at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, are the best things in the book. But Morris's virtue did not last long; after a couple of years Mr. Hyndman has to tell of "the deplorable split, which, arising chiefly out of a personal misunderstanding with myself, did the greatest possible harm to the entire Socialist movement and led to those unfortunate sectional combinations which have been and still are so prejudicial to the whole Socialist development in Great Britain." And then, of course, Morris's fame suffered a dire eclipse, and he vanished into what used to be called outer darkness—outside, that is, of the S.D.F.

William Morris reappeared, however, a few years later. When Mr. Hyndman went down to contest Burnley in 1892 Mr. Morris got on the platform with him and said: "In 1884 Hyndman and I had a great quarrel, and I have to say this—that he was quite right and I was quite wrong." Mr. Hyndman comments on this astonishing confession thus: "That was very noble of Morris. I believe it to be the precise truth;" no more characteristic stroke of self-portrayal could possibly have been made, and no more humorous stroke, though naturally enough Mr. Hyndman

does not see the humour of it. Small wonder after this that some journalist wanted to know why Mr. Hyndman persisted in calling himself the Social Democratic Federation.

The American whom Mr. Hyndman elects for praise is William Henry Hurlbert—"one of the most brilliant men I have ever encountered." Theodore Roosevelt did not impress him—"an average American," merely; Mr. Hyndman lavishes all possible praise on Hurlbert, a man of extraordinary ability and a "profound knowledge of the world." Every one who ever met and knew Hurlbert will smile at the extravagant laudation. Among the Frenchmen Mr. Hyndman loves Jaurès best, though he devotes three or four interesting pages to Clémenceau, who is of course a far greater personality and a far abler man than the Socialist orator and whilom professor. But when Mr. Hyndman praises, it must be admitted that he praises wholeheartedly. He says of Clémenceau: "He was at one and the same time the best Leader of Opposition, the best debater, the best conversationist, the best shot, and the best fencer in France," and later he became "the best journalist." One only wonders how many talkers in France Mr. Hyndman has met; we can assure him there are infinitely better talkers or conversationists, if he prefers the word, than M. Clémenceau.

But the god of Mr. Hyndman's idolatry is the German agitator Liebknecht. Liebknecht is his ideal of a democratic statesman. He goes so far as to put him above Marx and Lassalle, for he "more than any other man was the founder of German political Social Democracy as we now know it." Yet no one has ever attributed a new idea of any kind to poor Liebknecht, who was, as Carlyle said of George Eliot, "neither wise nor witty, but just dull."

Now against all these pumped-up eulogies we find an even greater number of contemptuous disparagements in Mr. Hyndman's record; but one instance may suffice. Mr. Hyndman knew Bernard Shaw very early. He talks of him on one page as a member of the Social Democratic Federation—one of Shaw's chief claims to distinction in Mr. Hyndman's opinion; on another as one of the contributors to *Justice*; on a third as connected with Sidney Webb in the Fabian Society; and then sums him up and dismisses him as "a follower of Oscar Wilde," with less wit and a shallower view of life. Max could hardly caricature Mr. Hyndman more savagely than Mr. Hyndman depicts himself in such a grotesque misjudgment.

But it is the Fabian Society, even more than Bernard Shaw, which excites Mr. Hyndman's animosity. He writes mere journalism, but he is usually clear. When he mentions the Fabian Society, however, his speech becomes almost dithyrambic. In one place he talks about "their policy of permeation to that point of permanent effacement which they have pursued ever since;" immediately afterwards he declares them responsible for that failure "to bring about a fusion of Socialists which shortened William Morris's life." It is true to say that Mr. Hyndman can be measured by his love for Jack Williams and his contempt for Bernard Shaw. He has no power of measuring men whatever, or rather he has the little mind of the doctrinaire, who measures people by their importance to himself and their subservience to his vanities.

Had he had in the early eighties any of the personal enthusiasm or idealism of Lassalle or even of Jaurès, the Social Democratic Federation in England might have included all the Fabians and a good many other able men whom Mr. Hyndman managed to affront and insult. If any union of Socialists is impossible in England to-day, the blame is chiefly due to Mr. Hyndman himself. A Napoleon is known by the ability of his marshals. Mr. Hyndman disgusted all the ablest men he met, and stands alone now with his arms

about Jack Williams' neck, and his eyes cast up in admiration to dull Liebknecht, his hero.

But if there is no revelation of a great and interesting personality in this book, there are nevertheless dozens of interesting pages in it. When political theories do not obscure his vision, Mr. Hyndman can see the difference between a giant and a pigmy. There is a page of frank admiration of Sir Richard Burton, and another page in condemnation of Stanley—both of which seem to us eminently true and well deserved.

There is one great advantage in coming into conflict with society and social ideals; you meet among the outcasts not only the ablest men of the time, but an astonishingly large proportion of able men, and you hear the new truths—the truths which will not be appreciated in society for a century or two. Mr. Hyndman has been compelled to profit by his position; he has a couple of pages about Marx which are extraordinarily interesting. He tells how Marx went to pawn some plate one Saturday night in London and how he was detained by the pawnbroker and arrested on suspicion and imprisoned as a thief till the Monday by "our much-belauded police." Marx, too, told of long conversations with Heine which have never yet been published, but which surely should be published.

Strangely enough, too, Mr. Hyndman once lit on a curious truth in a talk about Dreyfus. It was Liebknecht who gave him the cue; Liebknecht declared quite truthfully "that there is a secret but loyal understanding between all civilised Governments to the effect that if an innocent man is by accident arrested as a spy a notification is at once sent to that effect. I know positively, and as a matter of fact, that the German Government sent no such notification in Dreyfus' case. Why? Because they could not do so."

A very interesting book, we say again, in spite of its curious misjudgments of men, and its characteristic tone of invincible self-complacence.

A MAHARANI AS AUTHORESS

The Position of Women in India. By her Highness the MAHARANI OF BARODA and S. M. MITRA. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net.)

If Indian ladies of the highest rank take to writing books, who can say that women are still backward in India? It is not long since the Begum of Bhopal published a volume of autobiography written by herself in Hindustani and translated by her Educational Adviser. The Maharani of Baroda has improved upon this precedent by bringing out a book of a remarkable character for the amelioration of the condition of her Indian sisters. In her enterprise she has admittedly availed herself of the assistance of her countryman Mr. S. M. Mitra, who has already made a reputation for himself in the literary world by his books and other writings; and, though no other assistance is acknowledged, it may be presumed that some scholar well acquainted with English and classical literature has furnished the numerous apt and ornamental quotations at the heads of the chapters and in the body of the work. These quotations cannot have been known to the Maharani, and some of them can hardly have come within the range of Mr. Mitra's reading. On the other hand, no objection need be taken to the Maharani's obtaining such help which is available to any extent in certain quarters of London, and is often utilised by busy men. The old maxim *Qui facit per alium facit per se* applies here in full force. The Maharani has supplied the motive power, and has doubtless "paid the piper," but, like other people in many walks of life, she has obtained skilled

assistance to put her ideas into shape. We have heard that some thousands of copies of this book have been shipped to India, prepared in cheap binding, to be sold for a rupee each, which can hardly cover the cost price, even if the Maharani accepts the sale proceeds. She has therefore by her outlay proved the sincerity of her aspirations, and, as Indian purchasers prefer and patronise cheap editions, the circulation of this volume will be secured. Whether it will be fruitful of results is another matter. Time alone can show. No one book can regenerate all India. It will assuredly have some effect in a number of directions, and should stimulate action, which has hitherto been difficult to vitalise in the lethargic and contemplative East. It may also be presumed that the Maharani's husband, the Gaekwar, has approved of the issue of this volume, and will give its circulation every chance in his dominions. He is, it will be remembered, the Chief of the advanced State of Baroda, who was, from his village, adopted in 1875 and placed upon the *gadi* after the trial of his predecessor on serious charges, which led to his deposition and banishment. He received an excellent English education, has travelled extensively, and takes his place in the highest society. In education and other departments he has succeeded in making Baroda the leading State in India. Both he and the Maharani like to be surrounded in social life by persons of ability and culture. Whatever he may think or say of Constitutional Government, he is practically an autocrat, possessed of despotic power—more so than the Emperor of Germany or the Tsar of Russia, though in some respects he is amenable to the Paramount Power in India, a fact which is believed to gall him as it does other native Princes. He can truly say, *L'état c'est moi!* He cannot but be a supporter of the objects of this book. But we must turn to its contents.

The most remarkable thing about it is that, in spite of its title, the book hardly alludes to the present position of women in India. It refers incidentally to such institutions as the caste system, and seclusion of women behind the *purda* (curtain), without hinting at their abolition. "Notwithstanding the caste difficulty in India, advantage can be taken of the common kitchen system" is one of the Maharani's proposals. Writing of matrimonial negotiations being now conducted by women in Calcutta, in which they have, quite legitimately, ousted their male rivals, she points out that "if this proves anything, it shows that there is ample room for all sorts of women workers behind the *purda*." Mr. Mitra admits the discrepancy between the title and the contents. "The present volume," he writes, "gives an account, not of the present status of the female sex in India, but of some Western feminine institutions, the adaptation of which to suit Eastern requirements is likely to help Indian women to achieve a higher position in public life than they at present hold." The Maharani herself states that in her detailed discussion of the various professions open to women she omits practically all account of the stereotyped ways in which an Indian woman may get a living, while she considers other callings which the latter, by means of organisation, might divert partially or entirely to her own profit. In her travels in Europe and America she has noticed that the co-operation which exists between Western men and women in public affairs is practically unknown in India. In the hope that some of the organisations for human welfare which she has observed in the West might be adapted to the conditions of her native country, she, with this object, lays her experiences before her countrywomen, with a view to receive opinions and contributions from all parts of India. Her investigations into the employment of women in Western countries have been exhaustive. The information she has obtained has been systematically arranged in chapters under the headings (which may be quoted here, as the details are too numerous, though not all of equal importance) such as

"The Woman Movement," "Professions for Women," "Agriculture," "Home Professions," "Arts and Crafts," "Intellectual Callings," "Philanthropic Work," "Hotels, Teashops," "Domestic Science," "Women Inspectors," "Matrons and Superintendents," "Co-operation," "Money-lending," "Charitable Organisation," "Thrift," "Anti-Sweating," "Rescue Work," "Women's Interests," "Women in Japan." This is, indeed, a formidable catalogue; it includes a comprehensive survey of women's occupations in the West, in every branch of human energy and efficiency. As it stands it will be very useful to all advocates of women's rights and aspirations throughout the world, and may often be quoted. The Maharani is not content to discourse on the feminine occupations of nursing, domestic service, social life: she carries the war, so to speak, into the domain of the enemy—man. Having thus described at sufficient length what women are doing for themselves in the West, the Maharani leaves it to her Indian sisters to decide which of the employments and interests mentioned can be adapted, with suitable modifications, for trial in India. Through the publication of her book she hopes that additional contributions and opinions from all parts of India may be collected and carefully edited, with the object of deciding what practical form women's organisation should take there. We may cordially concur with her hope that "proceedings with circumspection, something tangible may be effected to raise women's position in Indian public life." Education must be the basis of any movement; co-operation, confidence, capital must be enlisted in the cause. The Maharani's aim is high—the elevation of Indian women—and she may experience disappointments; but she deserves all encouragement from well-wishers of India, and the gratitude of her country for having taken the initiative and shown, for example and imitation, what women have already done for themselves in other parts of the world.

INEXPERTÆ PENNÆ

Between Two Worlds. By A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL. (Alexander Moring. 5s. net.)

If this book is an authentic document, it represents the fruit of the enforced leisure of a man crippled in the prime of his youth. In a series of short essays or studies the author gives his impressions of a beloved world in which he can share only through his sick-room window, though now and again he allows his spirit to take flight and adventure where his body is denied. Occasionally some arresting human interest affords a living thread for several successive sections, and while the tragic crippled circumstance runs as a kind of sub-motif through the whole, it is not allowed to taint the pages with morbidity. The critic has grown somewhat wary of professedly authentic "human documents," but there are certain points about the present example which go to attest its genuineness. There is the wistful yearning of the earth-lover imprisoned, and the unmistakably minor theme of an actual problem of suffering. But the book is most successful and most interesting as a record of moods. Any one who has shared the common heritage of pain may catch again in swift recall the ebb and flow from fevered fancy to the peace of rare respite. One feels that even the exaggeration of the sick mood is there, as in the concluding sections wherein the author meets the fancied approach of death.

But when we come to consider the book as a contribution to literature some of these very qualities become vices, while there are others peculiar to the author's style. To begin with, he has adventured the most difficult kind of prose—the sensuous poetic prose of the *Idyll* and the *Fancy*. Mr.

Le Gallienne has employed it successfully; so has Mr. Kenneth Grahame; and in an example more nearly approaching what this present book attempts Michael Fairless has adorned it in "The Roadmender." This style of writing is very attractive, but its demands are far stricter than is apt to appear. The fluent, dreamy prose must not hide vagueness of idea; metaphor and fancy, while proper to it, must be restrained and natural; and above all the writer must beware of the easy pitfalls of archaism and inverted structure. Unfortunately, all these canons are transgressed in this book. Its pages are often obscure and vague; sometimes overladen with fancy to the point of incoherence; and the author's pictorial sense is apt to run away with his idea, so that the latter is vexed and dissipated by irrelevant detail. This is markedly so in the section entitled "Oblivion." The fancy is often extravagant, as in "The Waters under the Earth," and such passages as the following:—

Already the mists stir uneasily, as if choosing from among their sad people victims to propitiate their father the sun.

The soft cushions have seemed things of contempt, that would stifle me of their very placidity and smoothness—things that, Delilah-like, would engulf me, blotting life's sharper outlines from sight and touch, until my soul should be lost in a world unreal of their (?) weaving.

Moreover, the author is too self-conscious, obtruding himself into his fancies until one is driven to suspect a pose. In "Shadows and Depths" this is notably evident. He seems to be particularly vain of his wings, and pauses every few lines to call attention to their beauty, poise, or action. He is altogether too busy in the tragic scene which does not concern him at all, save as an *ex post facto* spectator. Grammatical affectations mar the style, particularly an irritatingly insistent use of adjectives adverbially—"the moonlight silvering intermittent the surrounding crags," and a kind of participial parenthesis—"and so, they swaying, the clouds cover them." Sentences are frequently clumsy, and the tense is repeatedly and abruptly changed between past and historic present. Yet there are one or two essays where the author sufficiently forgets himself and writes down a plain, simple idyll that gives the impression of the possibility of good work. The promise of the old Irishman's mystery is considerable, and the style and treatment good in "The Vigil," but it is wearied to death in the succeeding sections amid the ostentatious flapping of the author's wings, and "An Atonement" stands out by reason of its simple, unaffected diction. It remains to be said that the punctuation throughout is execrable, and the printer's reader has allowed a crop of misprints and misspellings to disfigure the book. The worst of these occurs in a passage which would delight Mr. Bernard Shaw:

. . . leaving me as one who swings a *cenor* before an altar which as yet the darkness hides.

Even the author's name appears on the back of the dainty cover as "Mannsell."

INGENIOUS BOOKMAKING

Modern Paris: Some Sidelights on its Inner Life. By ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

NOT a day passes but we are struck with a sort of reluctant admiration for the marvellous ingenuity of professional pen-men. Undaunted at the sight of choked libraries and the ever-lengthening lists of "books received," an army of admirable writers seize, spider-wise, upon a small, ordinary fly, and spin round it a large, ordinary web. Sometimes the fly is so small and emaciated that the web completely hides it, and

sometimes there is no fly at all. Mostly it is a fly which has become a kind of stock insect, a kind of institution, which has been passed from spider to spider a hundred, even a thousand times. The one most in use is labelled Napoleon. The Shakespeare fly is, however, very popular. Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Beau Brummell, the Four Georges, the Brontës, Oxford and Cambridge are well in the running. Sometimes these webs are spun with threads of gold, and the spinner is a writer who illuminates a subject, howsoever hackneyed it may be. Generally they are composed of strings of mere words, all very well chosen, all neatly put together, which go to make a web which is altogether unnecessary and superfluous.

Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard may be said to be a captain in the army of bookmakers. He does not belong to the non-commissioned ranks in which stand those pen-men who are not creative enough to break away from stereotype subjects. He writes of contemporary persons and himself, and it is when writing of himself that Mr. Sherard is well worth reading. "My Friends the French" and "Twenty Years in Paris" have just been followed by "Modern Paris: Some Sidelights on its Inner Life." In this new volume, which has for a frontispiece a very pleasant pencil-sketch of "Sherar" by a Polish artist, and for illustrations letters from the great Lord Northcliffe, Alphonse Daudet, Jules Claretie, and Emil Zola, and a photograph of Oscar Wilde, Mr. Sherard dramatises very skilfully a vast number of small incidents of his observant life in France, details very vividly a hundred snatches of conversation with notable and indiscriminate people, and draws a whole gallery of impressionist sketches of untrodden places.

Mr. Sherard is not only a complete Boulevardier. He is at heart a Frenchman, who, unlike the confirmed haunter of *cafés*, knows and loves the quiet, industrious villages of Normandy, Brittany, Provence, and the Midi. He has made friendships not only with notable writers, painters, actors, and dramatists, but with old fruit-sellers, and *concierges* and peasants. He has good things to say about such widely different people as Madame Sarah Bernhardt and "Lord Joseph" Chamberlain, Boulanger and Mr. Bottomley, Wenzel von Brozik and Mr. Chesterton, Esterhazy and Sven Hedin, Maeterlinck and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Edmond Rostand and Oscar Wilde. In short, as an example of highly ingenious bookmaking, "Modern Paris" is the best example that has come to our notice for a considerable time. It has, too, a great advantage over books of a similar nature in that the personality and character of the author are put before the reader without egotistical outbursts of introspective examination. In style the book is journalistic rather than literary, and is therefore more than a little careless here and there. That is, perhaps, the effect that Mr. Sherard desired to achieve. At any rate, the chapters read as though they were the verbatim notes of a quick-speed shorthand-writer and had been dictated by a man drawing almost haphazard upon a retentive memory. It may fairly be said that the result made the effort worth while.

SHORTER REVIEWS

My Vagabondage: Being the Intimate Autobiography of a Nature's Nomad. By J. E. PATTERSON. (William Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some natures to which romance is as the breath of life. Mr. Patterson's is one of them. From his cradle until the present day the author's life has been that of a rolling stone, and the amount of moss which it appears

likely to gather until the time when it comes finally to rest is a negligible quantity. But rolling stones sometimes gather something better than moss, and we have before us an instance in the present work—full of much hard-won wisdom, offering many a glimpse into phases of humanity strange to the majority of us, and fraught with not a little pathos ever and anon. The author has throughout his life been gifted with an astonishing knack of dodging death and a no less remarkable aptitude for sitting down and composing a dozen stanzas upon the spot to celebrate the occasion. Among the many which appear in these pages we think those addressed “to certain Critics and Improvers of ‘the Mermaid’” are perhaps the most happily conceived.

Mr. Patterson’s road through life, whether high or low, has been undeniably rough, and the incidents thereof he tells with uncommon freshness and force. Probably few children ever survived such a wayward and adventurous childhood, or, having survived, so thoroughly cheated the gloomy prognostications of infallible prophets. Nail-maker, miner, deep-sea fisherman, able-bodied seaman, reporter, journalist, poet—such are a few of the callings successively, and more or less successfully, pursued by this versatile genius. And what though his Pegasus cast a shoe now and again? The consequent lameness but serves to show that the steed is something more substantial than a fleeting vision. In this book we find presented to us the living apotheosis of the penny “dreadful.” Here is a real boy who sees real ghosts—nay, more, feels them—runs away to sea, has hair-raising experiences in a god-house, fights with pirates—in fact does all that the penny “dreadful” ascribes to the youthful genius of its pages.

But the toughest proposition that our hero struck was the publishers. For some unfathomable reason those ogres refused to play the fairy godmother to Mr. Patterson’s literary productions. The loss of course was theirs. As for the critics—well, one is on dangerous ground, and must tread softly, like Agag, or suffer a fate similar to that of the unfortunate monarch. At length the unpublished author learnt the fell secret, and the sun of his literary fortune rose in dewy splendour, we trust not to set for many a long day. In case the eyes of any other struggling genius should light upon these pages, we feel in duty bound to give away Mr. Patterson’s little secret; and it is this:

Advertise, advertise, advertise—
Whether Bibles, or whiskey, or pies,
Cathedrals or huts, or political lies.
Remember this well,
Whatever you sell,
New ways to heaven
Or old ways to hell,
Advertise, advertise, advertise,
Or you’re sure to be left to the flies.

Five Centuries of London.—Cathedrals of England. (Constable and Co. 1s. net each.)

WE have here a couple of attractive booklets formed of illustrations only, which to some slight extent tell their own story. There are forty-eight in each, and those contained in the first, which we consider by far the more interesting of the two, have been reproduced from a variety of sources, such as old manuscripts, paintings, etchings and other engravings, lithographs, &c. The cathedrals, to which are added views of the ruins of several famous abbeys, are all reproductions of photographs. The little volumes are neatly got up, the illustrations being well executed and the paper and print all that could be desired. We cannot help thinking, however, that a more representative set of pictures might have been

selected for the “Five Centuries of London.” The series starts with the well-known view of the Tower, *circa* 1418, when Charles, Duke of Orleans, was incarcerated there after being made prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt, and then jumps to the execution of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot in 1606 in St. Paul’s Churchyard. Thus the fifteenth century is only slightly represented, and, shades of Bluff King Hal, Bloody Mary, and the Virgin Queen! “whose smile was rapture and whose frown was fate,” the sixteenth not at all, which is a distinct slight to a very stirring period in the history of London Town. A list of the illustrations, which are full of interest, might with advantage be added, especially as each volume contains a blank leaf available for the purpose.

Poucinet, Conte Finlandais. By E. DE LABOULAYE. Adapted and Edited by P. SHAW JEFFREY, M.A. (Siepmann’s Primary French Series.)

Bataille de Dames, ou Un Duel en Amour. By E. SCRIBE and E. LEGOUVÉ. *Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe.* By F. GUIZOT. (Siepmann’s French Series for Rapid Reading.) (Macmillan and Co. 1s. each.)

THE Messrs. Macmillan have recently added these three volumes to their capital series of French educational works. The last to be issued is for the Intermediate and Advanced Section of the Series for Rapid Reading, and is an adaptation of the famous work of that distinguished statesman and historian M. Guizot. The same as preceding volumes, it contains a useful list of the more difficult words and phrases with translation, thus enabling the pupil to dispense with a dictionary, which should prove a great advantage. The Notes are both instructive and interesting, containing as they do short biographies of the principal persons mentioned and additional elucidatory information concerning many of the political events alluded to in the text. The volumes are well selected and ably edited, and should do much to foster the study of the French language in this country.

Das Verständnis der Oden Salomos. By WILHELM FRANKENBERG. (Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. 5 marks.)

SOME weeks back an edition of the “Psalms of Solomon,” by Dr. Viteau, was noticed in THE ACADEMY. The present edition of the “Odes,” which have as little to do with Solomon as the Psalms, is of very different calibre. It consists merely of a Greek text, a commentary, and four pages of introduction, in which Herr Frankenberg dismisses questions of time and place as difficult, and in the main insignificant. Even the literary value of the work he considers as nugatory, the style being chiefly distinguished by pietistic mannerisms. He is disposed to place the composition at Alexandria, and to attribute it to a purely Christian source.

Fragmente einer griechischen Übersetzung des samaritanischen Pentateuchs. By PAUL GLAUE and ALFRED RAHLFS. Illustrated. (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. 1 mark 50pf.)

THIS is a fragment of a Greek translation of the Pentateuch, of Samaritan origin, as is proved principally by the reading “Garizim” for “Ebal” in Deuteronomy xxvii. 4. The Samaritan version exhibits at times important divergences from the Septuagint. A photographic reproduction of the

newly-discovered parchment containing this fragment is given, as well as a transcription in ordinary cursive script and annotations. The whole *brochure* forms an instalment of the Göttingen work on the Septuagint.

FICTION

LOVE, POESY, AND WAR

The Song of Renny. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

WE rise from reading this latest epic of Mr. Hewlett's favourite Land of Dreams with the sensation of having been lost in a wonderful forest of beautiful names. For hours we have been strolling on and on, coming across scene after scene in clear glades illumined by the deep golden glow of a leaf-shaded sun: a tourney, with flashing robes and shouting hosts; a poet-lover and his lady, with sestinas and rhymes royal trembling on the air; a king feasting, a monk fasting, a nun praying. But the names—they are magical. The Earl of Pikpoyntz, the Lady Mabilla, Renny of Coldscaur, Joyeux Saber, Lanceilhot Paulet, Marvilion, Cantacuta, Campflors, Minster-Merrow, Maintsonge, Barsaunter—with such people and such places surely an ordinary romancist could weave an extraordinary romance?

By these presents—it is not easy to avoid catching Mr. Hewlett's turn of speech—let all readers know that the times of "The Forest Lovers" have come to life again, with a "Brazenhead" in the midst of them; for the Earl of Pikpoyntz, hero and villain in one, is a most energetic person when there is any killing to be done. A blow of his fist is enough for some poor wretches; he is, in fine, a gentleman with whom it were well to agree quickly. We are introduced to him just as he has wiped out a whole family save one member, Donna Sabine de Renny of Coldscaur, a queenly little lady whom he saved for his own purposes, and who, when he really fell in love with an even more chill and queenly dame, proved to be rather an awkward possession. He married his love, who acceded for the sake of a crown, and became immediately a mawkish suitor for her favours, an abject slave; meanwhile, love was busy with the new Countess of Pikpoyntz and her pet poet Lanceilhot. Of the adventures of these two, and the wanderings of poor little Sabine and the lout whom she chose for mate, the story more particularly tells. To retell it in any detail would demand more columns than we have to spare. It is above all a tale of action, and, once fairly into it, no reader will easily set the book down.

Mr. Hewlett's ornate, and yet at times almost Biblical, style is especially suited to the undiscoverable country where his scenes are set, and its occasional extravagances do not offend us; some of the conversational sparring between various characters is charged with excellent wit and repartee. There are three apparent inconsistencies: Sabine seems to weaken considerably towards the hour of her trial; Pikpoyntz loses his grip of life and much of his essential grimness as soon as he sets eyes on Mabilla; and Mabilla herself, directly Lanceilhot's love wins her, changes from one of the strongest to one of the most sentimental creatures we have had the pleasure of meeting in the realm of good fiction. If we could have been "let down" in these matters a little more easily there would have been no reason to complain. However, not all readers will notice these slight flaws on a most entertaining story, and we can congratulate

the author on this return to the delightful quality of his "Forest Lovers."

Thanks to Sanderson. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

WHY is it that the doings of very ordinary people, placed faithfully on record, become so interesting? The presumption is, of course, that we are all very ordinary people ourselves, and that quite naturally our fellow beings and their little adventures of joy and sorrow obtain, by the projection of our own personalities on the screen of Mr. Pett Ridge's cinematograph, an importance enhanced. At any rate, there is enough of sympathy and comprehension in most readers to make Sanderson, the railway inspector, and his family and friends exceeding good company. They live before us in these pages, at first somewhat lowly in station, since the hero at the beginning is only a ticket-collector; later on, in all the dignity of "society," since there is a daughter at the Academy of Music and a son who is "something in the City." The whole book consists of that queer mixture of humour and pathos which distinguishes nearly all the author's work. Alfred, the son, is more than half a prig, and is inclined to resent the facts of humble birth; he reproves and advises his father, and gets "taken down" gently but firmly on several occasions. Winnie, the daughter, who attains the dignity of paragraphs in the suburban papers when she accompanies songs at local concerts, is also a rather unsatisfactory person; she rebels, being determined to make her own way in the world, and the ending is not wholly happy. There is a touch of sadness about the steady eclipsing of the father and mother by the son and daughter. Sanderson, with his waggish ways, his unfailing good temper, and his pretty little deceptions to save his wife trouble, is the best character in the book. Mr. Pett Ridge is doing good work in showing how real both suffering and happiness can be in the hearts of people whom we are perhaps too ready to pass by unrecognised; and not many writers can accomplish this with such absolute freedom from sententiousness and such abundance of humour.

The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore. By GERARD BENDALL. (John Lane. 6s.)

IN the company of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore we are taken out to lunch and dinner at the houses of various persons of her acquaintance, and we do not find the entertainments at all uninteresting. Her circle, for the most part, consists of literary, artistic, and musical people, and although the conversation does not at any time touch upon very deep questions, there is sufficient humour and cynicism in the handling of the various situations to make one desirous of pursuing the fortunes of the Cripps-Middlemores as far as they are related in the present book. Perhaps the most amusing incidents occur when each member imagines that he or she has musical or literary gifts, and the results of all their efforts find their way by varied channels to their mutual friend Mr. Emeris, who, at the request of the bearer of each effusion, places the manuscripts in a large tin box, hoping that soon they will be forgotten, which, indeed, they are in the more distracting game of flirtation. No one takes anything very seriously, and on occasions of any excitement the men of the party are in the habit of embracing the women who happen to be nearest to them, a peculiarity which, at any rate on one occasion, leads to rather unforeseen results. The death of Mr. Cripps-Middlemore leaves his widow free to progress a little higher in the social scale and

become the wife of Lord Childerditch, where we must leave her presiding in her charming and graceful manner over the household of this estimable nobleman.

A Blood Moon, and Other Stories. By IRENE OSGOOD.
(Everett and Co. 2s. net.)

"A BLOOD MOON" is a collection of short stories dealing with the wrongs of wives at the hands of their husbands, with their rather hysterical complaints and their occasional revenges. Some of "Irene Osgood's" pages are neatly written, but her descriptive passages are perverted by the use of sensuous imagery, particularly in the "Stories from Algiers." The book, however, is merely a long complaint in many keys, and lacks even common sense. The authoress' obsession with matters of sex obscures her outlook and robs her work of healthiness. The consequence is a feverish air, and an impression on the part of the reader that many of the stories were painful to write; which does not make them the more pleasant to read.

Essence of Honeymoon. By H. PERRY ROBINSON. Illustrated.
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

THE honeymoon from which this essence is taken lasted over a year, with the result that a great variety of amusing incidents are to be found among the component parts of the extract. These are mostly of the sort that usually befall young newly-married couples; but they are described with a *verve* which imparts to them such an entertaining freshness that the reader will not regret devoting some odd moments to their perusal. Autumn brides, and brides of all seasons for that matter, will, we feel sure, take a lively interest in Euphemia's first appearance as a British matron, and they might learn much from practical Mrs. Gorringer, especially with regard to birthdays "comin' edgeways-like."

THE THEATRE

A PROMISING PUPIL

THE microbe of the incompatibility of married temper seems to have entered into the brains of all the dramatists who have contributed to the theatre this season. Upon the heels of "The Ogre" there came "The Perplexed Husband," "The Man in the Stalls" (a little, somewhat unsavoury, wholly didactic thing produced at the Palace Theatre) and "The Honeymoon." Incontestably the last play is the best of them all. Mr. Arnold Bennett has brought to bear upon his work a spontaneity, a sense of humour, and a sense also of the theatre which the other plays, although written by old hands, do not, oddly enough, possess. It is equally incontestable that Mr. Bennett, whether consciously or unconsciously, has sat at the feet of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. To say that we wish that Mr. Bennett had given to his master the plot of "The Honeymoon" is not to say that Mr. Bennett has not made an eminently entertaining play. Only at one other theatre in London at this moment can there be found a play which provides so good an evening's entertainment. This is "Man and Superman" at the Criterion, to which, after all said and done, "The Honeymoon" cannot, good as it is, hold a candle. The latter is, however, witty enough, interesting enough, and occasionally surprising enough to be enjoyed thoroughly as it stands. It is only when we stop to think how much more ingeniously Mr.

Shaw would have treated a thesis so obviously Shavian that we miss his inimitable touch.

The very atmosphere of the first Act aroused interest. The best parlour of the one hotel on the sea front of a one-eyed place called Pixton appals and amuses. We knew that it would contain a prying and talkative Swiss waiter, with dirty cuffs. It did. We were perfectly certain that some of the chairs were covered with antimacassars to hide broken backs and the marks of recent glue. They were. The place was recognisable. It lived. We smelt the sea. We were almost reconciled to the oleographs, because the windows opened wide and let in the sun. But what did antimacassars and oleographs and a sad Kidderminster carpet matter to Cedric Haslam and the little attractive woman, who wore her clothes like a Parisienne and cooed like a dove? They were on their honeymoon, and the silver light of the moon that only shines once (sometimes twice, but then only in a silver-plated way) glamourised everything. She was the widow of a stockbroker, had met the Haslams, the celebrated Haslams—the mother was a novelist with a genuinely large sale, and the eldest son the best-advertised and most successful aviator—at a boarding-house at Matlock, or some such place. Flora Lloyd had never met celebrities before. How could she with a husband on the Stock Exchange? No doubt she found the round-faced Charlie Haslam, with his smart socks and tweezy little bow-tie and adoring, precocious eyes, none the less amusing because his mother and brother were household words. Then the great Cedric made a volplane, landed at her feet, and metaphorically grovelled. His income was nineteen thousand a year. His face and figure were too curiously like those of the tenor of a seaside glee-party or pierrot troupe, but they were to be found in packets of cheap cigarettes. He was, indeed, a famous man. He flew at her. He had all the habits of the aviator. He carried her away, and she found herself not only a willing passenger, but a woman passionately in love. *Chacun à son goût.* Here they were, these two, married that morning by a nice-looking curate, and here, at Pixton-on-Sea, they intended to hide themselves for one whole month. No Bond Street should call her, no aeroplane him. Again and again, and yet again, they made this promise; and again and again, and yet again, they stamped the contract with a kiss. The Stock Exchange and the Aerodrome had come together.

Here, if you like, was an ideal union. But the Swiss waiter, the unconscious instrument of a strangely sympathetic Nemesis, broke in upon the naturally somewhat Hampstead-Heathian couple, congratulated them upon being what they hated to appear to be—newly married—and presently drew the aviator's attention to an announcement in a halfpenny evening paper to the effect that a German rival was coming to England to win the £10,000 prize for flying over Snowdon, and departed with his tray. When the wife came back to kiss again with chuckles she did not find a man, she found an aviator. She found the professional flying-man, with the whirr of his engines in his ears and his greedy hands held out towards the gleaming sum which the German had come to snatch from his grasp. What of the honeymoon now? What of the promise, so much sealed, of a whole long blissful month on the *terra firma* of Pixton-on-Sea? The woman wheedled and argued and stormed, and naturally wept. The man talked about his career, of England's prestige. "Hang career and England. Do you think more of your aeroplane than of me?"

The situation was tremendous, the problem vital. What would Mr. Shaw not have done with them both? Up to this point Mr. Bennett had been more, far more, than a promising pupil. He had rivalled the master. But here, apparently frightened at finding himself face to face with truth, he tottered and fell into farce. It was admirable farce,

but it was incontestably farce. He brought in the Haslam family. He lifted them out of their elegant detached mansion in, presumably, St. John's Wood, and plumped them down in Pixton-on-Sea. They were characteristically agitated, for they had discovered that the curate who had performed the marriage ceremony that morning was a practical joker, a student of new sensations, a bogus clergyman. Flora Lloyd and Cedric Haslam were not married. Sensation. The honeymoon contract was then, for all its kisses, nullified. What were they to do? The great novelist flung up her hands. The tweedy Charlie smoothed his kinky hair. The meek little husband-secretary-amanuensis put forward a timid plea for "masterly inactivity," and the curtain fell to a scream of laughter.

The same evening we meet all these people at the Reach, Haslam's elegant literary mansion. One other person is there—the Bishop of Chelmsford. In the drawing of this character Mr. Bennett descends still further into the realms of farce. He might have been the creature of the brain of a comic-minded Nonconformist. He was there, to the immense delight of Mrs. Haslam, to arrange for the wedding to take place in the morning. He would himself perform the ceremony in order that he might make thorough and complete reparation for the carelessness of the Vicar who was taken in by the experimentalist. Many exceedingly amusing scenes are included in this Act. Flora Lloyd, *née* Haslam, throws a bomb. Thank you very much, but she is not going to be married in the morning. Married or unmarried, Cedric considered his aeroplane before herself. She looks upon the bogus clergyman as a benefactor. Imagine the feelings of the pompous Mrs. Haslam. To her Flora's point of view is almost blasphemous. To marry into the Haslam family is an honour indescribably great. Cedric is photographed weekly, and can always be certain of more space in the halfpenny papers than is devoted to mere political and social crises or a comic-opera war in the Near East. A new novel by Mrs. Reach Haslam is a "great literary event," and it is reviewed on the day of publication by such eminent people as Mr. Douglas, Mr. Begbie, and the rest. The aviator is hysterical. It is the way of aviators. He stands about while the women have a most polite and most deadly quarrel, making a series of gargoylic faces, and giving exquisite imitations of an exhaust-pipe. The neat little old husband-father-secretary-press-cutting-collector is the only person in that perturbed house who is perfectly unruffled. Finally, Flora flounces out to pack, having completely floored Mrs. Haslam and her usually mid-air son. The curtain falls upon the great novelist dictating her impressions of Flora while they are still bubbling in her mind. Again there are shouts of laughter. This Act is almost as entertaining as the first, especially when there is added to it an incident wholly extraneous and wholly out of tune—an incident which lifts farce into high comedy. Mr. Trampington, the bogus curate, who has failed to get himself arrested at Vine Street, drops in quite quietly to apologise in his best Oxford manners for the inconvenience that he has unwittingly caused.

The third Act falls away. It lacks ingenuity, and simply marks time until the curtain falls on the honeymoon couple creeping away in the early hours of the morning to get married. It certainly contains many delightful lines and at least one exquisite touch of psychology, but it has very little movement. We see too little of the fascinating, shrewd, well-trained Flora, and far too much of Charlie and Cedric. For all that Mr. Bennett's play deserves to be seen. It is fresh, and alive, and gorgeously foolish. It is witty, and it has a touch or two of audacity which is quite French. It is also brilliantly played by Miss Marie Tempest, who has not been so well suited since she appeared as Becky Sharp. Only on the Continental stage are there actresses who can

compare with her finish, her neatness, her rapidity, and her charm. She gets every ounce out of the part with a lack of effort which is hugely refreshing. Hers is the work of a very true artist. Mr. Dion Boucicault provided a delicious little sketch of an apparently overwhelmed husband. Every movement and intonation was right. Miss Kate Leycanton played with a pompous solemnity which was altogether invaluable to the piece, and by never showing that she understood and appreciated the cruel humour of her portrait proved herself to be possessed of the keenest sense of it. Mr. Dennis Eadie as the experimental curate proved again that as a character-actor he has few equals. Mr. Basil Hallam was not very good, and Mr. Graham Browne was all wrong. He got hopelessly on our nerves. "The Honeymoon" should, however, make the little theatre in Dean-street the centre of attraction.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

It was a happy idea of Miss Lillah McCarthy's to take up two of the plays that marked the last repertory venture in London at the Duke of York's Theatre in the spring of last year—"The Sentimentalists" by Meredith, and "The Twelve-Pound Look" by Barrie—and to join them to Granville Barker's "Rococo" for the purpose of a continuous series of *matinées* on Tuesdays and Fridays. A cluster of three such as this very nearly covers the gamut of comedy. It would only need the humour of Falstaff to complete the circle. Nevertheless, it can form very little occasion for surprise if "The Sentimentalists" is considered as the chief attraction of the programme.

At the Duke of York's last year the play only met some half-dozen performances, and so it might now be considered as a matter for new attention. It is but a short affair, however, and only a fragment at that. Astraea, wife for two months and widow for two years, has still the promptings of life in her, chiefly caused, be it noted, by one named Arden. But she conceives it her duty always to remain in that dedicated state on the principle of "once married ever married." She is helped to persist in this by the company with which she is cast, among whom there are only two who manage to retain the healthiness of life—Arden, as aforesaid, and her uncle Homeware. There is another vivacious exception, who can yet hardly be said to belong to the Astraea circle. This is Lyra, quick of wit and penetrating of speech. She has fled from her husband, whose fault is, not that he is something too little of a husband, but rather that he is something too much of a husband. Declares she: "Let no woman marry a husband twenty years older than herself. She marries a limpet!" "I like him, I like him," she cries, "but I want to breathe!" Meanwhile, round and about them floats the company of the sentimentalists, chief among them being Spiral, a professorial person who discourses to them on Life and Beauty.

It is this web that Arden, with his passion of love, has to break through, with Homeware, Astraea's uncle, to aid him as best he may. With excellent judgment Meredith has written the second Act in poetry. Plot there is none. The first Act is chiefly a conversation between Lyra and Astraea, with a background of sentimentalists; it takes place in the morning. The second is wholly a conversation between Arden and Astraea, and takes place at night. The first was in prose, Meredith's prose—that is to say, prose that flashes with some of the rarity of poetry. The second is in poetry—chiefly the poetry in which Arden endeavours to blow away with the rushing ardour of his passion—

Filaments,

The slenderest ever woven about a brain

From the brain's mists.

He does in the end succeed in doing so, and then they are

discovered by Homeware, who informs them that they have all the time been watched by the sentimentalists from the house. Astraea, pushed to reality, falls back into sentimentality, and is horrified at discovery. She goes off to front the company, while Homeware consoles Arden with stoic philosophy. The play concludes with Arden gazing raptly at the house, and the hint is given us that Astraea will rise to the occasion, her love breaking through "the slender filaments."

Never have we in the theatre listened so intently and continuously. It was not that the demand was merely made on us: it was rather that we were excited to it. Yet we can very well understand why Meredith did not finish the play. For one thing the difficulty of any continuation of the subject was imperious; for another, even as it stands it is overweighted with words. A comparison of it with Molière will soon show the essential difference between a dramatic subject and a non-dramatic subject. It is a hard thing to say this, for the dialogue is often like the first draught of a fine dry champagne. But it is necessary to say it, for only by clearly recognising facts can any progress be made in matters dramatical. "The Sentimentalists" is admirable entertainment, but it is a fragment, and its fragmentary state is Meredith's own admission that it is not of the stuff of drama.

Beside it "Rococo" rang not a little coarsely. It is excellent farce; but, though it be laughterful, the laughter is rather too explosive after the earlier delicacy. Mr. Barrie's "Twelve-Pound Look" ran a full course at the Duke of York's, and therefore is not quite the stranger that otherwise it might have been. It would perhaps have been better had the first item in the programme been taken last, the other two standing in their present order; nevertheless quarrel cannot easily be found with the fare provided at these *matinées*—at least not on the grounds of a lack of plenty.

"PIETRO OF SIENA"

THE Drama Society, of which Mr. Robert Ross is the patron, gave at the Studio Theatre, 92, Victoria Street, on Tuesday afternoon, October 10th, its first item in the season's programme. This was the first performance of "Pietro of Siena," by Mr. Stephen Phillips. An appreciative audience entirely filled the theatre, while the absence of scenic effects permitted the drama and its exponents to rely upon their art for those constant ripples of applause which increased in volume till the final fall of the curtain. The Society is to be congratulated upon the success of its opening production, and the smoothness with which scene followed scene in space somewhat cramped, under difficulties which must have cost some pains and enthusiasm to surmount. We understand the same drama will shortly be produced at the Coronet Theatre, where London playgoers may more generally extend their acquaintance with the work of the author of "Paolo and Francesca."

In "Pietro of Siena" lines of supreme poetic beauty fall to Gemma Gonzaga, in which Miss Winifride Borrow is moved to excel both in passion and restraint. Gemma's brother Luigi (Mr. Charles King) has a difficult part which brightens towards the end, when a trace of manliness enters his character. A somewhat long and mellifluous speech in prison faintly suggests the anachronism of a morning postal delivery in old Siena, and could with advantage be curtailed.

Mr. Rothwell Wilson, as the principal character, Pietro Tornielli, rendered with dramatic force and clearness the varying moods between vacillation and devotion to love and high surprise. A subtle character of villainous aspect is that of Montano, whose delineation by Mr. W. Townley

Searle is a strong outstanding feature of a play where none of the parts is weak.

"The Wild Duck," by Ibsen, is announced by the Drama Society as their next production on November 14th. Wilde's "Florentine Tragedy" and another play follow later in the season.

THE FUTURE OF THE LIBRARY

ANY one who dips into the newspapers connected with book-selling cannot fail to get an impression that there is something peculiarly distressful about the business. In the midst of courageous talk about "revival in trade" and "better times in store" there is an uneasy feeling that there is a radical weakness somewhere. The discussions about "net prices," the "even price," and other internal trade questions are marked with a note of anxiety which is significant even to the lay observer.

Every trade has its troubles; and the book trade, being exceptional in its character and its complexity, is therefore apt to have more troubles than the average. The adjustment of relations between authors, publishers, wholesale houses, retail buyers, libraries, and the public is obviously a very delicate affair, and one upon which the outsider must hesitate to express an opinion. But there is one aspect of this adjustment which the looker-on may perceive more clearly than those who themselves are part of the machinery of the trade.

This aspect is concerned with new works of fiction and those books on travel and biography which, along with fiction, provide the main contents of library catalogues. It does not relate, except indirectly, to those sixpenny, sevenpenny, and shilling works of fiction and general literature which are now being turned out in such overwhelming numbers.

The central feature of the trade in six-shilling novels and high-priced books is that it is artificial. In every other class of business we have at one end of the chain a public which is ready and willing to buy, at prices which make production worth while to the manufacturer at the other end of the chain. In the book trade (within the range indicated) it is the exception, not the rule, for the public to purchase in adequate numbers.

From this condition the Circulating Library took its rise. The library is an organisation for co-operative buying. It is almost on a level with the Feather Clubs which exist, or used to exist, among the girls of the London coster class. The only difference in principle between the two is that the Feather Club is not organised to make a profit.

In actual results, however, the difference is not very real. The Circulating Library is certainly intended to earn a profit, but there is great doubt whether it does so in the general run of cases. Very few libraries exist as independent businesses. The smaller ones are associated with the sale of books (mainly cheap editions), magazines, stationery, and fancy goods. Among the larger libraries we have one associated with the sale of drugs, another with a newspaper, and another with an enormous news agency business. The library, in short, is a parasite, not a self-sustaining organism.

This fact is so familiar that its effect upon the circulation of books is apt to be overlooked. People have assumed that because the libraries are in business to distribute books on loan, their effect must be to stimulate the distribution of books. In effect, however, this is not the case. Libraries do not prosper by opening the way for every new book to reach every subscriber. They prosper by inducing the largest possible number of subscribers to be content with the smallest possible selection of books.

Thus, in attempting to overcome an artificial element in

the book trade, the libraries themselves have become an artificial organisation. They are artificial because their interests are opposed to the interests of their clients. Library subscribers expect to secure copies of every new novel and every new general work of importance within a reasonable period of waiting. But in practice they find it difficult to borrow both the books which are not popular and those which are popular. With regard to the former, such books are generally unknown to the librarian; every one is familiar with the peculiar smile with which the librarian remarks "never heard of it," in relation to a new novel by a new author who is being hailed by the reviewers as somebody worth reading. With regard to popular books, the libraries purchase just as few of these as will satisfy the clamour of their subscribers. They are forced to buy, and—as every publisher knows—they buy in reluctant dribbles.

So it comes about that the libraries, although practically the sole channel between the publisher and the public, are in the nature of a bottle-neck, which expands only under great pressure. Their selective action, moreover, is exercised against the works of new writers, and also those books which, although (or because) of high literary quality, do not happen to make the public insist upon having them.

The upshot of the system is that the average novel—that is to say, a story of ordinary attractiveness, written by a man who may be fairly well known—circulates to the extent of five hundred or a thousand copies in a country with millions of readers. The number is more often nearer the lower than the higher figure.

This condition of affairs is aggravated by the fact that the circulation lasts for only two or three months in the vast majority of cases—that is to say, novels are more like items in a series of publications than like permanent books. Their evanescent character forces the librarian to keep his stock as low as possible. He knows that if he can stave off the demands for a particular book which is not very prominent, it will be forgotten in a few weeks' time. The library subscribers who persist in getting the books they select from reviews must form a very small proportion of the total. Most readers take what is given them, and if they are dissatisfied they blame the author and the publisher, and talk about the decadence of modern fiction.

As time goes on the situation is likely to get worse. It is an open secret that libraries are not a good investment, even when they are run as a sideline to a profitable business. No one "inside" the trade would be surprised to hear of even some of the large library enterprises being discontinued.

It would be interesting to speculate upon the effect of a rapid reduction in the library business. The book-trade might be put upon a more natural basis. In any case there seems little doubt that libraries are in a retrograde condition, and will continue to be so unless they adopt a new policy. Two policies are open to them—first, to increase their revenue; second, to recognise the essentially serial character of fiction and general literature, and to adopt some means of disposing of their stock at earlier dates than are now possible.

As regards the first policy new subscribers would not serve the purpose, as they increase the demand upon the resources of the library and so aggravate the trouble. If the libraries could increase their subscriptions to a material extent the position would be greatly relieved. Even though the number of subscribers were to be reduced in consequence, the libraries would be much better off. Five hundred subscribers at two guineas would be a great deal more profitable than one thousand at one guinea, and it is possible that the five hundred would find the improved service well worth the increased fee.

The suggestion that novels and kindred literary books

should be treated on a serial basis strikes deeper into the complexities of the trade. Although we have abandoned the three-volume novel, we have not given up the idea that every novel is a bid for immortality and should be treated as if it were going to live for ever. Yet 999 out of every thousand novels have no more claim to such treatment than the average short story. They are evanescent; but the whole machinery of the trade is inherited from the days when they were assumed to be permanent.

What is wanted, therefore, is some means of making the life of the average novel a merry and expansive one, as well as a short one. A step towards this would be the abolition of publishing seasons. After all, it would be about as sensible to publish all the magazines in the spring and autumn as it is to rush out the mass of novels and general books at these periods. Uncounted works of merit have been swamped in these floods. If, instead of issuing twelve novels in the spring and twelve in the autumn, a publisher were to produce them at regular fortnightly intervals, just as if they were numbers of a magazine or members of a series, the arrangement would not only be more welcome to the public, but more appropriate to the character of the publications.

A natural consequence of this treatment of novels from the serial point of view would be (as already indicated) some means of clearing library stock at frequent intervals. Publishers are anxious to maintain the full published price over as long a period as possible, but they must be well aware that, for the ordinary novel, three months will cover its active life. If the libraries are obliged to keep such books on their shelves for a longer period, orders for new books will be restricted in consequence.

The extraordinary development of cheap fiction might seem to indicate that in course of time the library may become superfluous. But all the novels published in cheap form (below two shillings) have been through the bottle-neck at a higher price, and have therefore proved their chances of popularity. The libraries will probably remain until we have publishers who will not issue any books except those which offer a fair speculation at an initial low price. This would have a beneficial effect upon output (as regards the number of new novels), and would also, it is argued, make it extremely difficult for a new author to find a publisher. Perhaps, however, the last state of the new author would not be much worse than the first. Under the present library system he may not have much difficulty in finding a publisher, but he has a great deal in finding a public.

A. G. W.

[We invite discussion upon this interesting subject.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

AGADIR AND AFTER

[CONTRIBUTED]

GERMAN papers are not much read in Britain, though just now they would repay the reading. We learn from them that the expedition organised by the Herren Mannesmann to explore the hinterland has just returned to Agadir with excellent tidings: the Sus country between the two great ranges of the Atlas mountains is a rich country yielding not only milk and honey, but "great mineral deposits of lead, copper, and iron-ore," and something more than traces of a still more precious metal. The expedition has concluded treaties with the various Shaykhs, it is added, who were delighted to welcome the honest Germans and take them, so to speak, to their bosoms, and all goes merry as a marriage-bell. The German papers are not slow to hint that they

have no intention of leaving this rich and kindly country, whatever the French or English may do.

Now before exciting ourselves over this news let us put ourselves in the place of the Germans for a moment and see how the business looks to them. The first argument that suggests itself is an extraordinarily weighty argument: "Here we are," they say, "a nation of nearly seventy millions of people, increasing more rapidly than any nation in Western Europe, doomed to see hundreds of thousands of our children emigrate year after year to build up foreign empires under the American or the English flag. We want colonies for our own children, our place in the sun, and no nation and no combination of nations shall hinder us in our legitimate ambition." Behind this argument is the belief first set forth by Treitschke and other Pan-Teuton Professors that all the riches of England come from her colonies, and the further belief, by no means so ill-founded as the first, that the Germans are the best educated, the most intelligent, the most moral and virtuous race now to be found in the world. Their land-hunger, therefore, should be satisfied—shall be satisfied if mailed fists are any good—and therewith *punctum*; as the German Bursch or Yunker is accustomed to cry—as who should cry—"Enough chatter!"

One might object to all this that the Germans, in spite of their obvious superiority to all other peoples, have not done much with the colonies they already possess. They have land in East Africa—fertile river bottoms, rich uplands, and noble forest domains—enough to support fifty millions of Germans; and yet the colony makes no progress comparable to the progress we poor benighted Britons are making on our side of the imaginary line. Nay, one might even point out that the ablest and most energetic Germans leave German East Africa and come to settle in British East Africa as if in derision of all Pan-Teutonic and God-approved German ambitions. Such an attraction have liberty and do-as-you-please over martial ordinances and military regulations. But such empirical reasons only anger the honest Germans; East Africa is tropical, they assert, forgetting the temperate plateau of the hinterland; we want a colony like Agadir, they say—and at the back of their minds is the belief that Agadir will be a thorn in the side of England, and, in case of war, a German outpost which, well fortified, might give them a real advantage in the desperate struggle they all feel is sure to come. This belief of theirs is now beyond dispute; why else have they already built up a Fleet which, in proportion to their sea-borne commerce, is more than twice as strong as ours?

It behoves us, then, to take stock of the situation very coolly, and to consider in calm earnest what a German Agadir will mean to us in case of war with Germany, and how the German occupation of Agadir should best be met.

First of all, Agadir and the great Sus Valley behind it is eminently suited to colonisation by Europeans. All travellers and explorers assert, too, that the foot-hills of the Atlas are rich in minerals, and even if the Germans prove incapable here, as in East Africa, of utilising these natural advantages, Agadir itself is the natural port of a rich country, and can easily by means of a mole be turned into an excellent harbour.

The place lends itself still more easily to fortification. As a coaling-station, dockyard, and *place d'armes* for German war-vessels its value in case of war with Britain is clearly beyond computation. It commands many of our great trade-routes; it cuts our road to the Cape, and to India, and Australia; cuts, too, our road to the beef-supplies of the Argentine. Agadir is not wanted by the Germans as a colony; it is looked upon as the robber-baron of the Middle Ages looked upon Ehrenbreitstein or any other castle perched above a river or great trade-route whence he might exact toll from peaceful trading-folk.

It is just as certain as anything can be that we must not

allow the Germans to go on adding ship to ship and advantage to advantage till the moment comes when they may strike with fair prospect of success. For in this duel, as they see and say, we are the vulnerable power: *they have all to gain and little to lose by the struggle, we have all to lose and little to gain*. One defeat on the high seas, and we should be compelled to sue for peace and pay a ransom so extravagant that the German mouth waters at the bare idea. On the other hand, if we destroyed the German Fleet we could still do Germany no damage. It is the old combat over again, they assert, between Rome and Carthage: Rome can build a Fleet as well as Carthage, and once Carthage is beaten on the seas the end of her is in sight—"Carthage, therefore, must be destroyed."

What then should we do? We should simply insist that the Germans leave Agadir, and if they don't go we should send an English cruiser there to safeguard English interests and land Jack Tars if need be. This is the strong, simple, and honest policy, and no one could carry it out better than quiet, courteous, immovable Sir Edward Grey. We must not have the Germans in Agadir commanding our trade-routes to the Cape, to India, and to Australasia. That must not be, or some Conservative orator must begin rousing England with philippics.

MUSIC

WITH the retirement of Mme. Albani from the career during which she has delighted more than a generation of the music-loving in Great Britain and other countries, but more especially in Great Britain, where she made her home, another of the remaining links is broken which bind the present age of song to the past. Mme. Albani has had as honourable a career as any in the line of the great singers, and she has enjoyed, and deserved, a measure of personal affection and respect which can seldom have been exceeded from that class of Englishmen whose fealty is, perhaps, the best worth winning. Queen Victoria was the head of her people, but she was especially the representative of this great class, and by her well-known admiration for Mme. Albani's gifts, not less than by the pleasure which she unmistakably took in her society, she represented its musical tastes with perfect justice. There is a section of society which prefers brilliancy in the temper and talents of an artist to those more solid and enduring qualities which form the base of such a reputation as that of Mme. Albani. It likes its *prime-donne* to be petulant; the heroines of wondrous tales of dazzled monarchs flinging rubies into their ravishing laps; the angels of audacious love-stories; the cruel queens of passion and despair. Great personal beauty has always made great singers absolutely irresistible, and the magnificence with which some have marched through life has helped to place them on the topmost pinnacle of fame.

But the multitude in which the "great heart" of the people is said to reside, the multitude more easily surrenders to a combination of admirable qualities than to the fascination of genius allied to irregularity of conduct. Musical dictionaries and biographies may be searched by those who are desirous to inquire the names of the bewitching sirens to whom allusion is here made. We shall give no hint as to their identity. But we have no hesitation in affirming that in the opposite ranks—the ranks of singers who were acclaimed as Queens of Song, *hors concours*, because to their distinguished gifts as vocalists they added dignity, propriety, and the lofty aim of the true artist—the name of Albani may be added to those of Jenny Lind, Clara Novello, and Thérèse Tietjens. If kings ever caressed these ladies, it

was under the watchful eye of Virtue, and with their consorts in presence. A Bishop laid his mitre at the feet of Mlle. Lind, and all applauded the action save a few wretched tea-table gossips in the episcopal city. A lady, known in history as sister to one who bore one of the greatest names in English literature, used to show to her friends a locket which never left her neck; it contained two portraits—on this side the Madonna, on that Thérèse Tietjens—"Greatest among women," she was wont to cry, as she snapped the spring. Many of us have lately read in Mme. Novello's lively pages about the great and legitimate honours won by her gifts and her character, and it is within the knowledge of the youngest of us that Mme. Albani has lifted many a scone to her lips from the tartan tea-cloth at Balmoral, while the doors of every palace and deanery from Barchester to Christminster have surely opened wide to let her in.

The story we like best of those which recount the enslavement of intoxicated princes to the whims of the *prime-donne* of the past is that which tells how my Lord Chesterfield sent an express of four horses from Bretby to London to fetch a bottle of Bordeaux of the brand loved best by Mme. Catalani when that goddess made a *moue* at the nectar offered by her host. Such deeds of courtesy are not common in this ruder age. They belonged to the nineteenth century, especially to its earlier years, when goddesses were goddesses and gentlemen were gentlemen. Last year the polite young King of Portugal telegraphed to Scotland for grouse to be brought to Cinton by the hand of a special messenger, the better to entertain the Ambassador who came to announce the accession of King George, it being the month of August. But even this delicate action cannot rival the coach and four from Bretby, and more attention, we fear, is like to be paid nowadays to an Ambassador or some great man than to a hard-working *prima-donna*. We might, indeed, imagine Mr. Carnegie sending to Edinburgh for some rare snuff, to come by post, for a librarian, but would he send an express to Montreuil for a peach for Mme. Melba? Young Trotter of the Fencibles may still occasionally ruin himself over some fair dancer from the musical comedy stage, though that is commoner among his kind in France or Italy; but the age when the supreme mistresses of song could mould the nobility of England as a potter moulds his clay, that brilliant day is done, and the age of common sense as regards the *prima-donna* is arrived. We criticise the *prima-donna* now instead of asking to be allowed to kiss her slipper. We admit that she dresses well, but there is something to be desired about her middle register; her high notes are exquisitely fluty, but the shawl she wore in the "Traviata" was impossible; her passion as Isolde was thrilling, but what a bad arm she has, and why is she always waving it about? This one is as feline as she is serpentine in "Salome," but she does not understand the proper curvature of Strauss's music in the least; that one warbles Juliet delightfully; but then she does not act, and as regards age were more fit to play the Nurse!

It was not so in younger days, even at so late a date as that summer when dear little Emma Albani first drew all the town to hear her fresh carolling in "Somnambula" at Covent Garden. These *houris* of the opera were all Fotheringays to the musical Pendennises. A few grumblers, like old Edward Fitzgerald, there must always have been, but the good sense of the majority looked at the pretty face and the slim figure, and the graceful ways, and listened to the enchanting nightingale or lark (Tietjens was like a thrush), without cavilling at this or that note, or the colour of the gown. In one way the change of attitude towards the efforts of the *prima-donna* is noteworthy, for, compared with the last century, the trees of music are but thinly peopled by the more glorious-voiced birds, and it might have been thought that the listeners below would have crowded in

ecstasy, with no mind for depreciating, when they get the chance of hearing the rarer warblers. Are we cleverer in music than our fathers, or only more conceited and censorious? When Mme. Albani first appeared (we remember it well, though our age was yet tender, as well as Charles Lamb remembered Mrs. Blend in "Artaxerxes"), what a choir of singers there was! such a choir as the later generation can form no conception of. Patti, Christine Nilsson, Tietjens, Pauline Lucca, Trebelli, Scalchi, Ilma di Murzka, Sherrington, darling little Zaré Thalberg, all in London at the same moment; and if you went abroad there were great Krauss in Paris, and Materna and Thérèse Matten and others in Germany. What would the youngsters not think of such singers now, could one of them return, or an equal successor arrive? Yet did Albani take her place at once among these divinities, in right of her beautiful voice and unaffected charm. Later she undertook oratorio and succeeded immediately to the seat shared by Tietjens and Sherrington. Now it was that she began to take that firm grip of the heart of that Great Middle Class to which we began by alluding. But as her photograph came to decorate the chimney-piece of every parsonage drawing-room in England, so it began to disappear from the piano-tail of the Covent Garden stallholder. It is only the middle-aged who remember Mme. Albani as the operatic star, the Isolde and Eva to Jean de Reszké's Tristan and Walther, the Desdemona to Tamagno's Othello. Ah! those were days when the joys of the preceding decade were sustained by those unforgettable evenings, and, though it is not necessary to claim for Mme. Albani a place so high as that occupied by Jenny Lind, there were not a few good judges who regretted her change from the stage to the platform even as, thirty years previously, sighs had gone up when the Swedish lady set the example which the Canadian followed.

The future of both opera and oratorio in Great Britain is uncertain. Opera seems more likely to survive, but if it does, we may predict without much fear that its *prime-donne* will never again enjoy those special seats of the mighty, encrusted with jewels, and with a faldstool in front, which once were theirs. The party which prefers excellence of *ensemble* and regard for detail to the outstanding enchantment of one particular singer is growing in influence. The *chef d'orchestre* of to-day, and the musical manager, have no inclination to submit to the whims of a soprano. Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Percy Pitt would quickly show a *prima-donna* her place if she sought to impose her will upon them. We are sure that Mme. Albani never descended from the reasonable dignity of her position to set an intrigue on foot or add to the troubles of an impresario. She leaves behind her an unsullied reputation as a great singer and a good woman, one who thought of her art before herself, and ever studied that she might be the minister of music as a divine agency to the millions of honest hearts which it was her business and her delight to elevate and to charm.

THE MAGAZINES

WITH its present number the *Hibbert Journal* opens its tenth volume, and our congratulations are offered to our contemporary in very cordial terms. There have been few successes in journalism during the last ten years quite so remarkable as this of the *Hibbert Journal*. When one regards the nature of the articles it habitually offers, and the sometimes quite appalling technical aspect of them, the assumption would have been that such a journal was foredoomed to failure. Yet here it is, successful as few things have been, and with a success that increases steadily. While proffering our congratulations to Messrs. Williams and Norgate, the pub-

lishers, and to Mr. Jacks, the editor, we would include as a matter of special mention the contents of this present number. We are not at all desirous of seeming to be worshippers of mere names; but there are certain persons in literature who inevitably connote distinction of thought. And when a review contains, among others, such articles as "Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt," by Mr. Balfour; "Life and Consciousness," by Henri Bergson; "The Christian Mystery," by Loisy; "Greek and Christian Piety at the End of the Third Century," by Adolf Harnack; "The Apocalyptic Element in the Gospels," by Professor Sanday; "Is There One Science of Nature?" by Professor J. Arthur Thomson; and "Revelation and Bible," by Principal Forsyth—the mere mention of names and subjects is complete and conclusive.

Naturally the article that ranks chiefly is that by Mr. Balfour. There are politicians who would contend that Mr. Balfour is a mistake in the political field. There are also those who arrive at this same conclusion, and, with philosophic majesty moving in their veins, feel contempt for the basenesses inalienable from politics. Therefore to read Mr. Balfour in analysis of M. Bergson is stimulating. Some passages in this present article define the Bergsonian system, and place some of the leading matters that it lies to the responsibility of its author yet to resolve, as succinctly and as simply as any short study that we remember having read. M. Bergson's own contribution to the number is his lecture delivered at the University of Birmingham in May of this year. The other articles are, in their way, not less interesting, particularly that by Professor Thomson.

In the pages of the *Quest* there is almost the same surety of good things, though of an even yet rarer order, as in the *Hibbert Journal*. Mr. Conybeare has a detailed examination of the great Manichaean heresy in an article which he entitles "The Religion of Mani." Mr. H. A. Dallas, in his article "The Trend of Psychical Research," passes in review a number of instances of psychic agency of profound interest. It is one of the most extraordinary evidences of the restricting influences of modern—or rather, a nineteenth-century, and rapidly passing—science that well-established instances such as these should be refused a hearing. One may well consider many of such "supernatural solicitings" as an illicit intercourse; but that is quite another matter to scoffing at them. One of the most interesting articles from the literary point of view is that by Mr. Wicksteed on "The So-called 'Madness' of William Blake," which takes as its text some of the remarks by Mr. Chesterton in his recent book on Blake. And, speaking of Mr. Chesterton, there is an article by him in the little monthly, *The Open Road*, on "The Dulness of New Religions," which is worth reading, though we have read better things from the same pen.

In the *Fortnightly Review* we have the usual scissors-and-paste contributions by Messrs. Francis Gribble and Walter Sichel. Their ingenuity in finding subjects is certainly rather remarkable. Yet these are only the framework into which a good deal of much more interesting matter is fitted. Foremost among these is an article—the first, apparently, of a series on the same subject—on "Death," by Maurice Maeterlinck, who, by the way, we understand, is this year to receive the Nobel prize for literature. Beginning with a quotation from Marie Leneru, he proceeds to examine the nature of Death, and in the course of his study he, somewhat artificially, we think, yet perhaps for salutary reasons, disengages death from its frequent concomitants of suffering and terror. It is excellent to see him insisting, as all minds have found cause to insist, on the impossibility of personal annihilation. The late Universal Races Congress has stirred Lord Avebury into an article on "International Problems," which very largely resolves itself into an examination

of the publication of the "Papers on Inter-racial Problems communicated to the First Universal Races Congress, held at the University of London, in July, 1911, edited by Dr. G. Spiller;" in his examination he maintains a very detached attitude. Probably, however, the chief interest will centre in Vernon Lee's article, "M. Sorel and the 'Syndicalist Myth.'" It deserves careful and intelligent perusal. Syndicalism is now actively invading England, and so is becoming a factor in social economy that cannot be neglected. But in England it is taking its own and independent forms. Indeed, it is clear from Vernon Lee's article that M. Sorel would somewhat emphatically deny that it was Syndicalism at all, although it is obvious that it dates from that source of thinking. Even as Socialism in England took the form of Fabianism, so the English Trade Unionist is endeavouring to translate—or rather subconsciously and without endeavour is translating—Syndicalism pragmatically. And it is not till one has read M. Sorel himself, or, failing that, this interpretation of him and his philosophy, that it is possible to realise how separate and distinct a thing it is.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the article that we naturally turned first to was by Miss Emily Hickley, boldly entitled "Glorious Robert Browning." It is a simple article, with neither distinction of style nor matter; yet its subject and the writer's enthusiasm lift it in a degree of interest that does not actually lie in its own capability. She declares: "It is not a very uncommon thing to hear cultured men and women say, 'Browning is the only poet I care for';" and how true this is may be proved by any one who cares to make inquiry. But the fact conveys a very salutary check to those who, in the face of all example, continue to demand of poetry that it be simply pellucid and obvious. "When Florence was the Capital," by Lady Paget, makes interesting reading; but a profoundly engaging article, perhaps the best in the magazine, is by Captain Mark Kerr, entitled "How Nelson's Memorandum was Carried Out at Trafalgar." It is illustrated with plans. On the same lines Dr. Fitchett has an article in the *Cornhill*, entitled "Waterloo as Napoleon Saw It," which picks out some of the salient features very deftly. In the same magazine Mr. A. J. C. Benson writes of Matthew Arnold in an article that adds nothing to our knowledge.

In *Blackwood's*, Miss G. L. Bell, of "Amurath to Amurath" fame, sheds a necessary and authoritative light on the present condition of Asiatic Turkey, under the heading, "Asiatic Turkey under the Constitution," and Moira O'Neill writes of "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson." It is not often that one may discover a literary article in *Mind* though in a sense it is true that most of the articles are that. But "Aristophanes and Socrates," by Mr. Petrie, is decidedly of that colour, and deeply interesting withal. So also is Mr. Mackenzie on the relations of "Mind and Body."

SOME INDIAN REVIEWS

"THE MOSLEM WORLD"

THE *Moslem World*, the quarterly review issued by the Christian Literary Society for India, represents the highest modern thought of Missions to Mohammedanism, and the October number is, as usual, replete with articles which even the Bishop of London, who has lately enunciated his opinions on Islam, might study to increase his knowledge. Professor Buhl, of Copenhagen, writes on "The Character of Mohammed as a Prophet," a subject that has attracted many inquirers, and will occupy many more. It is a historic problem, as the editor says, concerning which there have

been many conjectures and opinions. The system of Islam is based, he writes, not only upon the Koran, which, to Moslems, consists of the verbal revelation of God's will, but upon Tradition, which is the revelation of God's will for man by the example of the perfect prophet. Tradition interprets the Koran, and not the Koran Tradition; but religious and political factions are not above inventing traditions for party purposes. The apotheosis of Mohammed, based on later tradition, and giving him an almost divine character, compels all Moslems to defend every episode in his life, or to eliminate and ignore those of which they are ashamed. In the Koran and the earliest sources Mohammed is thoroughly human and liable to error. In a paper entitled "Islam not a Stepping-stone Towards Christianity," the antagonism between the two faiths is clearly demonstrated. "Islam has much to offer to the pagan, whose superstitions and heathenism have made him a slave to darkness, and a ready captive to lust." The difficulty experienced in India in converting Mohammedans to Islam is proverbial. "The Doctrine of the Unity in Trinity" is another paper, offered as a reply to Mohammedan objections, and an essay in Philosophic Apology. "A General Survey of the Moslem World," which formed the opening address of the Lucknow Conference, and is here reproduced, is an article of wide range, and valuable in several respects—statistical, political, social, and intellectual movements. The estimates of the total number of Mohammedans in the world vary between 175 and 260 millions, of whom ninety-five millions are under British rule (including sixty-three millions in India), whereas less than thirty-eight millions live under Moslem rule. In singling out the factors of the problem of Islam for each country the editor claims for India the opportunity to reach Islam. The reviews, notes on present-day movements, literature, and current topics are up to date, and most useful. This number completes the first annual volume, which all missionaries and many others will be glad to possess as containing a mine of information.

"THE HINDUSTAN REVIEW"

In the *Hindustan Review* for September, the article on "Energism in the Orient," by Professor Paul Reinsch, bears fresh testimony to the awakening of new national forces, and a great stirring of social life, not only in India, where Hinduism is becoming aggressive, but also in peaceful China, the land of non-assertion, which is fast becoming military; while the ideal of national energy, efficiency, and strength expresses itself in all public utterances. The literary evangel of the new national faith is found in the writings of Wang Yang Ming, the Chinese soldier-philosopher. A rejoinder by an Indian civilian to a previous article by Mr. Gokhale appears to admit the correctness of the four requisites of improved relations on an enduring basis between Europeans and Indians which that gentleman advanced. There ought, therefore, to be no difficulty in arriving at practical results. The article "Wanted: a New Policy in Egypt," by "An Egyptian," might be commended to Lord Kitchener for perusal. He would doubtless know how to treat it, and the writer (at present anonymous). "As an Indian Sees America," by Saint Nihal Singh, is as incisive and amusing as his papers often are. His observations are curious and minute. At a theatre he took out his watch and noted the duration of a kiss in a particular scene. He timed it as lasting four minutes and thirty-five seconds. If he ever returns to America one would like to hear how he is received. How can he know that "The American tosses and turns in his bed—restless; or, if he sleeps, his rest is disturbed with horrible dreams"? This is rather poor stuff. A long article on the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" appears rather late in the day. We lately called attention to the delay in this journal in the notices of books. This has to some extent

been remedied. The "Topics of the Day" and "Criticism, Discourses, and Comments" afford glimpses of the Indian mind—to those who have time to read them.

"THE COLLEGIAN"

We have received the first number of *The Collegian*, "an All-Indian Journal of University and Technical Education," published in Calcutta on October 1st, to be continued fortnightly. Its avowed purpose is to furnish systematically the educational news of India, especially of the Indian Universities and higher education in general. The Editor designates it "a higher Education Gazette of India." It is intended also to be an organ of the student and the teaching community of India, and to contain articles and contributions from eminent specialists on education; it is also to publish selections from educational, literary, and scientific periodicals. The journal is well arranged under different headings—the Universities, Government Educational News, Colleges, Technical Education, &c. It gives notices of many educational matters of Indian local interest, and will be a convenient record of occurrences in the educational world of India.

Out of India the journal will be useful as showing in a compact form what is happening in education in that country, besides the tendencies of educational progress, reform, thought, and influence. Several interesting matters may be gleaned from this number. The Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University stated in a speech that Indian Universities are anxious to act as centres of stability, moral, social, and political; that they view it as a supreme duty to strengthen the bond which connects India and Great Britain. The extension of the Presidency College to accommodate Physical and Biological Departments and provide spacious laboratories will remove an old reproach. As the Mohammedans are establishing a separate Moslem University, so the Hindus are making great efforts to organise a Hindu University, to be erected at Benares, not only to teach Hindu and Sanskrit subjects, but also to promote general education and "the building up of character in youth by making religion and ethics an integral part of education." It is not stated whether the Government have allowed the project. The most welcome information is the account of the opening of the Bengal Government Agricultural College, near one of the principal country towns in a healthy locality. Its object is the dissemination of agricultural knowledge throughout the country, in the hope that the students issuing from the College will take to agriculture. They are to be eligible for service only in the Agricultural Department: there is already an indication of a desire to utilise it for admission into the higher Government service. Some variety is afforded by a paper on monastic education in Ceylon; and plenty of food for thought is provided in a disquisition on "The Philosophy of Religion," a stiff subject! The first number shows considerable promise, and is acceptable for the reasons above given.

THE BREWERS' EXHIBITION

A VISIT to the Brewers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall is calculated to open the eyes of the outsider who imagines that the brewing of sparkling ale is a rather elementary matter. From the wonderful machine that can wash 3,400 bottles per hour (shown by Messrs. Wannbacher), at one end of the Hall, to the enormous 800 barrel brewing-copper of Messrs. Ramsden and Son, at the other, modern science and chemistry of the most advanced description are called into operation. The whole area is a maze of complicated machinery, a revel of steel and brass beings, we had almost called them, alive with motion and performing actions that

seem full of intelligence. Take, for instance, the amazing apparatus for putting labels on bottles, shown by the Purdy American Machinery Company. In a most uncanny fashion steel arms and fingers seize the label, lift the bottle, place the label in position, and stick it on with a final pat and caress—all in a second or two. Another machine at the same stand affixes capsules as quickly as the operator can feed it; with a couple of affectionate squeezes—an india-rubber embrace as it were—the capsule is forced tightly round the neck of the bottle, and directly the bottle is removed the machine stops dead. It is as though the instant the extraordinary thing caught a glimpse of its prey its jaws opened to devour.

Further along the Hall is the famous Pontifex chilling plant, with a capacity of 100 barrels a day: and when we remember that one barrel equals twenty-four dozen imperial pints the utility becomes obvious. The largest carbonating copper ever made is on exhibition—a formidable-looking affair for its kindly office, which is merely to suffuse the liquid with that sparkle and lightness so desirable and refreshing. Huge malt mills are displayed by the Seck Engineering Company, in action, and many quieter exhibits—such as the charming heather-adorned stand of the British Syphon Manufacturing Company—vary the attractions of the Hall.

And all this immense accumulation of ingenuity, this application of the latest discoveries in mechanics, in science, in chemistry, to cater for the thirst of the normal Briton! "He that can master his thirst is master of his health," says the French proverb; it certainly seems that with marvellously little trouble and expenditure, considering the thousands of pounds which these brewing plants represent, the most exigent craving of all might easily be mastered—even that "somewhere east of Suez" thirst of which Kipling sings. And if we are not yet experts in the art of concocting those weird drinks with unholy names which the modern Yankee is supposed to delight in—those throat-ticklers, bosom-caressers, and sudden deaths—we can at any rate make a good show on this side of the Atlantic with "refreshers" that are perhaps not quite as flamboyant, but are certainly more healthy and natural.

NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Our poets have been at work. This is good. We reviewed a volume by Lord Alfred Douglas last week. We have now to welcome a collection of the works of "The" Poet, as Mr. Alfred Trench is called by a select circle of admiring ladies. It is amazing, when we come to think of it, how congenial to writing of poetry is the atmosphere of a Government office. Mr. Trench was for many years one of the Examiners of the Board of Education, just as Mr. Austin Dobson is the bright particular star of the Board of Trade. At one time Mr. Dobson twinkled in the same murky firmament as did Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. It is not generally known that the late W. S. Gilbert wrote many of his "Bab Ballads" on paper headed with the Board of Education stamp. He sat as a temporary clerk in a large, unmistakably airy room overlooking Whitehall with red tape, both metaphorical and actual, all about him. Men in such places as Government offices must be driven to poetry as a relief. They employ it as a safety-valve. "The Forest of Wild Thyme," by Mr. Alfred Noyes, published by Blackwood and Co., is particularly welcome. We look forward to the day, not far distant, when we shall have in our hands the amazing and versatile Mr. G. K. Chesterton's collected verses. If half a dozen of them are as fine and

ringing as his poem called "Lepanto," which appeared in last week's *Eye-Witness*, it will be a well-thumbed book.

In Blackwood and Co.'s particularly interesting list we are glad to find novels by Mr. Ian Hay, whose "Pip" was excellent, Mr. L. Cope Cornford, who has a dozen stirring stories to his credit, Mr. Arthur Brebner, who belongs to the Stevenson school, Mr. E. Douglas Hume, and Miss Edith Sinclair. Mr. Brebner's title, "Patches and Pomander," is charming, and suggests high-heel shoes and sedan-chairs and link-boys and all the other appurtenances of the days of our Stuart Kings.

Appropriately enough, Mr. John Murray publishes "The Navy League Annual" on Trafalgar Day, and a very valuable and unique volume it will be found. The editor Mr. Alan Burgoyne, M.P., has not only included a complete record of naval progress during the past year at home and abroad and much information of the very latest ship designs obtainable in no other text-book, but full descriptions and plans of the newest Dreadnoughts and battleship-cruisers, protected cruisers, scouts, destroyers, and submarines. There will be also articles by Mr. Maurice Prendergast on "The Evolution of Ship Types," Mr. Charles Bright on "Imperial and Strategic Telegraphy," Mr. Frank W. B. Hambling on "The Aeroplane in Naval Warfare," and Commander Caius Crutchley, R.N.R., on "The Menace of Armed Merchantmen." Mr. E. B. Eyres-Monsell, R.N., M.P., writes on "The Declaration of London," Monsieur T. B. Gautreau on "French Naval Development," and the Hon. Gerard Fiennes on "Sensitive Points in British Sea Power;" while "The Future of Russia in the Mediterranean" is by Nicholas Portugaloff. Mr. Burgoyne is doing splendid work year after year by the compilation of this annual, and his own contributions on "Comparative Naval Strength" and "The Evolution of the Dreadnought Type" will be well worth studying.

"Partridges and Partridge Manors," by Captain Aymer Maxwell, who is, we believe, a son of Sir Herbert Maxwell (illustrations by Mr. George Rankin), is announced by A. and C. Black. To landowners and sportsmen there are few subjects more interesting than the economic value of partridge manors, the natural history and life of the partridge, the gradual evolution of modern methods of preservation, and the work of the gamekeeper throughout the year. Captain Maxwell goes fully into the tactics of driving and the ways of shooting the partridge. He further includes in his book a series of notes on preservation and management, written by many authorities from all parts of the country, which will form a very valuable summary of how shootings are managed under widely different conditions.

From A. and C. Black we recently received Mr. C. Lewis Hind's "The Consolations of a Critic," a sequel to his "Education of an Artist." "Claude Williamson Black" therefore reappears; no doubt to the secret satisfaction of all the artists who have already made his acquaintance he renounces writing for painting, his first love. A book of very great interest to all lovers of winter sports in the Alps is Mr. Reginald Clever's "A Winter Sport Book," which will contain a number of his best drawings. The Head Master of Eton has supplied an Introduction. It will be a new experience for a Head Master to be criticised. We have no doubt that we shall be able to give him high marks.

Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly has chosen a new and curiously fascinating subject for his new book. Turning from Emile Zola, who was something of an anarchist in literature, he has utilised his observation during forty years of journalism of the revolutionary movements of political sects at home and abroad, and written a book called "The Anarchists: their Record and their Creed." It goes without saying that he has dealt largely with the teaching and efforts of Michael Bakunin, the Father of Anarchism. The deeds—

the horrible deeds—are set down of all militant anarchists with historical precision, relieved by vivid anecdotal touches based on the author's personal recollections of one or other victim or assassin. Mr. John Lane is the publisher. From Mr. Lane we are to have a new novel by Mr. Arthur H. Adams, called "A Touch of Fantasy," a romance for those who are lucky enough to wear glasses. The title is a little suggestive of Mr. J. M. Barrie; but those who remember this author's "Galahad Jones," in which the podgy bank clerk was suddenly smitten with the forty feeling on his seaside holiday, will know that Mr. Adams belongs to no school.

How Mr. Hilaire Belloc finds time to write books is one of the great mysteries of the world. Not content with editing a weekly journal, much of which he appears to write himself, and all the rest of which he obviously inspires, he delivers addresses, sings his own songs, and argues for hours with Mr. Chesterton, and plays a fair game of billiards and writes poems. Nevertheless, he has added to his ever-lengthening list of printed volumes one called "British Battles"—the first of a series. He takes some of our famous battles, beginning with Blenheim, and treats them in monograph form, with maps, adding the political circumstances which led up to each one. They are to be published by Stephen Swift and Co., whose list becomes more and more stimulating.

Mr. H. H. Penrose's new novel deals with the difficulties of a young wife during the absence of her husband on foreign service, a subject which requires a tactful as well as a brave and sympathetic pen. The book is called "A Sheltered Woman," so we trust that, whatever may be the difficulties of other young wives in such circumstances, they do not put her to any great perturbation. Alston Rivers and Co. are the publishers.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS TROUBLED CHINA

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE situation in China is critical. At the time of writing it is impossible to predict with any degree of certitude what will happen in the future. Communications are interrupted, and so far no account worthy of being called a narrative of the events that led up to the revolution, or of those now taking place, has been received. It is known, however, that the insurrection is proceeding on a scale far greater than that of any previous rising in China of a similar nature; that the rebels are exhibiting a wise and far-seeing policy in doing all in their power to protect foreign residents and interests; that the widespread disaffection of the Army has given them military support; and that in consequence of the capture of the Hangyang arsenal they are for the moment well equipped with arms and ammunition. Nevertheless, it is still a long and hazardous march to Peking, and apparently the Imperial authorities hold the seven hundred miles of railway between Hankow, where the main forces of the revolutionaries appear to be now concentrated, and the capital. The recall of Yuan Shih-kai and his acceptance of high office is a dramatic development in the situation. Hitherto Yuan, in spite of tempting offers, has persistently refrained from lending his powerful aid to a distressful Government. Doubtless he anticipated that the time would come when the state of China would demand his return on terms he could himself lay down, and events have proved that he has not erred in his judgment. Whether he succeeds or not in the stupendous task which he has undertaken solely depends

upon the loyalty of the troops at his disposal. It cannot be denied that the prestige of his name and personality will go a long way towards stemming disloyalty; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that he has been more than a year away from the scene of action, that from end to end the land is weary of Manchu tyranny and ripe for revolution, and that the rebels have already achieved substantial successes. Yuan is an ambitious man. Indeed, it was largely on account of fear of his growing power that the Government decided upon so drastic a measure as his summary dismissal from office. If he suppresses the revolution then it is not unlikely that he will relegate the Regency to the background and constitute himself Dictator of the Realm. In that event his record as an enlightened reformer promises well. But the question naturally arises as to whether Yuan the Dictator would be as progressive as Yuan the ambitious statesman intriguing for power and place?

YUAN SHIH-KAI.

Yuan Shih-kai was not of aristocratic origin, a fact which goes to show that conservative China has learnt the lesson of true democracy. We first hear of him as occupying the important post of Director-General of Trade and International Relations in Korea at a time when the disagreement arose between his country and Japan concerning their respective rights in the Peninsular Kingdom. This disagreement, it will be remembered, culminated in the China-Japanese war. But it is to the year 1898 that we must turn in order to find his real advent into the political destinies of his country, for it was then that he was placed in command of an army corps in the metropolitan province of Chih-li. Kuang Hsu, almost entirely under the sway of the Empress-Dowager, made a gallant effort to assert the Imperial authority. He summoned round him men who held advanced views, chief among whom was Kang Yu-wei—the "Modern Sage," as he was known to his countrymen. Under the influence of this truly remarkable man the young Emperor issued a series of edicts which, had they been promulgated, would have revolutionised the national polity. A Court, cleavage was the immediate result, and the Emperor, fearing active opposition from his Imperial aunt, who was, of course, supported by the whole of the reactionary party, sent orders to General Yuan Shih-kai to concentrate his forces in and around the capital. For reasons which to this day form the subject of argument, Yuan Shih-kai, disregarding these orders, revealed the Emperor's plans to the Empress, who promptly effected the famous *coup d'état* which gave her the supreme power, and reduced her well-meaning nephew to the position of a puppet.

During the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 Yuan Shih-kai again distinguished himself. At the time the province of Shantung, where the trouble originated, was governed by the notorious Yu-hsien, a Manchu of the worst reactionary type. His policy has led to the slaughter of large numbers of native Christians, and when eventually a foreign missionary was done to death by the Boxers, the diplomatic body in Peking insisted upon the withdrawal and degradation of Yu-hsien and the substitution of a more enlightened man. Although his degradation was not carried into effect, he was forthwith removed, and Yuan Shih-kai, probably as a reward for his action during the *coup d'état*, succeeded to the post. A piquant illustration of the manner in which the new Governor dealt with the insurrection was given by Mr. Charles Denby, at one time Consul-General for the United States in Shanghai:—

When Yuan (he said) went to Shantung to replace the previous Governor he took his foreign-drilled troops with him. He had had some experience as Chinese Resident in Korea, and he had gained from the China-Japan war some knowledge of the meaning of foreign methods and of the

value to be attached to foreign goodwill. Upon his arrival at the capital of his province he was called upon by a committee of prominent Boxer leaders, who proceeded to explain their doctrines to him, and to impress upon the new Governor their claims to invulnerability. Yuan listened to them with apparent respect, congratulated them upon their supernatural powers, and ended by inviting them to dine with him, and meet some of the notable people of the province. It is needless to say that the Boxers were pleased with the impression they had made, and they promptly accepted the invitation. Before the feast was over Yuan had brought the conversation round to a discussion of the mysterious Boxer powers, and stated that a demonstration of their claims would not only be beneficial to the Boxers themselves, but would set at rest an apparent want of confidence which he had noticed amongst some of the leading people of his province. He then invited the committee to step out on to the parade-ground, where the demonstration would take place. The unfortunate committee were lined up against a wall, notwithstanding their protests, where they found themselves confronted by a squad of foreign-drilled riflemen from the camp at Hsiao-chan. The word "Fire" was given, every member of the committee fell dead, and it is stated that this demonstration of the Boxer claims was a material factor in keeping the province of Shantung in order throughout the remaining period of the uprising.

It must not, however, be supposed that in taking measures to suppress the uprising, which undoubtedly enjoyed Imperial sanction, Yuan Shih-kai alienated the Imperial favour. Herein he showed his astuteness. When the Empress-Dowager and the Court forsook the Forbidden City and fled before the allied forces of the Powers, Yuan Shih-kai succeeded in establishing communication with the Imperial fugitives and in supplying them with much-needed funds. That his attitude on this occasion had merited the highest approval was shown subsequently when, in 1901, he was appointed Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chih-li. It was during his official residence in the Viceregal Yamen at Tientsin that a friend of mine met this great administrator:—

The occasion (my friend described) was the first reception which he had given to Europeans. Although we were a limited number of guests, there were not a sufficient number of carriages in the town to convey us to the Yamen. Consequently, while some went in 'ricshas, not a few cycled and walked. The route from the foreign settlement lay along a well-lighted and broad bund by the side of the winding Peiho. At intervals of every few yards gendarmes were stationed, and as we passed by, with true Chinese courtesy, they brought their rifles to the salute. After a drive of nearly two miles we crossed a bridge, and a few moments later reached the Yamen. There was nothing pretentious or palatial about the residence of the Viceroy. On entering the main gateway, a ponderous structure of wood, we were met by a number of attendants, who led us past a guard of honour and through a series of gateways and outer courtyards to the main reception-hall. Here we were received by a mandarin, who conducted us to the audience-chamber in the centre of which, seated on a plain blackwood chair, was the Viceroy. A thick-set, powerful figure of medium height, with a round bullet head from which shone a pair of piercing dark eyes, he gave one the impression of the old type of Chinese warrior rather than of the courtly statesman one is accustomed to meet in official circles in the capital. The Viceroy, although credited with some knowledge of the written language, spoke very little English. Consequently the audience was very brief, and in the case of those who were unable to speak Chinese was limited to a mere hand-shake. At one end of the chamber there was a substantially-built theatre, richly decorated with gilt and gorgeous hangings. During the whole of the reception a play was in progress to the accompaniment of weird Chinese music, the

clashing of cymbals, and the beating of pigskin drums. The Chinese classics and the stirring deeds of Manchu warriors in past ages provided themes for illustration, and the parts of bearded knights and fair maidens were alike taken by youths whose ages ranged from twelve to sixteen. After leaving the audience-chamber we were conducted by mandarins dressed in richly coloured silks and wearing peacock feathers in their hats to another room, where the scene was in strange contrast to that which we had just left. Here from two long tables lavish hospitality was dispensed in European style. Subsequently in a terraced garden where pagodas loomed against the sky and quaint stone bridges cast their shadows on a lake silvered by the moonlight we witnessed a display of fireworks and listened to the melodies of the West as interpreted by a band of uniformed Chinese musicians, a band which was originally in the service of Li Hung-chang.

Many and far-reaching were the reforms instituted by Yuan Shih-kai during his residence in Tientsin as Viceroy of Chih-li, and his progressive influence gained rapidly in the capital itself. He established Universities at Tientsin and Pao-ting Fu, and engaged staffs of foreign teachers to fill the more responsible positions. In the former city he thoroughly reorganised the municipal government, and was directly responsible for such modern innovations as electric lighting, electric trams, waterworks, and sanitation. But it was not alone in the domain of civil reform than Yuan Shih-kai proved himself to be so capable an administrator, for he also established an enduring reputation as an efficient military commander and organiser. Under penalty of severe punishment he forbade his soldiers to smoke opium, thus improving their physique and morale; while by remitting their pay regularly, instead of transferring it to his own pocket—a time-honoured custom in China—he ensured their efficiency and loyalty. That he possessed an enlightened appreciation of the necessity for thoroughness, and, in this respect, a wholesome sensitiveness to foreign criticism, was shown during the autumn manoeuvres held at Ho-chien Fu in 1905, when he issued the following characteristic order to his troops:—

The degree of skill and completeness of each regiment will be recorded and preserved by the Board of War, and published to the world, and according to your forthcoming performances, will be the object of other nations' admiration or contempt. Let not these foreigners have occasion to laugh at us, or despise us for lack of military capacity. Do not you soldiers be the cause of your Government uselessly spending the immense sums necessitated by these manoeuvres. Any regiment or military unit making a spectacle of itself or causing the foreigners to laugh at them, will be severely punished, and the officers degraded. Take note of my instructions, and let them be carefully obeyed.

Yuan Shih-kai retained his Viceregal post in the metropolitan province until September, 1908, when he was summoned to the capital and appointed a member of the Grand Council and of the Foreign Office. During the term of his Viceroyalty Yuan Shih-kai, as the principal adviser to the Empress, was faced with the arduous task of endeavouring to reconcile the conflicting demands of the two great parties in the land. On the one hand he had to deal with the greed, the prejudice, and the corruption of the official reactionary party, opposed as it was to any policy of progress, and on the other he had to keep in check and at the same time to placate the ambitions of the Young China party—ambitions the real end and aim of which were the overthrow of the dynasty. It is little wonder therefore that when he was called to the capital he became immediately the object of sinister intrigue. In spite of all opposing influences, however, he succeeded in maintaining his ascendancy in the Councils of the State until the early part of 1909, when, at

one stroke, as it were, death removed from the scene his Imperial mistress and her hapless nephew.

The Regent had not long assumed the reins of government when the long and persevering machinations of the Manchu reactionaries culminated in the downfall of Yuan Shih-kai. Since that momentous event, although new forms have been instituted, little real progress has been made in the methods of the Administration. In this respect the following extract from an article which I contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* as far back as March, 1910 faithfully depicts the position of affairs as it exists to-day:—

So long, however, as bribery and corruption prevail in the central Administration in Peking, it is clear that no attempt at serious reform can succeed. Meanwhile, the younger generation is rapidly acquiring enlightened views, and with this knowledge has come a widespread and genuine interest in the welfare of the nation. Whether or not the so-called progressive spirit that is undoubtedly manifesting itself among the masses will be directed along the lines of wisdom, or whether it will seek, while still condemning the incompetence and dishonesty of the Central Government, to lay the burden of the blame for the ills that afflict the land indiscriminately upon the shoulders of all foreigners, is a matter for deep concern. More than one authority acquainted with the situation has ventured to predict that the near future holds many disturbing elements, and are anxious lest these disturbing elements should manifest themselves in a revolt against the dynasty, a revolt, moreover, that might conceivably involve outbreaks of an anti-foreign nature. The jealousy of the Powers renders to-day as hopeless as ever any prospect of an international agreement that would save the situation. Great Britain, if she does not frankly subscribe to the policy of Japan, gives at least tacit support to that policy by her diplomatic silence. In spite of her reverses in the late war, Russia is still powerful in the north, and by building the Amur Railway is paving the way for a further increase of her prestige, if not of her possessions, in the Far East. The United States alone has raised her voice in favour of the maintenance of the Open Door policy in Manchuria, and all her preparations go to show that she is determined that this voice shall not be heard in vain. Sufficient has been written to show that the passing of Yuan Shih-kai from the scene at a time when China was in one of the most critical periods of her history has been followed by grave consequences, the ultimate end of which no man can foresee. Rumour has ascribed to the Regent an eager desire for the recall of the great statesman, but so far he has not been induced to emerge from retirement. For the past decade China has been in a state of slow transition. Wars, disturbances, and famine have clouded her reason, and men have risen and fallen. In a land where the ways of diplomacy are devious, it is not saying too much that Yuan Shih-hai the fallen of yesterday may be the uplifted of to-day.

MOTORING

It will be welcome news to motorists that at last there is to be a serious effort made by the Automobile Association and Motor Union to improve hotel arrangements where motorists are concerned. As is generally known, for several years every town of any importance in the country has contained hotels which have been dignified by official "appointments" from one or other of the big motoring organisations, but it is to be feared that such appointments have in many cases been conferred in a somewhat haphazard manner. However that may be, complaints from motorists of inattention, inadequate accommodation, and excessive charges at these establishments have been so frequent that the committee of the A.A. and M.U. have determined to at once institute a vigorous

A NEW FACTOR IN MOTORING.

The best is generally good enough for most people; but generally most people are lamentably unsuccessful in getting the best. How, for example, may the motorist get the best tyre? It is the matter of moment to him; but only the costly experiment will answer the question satisfactorily.

If he could exhaustively test every tyre on the market until the best had been determined; if his years of experience and an expert knowledge of rubber and its preparation, had given him ideas for improvement which he could incorporate in that best tyre, and again exhaustively test until he was entirely satisfied with the results, he would be able to claim that he had the best. Is that not so?

Then we have the best tyre because that has been our method. With entire liberty of choice we made our selection, incorporated our ideas, entered into a binding contract with the manufacturers (a firm of the highest reputation and experience), and produced—the **VICTOR TYRE**. Indisputably the **VICTOR TYRE** is the best.

The VICTOR VEST continues its extraordinary successful career. The VICTOR VEST is a new foundation, and a new life, for any old cover. It prevents punctures and bursts, and enables the cover to be run to its last shred of tread. We give a written guarantee that it will save 50 per cent. on normal tyre cost—£5 on every £10 spent on tyres.

These two make a new factor in motoring. With the VICTOR RETREADS (sound covers for unsound free) they make the most effective trio available to the motorist to-day. We shall be glad to prove that.

THE CHALLENGE RUBBER MILLS, EAGLE WHARF ROAD, CITY ROAD, LONDON, N.

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campaign to secure a better order of things, and have voted £1,000 for the purpose. This is intended as a start only, and there will be plenty more money forthcoming should it be required. The Association's record shows that it is not in the habit of taking up a reform without seeing it through, and it is confidently hoped that before long the A.A. and M.U. official appointment of any hotel will be accepted as a genuine guarantee of excellence in such important details as cleanliness, courtesy, and good catering charges.

At the forthcoming Show one interesting feature which has characterised previous exhibitions at Olympia will be conspicuous by its absence—namely, the polished chassis which has hitherto constituted the sole exhibit on the Rolls-Royce stand. In its place will be three complete cars, ready for the road. The reason for this change of programme is that last year the general public had considerable difficulty in getting near enough to the chassis to inspect it, owing to its being constantly surrounded by young motor engineers and students engaged in sketching its salient features. Another departure is that in future Rolls-Royce cars will be distinguished by a series number instead of by the number of the year. This is due to the fact that the design of the engine and chassis undergoes improvements several times in the course of the twelve months, so that such descriptions as "1911" or "1912" type are not sufficient. We are informed that the current model embodies a number of improvements which may not be obvious to the casual observer, but which all tend still further to improve the running of the car. For special reasons the directors of the Company do not wish exact details of these improvements to be published at present, but it may be said that the latest chassis is more rigid and simpler in construction than its predecessors, that there are notable changes in the design of the engine, and that the suspension has been improved. In view of the success which has attended the policy of concentrating upon one model only, which was initiated by the managing director, Mr. Claude Johnson, some five or six years ago, it is almost unnecessary to state that there will be no departure in this respect.

Every experienced motorist knows how unsatisfactory and unreliable are the ordinary methods of repairing bursts in covers when the damage is at all extensive. When the burst is only an inch or so in length there is no difficulty in dealing with it effectively; but it is probably no exaggeration to say that at least 50 per cent. of covers are discarded before they are half worn out, solely because of bursts which are too big to be permanently repaired by the usual process. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that the Challenge Rubber Mills, of Eagle Wharf Road, N., have just introduced an entirely new method which enables them to guarantee to repair a burst of any dimensions so effectively that the damaged part becomes stronger than any other part of the tyre. It consists of firmly uniting the two sides of the burst by a special sailor's lock-stitching with sail-thread of great strength, backing with Egyptian canvas, and then rubbering in the usual way. The writer has examined the new process in its various stages, and is of opinion that it marks a great advance in the art of tyre-repairing.

At the Berlin Motor Exhibition, which was opened on the 12th inst. and will close on the 22nd, it is interesting to note that about 83 per cent. of all the cars exhibited are fitted with "Continental" tyres, the remaining percentage being distributed among nine different makes. It may be

remembered that of the cars which took part in the recent Prince Henry Reliability Tour considerably over 50 per cent. were equipped with "Continentials."

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

FOR some days there has been a determined effort made to put prices better. The public are not in any of the markets. But the dealers are thoroughly sick of doing nothing. They are even unable to sell, for there is no one to buy what they offer. It is a curious fact that very few people except the really wise ever go into the market at the bottom. They always wait until the rise has begun. The average speculator invariably comes in at the top. The Stock Exchange knows this habit of the gambler and therefore marks up prices in the hope that the rise may lure people to the Stock Exchange. The pessimist is very unpopular to-day. By some peculiar method of reasoning he is made responsible for the misfortunes of the present year. One might as well make a yokel responsible for a thunderstorm because he remarked beforehand that there was tempest in the air. Optimism is an admirable thing in small doses. Taken in large quantities it probably produces a most dangerous condition of mind. The average Englishman always goes to extremes; that is why he seldom makes money by gambling. The Jew, on the other hand, has a very adaptable mind. He acts as an optimist one day, and the next day sells everything he has. And this without any sense that it is a disgraceful thing to change your mind.

As a matter of fact the quicker you change your mind in the City the more you will make. Plainly we have all had quite enough misfortune. But the question is whether our natural desire to see things better will have any effect upon prices. After the American panic Optimist Clubs were established in every town in the United States, and nine-tenths of the citizens of that great Republic wore little buttons with the word "Smile" engraved upon them. They also pledged themselves to smile whatever happened; and they went still further. They promised that, whether trade was good or trade was bad, they would continue to employ the same number of workmen and pay them the same wages. I need hardly say that these clubs had a short life, and that very few members carried out their promises. The application of the tenets of Christian Science to finance was a complete and hopeless failure. We are now trying a similar experiment in England. We are pretending that everything is very good, whereas, as a matter of fact, the foreign political outlook is extremely bad. There is this in favour of the optimist: trade in England is good, and the Englishman has not over-specified. His investments in foreign countries have increased enormously, and he is not re-investing the profits. Finance is, however, so interwoven one country with another that anything that is bad for America affects Germany, and anything that is bad for Germany affects France, whilst England, as the central money-market of the world, feels the slightest movement. Last week I called attention to the serious position that Germany had got herself into by over-speculating, but the Germans keep on declaring that their country is stronger than ever, and point to the ease with which the end of the September Settlement was arranged. "Methinks the lady doth protest too much."

MONEY.—Money is going away from London very rapidly, and some people are afraid that the Bank Rate will be put up. It is hardly likely to be advanced unless the Reichsbank first moves up its Rate. Then we should be compelled to follow suit. The rates of exchange are altering; undoubtedly the money position is becoming complicated. Great Britain cannot afford to lose much of the gold that

comes from the Cape each week. At the moment the Bank position is good, but what is still better is the position of our great joint stock banks. These banks at the end of September showed a very high percentage of cash against deposits. The decrease in the total cash of eleven of the leading banks showed a fall of nearly two millions on the August figures, whilst the deposits showed an increase of two and three-quarter millions. Some of our banks are very well protected, the Union holding 34.79 per cent. of cash, Parr's 35.66, the Joint Stock 31.16, the London City and Midland 29.75. These are all very high proportions. On the whole it does not appear likely that we shall get any rise in rates. But it is a dangerous thing to prophesy.

CONSOLS.—Consols have been firm the whole week, mainly no doubt because there are more bears about than there were some months ago, and these bears are becoming nervous. If the Italian difficulty vanished we should see a very sharp rise in Consols. The efforts of the Post Office to sell Consols is also having an effect on the market. It is quite possible that our premier security will gradually get back to 80.

FOREIGNERS.—The Chinese rebellion has had a certain effect upon Chinese securities. But it is plain to every one that the rebels are composed of the most intelligent people in China, and that even if the Manchu dynasty is overthrown the foreign relations of the Celestial Empire will hardly be changed. In any case there is not the smallest fear of any repudiation. China is in a strong financial position, and if she secured the much-wanted currency reform and could do away with the exactions of the Governors she would be one of the most prosperous countries in the world. Every one wishes the rebels a successful ending, for they are actuated by the sincerest patriotic motives. Turks and Italians have been very steady, and there has been quite a boom in Perus. Some people go so far as to talk Peru Prefs to 50 on a marvellous report and a big dividend. But it seems to me that they are even to-day too high.

HOME RAILS.—The public is quietly picking up Home Railway stocks. I am not surprised. The Government has shown itself determined in the matter of railway strikes, and the investor now sees that public opinion is strong enough to control the agitator, or at any rate to prevent him from going too far. All our leading railways are quoted too low considering the security that they offer. The '89, '91, and '94 preferences of the Great Central have all been bought, and Dover A are still purchased. A big bull account must be in process of building up here, and long before the Kent Coal is marketed I expect a bad break.

YANKEES.—The latest news with regard to the American Tobacco Company is that the Government have agreed to this Trust being divided into three companies. But candidly this seems too simple a solution. The American Tobacco Company is a complicated affair, and it is hardly likely that the Government would allow it to be split up into three companies all under the same management, working in unison. Prices in the American market are low. But trade seems to hesitate, and reports from the West are not very satisfactory. Investors may disregard fluctuations that send a tremor through the speculator, and for those who wish to pay for their stock and put it away most of the leading American railways are cheap purchases to-day. It is unlikely that any boom will occur before the end of the year. The United States bankers have been helped continually by the big German houses, and they are now returning the compliment by financing Berlin. This in itself will prevent any rise being initiated. The politician has evidently made up his mind that he can obtain votes by attacking the Trusts, Unpopular as the Trusts are, the American voter is not so foolish as to be blind to the danger of persecuting the great corporations. It is absurd to say that these corporations are responsible for the rise in prices. They have taken advantage of the rise to increase their profits. But they did not initiate it.

RUBBER.—The rubber market becomes more depressed every day, and Linggis are now down below 35s. It looks very much as though this share had touched the bottom. But

the prices of most rubber shares are still too high to tempt the investor. For example, the Singapore Para, which is quoted at 3s. 6d., issues a report showing a profit of only £9,200. It is silly to pay 1s. 6d. premium on a 2s. share when the dividend is only 10 per cent. Last year Sumatra Para paid a dividend of 12½, and it might pay the same dividend during the current year. This would make the shares an expensive purchase at 2s. 6d. The public realise the dangers of a tropical plantation and are quite determined not to buy any rubber share unless it will give a clear 10 per cent. The Daejan meeting was a very lively affair, and, indeed, most of the rubber meetings now are far from pleasant. Even in the best companies the yield to people who bought at the top of the boom is so small that holders become easily irritated. It is never pleasant to realise that you have made a fool of yourself.

OIL.—Mr. Henry has issued his massive volume on the Oil-fields of New Zealand. It is probably a preliminary to the prospectus of a New Zealand Oil Company. Lobitos have been boomed on official cables, and Nigeria Bitumen keep fairly steady, being helped considerably by Sir Boverton Redwood's report on the sample of oil from the deep well. The oil market was very good last week, but has slackened off the last few days. Although Maikop has turned out an unmitigated failure, such shares as Shells, Spies, Burmah, California are sound purchases.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffir shares do not move and the big houses only support the market very sparingly. There is nothing to go for, and prices will have to fall a little lower before the best shares can be considered an investment. They are still too high if we take into consideration the life of the mines.

RHODESIANS.—Tanganyikas continue to fall mainly because the Belgian speculators are being squeezed for money and have to unload. I cannot hear that there is anything seriously wrong at the property itself. I think the fall is due mainly to over-speculation on the Continent. Other Rhodesian shares are fairly steady. The Scottish Mashonaland report is very disappointing, and some nasty questions were asked at the Jumbo meeting, which, however, went off better than any one expected, thanks to the able chairmanship of Mr. Rowsell.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Omnibus shares have been bought heavily by three or four brokers on special information with regard to the report. But they seem to be rather top-heavy, and unless the report is extremely good might easily go back. Marconis have issued a circular stating that they intend to ask for further capital. They will give the shareholders an opportunity to make money out of the new issue, and this has made the shares very firm.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE COMPLEAT OXFORD MAN"—A REVIEW REVIEWED*

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Most books that attempt to portray the life and habits of the genus undergraduate are summarised by the victims of these dastardly attempts in a manner which is brief but very much to the point, as "rot." Indeed, the characteristics of this strange animal would seem to be somewhat elusive, seeing that a really successful likeness has seldom, if ever, been produced before. When, therefore, a book appears containing a minimum of "rot" and a maximum of truth it is all the more depressing to find that the reviewer—whose business it is, of course, to cavil at something—should light upon the very points which are particularly true to life as the objects of his censures.

Fond papas, we suppose, do not like to hear that their offspring not uncommonly indulge in Veuve Clicquot—a luxury which they

*The Academy, October 7.

themselves perhaps can afford but once or twice a year; while it is a great shock to the tender susceptibilities of that excellent lady Mrs. Grundy to learn that the ranks of the Church are often recruited from the more—shall we say?—spirited members of the Universities. So that these good people may not be pained, there steps forth the kindly critic to allay their fears, and to comfort them with the assurance that in these matters the author has undoubtedly “wandered far from fact.” It is none the less true for that, however, that the consumption of champagne is far from uncommon; and it is just at this period in his career that the newly fledged manling, in all the glory of his new-found manhood, insists, upon the least possible provocation, on giving this last convincing proof of his man's estate—which, though patent to himself, must be well impressed upon others—and orders up, with the most indifferent air that he can assume, a bottle of Bollinger or a pint of Pommery. Added to which there is no time in life in which one is more reckless in throwing about money than during the few glorious years that are spent within the precincts of Oxford. Hence even those who afterwards develop into the most careful of men, when at the 'Varsity stand not upon the order of their spending, but spend, and hesitate not to waste their substance upon the most alluring of liquids.

As regards the lively gentlemen, “very often destined for the Church,” we must confess that Mr. Gibbs has given us the wrong type of rowdy man, and that the kind of man to whom we are referring could not be called a hooligan. Nevertheless it is undeniably the case (I know of three examples in my own college alone) that men who have gained a reputation for having the most exhaustive knowledge of the class of story that cannot be called questionable (for there is no question whatever as to its character since very little is left to the imagination) and who are renowned for the frequency of the occasions upon which they are seen to be the worse for liquor, not infrequently enter the Church. It is not suggested that they do not leave behind them all their wicked ways when they leave the scenes of their orgies, or that they make any the worse clergymen because of their youthful excesses. On the contrary, they probably turn out to be much better men for the work they have to do than the mincing type of curate who has ever cherished that virtue which knows no evil. Why disguise this fact—for fact it is? But these men are not hooligans of the kind described by Mr. Gibbs. In this I am convinced that Mr. Gibbs has just missed the mark; but he is a great deal nearer to the truth than his reviewer, who considers that there is much “wandering far from fact” in the suggestion that any other than the most decorous and priggish of men could ever aspire to the sanctity of Holy Orders.

Needless to say that the Oxford man Mr. Gibbs tells us about is not really “compleat.” But that is because it is absolutely impossible for any one man to know the Oxford man in all his phases. *Of course*, there is no reference to cricket in this book! The hero is a rowing man, and what rowing man knows anything about cricket at Oxford, except that a lot of men do play cricket somewhere or other, that the cricketers have a jolly good time in Eights Week, and that the 'Varsity Match at Lords is rather the thing to go to?

Mr. Gibbs has not told of the politician at Oxford—that enthusiastic person, convinced of the righteousness of his cause and the infallibility of his panaceas for all the ills to which the State is heir. This gentleman frequents political clubs, and reads “papers” to the members, who listen, intent upon smoking hard, drinking mulled claret, and, like raging lions, seeking what they may devour with their caustic wit, when they are called upon to discuss his paper.

Then there is the decadent, who is to be found surrounded by objects artistic—choicely bound volumes, and old prints. He is clothed in a wonderful dressing-gown and enveloped in a haze of tobacco-smoke. His cigarettes are Russian. Italy furnishes the quaint old oil-lamp which provides the only light. He is interested in the psychology of the Emperor Heliogabalus, and will discuss for hours with one of his kind whether the “katharsis” of the emotions, spoken of by Aristotle, was upon the moral or the artistic plane.

Nor do we find any description of Commem. or Eights. But the subject is inexhaustible, and the Oxford Man in his completeness is known to no single individual.

There are, it must be confessed, even in this book certain things that must come under the heading “rot;” such as the intimation that the girl-students of Somerville can make appointments to play golf with strange undergrads; or the suggestion (involved in satirising it) of the existence of a rigid caste system between the men of different years' standing in the 'Varsity. I must also repudiate with horror the allegation that Oxford helps to swell the ranks of the “Great Unwashed.” Indeed, I never

knew a creature with a greater hankering after the delights of the tub than the undergrad.

But to counterbalance these temporary aberrations from truth, there are some particularly excellent touches—i.e., when mention is made of a crowd of “apparently” drunk young men. Nothing could be better than the opening chapter as to the feelings of the Fresher upon his arrival at Oxford; the chapter on “Cornstalking,” or that entitled a “Hard Morning's Work,” in which is shown how good intentions are oft rendered vain by the sheer glory of Oxford itself, which sometimes precludes the remotest possibility of work.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE.

PLYMOUTH: FUTURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The able article on this subject in your issue of the 7th has interested me a good deal as a former resident of this station, as well as of Portsmouth and Malta. The concluding questions of your contributor are, I fear, not to be answered in a favourable sense with any great confidence.

Facts have, indeed, come lately to my knowledge from official sources which look very ominous as regards the future. Though Plymouth may not have been so hard hit by the falling birth-rate as Blackpool, Brighton, or Glasgow, I presume part at least of the slow but sure *diminution in school attendances* for the Western port may be attributed to that cause. As yet both Brighton and Plymouth show an increase of total population, which would lead to the idea that in both places a change is occurring which the Registrar-General has repeatedly referred to. I mean a shrinkage in the proportion of children to total population. This of course is a very serious matter, more especially when the reports of the local education authorities reveal to the careful inquirer that a certain number of attendances in both places are of those living outside the borough boundaries!

It is only fair to say that some of the diminution referred to—which is also taking place in the Commonwealth of Australia—is to be considered due to children under five being sent to school in fewer numbers. The Board of Education has mentioned this matter in the last Annual Report, but in a somewhat cryptic and hesitating fashion.

Looking at the problem of Plymouth from the standpoint of comparative geography, it occurs to one that what is stated as to the naval authorities thwarting the commercial growth of the port might be extended to apply to other harbours.

On the other hand, cases may easily be cited which would serve to show that commercial ports and naval stations can get no fairly well with a few miles (more or less) separating them. To take only a few examples, Southampton and Portsmouth, Havre and Cherbourg, Marseilles and Toulon, Trieste and Pola, Venice and Ancona, Cape Town and Simon's Bay, seem to suggest for one thing that commerce is not always inconsolable for a certain degree of absence on the part of torpedoes, mines, and submarines. Were I acquainted with any syndicate or group with £2,000,000 to spend on docks and so forth, I should be disposed to suggest, “Try Falmouth instead of Plymouth.”

STATIST.

AFTER THE CRISIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read the striking article by “Politicus” on “The Royal Position,” and I sorrowfully confess that it exactly expresses my own opinion. I have only to suggest that Republican aspirations were given an undue prominence in connection with the “advice” which was tendered to his Majesty.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

October 14th, 1911.

W. B. YEATS AND J. M. SYNGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his interesting review of Mr. Yeats' new book your contributor says:—“Mr. Yeats' account of the 1899 meeting in Paris is only available in an Introduction of Synge's “Well of

the Saints," published some years ago by A. H. Bullen, and not very easily procurable now."

This is incorrect. This Introduction is reprinted in Mr. Yeats' collected works under the title *Mr. Synge and his Plays*, and appears in Vol. VIII., pp. 173-182.—Yours faithfully,

M. P.

Enfield.

THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND ROBERT GREENE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Mr. Frank Harris' appreciative review of the "Life" of my father, Professor Churton Collins, he misquoted a statement of mine by saying that Professor Collins searched the registers of forty-two churches in Norwich to find the date of the poet Greene's death—and found it. What I stated in my book was that my father searched the said registers to find the entry of Greene's baptism—and found it.

I would not have commented on Mr. Harris' obvious (to any Elizabethan student) slip had I not seen in this week's ACADEMY that a Miss (or Mrs.) Hester Brayne repeats the misstatement, and solemnly quotes it as an example of my father's "inaccurate, inept, and incoherent" scholarship. Dear, dear!—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

L. C. COLLINS.

35, Cavendish Mansions, West Hampstead, Oct. 14th, 1911.

THE FURTHER STRAND IMPROVEMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The years pass by and still the middle and eastern island sites in the Strand remain unoccupied. It is nearly nine years since the Further Strand Improvement Committee was instituted at a public meeting held in the Essex Hall, and the position of affairs with regard to the Strand is what it then was, with the exception that a small plot has been built on by the Government of Victoria, Australia. Private enterprise will not touch this land as now laid out on the terms demanded by the London County Council, although it is situate in what is perhaps the most frequented thoroughfare in the Metropolis. This is a serious loss to the ratepayers and a blot on the Capital of the Empire. Not only does the land remain unoccupied, but one of the buildings erected on the western island site—viz., the Gaiety Hotel and Restaurant—is closed.

Under these circumstances, after a decade of failure to get the land covered, it is not unreasonable to ask the London County Council to reconsider its policy in this connection. All parties on the Council are equally responsible for the policy adopted up to now, so that there should be no party feeling aroused by the reopening of the question.

The plan advocated by the Further Strand Improvement Committee has received the widest and most influential support, and the Press has been practically unanimous in its approval, while the only serious objection in the Council itself was the one of cost. The Council was advised that the land required to carry out the plan of the Committee would involve a loss in land value of no less than £239,400. The Committee has always taken exception to this valuation, and it has now obtained an independent valuation from Messrs. Southon and Robinson, the well-known surveyors of Chancery Lane, who put the value of the land required for the improved roadway and island pavement provided in the plan of the Committee at not more than £107,500, or no less than £131,900 below the estimate on which the refusal of the Council to adopt the plan of the Committee was based.

Messrs. Southon and Robinson's report is an interesting document, and certainly makes out a very strong case for consideration.—I am, &c.,

MARK H. JUDGE, Honorary Secretary.

Further Strand Improvement Committee, 7, Pall Mall,
S.W., October 10th, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

Red Revenge: A Romance of Caenopore. By Charles E. Pearce. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
God Disposes. By Pellew Hawker. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Mister Piccolo: The Story of a Gipsy Boy. By Brenda Girvin. Illustrated by Horace Quick. George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d.
The Mystery of Golde Fell; or, Not Proven. By Charlotte M. Brame. Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.
Ethan Frome. By Edith Wharton. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
The Makers of Mischief. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.
The Pale Ape, and other Pulses. By M. P. Shiel. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.
Henry Cassland: His Personal Narrative of the Thames-Side Murder. Edited by Hubert Druce. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
Daisy the Minx: A Diversion. By Mary L. Pendered. Coloured Frontispiece. Ham-Smith. 6s.
Jacquine of the Hut: A Sark Story. By E. Gallienne Robin. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
A Thoroughbred Mongrel: The Tale of a Dog Told by a Dog to Lovers of Dogs. By Stephen Townsend, F.R.C.S. Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd. Simpkin and Co. 3s. 6d.
The Reason Why. By Elinor Glyn. Duckworth and Co. 6s.
The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. By Charles Dickens. With Coloured Plates. Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.
The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. With Coloured Plates. Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.
A Touch of Fantasy; A Romance for Those Who are Lucky Enough to Wear Glasses. By Arthur H. Adams. John Lane. 6s.
The Following of the Star. A Romance by Florence L. Barclay. Coloured Frontispiece. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.
Between Heaven and Earth. By Otto Ludwig. Translated from the Original German by William Metcalfe. Gowans and Gray, Glasgow. 3s. 6d. net.
A Whistling Woman. By Robert Halifax. Constable and Co. 6s.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

Jean de la Fontaine. By Frank Hamel. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.
The Coburgs: The Story of the Rise of a Great Royal House. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.
Autobiographic Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. Two Vols. With Portrait Frontispieces. Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.
The English Court in Exile: James II. at Saint-Germain. By Edwin and Marion Sharpe Grew. Illustrated. Mills and Boon. 15s. net.
The Trooper Police of Australia: a Record of Mounted Police Work in the Commonwealth from the Earliest Days of Settlement to the Present Time. By A. L. Haydon. Illustrated. Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.
Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century. By Norman Pearson. With Portraits. Edward Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.
Etudes d'Histoire (4e Série). By Arthur Chuquet. Fontemoing and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.
Giovan-Antonio Bazzi, dit Le Sodoma (Les Maîtres de l'Art). By L. Gielly. Illustrated. Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Rise of the Novel of Manners. A Study of English Prose Fiction between 1600 and 1740. By Charlotte E. Morgan, Ph.D. The Columbia University Press, N.Y. \$1 50c. net.
A Tour through Old Provence. By A. S. Forrest. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.
The Roadmender. By Michael Fairless. 28th Edition. Illustrated by E. W. Waite. Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Under the Roof of the Jungle: A Book of Animal Life in the Guiana Wilds. By Charles Livingston Bull. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.

PUBLICATIONS.

The Literary Digest, N.Y.; Cambridge University Reporter; The Papyrus; The Bookseller; The Bodleian; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Publishers' Circular; Constitution Papers; Revue Bleue; La Revue; La Grande Revue; The Collegian, An All India Journal of University and Technical Education, Calcutta; Mercure de France; Oxford and Cambridge Review; The University Correspondent; The Church Quarterly Review; The Traveller's Gazette.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 527	Reviews (continued)—
Comrades of the Road ... 528	Shorter Reviews 538
"And speckl'd Vanity will sicken soon and die" ... 528	Fiction 539
At the War—I. 529	The Theatre..... 540
Walter Pater 530	A British Outpost in China 541
Reviews—	The Women of Shake- speare 542
A Bengali Author 532	Some Old Theatres of Paris 544
Crime and Chemistry... 533	The Revival of Printing... 545
A Spirit in Prison 534	Art 547
The Gaelic Spirit 535	Books in Preparation 548
A Faithful Servant of the Public..... 536	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 549
The Regeneration of Palestine 537	Motoring 550
History and Industry... 537	In the Temple of Mammon 551
The Author at Play..... 538	Correspondence 552
	Books Received 554

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Now that Mr. Asquith has disclosed the amount of time—"altogether eighteen, or possibly nineteen, days"—the Government propose to devote to the National Insurance Bill, the scandal of haste involved in its passing, to which we drew attention last week, will be obvious to all. "The programme the Government have suggested," said Mr. Balfour in his pungent speech, "is extravagant and impossible. . . . The right hon. gentleman considers that nineteen days is a generous and ample time to deal with the Bill; I call it a most preposterous and restrictive proposal." The various and incessant criticisms which this measure has called forth from every field of industry should give the Government pause, as indicating its inherent faultiness. Mr. Lloyd George doubtless is dealing with every objection brought forward to the best of his ability, but we have had so many queer samples of his "ability" during the past year or two that we beg leave to

remain rather sceptical as to his virtues in this case; and it is clear that with so many hurried attempts at reconstruction the Bill may be even more objectionable than in its original state. Patches are being put upon it, as upon some torn garment, until it is almost unrecognisable—which fact alone should make the Government hesitate before forcing it through. A patched thing is always unsatisfactory. By far the most sensible course would be to submit this Insurance Bill to a Grand Committee during the period at disposal, there to be threshed out and possibly remodelled into a considered whole; then, at the beginning of the next session, to introduce it with time for a thorough discussion in the House. We are not dealing here with the question of whether the measure should be passed or not; we merely wish to emphasise the point we made last week—that to allot eighteen "or possibly nineteen" days to this hacked-about Bill is nothing less than a gross outrage on the Parliamentary system.

The controversy raised by Lord Rosebery in his speech at Glasgow on the question of the "dead" books that cumber the shelves of many libraries, to the exclusion of more useful material, still proceeds in various quarters. It is all very well to talk easily of burning thousands of negligible volumes, but the debatable point is what constitutes a "dead" book; as one paper acutely noted, even the least important novel of to-day may be a most entrancing theme for the students of three hundred years hence—if, that is, its paper and binding have not utterly perished. And there are few more interesting occupations than the investigation of the newspaper-files of a hundred years ago. How many of the treasures which are even yet to be picked up here and there on obscure bookstalls would have been in existence had a general holocaust of apparently futile literature been ordered? And what about the poor author, watching the conflagration from his shady corner on Olympus?—the word "shady" being used, of course, in no objectionable sense. Imagine his feelings as the thoughts which he deemed would move the world, the ideas for whose expression he lived laborious nights and days, were dispersed in columns of smoke instead of being dispersed in columns of type. It is a serious consideration whether his language might not entail united action on the part of the high gods—might not result, indeed, in the summary ejection of his perturbed spirit from the resentful, immortal fraternity. He might come to earth as an offended ghost, and haunt the libraries, searching vaguely and eternally for his own works; in which case "the future of the library" would have to be reconsidered. Let us hesitate, then, before we commit the ancient and honourable tomes to the ordeal by fire.

The Oxford English Dictionary "on Historical Principles" winds its slow, unfailing way from "Simple" to "Sleep" in the part which reaches us this month. To scan its pages is to realise how limited is the vocabulary of even the best of us compared with the riches of the English language. Not that it is desirable for the ordinary mortal to intersperse with his conversation a tenth of the uncommon words which exist; were he to do so he might very easily become unintelligible. "She uttered a skellock," for instance, is hardly a presentable equivalent for "She gave a short, sharp scream;" nor is "skreigh" as a substitute for "break of day" likely to commend itself to our prolific minor poets, in spite of the fact that Scott used it. However, as a standard record of the language "Murray's" is invaluable, and more philological curiosities are to be found in it than one could possibly suspect.

COMRADES OF THE ROAD

Only a little way
Our roads together run,
Just for a brief sweet day
Beneath the sun.

Only a little while
For you to ease my load
While I your cares beguile
Along the road.

Just for a summer day
Until the twilight fall,
Not as two lovers, nay,
Comrades—that's all!

When the Sun's glowing heart
Thrills like a rose on fire,
We will clasp hands and part
Lest either tire!

Clasp hands, press lips, cling close
One mad, sweet moment, so!
Then each a twilight path
Lonely must go.

Clasp hands, press lips, cling close,
Then, if you will, forget
That, comrades of the road,
We ever met!

WINIFRED SUTCLIFFE GREAVES.

"AND SPECKL'D VANITY WILL SICKEN SOON AND DIE"

MR. BERNARD SHAW has in a letter to the *Times*, in his vigorous way, summed up the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a "sentimental amateur." We have no fault to find with the definition, which is in fact a variant of the criticism which has appeared in these columns since the infamous Budget of 1909 made its ill-starred appearance. Mr. Shaw has now come into line, and the fact that his judgment is not a hasty one lends to it all the more weight. The amateur who produced the unconscionable "ungotten minerals" tax; who was guilty of the levity of predicting that prime articles of everyday consumption would soon be relieved of taxation as a result of his totally abortive, but enormously expensive system of land taxation; and who was responsible for the various absurdities in the original draft of the Insurance Scheme, some of which have now disappeared—to be probably replaced by others of the same character—has we think fully earned the descriptive label which Mr. Shaw has attached to him.

Ever harping monotonously, whether in a speech at Whitefield's Tabernacle or in a manifesto to the electors of Keighley, on the sentimental chord, Mr. Lloyd George exclaims:—

I would invite its [Insurance Bill's] critics to name any State in the world which has either carried or submitted to its Legislature proposals which are half as generous towards the working classes as those which are contained in the Bill.

All fustian! As a very careful and admittedly fair critic, Mr. George Cave, states on his responsibility, Codlin's gene-

rosity can be thus measured. For 5d. of benefit, the client whom he weeps over will pay 4d. to start with, and 5d. in the long run. Mr. Shaw presents a similar conclusion somewhat differently. "The friend's" generosity according to him can be measured by his proposal to compel a man who is worth 17s. 6d. a week in the labour market, to accept 17s. 2d. Tacitus wrote of Vitellius:—

Inerat tamen simplicitas ac liberalitas, quae, ni adsit modus, in exitium vertuntur.

There was this distinguishing trait however between Vitellius and the modern prodigal. The profusion of Vitellius was in the opinion of Tacitus likely to encompass his own ruin, the generosity of the Chancellor in the opinion of those who are its victims will surely encompass theirs.

In a recent article we pointed out that the epidemic of strikes arose almost simultaneously with the production of the Chancellor's scheme of insurance. There is no doubt that the word went round that a deduction from wages was a feature of the scheme, and the agitator set to work to point out that a deduction of 4d. would not matter very much to the man who had previously obtained an increase in wages measured by three to six times that amount.

Mr. Lloyd George is the fondest of parents for his sickly bantlings. Horace and Cervantes have both satirized this failing, which in a sense is doubtless a virtue. There is a kind of virtue however which oversteps all bounds. "La vertu n'irait pas si loin si la vanité ne lui tenait compagnie." This is the kind of virtue with which the Chancellor is afflicted, and it leads him to say various things and to do various acts which are quite reprehensible.

For instance, he took a very active and prominent part, for which he obtained much praise, in bringing the railway strike to a temporary conclusion. He brushed his nominal leader on one side, and prescribed a tribunal of inquiry on his own lines. It is obvious that he hoped that his own panacea would prove successful.

That result would have been pleasing to his vanity, and conducive to his advancement. *Amour-propre*, however, suggested to him that it would be well by means of a saving clause to provide a *locus poenitentiae* for himself in case his pet tribunal should not succeed in conciliating those who might otherwise regard themselves in the light of cossets. Therefore in the House of Commons the Chancellor spoke thus:—

I am still very sanguine that when the men come to realise the full character of the proposal of the Government, that it is intended to give them every fair play and every opportunity, and that it is not at all a mere attempt to lure out of their hands the great weapon of striking, but that it is merely an attempt for the moment to see whether we cannot arrive at the facts, which must alone be the basis of safe negotiations, to arrive at that promptly, to arrive at it without loss of time, and in such a way that if the men are not satisfied with the recommendations of the Committee they still could fall back on the very powerful weapon in their hands.

What other explanation may we ask except the most sensitive form of self-esteem would induce a man to discredit in advance the instrument which he had created? There is no other explanation than that failure is so abhorrent to Mr. Lloyd George that he will practically embrace any expedient rather than run the risk of it. If that explanation be correct, it is clear that cajolery supersedes candour, and faith in motive is eliminated.

CECIL COWPER.

AT THE WAR—I.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

TRIPOLI, October 17th, 1911.

WAR is a horrible institution at any time; it breaks up so many human ties, it upsets so many homes, it ruins so many interests, and hopelessly deranges the commercial sequence of a nation's life. Many who set out may never return again, and many a mother and sister will mourn in silence the loss of the bread-winner; for they are the real sufferers, not those who fall by bullet or by disease facing the enemy in the field. These are sustained by the excitement of the crowded hour, and by the presence of thousands of others ever around them who are experiencing exactly the same sensations—hopes, fears, triumphs, sorrows, hardships, and occasional moments of glory and real happiness—the latter being produced by a belated wash or a hearty meal. But the war between Turkey and Italy is different from all others in its conception, declaration, and mode of carrying on. It is surely the most one-sided struggle which ever was, and up to the present the most harmless and bloodless. It has lasted nearly three weeks, and the only slain are one Italian who was shot accidentally by a brother sentry, four Turks, two of whom were killed in the bombardment and two shot in a night attack on the outposts, and about a dozen men, women, and children who were slain, or reported to be slain, by fragments of shell during the historic bombardment.

Poor Turkey did not even want to fight; but Italy first demanded a province, and then, instead of giving the Turks time to decide whether they would yield it, informed them that, whether they wanted to or not, they must fight, because the Italian Navy and the Italian Army needed some mild exercise. So Turkey found herself at war with no Fleet to fight with and no foe to get at except the odd fifty thousand Italian inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, who so far have been left unmolested. The Italian Fleet sailed away; the Duke of the Abruzzi managed to waylay the third-class Turkish torpedo-boats, and is now in a position to reopen negotiations with Miss Elkins of Washington; Admiral Aubry and his squadron bombarded some old stone walls at Tripoli, which two hundred years ago might possibly have been described as forts; the remainder of the Italian Fleet is now watching the Dardanelles, where the Turkish Fleet is safely ensconced, and where it will remain until the war-drums once more cease their rolling, and the war correspondents—the only visible symbols of hostilities—have been recalled by their respective journals.

The sea having been cleared, the mighty armada sailed from Italy, and already twenty-five thousand men are concentrated in Tripoli, in that small oasis in a desert of sand, eagerly looking out for an enemy who so far has only been conspicuous by his absence. Now I have learnt for the first time why the expedition was decided on in such indecent haste, and why the Turks were given no time in which to make up their minds whether they would fight or whether they would accept an indemnity for the loss of a province. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that, as usual, perfidious Albion was at the bottom of the affair, and that it was her subjects who caused this bloodless struggle to break out just at a moment when every one thought the peace of Europe was again assured until the snows of winter had once more melted in the Balkans.

For some time past a local syndicate in Tripoli has been in constant negotiation with the Turkish authorities to

obtain a concession for the construction of harbour works at Tripoli, the development of the docks and quays, the monopolising of the sponge industry, and the opening up of the phosphate mines—one of those general exploration syndicates, in fact, to which so many barbarous countries owe their first start in life amongst civilised Powers. The affair was almost completed; the terms of the concession were already decided upon and agreed to. The concessionaires had been in Europe and had obtained the support of the very tip-top Kings of Finance in London and Paris. In another fifteen days the concession would have been signed, sealed, and irrevocable, and no intervention of Italy at a later stage could have interfered with it. It would have been a *fait accompli* which only an international agreement could have upset. Now Italy wants Tripoli for commercial exploration, and for those very purposes which made it appear attractive to the capitalists of London and Paris. For many years the Italian Government have been counting the cost and saying to themselves, "Is the game worth the candle? Will the nation support us if we embark on a difficult and dangerous undertaking for very doubtful commercial recompense in the future?"

Now, when it came to the knowledge of the Italian Government that this great concession was about to be signed, sealed, and delivered, and that the most honoured names in *haute finance* were lending their support and backing it up with their millions, they were seized with a sudden alarm. The Government said: "If London and Paris are interested, the game must be worth the candle." Therefore, at all costs, the signing of the concession had to be stopped. That is why Italy delivered her mandate at a moment's notice, and, without even waiting for a reply, sent her Fleet to Tripoli and to the Dardanelles, and hastily prepared her army of occupation. Europe was taken completely by surprise, so unexpected and sudden was the move. Net result—Turkey has lost Tripoli, the concessionaires have lost their concession, and the Italians are saddled with an undertaking the magnitude of which they have never really estimated, and which will cost them an immense number of lives, an immense amount of time and trouble and expenditure, on which there can be absolutely no return for many years to come. That is the true inner history of the outbreak of this miserable little war. Now it has started Europe should do her best to end it as soon as possible. The sore is very mild and harmless at present, but there is no saying what it may develop into if it is not tended by the international surgeons in time. Nobody wants this war, and nobody has anything to gain by it. It is a blot and a disgrace, while it lasts, on Europe and on international morals, and it is extremely dull from the war correspondent's point of view. We all want to come home, as the process of watching nations corner sand in Northern Africa is now played out. England first set the example in Egypt, and now every other Power wants to follow suit, always forgetting that the only reason why it is of some value in Egypt is that the commercial children playing on the sands there have old Father Nile to dip their buckets in, whereas Tripoli has no Father Nile, and the commercial children here will soon grow tired of this make-believe game of building castles in the desert without any water to let into the moats, or in which to paddle when the sun is at its zenith.

The poor war correspondent, when a war breaks out, is hurried away from hearth and home at a moment's notice, and is told to get there before his rivals of the Press; if possible, to be on the landing-stage to greet the General and his staff when they land, and to point out to them any places of interest or of strategical advantage. The General is then photographed in every possible attitude; his name, the facts concerning his past, and his pictures, are sent to

every newspaper all over the world, and he finds himself famous before a shot has been fired, and even before the troops have reached the scene of hostilities.

I left London at the outbreak of war, and made my way to Rome, where I immediately proceeded to see Ministers and officials with a view to obtaining the necessary *laissez passer* which enables one to go where one wishes, and to become at once on good terms with the chiefs of the Army and Navy. The policy of the Italian Government has been truly Machiavellian throughout in its attitude towards the Press. I was received by the War Minister and by the Minister of Marine as if I had been their friend for life. They could not do enough for me. Signor Giolitti wrote a letter to the Minister of War telling him to do everything in his power "to aid me in the accomplishment of my mission." The Minister of War received me personally, greeted me with an expansive smile, sat down at his desk, and in his own handwriting wrote a letter to General Caneva, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, telling him who I was, what interests I represented, and imploring him to do everything in his power "to aid me in the accomplishment of my mission." The Minister of Marine also sat down and wrote a letter to Admiral Aubry imploring him to do everything in his power "to aid me in the accomplishment of my mission." "This is going to be the softest job I was ever on," I said to myself as I left Rome. Never had I known the high officials so agreeable and so anxious to conciliate the European Press. How unlike the attitude adopted by the Japanese Government at the time of the Russo-Turkish War! What a relief it is to feel you are really welcome, and that your presence with the Army is desired and not regarded as an unwelcome intrusion! But what happened when I tried to turn these manifestations of friendship and goodwill to account I will relate in a subsequent letter.

WALTER PATER

By FRANK HARRIS

ALL baggage is *impedimenta*, as the Latins knew, and even when the object is fame, who goes light travels far. Sappho's renown rests on a dozen lines; Keats shines among the immortals by virtue of a handful of poems, and it looks now as if Walter Pater would hold a place in English literature because of his one page about Leonardo's Mona Lisa. At any rate it must be admitted that his prose is assuredly finer and rarer than the faded, colourless picture.

The famous description is one of the few pages in English which contains a new and important thought: the idea that every spiritual event, such as the domination of Rome or the soul-searching of Christianity, must have its effect in refining and spiritualising the beauty of women was both new and true, and Pater wedded it to astonishing form. He wrote many other essays besides that on Leonardo, notably one on Winckelmann, which I always think should have been his masterpiece; a long novel, too, "Marius, the Epicurean," but he never touched that description of the Mona Lisa—indeed, he never came near it a second time.

It may be worth our while to try to explain this solitary moment of unique achievement. Only the other day Walter Pater walked these London streets; surely he carried no

secret with him beyond our divining. What manner of man then was he? A large personable figure, some five feet nine or ten in height, carefully dressed; nothing remarkable at first glance; but when he took off his hat the great forehead startled you. Someone has said finely that a large forehead in a man is like a great expanse of sky in a landscape.

Pater's face is best seen in a pencil sketch by Will Rothenstein—the strong outline frames a tyrannous huge forehead and large bony chin: the bare line with its reticence and economy haunts one, is filled with suggestion. The whole dark face is tantalising, mysterious, like a mask; the lips, hidden by the cascading, heavy moustache, excite curiosity. The eyes are not even indicated—one sees nothing but the eyelids; and yet, like the shuttered windows of a house, this secrecy is arresting; hints of enigma draw one to question. In life one disliked rather than noticed the heavy shutter-lids, the grey-green, lifeless, yet compelling eyes, with their occasional naked stare.

The jaws were strong enough to keep the desires in leash, and so the great dome of the forehead where thoughts had room to poise and swing on wings of rhythm came to mastery.

A curious contradiction was Walter Pater. He talked little just as he wrote little, and it was difficult to get to know him well. At first he kept to conventional, stereotyped phrases, dropped hesitatingly, almost timidly. But even after years of acquaintance and liking he never let himself go in speech, a fact which astonished me a little, though it made me notice that he never became confidential even when writing. If men learned anything of his faults and failings they did not learn them from him; he has left on record no weakness, however amiable, no shortcoming. He seemed to dread expansion of any sort. He never spoke of himself willingly, and as soon as you spoke of him he shrank back into his shell, so to speak, and answered guardedly in polite monosyllables.

If you pressed him he would tell of his method of work: how he went about for days writing and rewriting a single sentence on little pieces of paper till he had got it perfect. He would talk freely enough, too, on literature and art—boldly even if the audience were sympathetic. I remember after one dinner he declared that the *scoriae* in Shakespeare took away from the value of his product: "I can't bear the *scoriae*," he kept repeating; "I could do with less gold if the *scoriae* were absent: the *scoriae*—the *scoriae* . . ."

He shrank from life and gave his heart to literature and artistic accomplishment. Pater belonged by nature to the Fraternity of the Faithless. This world filled his horizon; he cared nothing for any other, and seemed annoyed when forced to admit the possibility of a life beyond the grave. This visible world all shaped to beauty was Pater's ideal. Like Gautier, he loved the figures of white youths swaying on marble horses without bridle and without saddle on a background of deep blue, as on the frieze of the Parthenon. He was a pagan of pagans, and sensual beauty satisfied his soul. He often spoke of Christianity as a disease, a white leprosy born of weakness and fear, a shining scab on the sore of the world. If men were all healthy and strong, he felt sure, Christianity would cease to exist. He had no notion whatever of its universal appeal: no conception of Love as the road we all must follow who would reach the Heavenly Kingdom. He looked upon its faith as inferior to Buddhism because less reasonable and in essence even sadder; he talked of the Day of Judgment as ridiculous, just as if every atom of stone and flesh in this world were not set to Justice and eager for judgment. He had no idea that the Judgment Day was to be found in his own careful pondered

comparison of this church or picture with that, the balanced, cautious, æsthetic judgments he spent his life in making ever more precise.

What was the motive-power in him? What kept him to his work? He lived in Oxford for many years in comparative seclusion as a Fellow; the full stream of life did not tempt him greatly; even in youth he preferred his College backwater; but with the years he grew a little bolder and came to live in Kensington. His home life there with his two sisters was cloistral and correct to a fault; everything went like clockwork without even a tick to break the silence. Early Victorian primness lay on the house like a spell. There must, I thought, be some blood somewhere, some revolt; but all that was sub-conscious; decorum was Pater's gospel and rule of life. And yet his writing was sometimes sensuous, bold.

He talks of Leonardo as "the love-child of his father's youth, with the keen *puissant* nature such children often have. . . ." But it was in another portrait—that of Denys L'Auxerrois—that I found, or thought I found, Pater's confession. All of us who are "lovers of strange souls" should read that singular sketch of an artist-spirit. Not uncharacteristic is it that Denys, too, like Leonardo, was probably born out of wedlock, and that Pater dwells on the unhappy union:—

"There were some who connected his birth with the story of a beautiful country girl who, about eighteen years before, had been taken from her own people, not unwillingly, for the pleasure of the Count of Auxerre. She had wished indeed to see the great lord, who had sought her privately, in the glory of his own house; but, terrified by the strange splendours of her new abode and manner of life and the anger of the true wife, she had fled suddenly from the place during the confusion of a violent storm, and in her flight given birth prematurely to a child. The child, a singularly fair one, was found alive, but the mother dead, by lightning-stroke as it seemed, not far from her lord's chamber-door, under the shelter of a ruined ivy-clad tower. . . . Denys himself certainly was a joyous lad."

With keen delight Pater tells how the joyous boy Denys—they called him *Frank* among other nicknames—went to the great cathedral, joined in the solemn game of ball, and turned it into a wild romp—

Leaping in among the timid children, he made the thing really a game. The boys played like boys, the men almost like madmen, and all with a delightful glee which became contagious, first in the clerical body, and then among the spectators. The aged Dean of the Chapter, Protonotary of his Holiness, held up his purple skirt a little higher, and stepping from the ranks with amazing levity, as if suddenly relieved of his burden of eighty years, tossed the ball with his foot to the venerable capitular Homilist, equal to the occasion. . . .

Pater revels in the mad outburst—thanks to Denys, he says:—

At last a new spirit was abroad everywhere. The hot nights were noisy with swarming troops of dishevelled women and youths with red-stained limbs and faces, carrying their lighted torches over the vine-clad hills, or rushing down the streets, to the horror of timid watchers, towards the cool spaces by the river. A shrill music, a laughter at all things, was everywhere. And the new spirit repaired even to church to take part in the novel Offices of the Feast of Fools. Heads flung back in ecstasy—the morning sleep among the vines, when the fatigue of the night was over—dew-drenched garments—the serf lying at his ease at last; the artists, then so numerous at the place, caught what

they could, something, at least, of the richness, the flexibility of the visible aspects of life, from all this. . . . And the powers of Nature concurred. It seemed there would be winter no more.

Pater's delight in the Bacchante revel, in that "great season," as he calls it, shows me the cloistral way to his wild human heart. Read how he tells of Denys' love of animals, of the earth-born creature with his *rich bestiary* (from which alone the owl of wisdom was rigidly excluded), which brought him the suspicion and then the hatred of the people.

Read, too, of his coarse "degeneration—the coarseness of satiety and shapeless battered-out appetite" (surely that curiously inapplicable "battered-out" in a man so scrupulous in epithet is in itself soul-revealing). The cruelty of lust goes to murder, and madness . . . "the wine had soured in the cup," and then the one illuminating sentence which no one but Pater could have written: "The Golden Age had indeed come back for a while: *golden was it, or gilded only, after all?* and they were too sick, or, at least, too serious, to carry through their parts in it." . . . "Denys became a novice." Am I wrong in italicising these phrases? I cannot think so. Pater to me is all in the mad revel, and the cold reasonable reflection—"too serious." He appears to me as a form of sensuality, a spasm-jet of temperament frozen to rigidity by an iron will.

But why this lava-crust of self-restraint, binding and constraining the volcanic fiery flood of an inordinate desire? The explanation is simple, purely physical. The man's heart was weak. Pater died of heart-failure at fifty-five in spite of a quiet, regular life. His shyness and recluse habits, his horror of contradiction or argument, his comparative disingenuousness—all cowardice, mere timidity. Had he been born with a strong heart, pumping hot, generous blood through his brains, he might have been a world-artist—another Goethe.

He seemed at times to half realise his own shortcomings. "Had I Se-and-so's courage and heart," he cried more than once, "ah, if —," and suddenly the mood would change, the light in the eyes die out, and, with a half smile, he would add, chuckling, "I might have been a criminal. He! he! he!" and then he would move with little, careful steps across the room to his chair.

The question remains: If not a great man, what is he? Has Pater a place in English literature? Did he withdraw himself from men, and give himself to writing with infinite care and an extraordinary sense of beauty, only to miss the supreme reward? I cannot think so. Most people will say it is his style which saved Pater; but I find nothing in his style which was not in his nature. The sensuality is there, the austere self-restraint, the precision, the timidity, the love of natural rhythm, the plain chant of a sober and sensuous imagination.

Walter Pater was no mere conventional lay figure; but a man whose influence was a liberating one. Out of the prison of Puritanism he helped to lead men into the sunlight and the daisy-starred meadows of life. He was not rich and bold; but it must be said of him that he was pathetically true to his ideal. He could not brave the open sea of life and its wild waves; he would not challenge "the suspicion and hatred of the people;" he would keep silence; but he would not lie or play the hypocrite. In his own quiet way he did his work and gave his message. He was an artist to the finger-tips, and his high sincerity transmuted his physical weakness even, into the artistic beauty of austere self-restraint which was the dominant note of his style and of his life.

REVIEWS

A BENGALI AUTHOR

A Study of Indian Economics. By PRAMATHANATH BANERJEA, M.A. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is always desirable to know what the advanced Indians are thinking and the line they are likely to take in controversial questions. This little book by Mr. Pramathanath Banerjea to some extent supplies this requirement. His name as an author or Professor of Political Economy was not previously known to the English public. But he should be treated seriously. His book is sure to have an extensive circulation in India, where anything in print is regarded as gospel truth, especially if it contains reflections upon Government measures or officers or their imputed shortcomings; it puts into shape many of the ideas which are floating in the minds of his countrymen. It is seldom that he attacks the Government openly and directly. He is much too clever for that. He poses as a scientific inquirer, free from political bias, attempting "to represent the different sides to every question in the fairest possible manner." But, under this assumed cloak of judicial fairness, he has some pretty strong remarks to offer:—

Now the question which suggests itself is, How far does this expansion of revenue furnish evidence of increasing prosperity? This question is answered differently by different individuals and parties. The officials would say that general prosperity has undoubtedly increased; some Indian patriots would, on the contrary, regard the increase of revenue as being due to the rapacity of the Government.

After dilating on the natural resources of India, the fertility of the soil, the abundance and cheapness of labour, he writes:—

The annual production is not at all comparable to that of any other civilised nation. The country generally is not in a prosperous condition. There are some who would go so far as to assert that the condition of the middle classes of society has decidedly become worse than before, while the poorer classes lead a precarious sort of existence from year's end to year's end.

In another passage he harps on the glories of previous ages:—

There was a time when India was one of the chief manufacturing countries of the world. Even as late as the eighteenth century she was on a par with Europe in industrial matters, and her manufactures found a ready market in many foreign countries. Until recent years Indian industries were always worked by hand labour.

And the old tale is told how—

In manufacture the Hindus attained to a marvellous perfection at a very early period, and the Courts of Imperial Rome glittered with gold and silver brocades of Delhi. The muslins of Dacca were famous ages ago throughout the civilised world.

It was, he avers, the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century in Europe that ruined Indian manufactures, and reduced it to the position of an almost entirely agricultural country. The hope for India lies in the improvement of her agriculture and the development of her industrial manufactures, though he offers no suggestions of his own as to the course to be adopted:—

The productive capabilities of India are great [so he summarises the position]. She possesses an abundance of

natural resources and a plentiful supply of cheap labour; but she lacks capital, enterprise, and organisation. The defects are, however, remediable, and, as a matter of fact, attempts are being made to overcome them.

Yes, indeed, with European capital, energy, and skill. Mr. Banerjea has to recognise the fact that, through the want of Indian enterprise, the shyness and smallness of indigenous capital, the ignorance and apathy of the natives of India, the mining and factory industries and the more important of the industrial arts are mainly in the hands of Europeans; he is wise enough to see that India cannot do without foreign capital. "It will be a short-sighted policy to reject it on sentimental grounds;" it is "not necessarily harmful," but he considers it necessary to form a clear conception of the limits within which the application of foreign capital is beneficial, and, like the patriots of Japan, he would not allow the profits of industry to go out of the country. Railways afford, therefore, in his view, an instance of the right use of such capital. But, quoting Sir Vithaldas Thackersey, he adopts the extraordinary idea "that it would be to the permanent good of the country to allow petroleum to remain underground and gold to rest in the bowels of the earth until the gradual regeneration of the country, which must come about under British rule, enables her own industrialists to raise them and get the profits of the industries." Let us spoil the English for Indian interests, as the Israelites spoiled the Egyptians of old, is his principle.

Mr. Banerjea skilfully enumerates the economic characteristics special to India, such as the comparative immobility of labour, the domination of custom over free competition, the dependence of social distinctions upon the possession of intellectual and spiritual qualities rather than upon wealth, the advantages and disadvantages of the caste system (the former prevailing), the small proportion of the comparatively well-to-do classes to the entire community, the various opinions entertained as to the prospect of an industrial revolution in India, the want of trustworthy statistics, the liability to famine through failure of rainfall, the denudation of the forests, the limited knowledge of the cultivators, the abundance of raw materials other than wool, the want of organisation, and other facts of the whole economic problem which should be more generally recognised. His statements, however, cannot be accepted without reserve—when he states, for instance, that the conditions of labour which prevail in the tea plantations are so objectionable that educated Indians would rather see the industry die out than flourish. He omits to mention that some tea-gardens are owned and financed by Indians, and that many Indians find employment therein.

His book will be useful to students and politicians for the facts and figures which he has extracted from official publications, though there again his quotations require watching. For instance, the figures of Indian trade given by him (in 1909-10, total imports 154 crores of rupees, total exports 194 crores) do not tally with those given on a page immediately following—namely, imports 115 crores, exports 167 crores. He is doubtless correct in his main statement that the wage-earners have suffered loss, because the rise in wages has not kept pace with the rise in prices, but his examination of the causes of the rise is by no means exhaustive. The question is so difficult, indeed, that the Government have deputed a competent officer to investigate the extent and the cause of the rise in prices. Mr. Banerjea has summarised usefully the principles of direct and indirect taxation, bringing out the different theories and the chief maxims to be applied in practice, the commonplaces of political economy, which have often been enunciated. On taxation in the concrete he is not always so clear. With regard to the land revenue, which forms 41 per cent. of the total revenue, he has fallen into the old confusion between

revenue and rent, and consequently writes with a want of certainty. The true case can be easily stated. From time immemorial a share of the produce of the land has been the chief source of public revenue in India. The share which the tenant pays to a landlord, or an intermediate to a superior landlord, is rent; the share which the highest landlord pays to the Government is revenue; where Government is the landlord rent and revenue become convertible terms. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. J. S. Mill, quoted by Sir John Strachey, regarded the whole process as justifiable land taxation, and there the matter may rest. But Mr. Banerjea's proposal that temporary settlements (of land revenue) should be made for fifty years, and not for twenty or thirty, is Utopian; no Government could afford to forego the increase which is justified by the general rise in the value of crops and the improved conditions of the country. It is not the only idea that Mr. Banerjea has borrowed from the late Mr. R. C. Dutt (whose views were exploded by Lord Curzon in 1902) and from the National Indian Congress. He follows that party in calling for the protection of India's fiscal interests, including protection against Great Britain itself. There have been indications that this subject will be warmly advocated in the Councils which have lately been enlarged, and strong feelings will be aroused. We have said enough to show that Mr. Banerjea's book is a remarkable one, though far from being complete or trustworthy. The Government of India will be well advised to examine it and correct its errors before they lead to serious mischief.

CRIME AND CHEMISTRY

Casanova and His Time. By EDOUARD MAYNIAL. Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times, 1630-1676. By HUGH STOKES. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"It is unfortunate that the wicked people are generally more interesting than the good," as Mr. Stokes remarks in the Preface to his entertaining "*Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times*." We might add a rider to the effect that the good people are most interesting when they are engaged in frustrating the wicked. But wickedness is the essential, or if it is not precisely wickedness, it is something wrong with the ordinary course of the world; the daily newspaper is our witness, and its readers. The baser sort rush to the law and police news; the sadder, more earnest minds, batten on accidents and rumours of war. But to one and all "the patent bag comes out and prophesies disasters," and it is for such that they are ready to pay. Sir William Gilbert's "Sorcerer" found his "superior blessings" rather a drug; but as to his "penny curses"—why he "couldn't turn them out fast enough." Madame Tussand's could hardly continue to exist without the "Chamber of Horrors."

Whether Casanova ever really qualified for such a select society as the one we have just mentioned is a slightly difficult question to answer. He was a rogue and a vagabond—it would be unjust to deny him that—but he was never properly found out, and he lived in an age of brisk competition. Italian adventurers (especially from Venice) are one of the features of cosmopolitan eighteenth-century history; some were rogues, some were vagabonds, and many of them were both. Among those with whom we meet in M. Maynial's pages are Algarotti, Lorenzo da Ponte, and Cagliostro; a rogue of Casanova's own stature, with whom he had many a passage of arms, was the Comte de Saint-Germain, an extraordinary character, who professed to have lived for

several centuries, and who dated one of his reminiscences by saying that it occurred when he was "dining with the Fathers of the Council of Trent." Casanova and Saint-Germain were rivals in the exploitation of Mme. d'Urfé, and subsequently they crossed each other's paths again and again. Some of their most baffling encounters, not yet fully elucidated even by M. Maynial, were connected with the famous secret diplomacy of Louis XV. Saint-Germain, in particular, seems to have first represented the unofficial diplomacy of the King, and then to have served Choiseul in England as a spy on the unaccredited envoys. Casanova's own mission in Holland was particularly mysterious. His specialities were occult medicine of the "stay where you are, and don't get older" type, alchemy, pure witchcraft, and freemasonry. He managed somehow to avoid a final catastrophe, and ended his days as librarian to the rich Count Waldstein in Bohemia.

Casanova's popularity in literature has largely depended on his adventures in the fields of gallantry. M. Maynial considers that his celebrated *Memoirs* constitute a serious historical document. His information has the unexpected quality of turning out, on examination, to be mostly accurate. The sincerity of his reflections over some of his knaveries, very much in the style of Benvenuto Cellini, give a hint of something of the sort; the corroboration of some of his conversations with Voltaire from the published works of that philosopher needs, perhaps, a little more checking to establish; but there is little doubt that the biographer is right in his main contention—that Casanova has a real historical importance, apart from his value as a mirror of the age. We regret that the famous episode of his escape from the Piombi prison is omitted from the narrative. Of his gallant adventures one specimen, the entanglement with La Charpillon, is given at some length, and others are hinted at. The work is conceived in a sober and scholarly spirit, and the translation is easy and pleasant to read.

If the Venetian quack was, on the whole, a fairly harmless villain (he did not actually kill Mme. d'Urfé, though his drugs helped Nature), Mme. de Brinvilliers was a ruthless and terrible one. She seems to have belonged to the type familiar to modern criminologists, of wrongdoers who have no sense of morality or humanity. She has her prototypes among the Faustinas and Messalinas of Imperial Rome and in some of the women of the Renaissance. It seems certain that she killed successively her father and her two brothers, that she made a determined attempt on her sister, and designed the deaths of many other persons who crossed her path, and that one of her last feelings was resentment against those who were punishing her for what she regarded as a venial error. She had some little excuse for this point of view in the fact that the crime of poisoning had taken deep root in French society, and was to lead in the following years to a series of startling disclosures. But her failure to realise the horror of her deeds is just that which makes her story so utterly grim and appalling. It is curious to reflect that the historical notoriety of this sinister Marquise is mainly due to the pen of the most charming and open-hearted of Marquises, Mme. de Sévigné. The contrast between the writer of the famous *Letters* and the subject of some of them makes the story of the crimes only the more lurid.

Mr. Stokes, in his work, makes no attempt at heightening the horrors; he is not concerned solely with Mme. de Brinvilliers; he has tried, and with a very large measure of success, to give an account of French society during the first years of Louis XIV., and thereby to provide a frame to his canvas. In fact we are rather led by his Introduction to gather that the frame is the important part of his portrait. In any case the picture of the "Grand

Siècle is a very vivid one, though its partial dependence on a particular narrative produces at times a curious effect.

The story occasionally suffers. It reminds us of the method of Victor Hugo, in the "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" for instance, where Gilliat is left struggling in the embraces of "*la pieuvre*," while the author begins a new chapter, consecrated to a minute description of the habits and appearance of the monster. Mr. Stokes is at some pains to treat his thesis from the point of view of what we may call comparative morality. He collects manifold instances of offences against modern morality, regarded with tolerance in seventeenth-century France. Thus peculation, the universal acceptance of Royal mistresses, and even poisoning itself appear as phenomena not likely in themselves to shock severely contemporary opinion. Kings and Ministers were the people most interested in the repression of poisoning, and the Brinvilliers case was used by them as an awful example. Sainte-Croix, the lover of Madame de Brinvilliers, is the seventeenth-century adventurer, climbing to fame by the ladder of female influence, like his successors in Goncourt and Balzac, and using chemical aids, like Casanova and Saint-Germain, though for their quackery he substituted a more sinister quality. A knowledge of deadly drugs was at the command of any one who had eyes to read. Mr. Stokes seems to exhaust the material of this famous case, and his analysis of the trial leaves that impression of inconclusiveness that a well-handled legal business always gives to the lay mind. Without Madame de Brinvilliers' confession, a most unaccountable document, which she did her best to disown, we should have found it hard to convince ourselves of her guilt. Mr. Stokes has a very original and attractive style, and his frequent habit of citing "modern instances" gives piquancy without vulgarity. The illustrations, particularly Nanteuil's engravings of Fouquet and Colbert, are often delightful and generally well chosen.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON

My Own Story. By LOUISA OF TUSCANY, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE propriety of this book will be questioned by many readers, but its deep and abiding human interest cannot be denied. It is one of the most amazing pieces of self-revelation that this generation has seen. It would almost seem that some men and women were destined to unhappiness from their birth. If this be so, then assuredly Louisa of Tuscany is of their number. The midwife who ushered her into the world had the reputation of being a clairvoyante. Taking the new-born child into her arms she exclaimed: "This child is destined to wear a crown, but her future will be an unhappy one, and sorrows innumerable will be her portion." The prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled. Louisa of Tuscany is the victim of temperament and of heredity. The fatal blood of the Hapsburgs flows in her veins. A child of sunshine and of laughter, she has been fated to pass the best years of her life among the gloom and seclusion of a Court where both laughter and sunshine are unknown. A born rebel, she has failed to learn the lesson that happiness is best attained by submission to the inevitable. The result has been tragedy—and tragedy unrelieved by any gleam of hope.

At the same time, one cannot avoid the conclusion that many of the troubles of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony have been of her own making. Beset by enemies, she has made no endeavour to convert those enemies into friends. She appears to be a woman of strong affections and of equally violent dislikes. Her language with regard to those people for whom she has conceived an aversion borders upon

hysteria. It is difficult to believe, for instance, that the late King George of Saxony was the human monster that he is depicted to have been in these pages. Of one of the officials at the Dresden Court she writes: "He is only worthy to be termed a noxious reptile." Another unfortunate Court nurse is described as "an ugly, hunchbacked woman, whose mind is as distorted as her body." Little wonder that a woman who is capable of so expressing herself has succeeded in rousing strong and implacable resentments.

But—when all needful deductions have been made—it is impossible to read this book without a feeling of deep compassion for the writer. In any other station of life her lot might have been a happy one; but she was ill-fitted to sustain the restraints and restrictions that beset the wearer of a crown. She had the true temperament of the Hapsburgs—"that curious mental 'kink'" (to use her own words) "which has driven some to suicide, banishment, and self-effacement." It is an expensive idiosyncrasy, and Louisa of Tuscany has paid the full price.

She tells her amazing story without reticence and without remorse. No detail is hidden, no ugly fact suppressed. Never perhaps has the fierce light that beats upon a throne revealed so much that is mean and sordid and repellent. There is scarcely a man in the whole dismal chronicle, if we except the unhappy Frederick-August, for whom one can feel a shadow of liking, or even of sympathy.

Early in life she was wooed by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. She appears to have liked him, but her affection never kindled into love. Ferdinand, however, was a persistent wooer. He refused to take "No" for an answer, and carried his case to the Princess's mother, only to be told that "when once Louisa has made up her mind, neither God nor the devil will make her change it."

The same evening (proceeds the narrative) I sat next the Bulgarian Lord High Chamberlain, the Count de Bourbonnion, who was quite an interesting man, and, as Ferdinand had brought several smart young Bulgarian officers in his suite, the time passed pleasantly, and I chattered away to my heart's content. Ferdinand was in a vile temper, and when courtesy obliged him to drink my health he banged his glass savagely on the table, as if his one idea was to break it; he sulked, and hardly spoke at all, and gobbled bread incessantly. From time to time he sent vindictive glances in my direction as I sat making myself particularly agreeable to his Minister, with the somewhat malicious motive, I am afraid, of endeavouring to make the Count realise what a charming Princess of Bulgaria I should have made.

The general outlines of the story, which concerns the ill-fated marriage of Louisa of Tuscany to Prince Frederick-August of Saxony, are already public property. From the first the marriage appears to have been a tragic blunder. It is due, however, to the Princess to say that she never attempts to throw any blame upon her husband. "He is affectionate, upright, pure-minded," she writes, "and his fatal weakness of character in great crises is solely due to his inborn indecision of temperament."

The Court at Dresden proved to be a purgatory. Every natural instinct, every spontaneous outburst of feeling was suppressed, and the unhappy Princess was doomed to wear a life-long mask. It seemed that in electing to become a Princess she had renounced her right to be a woman. The etiquette of the Court, like an iron vice, held her in its grip. To keep Ten Commandments is difficult enough. To keep ten thousand must be almost impossible. The Princess found herself entirely out of sympathy with the intellectual atmosphere of the Court. It was, she maintains, narrowly religious, and the influence of the Jesuits was everywhere paramount. Louisa failed to adapt herself to her environment. She was looked upon with universal distrust—treated,

as she says, "like a little girl who requires a very strict governess."

Once she succeeded in breaking through the rigid bounds of Court routine. She was to have attended the Opera at Dresden with the Royal Family, but she pleaded a headache, and begged to be excused. Then, with the connivance of her children's old nurse, she contrived to disguise herself, and stole away to the Opera House, where she witnessed a part of the performance from the gallery. The criticisms of the "gods" on the Royal Family, seated below them in a box, are retailed, not without malice.

So the years dragged on. In the meanwhile the Princess's calumniators had been at work. Every effort to discredit the unhappy woman was made, until, shortly before the birth of her last child, she was accused of having an intrigue with her son's tutor, M. Giron. Both parties indignantly denied the charge, but the King of Saxony was furious, and told his daughter-in-law that he would have her sent to a madhouse. There was but one way out of the difficulty—flight. "My baby must never, never be born in a madhouse," exclaims the distracted mother. So she goes cautiously to work. Her health, she represents, is giving way, and it will be necessary for her to go to her parents for a few days. Leave of absence is accordingly granted, and Louisa flies to Salzburg, only to be rudely repulsed.

Her brother Leopold then urges her to accompany him to Switzerland. She gladly consents, and on her arrival finds that Leopold is about to be married to a woman of the people! Deserted once more, her thoughts fly to M. Giron. Scandal had been busy with the names of these two. Let scandal do its worst. So, with the dread of the madhouse still uppermost in her mind, she summons M. Giron to Switzerland. "Looking back with matured judgment," she writes, "I can see that I was entirely misguided in my method of defying fate; but my explanation must be that my mind was then unfitted to judge of the real seriousness of my act." The narrative closes with a statement of the marriage of the ex-Crown Princess of Tuscany to Signor Toselli.

There is much in this book which had far better never have been written—much, we think, that the ex-Crown Princess herself will upon mature reflection regret. But as a study of a curiously baffling and complex personality "My Own Story" is a permanent acquisition to the literature of our time.

THE GAELIC SPIRIT

Mearing Stones. By JOSEPH CAMPBELL. With Sixteen Pencil Drawings by the Author. 3s. 6d. net.

The Mountain Singer. By SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL. 2s. 6d. net.

The Gilly of Christ. By SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL. With Three Symbols by ADA M. WENTWORTH SHEILDS. 1s. net. (Maunsel and Co., Dublin.)

WHETHER he elect to be known as Joseph Campbell or to pass under the Gaelic form of that name, there is a certain spirit in all his work that cannot fail to mark him as, above all, a Gaelic singer. It is something that cannot be mistaken once it is heard, and it marks both his poetry and his prose. There are those who speak of it in its purest essence as something uncanny, as something which transcends the ordinary processes of the intellect, and takes its way through the blue of the air above, or through the brown earth, or in the green grass, appearing suddenly with no path to mark its progress, known not in its passage, but to be discovered only in its arrival. In this way, tradi-

tion says, the ancient Gaelic poets, revered as sacred by the countryside, passed their way from village to village, and there is therefore the kinship of process as well as the intuition of the mind to account for the allegation. In Mr. Campbell's work may be seen both the intuition and the process in his poetry and his prose. One is as sporadic, as gusty, and as uncertain as the other. Both are whimsical; but while one is at its best pure and rare, the other is strange and wild. Yet the chief distinction is that, while the poetry is, with all its whimsicality and irresponsibility, in each of its units compact of one complete emotion, the prose is disjointed and suggestive.

There are more than traces in both poetry and prose of an influence quite other than Gaelic. Indeed, often the two are held in such a balance of parts that it is impossible to dis sever one from the other. The whole idea of "Mearing Stones," for example, is indebted to Nietzsche. The book starts thus: "In the mountains," says Nietzsche, "the shortest way is from summit to summit;" and one remembers, as one reads the book, that even as Mr. Campbell so also Nietzsche gave out his matter in a series of ejaculations, whether the ejaculations confined themselves to a single interjected sentence or occupied the length of a more laboured paragraph. In one as in the other the method is singularly appropriate. In "Mearing Stones" the sub-title is "Leaves from my Note-book on Tramp in Donegal." The notes are not framed into a whole; they are just given as they occur. Some of them are idle and trivial enough from the standpoint of the reader, who knows not the occasion that woke them in Mr. Campbell's mind. Others haunt the memory, like a sudden illuminating ray that throws out a startling picture from the darkness. Yet even in some of these one may trace the mind of a man thoroughly acquainted with Nietzsche. Take for example the following:—

I met an old man on the road, and his face as yellow as dyer's rocket. "Walk easy past that little house beyond," says he in a whisper, turning round and pointing with his staff into the valley. "There's a young girl in it, and she celebrating the festival of death."

Now there is something essentially Gaelic in this; yet sprawled across it one can see just where Mr. Campbell derived his phrase "The festival of death." It is permissible, even necessary, for an author to refine peasant speech into literature (though less necessary in the West of Ireland than elsewhere); and there is no doubt that a mind fairly familiar with the Irish symbolising and ritualistic way of thought, in the best and purest sense of that word, will be able to trace the essential truth of Mr. Campbell's relation; yet it is not hard to see that in this case at least the Gael has been a student of literatures other than his own. In the volumes of poems, similarly, it is obvious that the poet, to his own considerable loss, has sought to mimic a note as foreign as that of robust Walt Whitman. In title and product "A Thousand Feet Up" is such a poem. In other poems some critics would be quick to say that there is derivation from Blake; but here we differ. It must always be remembered that Blake himself was a Gael. He chose subjects that required to be delivered in a certain way simply because he was himself; and any other poet choosing a similar subject for an identical reason would find it necessary to deliver it in an identical manner.

The excellent, though limited, value of a book such as "Mearing Stones" is that in reading it through one hears, as it were, over and over again, the authentic life of Donegal. Take, for example, the paragraph entitled "Derry People":—

Donegal is what I call "County-proud." Speaking of Derry—the marching county—an old woman said to me the

other day:—"Och, there's no gentility about the Derry people. They go at a thing like a day's work."

That is more illuminating than much talk about the Irish temperament, and the influence of the Scots in the north-east of that country. It is geographically illuminating too. In such a phrase as that Donegal takes its stand with Mayo and Sligo in emphatic opposition to Derry and Antrim. Nevertheless, in all his prose Mr. Campbell never succeeds in catching and expressing the spirit of the county of his travels as he does in the illustrations that bedeck the book. We have never seen anything that has so transported us to the place where the roads are stony, the bogs gloomy, the mountains tragic, the skies grey and louring, the huts broken and the people poor beyond expression, yet where a mystic beauty haunts both scape and people that is inexpressibly melancholy and inevitably attractive.

Still it is not for his graphic pen that Mr. Campbell is chiefly held in affectionate regard. He has written poetry, much of which cannot leave a permanent memory, however it may aid in the general body of his work; some few lyrics will certainly be remembered by any who have a regard for the subtle musics that wash the soul clean in the general soilure of a day's experience. There are some that, we venture to say, have even won their claim to permanent attention. Who, for instance, will easily permit the following to pass from memory?—

When rooks fly homeward
And shadows fall,
When roses fold
On the hay-yard wall,
When blind moths flutter
By door and tree,
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me.

When stars look out
On the Children's Path,
And grey mists gather
On carn and rath,
When night is one
With the brooding sea.
Then comes the quiet
Of Christ to me.

There are other poems that must be tenderly remembered, some of which carry in the rhythm of their words the musical air to which they were written; but nothing that Mr. Campbell (or Seosamh MacCathmhaoil, if he prefer it that way) has done can even rival the slow beauty of that.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC

Sixty-eight Years on the Stage. By MRS. CHARLES CALVERT.
(Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d.)

THE younger generation of playgoers who associate Mrs. Charles Calvert with comic old ladies will do well to read her simple, straightforward, unaffected, and modest story of a long and arduous life. They will not only be led by this grand old actress behind the scenes and discover a great many of the trials and struggles and disappointments which Providence deals out to people who are, as a rule, surrounded by the glamour of the footlights, but they will be rewarded by becoming acquainted with a very good, kind, brave, and sweet woman, who lived laborious days with cheerfulness and optimism, achieved fame and comparative riches without conceit and disillusion, was a good wife, a good mother, and one who cannot find a bitter or an unkind word to say

of any man or woman. Also they will become acquainted with the great struggle that was made by Charles Calvert to raise the stage above the level of barn-storming and be able to draw intensely interesting analogies between the productions and acting of to-day and those of forty or fifty years ago. In a wholly chatty and unpretentious manner, Mrs. Charles Calvert adds very valuably to the history of the English stage in the English provinces, London and America, and paints many faithful pictures of the lives, aims, and characters of such people as Phelps and Booth and John Lawrence Toole, Henry Irving, Robert Buchanan, Madame Vestris, and Miss Mary Anderson, Arthur Sullivan, and George Bernard Shaw. Many other equally interesting persons flit through her pages, although, rightly enough, her book is mainly a detailed account of her own life and work.

Mrs. Charles Calvert tells us that she was, metaphorically speaking, born on the stage, and played in Shakespeare at the tender age of seven. While still in her youth she first toured in America, and then, in conjunction with her husband, made Manchester what it has become again (in the hands of Miss Horniman) the first city in England, dramatically speaking. She shows how hard-working and simple and commonplace were the private lives of stage favourites when she was young—how devoid of the pretence and snobishness and social ambition which are the bad features of the private lives of the leading actors of to-day:—

The work was hard, she writes, because in all the theatres the bill was changed every night—even Drury Lane and Covent Garden changed their programme each evening. An actress had to find all her own costumes, and as the sewing-machine was not then invented, the alteration and retrimming of dresses was a tedious and daily task. Added to this the salaries were miserably small, and it can be easily understood that the patrician young ladies and gentlemen of the time were not anxious to join the theatrical ranks, and that, therefore, the supply scarcely equalled the demand. . . . The life, after all, had its compensations. The employment was continuous, the lodgings were returned to again and again, until the landladies were like old friends (and second mothers to us children), and the scanty wardrobe of the actress was often supplemented by gifts from the fashionable ladies, who would stop in their carriages and leave a parcel with their compliments.

How much better and more interesting would be the stage of to-day if the same conditions prevailed! We should not then so often complain of the hopeless incapability of much-advertised stars, who spend most of their long leisure at well-known clubs or in expensive motor-cars when they should be learning how to act:—

Many a time did Irving accompany my husband home to share our bit of hot supper (which usually consisted of Irish stew). Sometimes the fire in our little parlour would have got low, when we would adjourn to the kitchen, where, with our feet on the fender, we would discuss Shakespeare, dramatic art and poetry, until the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'."

To-day, actors who cannot pretend to the ability either of Irving or Charles Calvert have supper at the Carlton and adjourn to palatial houses in Mayfair, or pseudo-mediæval halls high up above their theatres for post-prandial discussion. But what would Calvert say could he see their glittering productions of Shakespeare and listen to their amateurish delivery of immemorial verse? Mrs. Calvert does not venture upon any criticism. Once or twice only, when writing of her engagements with modern managers, she hints at the inefficiency, carelessness, and timidity which are so obvious to the general public. Certainly one of her most entertaining recollections is that which deals with the first

production of a Bernard Shaw play in London—"Arms and the Man"—at the Avenue Theatre in 1894. We were there, and well remember the amazement, bewilderment, and almost horror of most of the audience, and the half-hearted criticisms which appeared in the papers the next day.

The play was produced hurriedly [it followed an appalling and well-deserved failure], we were none of us too conversant with our parts, and, at times, the public failed to grasp the intensely clever things that were thrown at them, but the verdict was decidedly favourable; and when Mr. Shaw appeared before the curtain he received an enthusiastic reception, marred only by one boo from a man in the gallery. Mr. Shaw's clever impromptu is well known: "I quite agree with that gentleman up there, but what is the use of his opinion and mine if the rest of the audience think differently?"

We wonder if Mrs. Calvert ever imagined that Mr. Shaw would become a cult, start a school, and invest the English language with a new word? The book has given us great pleasure, a wonderful insight into the industry and perseverance of actors of the old school, made us see even more clearly some of the reasons for the decline and fall of the English stage, and added not a little to our respect and affection for its author.

THE REGENERATION OF PALESTINE

Zionist Work in Palestine by Various Authorities. Edited by ISRAEL COHEN. With a Foreword by DAVID WOLFFSOHN. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

THE man in the street has but a dim and inchoate idea of the real meaning and object of the Zionist Movement. Occasionally at intervals of months he sees some reference to it in his daily paper, but the bare item of news which he thus receives, unrelated to anything else within his cognisance, conveys little if anything to his mind, and as a rule he is so slightly interested as to allow the matter to pass out of his mind by the time that he reaches the next paragraph on the page, and to remain thus dormant until, some months hence, it is revived for a moment by another brief reference in the Press.

The Zionist Movement, as is probably known to every one, relates to the Holy Land, and most civilised people, at any rate in this country, have at least a sentimental or religious interest in the land in which both Christianity and Judaism had their birth. From these, or at any rate from a large proportion of them, the book now before us should have a sincere welcome. It shows how the country, rendered ever famous by the great events which have occurred since the opening of history upon its soil, is at length awakening from the slumber of centuries, and stretching its limbs preparatory to taking its place in the grand march of the countries of civilisation. It shows also the part taken by the Jews, the descendants of the former owners of the land, who have been wandering in exile for two thousand years, in the revival of the country. Above all, it explains what the somewhat mysterious Zionist Movement really is, details its aims and objects, and describes the extent to which advances have been made towards them. The object of the Zionist Movement, as described in this little volume, is, in brief, to secure the settlement of Jews in Palestine with the view, not of the creation of an independent or semi-independent state, but of the securing of a home where they can unmolested live their own life. This haven is, of course, intended principally for the harassed and persecuted Jew of Eastern Europe, where at present he is a pariah and helot whose life is ever at the disposal of his brutal neigh-

bour, and where he suffers under a system of organised persecution on the part of the Government whose duty it is to protect him, cynically admitted to be intended to eradicate the Jewish race from Russian soil. The condition of the Jews in Roumania is only one degree better than that in the neighbouring empire.

The volume under notice takes the form of a symposium to which a number of authorities write on the subjects on which they are recognised as experts. These essays all relate to the very modern Jewish revival in Palestine. The volume is in a sense unique, the only other in the English language approaching it in object and subject being Mr. Davis Trietsch's little book published a few years ago. The latter is, however, more of the nature of a guide-book, whereas that under notice consists of a series of essays treating of different aspects of modern Palestine each complete in itself. The Jewish Population of Palestine is dealt with by Dr. Lazar Grünbut, of Jerusalem; Vegetation in Palestine, by Professor O. Warburg, of Berlin, the recently-elected leader of the Zionist movement. Mr. Israel Abrahams, of Cambridge, writes on a University for Jerusalem; Professor Boritz Schatz on the Bezalel Institute—that wonderful school of arts and crafts which he has himself created at Jerusalem. From Dr. Hans Mühsam readers learn of the Hygienic Institute in Palestine; from Dr. Aaron Sandler, of the Health Conditions of Palestine; from Dr. Jacob Thon, of the Jewish Schools in Palestine, prominent among which is the Evelina Rothschild School at Jerusalem, supported by the Jews of England; and from Mrs. Sarah Thon, of Women's Work in Palestine. Dr. Heinrich Loewe writes on Libraries in Palestine, Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn on the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station and its programme, Dr. Arthur Rupp on the Return of the Jews to Agriculture, Mr. David Yellin on the Renaissance of the Hebrew Language, and Mr. D. Levontin and Dr. Arthur Rupp on Commercial Topics. Finally, the Jewish future in Palestine is forecasted by Dr. Elias Auerbach, who, in agreement with Dr. O. Thon, another contributor to this volume, foresees that the Turks themselves will soon recognise the absolute necessity of a considerable Jewish immigration. Then "they [the Turks] will have to place a big premium upon Jewish immigration in order to secure an ample supply of the most productive, loyal, and cultured citizens."

The volume is illustrated by several photographs of persons and places, and its value is increased by an appendix in which the prospects of employment are indicated. A list of the Jewish colonies is also furnished, and official Zionism and its institutions are described.

HISTORY AND INDUSTRY

Peeps at Nature: British Land Mammals and their Habits.

By A. NICOL SIMPSON, F.Z.S. Illustrated.

Peeps at Industries: Sugar. By EDITH A. BROWNE. Illustrated.

Peeps at History: Scotland. By G. E. MITTON. Illustrated

by J. Jellicoe. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net each.)

THEIR "Peeps at Many Lands and Cities" having met with well-deserved success, the Messrs. Black have been encouraged to adventure on three other series of "Peeps" produced on the same lines. The "Peeps at Nature," edited by the Rev. Charles A. Hall, so far comprise "Wild Flowers and their Wonderful Ways," "Bird-life of the Seasons," and "British Land Mammals and their Habits," the volume under review. Every lover of Nature will, we feel sure, peruse this little book with interest, and young people,

who have a *penchant* towards the study of natural history, will find it fascinating reading. In addition to descriptions and anecdotes of British mammals as they exist to-day, many which are no longer indigenous to these islands receive a passing notice, as, for instance, the Brown Bear which provided sport for the ancient Romans, the Reindeer which is said to have been at one time more abundant in Great Britain than the Red Deer is at the present time, the Beaver, the Wild Boar, and the Wolf which survived in Scotland until the middle of the eighteenth century.

The "Peeps at Industries," which is a more technical series, aims at bringing the reader into a complete understanding of all the great industries of the British Empire and the world at large. The first volume is devoted to sugar-growing and sugar-making, and deals with both cane and beet sugar, the produce of British Guiana, the homeland of Demerara sugar, receiving special notice. The earlier volumes of the "Peeps at History" are allotted to Scotland, India, Canada, and Japan respectively. So far we have only received the first mentioned, and we cannot say that we are deeply impressed by it. Mr. Mitton tells the story in a simple, artless sort of way to a certain extent, but, presumably for the delectation of the "Unspeakable Scot," he indulges spasmodically in little distortions of facts to the prejudice of the despised Sassenach. This may be pleasing to the young Scottish mind, but it is not the way to teach history, which should be the object, we take it, of this series, and is the more to be regretted because it is so unnecessary and uncalled-for. Describing the dress of a Highland chief, Mr. Mitton says, "Only chiefs may wear the eagle's feather." Surely he must be aware that in these democratic and degenerate days, when sumptuary laws are a thing of the past, any Tom, Dick, or Harry may wear a whole eagle on his head, let alone a feather, if he can afford to do so.

The volumes are admirably illustrated and exceptionally cheap, but we cannot help thinking that it is a great mistake that the page plates have not been placed opposite the pages they illustrate. It is true that in the first two volumes the plates bear a reference to the pages describing them; but why in the name of common sense should the Red Deer plate be allotted to a page devoted to the Badger, and the Squirrel plate to the Red Deer section? In the "Scotland" volume the plates have no page references, so that we have "Queen Mary's Escape from Loch Leven" illustrating Wallace's victory over the English at Stirling, and the "Murder of Archbishop Sharp" the "Massacre of Glencoe," which is, to say the least, wondrous strange.

THE AUTHOR AT PLAY

A Farm in Creamland. By CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. CHARLES GARVICE has beaten his pen into a ploughshare. The fact, however, need not yet be hailed with joy by the less successful rivals of this very popular novelist. The ploughshare is merely an interlude of some 392 pages. Having delved into the soil and shown us its true ruddy Devon texture, Mr. Garvice will undoubtedly bring his cows and pigs beneath a pleasant fresh crop of fiction and romance. Not that romance is absent from his farm in Creamland. The book, as might be expected, is redolent of the West Country—of its humours, softness, and simple geniality. Here we see the author, freed from the cares of his multitude of heroes and heroines, in his rôle of land-owner. We see him mounted and on foot; we see him shooting pheasant, partridge, homely rabbit, and probably an occasional fox. We must admit that this latter deduc-

tion is arrived at by subtle methods. It is based merely on the absence of any direct denial of this feat in the book! Mr. Garvice is to be congratulated in that, an experienced farmer, he has retained his enthusiasm for the art. Concerning the financial success of such an agricultural venture he holds no illusions. Nevertheless, we are glad that he is possessed of his farm, since from that source has sprung this idyllic book of his men, hearts, and acres. We suggest that Mr. Garvice should buy another farm, and write a second book of the kind. Here is a passage that must interest those concerned with the Devon tongue: it occurs at the end of a chapter on rustic wit:—

I have endeavoured to repeat the homely conversation in language as near to that which they used as I can; but it is impossible to reproduce the rich West Country burr, the curious inflection and intonation of the words, and the soft pronunciation which they give to the letter "u." I have seen words in which it occurs spelt in various ways in the attempt to give its sound, but the attempt is never successful. Take the word "due," for instance. They don't pronounce it "doo," and if you spell it "dew" (as I have seen it done) it only brings us back to the same sound; and though misspelt words may look funny on paper, they fail in giving us an accurate reproduction of a conversation. To spell cat with a "k," or me with two "ee's" may be very witty, but it does not alter the pronunciation of the words. The Devonshire people pronounce "u" as do the French, and no amount of misspelling will make it clearer.

These words might be noted with considerable advantage by those others who write of the West Country—not necessarily from within!

SHORTER REVIEWS

Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours. By "DRAIG GLAS." (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

IN this story of light and pleasantly-told incidents "Draig Glas" follows up, in a rather more serious vein, the attack on the Welsh country folk which he made in "The Perfidious Welshman." The long succession of annoyances, proceeding from mere ungratefulness to poaching, the garden-produce, and heath burning, which Carrington's tenants and village folk inflicted on the exemplary landlord, make the land "Draig Glas" has the skill to make it to rejoice when Mr. Carrington becomes and turns his estate over to an agent, meanwhile. There are several neat chapters, including a most irritating Rector called and Madge, the squire's daughter, is in love affair with one Alec Murray proving in interest. We are inclined to think the scenery is too much insisted upon, as practice chapter begins with a couple of pages about the state of the vegetation. The best parts are its conversations. We know not if the author in his strictures on the Welsh, but he certainly is case entertainingly.

Mechanical Inventions of To-day. By THOMAS W. C. (Seeley, Service, and Co., Ltd. 5s. net.)

THE progress of applied science has brought into use, especially in our large cities, many intricate devices for the safety, convenience, and enjoyment of kind—devices of which the average man is ignorant, although he sees their effects and profits every day of his life. Take the case of a person on a short journey by the District Railway. On an i-

screen the destination of his train appears as by magic; red lights change to green, green to red, without any visible human intervention; a dozen automatic appliances and clever instruments combine to ensure his arrival at his destination. How all this is accomplished Mr. Corbin lucidly explains in his book, with the aid of simplified diagrams and plentiful pictures; in fact the chapter entitled "Inventions on the Railway" is one of the most interesting imaginable. The colliery, the cotton-mill, the modern boiler and its adjuncts are all thoroughly treated; electric machinery, gas and steam and heat engines occupy many pages. Not often is the author to be caught tripping, but we notice one careless sentence: "There are several ways of burning oil in a boiler"—the meaning, of course, is obvious as referring to the oil-fuel of the furnace.

A valuable portion of the volume for those who do not profess a deep knowledge of engineering is that dealing with the turbine, and we have rarely read a more capable explanation of the action of steam in this essentially modern development of the steam-engine. Altogether, Mr. Corbin is to be congratulated on his book; in knowledge and in clearness of exposition it is far better than most works of a similar character and aim.

Caractères. By JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

Miss Rovel. By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

La Chanoinesse. By ANDRÉ THEURIET. (T. Nelson and Sons, 1s. net each.)

RECENT additions to the excellent "Collection Nelson," consisting chiefly of masterpieces of French literature, are the volumes under notice, which show no falling-off both as regards quality and production, and compare favourably with their predecessors in the same series. La Bruyère was a most effective satirist who thought less of the taste of his age than of the judgment of posterity, and his "Caractères" contain not only shrewd attacks on dead celebrities, but also biting allusions to contemporary authors, which was somewhat audacious in the days of "Le Roi Soleil," when *lettres de cachet* could be had almost for the asking. Victor Cherbuliez was a cultivated man of the world who wrote both novels and political articles. "Miss Rovel," though not the most popular of his works, is nevertheless thoroughly typical of his qualities as a writer of fiction, and in it he very successfully depicts the English tomboy as she has been painted for us by the Misses Braddon and Rhoda Broughton. Theuriet's "La Chanoinesse" is an exciting story of the Great French Revolution, and is alive with historical truth.

The Regent's Park and Primrose Hill: History and Antiquities.

With Maps and Illustrations. By A. D. WEBSTER. (Greening and Co. 5s. net.)

PROBABLY not many of the thousands who visit the Zoological Gardens every year give a thought to the interesting history of the place and its surroundings. "Marylebone Park," the original name of Regent's Park, dates from the time of Henry VIII., and was much frequented by Royalty as a hunting-ground down to the days of Cromwell. Many curious and rare old pictures are reproduced in this handy little volume; Marylebone Church, for instance, is shown in the sixteenth century as a small edifice quite in the country—three miles, in fact, from the London of the period. Mr. Webster does not confine himself within narrow limits; he treats of the Regent's Canal, the Botanical Gardens, the "Zoo," and even the fungi of the district; the whole book is packed with information, and is a most valuable summary of both ancient and modern items of interest.

FICTION

Burning Daylight. By JACK LONDON. (William Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. JACK LONDON'S new novel, "Burning Daylight," is probably the best he has written. The first part of the story rings with the call to the wilds; the vigour and love of adventure of the pioneer are here, and Elam Harnish ("Burning Daylight") is the typical athletic and square-dealing man of the world that Mr. London likes so well. Nevertheless, while there is no lack of sincerity, yet that absence of sense of proportion and idea of perspective which characterises all American writing cannot pass unnoticed. Mr. London either does not possess the artistic ability to portray the changing moods with variation of surroundings, or, on the other hand, the artistic ability is swamped and stultified by unconscious exaggeration. "Daylight" appears to us as three distinct characters: first he is the hero of the Yukon; then we see him as the millionaire, relentless and grasping, in San Francisco; and, lastly, as the penniless lover and husband on the Californian ranch. There is no shading off from one phase to another: the millionaire does not feel like a captive bird in his office; there is no gasping after God's free air. One almost feels that art has been sacrificed in order that a happy ending may be successfully engineered. The only trait in Harnish which appears throughout is the desire to outdo every one, to be super-everything. Nobody can walk like Harnish; the stamina of the Indian race is as nought; he trails seventy miles in one day, dances all night, and is on his journey over the frosty, snow-covered tracks the next morning. He out-drinks his companions, lifts greater weights, is the biggest gambler, he fears but one influence—women. His luck is surprising: by hard work and fearless speculation he amasses a fortune of eleven million dollars in the gold boom. With this he leaves the wilds, practically without a regret, and settles down to gamble in California. Here arises the love-interest about which Mr. London appears to be as doubtful as does Daylight himself. One day his stenographer accidentally draws attention to a mistake in grammar, and this is the beginning. Miracles still happen—and Mr. London seems to believe in them. As a description of life and adventure in the snow and ice, and as a convincing criticism of American finance, the book has undoubted value. The literary skill, the intellectual conviction, the breadth of vision are here; but why does not Mr. London break away from American orthodoxy?

Dorinda's Birthday. By CHARLES LEE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who are acquainted with Mr. Lee's charming Cornish stories will be pleased to learn that "Dorinda's Birthday" in every way equals, if not surpasses, his previous descriptions of life in the Duchy he knows so well. The plot is slight, the story short, but still the spell of it all is irresistible. St. Hender's Feast Day, with the foregathering of the villagers at the annual revels, is all the material that our author takes from which to weave his tale, but every character is so well drawn that it is impossible not to see and know each one. We can hear Mrs. Barron, a withered dame of sixty with eleven—and increasing—symptoms call after the merrymakers as they leave Sunny Corner. We can see Mrs. Varco, who was "large," enjoying a chat with Mrs. Pedrick as she relates how on her visit to the sights of London she "stuck in the turnstile every time and no getting . . . for'ard or

back'ard." The dear old lady, too, is there as she tries to read the paper "every week reg'lar," but, owing to failing eyesight and a poor education, drops six months behind, although as she says—

This old news I do find en more comfortable, like, than if 'a was raw-new . . . seeing 'tis all over and done with months ago—tears dried, proper new headstones put up 'pon the graves, wounds stitched up, handsome wooden legs provided for them that do require them—why, it do just touch the heart softly.

But perhaps the best sketched of them all is "boy Albert," a "short, scrubby, middle-aged man"—"put in with the dough and took out with the cakes"—as one of his successful rivals unkindly describes him. Albert is always missing his chances with members of the fair sex in spite of very great attention to the details of his toilet. This is Albert as he returns dejected and rejected to his mother's house on the afternoon of the Feast Day:—

A blue peaked cap was superimposed on a black tail-coat and fancy waistcoat, and those again on tight white flannel trousers and white canvas shoes; so that, looking him over from head to foot, you began your acquaintance with the mate of a coasting vessel, went on to a small country tradesman at a tea-party, and finished up with a cricketer arrayed for the field.

There is a fount of humour throughout the story which is always fresh, and provokes many a quiet chuckle as it ripples in and out the pages. We were very sorry when the time came to lay the book down.

The Price of Empire. By E. HOBART-HAMPDEN. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

If directness and conscientiousness of narration were the chief virtues of the novelist, then this novel would be a masterpiece. There is little to weary the imagination of the reader; every detail is carefully explained; curiosity is aroused only to discover whether the plot will follow the path we expect—and we are rarely disappointed. The author quickly exposes the cards he intends to play, and the slightest consideration shows that there will be little chance of an exciting finish. Lilian Sylvester, returning to India from England, is waiting to go ashore at Bombay, and to her are brought her letters by the young friend of the voyage, Allan Tremaine, who "was pleasant to look upon, not very tall, but well made, with grey eyes, set wide apart, and smooth fair hair." Lilian's brother writes of sedition in his district, and of the appointment of a Bengali of supposed anarchist leanings as Assistant Commissioner, while Allan, the young Civil Servant, has news that he has been appointed to the same station as the Sylvesters. In the streets of Bombay the carriage conveying Lilian and Allan is brought to rest adjacent to a native dressed in European clothes who had been, of course, a friend of Allan at Oxford, and whose brother is, of course, the new Assistant Commissioner. Truly may Allan remark: "What a curious coincidence!" It should be unnecessary to say that the Bengalis have a pretty, scheming sister—and that the novel tells of sedition, conspiracy, treachery, and self-sacrifice.

Can Man Put Asunder? By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA. (John Murray. 6s.)

We have here a novel of society in which the bad characters are monotonously vicious and the good characters are as dull as Mid-Victorian Sunday afternoons. Gee Gee, *alias* George

Gascoigne, the wicked hero, has thirty thousand a year and is what one might call a cad. He marries Shona Barcaldine, the heroine, and treats her very badly, finally going off in his yacht with Lady Cyril Gorhamberry, a lady who uses too much scent and has other faults. We are also introduced to a scheming sister, a youthful prodigy, a kind-hearted duchess, and an exceedingly stupid artist. We attend several balls, have tea several times in luxurious style, and hear some of the fascinating conversation of country houses. If after such treatment we are not satisfied and grateful, it must be because we are afflicted with a small amount of literary taste and do not greatly care for high society in the manner of the *Family Herald*. The only sentiment, besides perfect boredom, which this book arouses in us is one of polite wonder at the limitless charity of the modern reader and the modern publisher, which puts the pen of the novelist into the hands of so many people completely devoid of any power to use it.

THE THEATRE

WASHINGTON IRVING AND VARIATIONS

WITH an orchestra playing special music in a sort of wood-clearing and upon a stage outlined with the trunks of specially massive trees, Mr. Cyril Maude has recently produced a special version of that irresistible old story with which "rare" Joe Jefferson was well content. There is, indeed, something too special about all this. Just as good wine needs no bush, Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" needed no variation, no special treatment. It is a classic, and if a revival seems desirable, it should be treated as such. What, we wonder, would have been rare Joe Jefferson's feelings could he have returned to spend an evening at the Playhouse? Surely his opinion of modern theatre management would be worth hearing when he found that Mr. Maude was afraid to trust to the old direct story and so called in the aid of an adapter, of scene painters, of a composer of incidental music, and of Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant?

Apart from what is, in our opinion, a piece of special impertinence to the work of Washington Irving there is very much in this "entirely new version" of "Rip Van Winkle" that is very charming. From the point of view of scenic production it is very beautiful and imaginative, and the pictures of all the curious and Sime-like nightmares that run through the schnapps-soddened brain of the new Rip are quaint, alluring, impressive, and creepy. They are, perhaps, too creepy for the ordinary playgoer, who desires above all things to be made to laugh. We had no wish to find ourselves alone on some blasted heath in the dead of a moonlight night, while the recollection was upon us of the gnome-ridden place echoing with the wailing of lost souls in which Rip found himself. If the play had been put on by a Society for the Abolition of Strong Drink it could not have taught a better lesson. Never will we drink schnapps again. Once having seen that eerie spot in the Kaatskills, which was alive with hideously grinning dwarfs, who were under the control of a green-faced fiend armed with a lash, we shall give schnapps a wide berth. We are quite certain that if an unwary parent took a high-strung child to see the play he would regret having done so, not once but many times.

Mr. Austin Strong's entirely new Rip is an unmarried man. He is also an attractive, lovable, wheedling rogue, who is no one's enemy. He has been in prison for vagrancy, or some such offence, and comes back to the village with his pockets full of presents. Dominie van Schaiek has warned

the villagers against the drunken ne'er-do-weel, but he soon has them all round him listening to his infectious laugh. Then the beautiful Minna Van de Grift comes out of her cottage, and we are somewhat surprised to find that she is in love with Rip. We find also that she is the daughter of the Van de Grift who disappeared years ago when thunder reverberated among the mountains, and is on the charge of the village. She hopes that Rip will now turn over a new leaf, one more final new leaf. He swears that he will, but Minna, who knows his character only too well, cannot rely upon him. She loves him, and is ready to marry and go into the mountains with him, but not until he has polished an old copper pan so that she may be able to see her face in it—a task which seems to Rip to be easy enough. Left alone he sits down and sets to work babbling of green fields, when out of a water-barrel creeps a nasty little green dwarf—the very materialisation of concentrated schnapps. With many signs and moustache-pulling this creature gives Rip to understand that he will undertake to clean the pan. Seeing his way to escape what appears to him to be entirely unnecessary labour, Rip gives up the pan, only to find that the dwarf has made it blacker than ever by setting some mysterious fluid alight in it. So he sits down again to be almost instantly torn away from his test task by his five senses. These dance round him in the form of very alluring and transparent maidens, who are experts in the art of dancing as it is expressed by the Prime Absolute of the Russian ballet. They lead him gradually to a bottle of schnapps, and compel him to drain it to the dregs, and it is upon a very drunken Rip with a still unpolished pan that Minna broken-heartedly comes. He has failed terribly. She does not realise this more acutely than he himself does. And when he has received his marching orders and pulls himself together to go out of the village to his beloved woods, the dwarf appears again with a small keg of his delicious poison, which he begs Rip to carry for him.

From this moment until the scenes fifty years later the play develops into a series of Sime-like nightmares. Woods ~~filled with~~ ^{filled with} strange, inhuman cries, ill-shaped gnomes with fungi growing on their ears and noses, and hands whose fingers are bulbous and distorted, bob up from behind grotesque rocks. The very moon, new-born and slim, seems to be set in a sky alive with ugly shapes, and shines down upon a hill set among forbidding, whispering mountains. Rip finds his own body lying in a drunken sleep beneath a tree whose branches have twisted themselves into grimaces. He stumbles upon a glorious keg of schnapps, which is like nothing so much as liquid moonbeams. At the wedding invitation of countless whimsical creatures he drinks and is possessed. Out from behind a rock comes a wailing creature, who pours forth a stream of incoherent pleadings. It is Minna's father, Van de Grift, who has been held a prisoner by this army of corpulent abortions. He implores the terrified Rip to utter a wish ("Wish, wish," go the gnomes from crannies and grottoes and peaks), so that his soul and body may be set free. Whereupon the frightened ne'er-do-weel, thinking more of the girl he loves than his comfort and peace of mind, offers himself up to the chief abortion, and Van de Grift flashes back into his own shape and rushes away.

Fifty years later, on a sunny day in autumn, several soldiers who have taken part in the war of 1812 are staggering back to their homes. They rest for a moment or two on the roots of a massive tree, which has shed its leaves in a great golden pile. They are sick of war and wounds, and long for home and peace. On they go, and when their footsteps have died away something stirs beneath the leaves, and there comes a faint sound, as of a man stretching himself after a long sleep. By twos and threes the leaves fall away. A foot appears, a ragged arm, a head covered with

long white hair and cobwebs—it is Rip Van Winkle, who thinks that he has been sleeping since yesterday, the merry, irresponsible, light-hearted ne'er-do-weel, over whose sleeping head fifty autumns have passed, and upon whose ageing body fifty great golden piles have fallen. There is a squirrel fast asleep in his pocket, and at his elbow the copper pan, as old and battered as himself. Ah! now he will clean it and take it down to Minna in the village, so that she may see her face in it.

But when at last he totters down the snow is on the ground and on the roofs of innumerable houses that seem to him to have grown up in the night, and upon a number of strange factory chimneys which appear to have trodden down the trees. There is the old stream, however, and the inevitable fisherman and the little bridge, and there are many people with new faces and new voices and unrecognising eyes. No one knows this strange old man who cries out for his friends and Minna, and mentions names that belong to a time that no one can remember. "Where are my friends and my good dog Schnider . . . ?" The poor old man must be wandering in his mind. Men speak roughly to him, women draw away as he passes, and children titter. Dominie John Hutchinson, a good American citizen, does his best to find some sense in his childish babble. It is no good. He shall remain, however, and be made comfortable, and given fire and food. And it is upon an aged, bent, ragged, and weeping Rip that the white-haired Minna finally comes. "Rip! . . . Minna!" A gleaming pan is laid at her feet clean enough to make a looking-glass for a faithful face.

Whatever, then, we may think of the sacrilege that has been done to Washington Irving's story, we repeat that there is much that is beautiful and moving in this new version, and few things more beautiful and more moving than the meeting of Rip and Minna. This scene was played with the greatest economy of action by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, and would draw tears from a sphinx. Indeed, every scene in which Mrs. Maude took part was played perfectly, and if Mr. Maude was not quite all that we imagined Rip to be, he was not far short of it. His old, broken, wistful Rip was quite exquisitely conceived and brought to life. ~~Miss Margaret Maude as the young Minna~~ was Miss Winifred Emery when young—and it is not possible to pay her a higher compliment for beauty and ability. Among a long cast the names of Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. John Harwood, Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Daniel McCarthy (in two parts) must be picked out for congratulation. The incidental music by Mr. John Ansell was good, although a little uninspired. As to Mr. Austin Strong, who made this entirely new version of "Rip Van Winkle"—well, if he felt impelled to make an entirely new version he has certainly done so, admirably well.

A BRITISH OUTPOST IN CHINA

I WAS going to visit "the new territories"—the three hundred square miles of the mainland leased by the British Government in 1898.

A rickshaw with three runners was waiting for me at Kowloon when I stepped off the ferry steamer that had brought me from Blake Pier, on the island of Hong Kong. The inevitable roast pig glowed on the stall of a street vendor with a richness that brought to mind Giorgione's "Concert" and Pater's thread of gold.

Some fresh land was being reclaimed from the sea here by dumping truckloads of sand into the hollows at a place used hitherto as a typhoon refuge. Behind and across the harbour the peak loomed dark purple, but the valleys I was

soon crossing were covered with green paddy-fields and vegetable gardens, while here and there a patch of hillside was devoted to the dead and set about with urns of human bones.

Gradually the well-metalled road ascended and the hill-sides began to be covered with young fir-growth. Sometimes it crossed deep clefts, down which lay black smooth boulders detached from the rock above. At Lok-lo-ha (ten miles from Kowloon), beyond the great railway tunnel, over a mile in length, which has been constructed for the lines between Kowloon and Canton, I left the rickshaw to continue my journey in a police-launch to Taipo. Clumps of graceful feathery bamboo varied the monotony of paddy-fields, and little villages appeared along the curving coast, one of which was entirely shut in by a stone wall and eight small towers.

Far out in the bay the police-launch appeared puffing towards the sandy beach, and when it arrived, left immediately for Taipo, which is really the name of a district in the middle of which is Taipo-Hou, meaning Taipo market. Out through a gap lay Mir's Bay, and beyond that Chinese territory; in the opposite direction rose the Pat Sin Ling, the range of the Eight Spirits, sharply cut and clefted.

The local magistrate gave me hearty welcome. He lived happily with several colour-prints by Utamaro, a complete edition of Renan's works, in many volumes, and a dog of extreme wisdom but doubtful origin which had been described by experts as "not too big and white." The white dog's master had had a curious case before him that morning. An old Chinaman had been up to explain that one of his sons had had serious bleeding at the nose. They had consulted the Chinese doctor, and upon examining the case he had decided the reason was that another grave had been made twenty feet from the grave of the man's father. This, the doctor had declared, had intercepted the pulse of the dragon, and unless the second grave were removed the nose-bleeding would continue till the boy died.

"Fungshe," or the great Science of Aspects, is a difficult matter to understand, but I was assured that a study of the great theologian's "Philosophic Dialogues" is no bad help in the solution of the daily problems of an English magistrate in China.

We walked through several villages that afternoon, including Pan Chung and Tai-wo-shi, where a waterwheel was causing a series of hammers to pound up the wood of which the joss-stick powder is made.

Several times we crossed a pretty tumbling stream by precarious stepping-stones, a stream with trees leaning over it, that reminded me of the Glaslynn in North Wales, and at Wun Yiu village watched a potter at work painting a row of little jars before glazing them.

The magistrate gave good account of the village people, declaring them quiet, well-behaved folk, rarely troubling the Indian police quartered at Taipo, though the latter are not always at peace among themselves.

A sergeant had recently preferred a charge against a constable of stealing the oil (nut oil) from his lantern to put in his curry. At the same time the constable preferred a charge against the sergeant of stealing a chicken while they were out on patrol together. The cockerel was produced in court, and the constable said he remonstrated when the sergeant stole the fowl, and that the sergeant replied to him: "Is it for you to say to me, a sergeant, what I should do?"

But all this had occurred a month previously, and when asked why he had not brought the charge before, the constable was ready with his answer. He said that every morning all the month he had asked the sergeant for leave to go in and report him and make the charge, and always the sergeant had replied: "No, I will not give you leave to go and report me." Of the oil-stealing there was no evi-

dence but that of the sergeant himself. He declared that he saw the constable go to the back room, and, opening the bullseye lantern, empty the oil into his plate of curry. Now, the evidence appearing insufficient, the case was about to be dismissed when the sergeant said he had something to ask, and it was that he might have permission to go to Hong Kong and employ a solicitor.

"Very well," said the magistrate, "one hundred dollars down for your bail." The man put this down then and there in notes from his pocket. At Hong Kong he paid fifty dollars to a solicitor who came out and lunched with the magistrate. At lunch the magistrate said, talking of the case, "I was going to dismiss it for want of evidence, but the man wanted to employ a solicitor, so I thought that would be the most satisfactory way of fining him."

"Yes; but my dear fellow," said the solicitor, "I've taken his money and I must make a show for it—may I talk?"

In the afternoon the case was tried. That solicitor made a long, fervid, and impassioned speech, and the case was dismissed; the magistrate knew all along that it was a long-standing feud between the sergeant and the constable, and one day that sergeant found himself transferred to another place.

The next morning it was very beautiful at Taipo as I waited for the launch to come for me. A big square fishing-net hung in the air, with its vent open above the blue water. At the end of the wooden pier a little square lantern swung in the breeze, the sun glinting brightly upon it. A pale moon hung in the Western sky, and in the East, beneath the sun, was the wonderful curve of the Saddle-back mountain—just a shadow of colour—purple blue and grey. And to the north of the space of open water was the long line of the mountain of the Eight Spirits, soft and warm and riven by clefts, full of violet shadows leading to the sea. And on the right all along the turnings of the shore at the base of the hills appeared the buttressed and embanked line of the new railway that shall change China more swiftly than Labour Members can scratch the face of an empire.

A. HUGH FISHER.

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE*

MR. HARRIS' first book, "The Man Shakespeare," made nonsense of nearly all the books that have been written on Shakespeare and his plays. Even the gasping professors did not challenge Mr. Harris' knowledge, and he painted his portrait of the dramatist with a certainty of touch and a passionate sincerity more convincing than any arguments. Here at length was a Shakespeare who might have written Shakespeare's plays, and that was already more than could be said of the remarkable monster created by the critics in two hundred years of labour. The conventional picture of the British tradesman-dramatist who drew the supremest eloquence of passion from the shallows of a dispassionate soul could be at length relegated to the shelves of that literary chamber of horrors where the work of all the writers who have laboured without love shall meet at last. Mr. Harris' conception of Shakespeare the man delivered us not only from those cruel libels on our great poet, but from a deal of bad criticism of the plays as well. The commentators and emendators had bored us with their futilities till we began to associate Shakespeare with a condition of spiritual weariness. English scholars seemed to have determined to confine themselves to "textual criticism," when Mr. Harris, following or rather super-

* *The Women of Shakespeare.* By Frank Harris. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d.)

seeding Coleridge, showed that the only way to reach fine textual criticism was to consider the plays as works of art, and not as strings of broken, insentient words.

"The Man Shakespeare" gave us a wonderful portrait of Shakespeare, an elaborate and convincing theory as to the subjective nature of his work, and incidentally some convincing criticism of the various plays; but naturally the book was in the main devoted to the portrayal of the dramatist, and the criticism of the plays was directed to that end: much, therefore, had to remain unsaid, not because it was not worth saying, but because the author was bound by his plan to consider chiefly those characters in which Shakespeare draws his own portrait.

In his new book Mr. Harris allows himself a wider range, and we certainly profit by his greater freedom. He has traced for us the likenesses not only of that "dark lady" of the Sonnets whose wanton love made Shakespeare a great tragic poet, but also of Shakespeare's mother, of his wife, and of his favourite daughter, Judith. In addition, the author renews and strengthens his arguments in favour of the relative innocence of the Sonnets, and, even more important, traces Shakespeare's hand in many passages that have not previously been ascribed to him. Here, surely, is debatable matter enough for one volume.

In this book Mr. Harris has drawn the likeness of the dark lady, Mary Fitton, with full detail, showing how Shakespeare gives us "a realistic snapshot of her in Rosaline in 'Romeo and Juliet,' a superb photograph of her as Rosaline again in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' idealistic, happy impressions of her in Julia, Juliet, Portia, Beatrice, and Rosalind; passionate full-length portraits of her in the Sonnets and as 'false Cressid,' and finally a triumphant living, breathing picture of her in 'Cleopatra'—a world's masterpiece. Lady Macbeth is a mere sketch of her imperious strength and selfwill; Goneril, a slight copy of Lady Macbeth, with lust emphasised." Volumnia in "Coriolanus" is a portrait of Shakespeare's mother; Marina, Perdita, and Miranda are idealised sketches of his younger daughter, Judith. (Arthur in "King John," as Mr. Harris showed in his previous book, is probably a portrait of Shakespeare's son Iamnet, or at least a picture inspired by him.)

As for Mistress Anne Hathaway, the wife whom Shakespeare married against his will and virtually deserted while he achieved his fame in London, the wife for whom he was unwilling to pay a debt of forty shillings, the wife to whom he bequeathed his "second-best bed," Mr. Harris finds "an extraordinary spirit-photograph of her, so to speak, as Adriana in 'The Comedy of Errors,' her furious temper forces itself to view again where ill-temper is utterly out of place in the raging, raving Constance of 'King John,' and again in Katharina in 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" With such a companion—and possibly the elder daughter took her mother's part—Shakespeare's last years at Stratford can hardly have been so peaceful as sentimental critics have tried to make us believe.

The methods by which the author arrives at these conclusions will be familiar to those who have read "The Man Shakespeare," or the brilliant series of articles in "The English Review," now expanded to form this book. But there is a sense of freer judgment, the author's confidence has stronger wings in the new book than it had in the old. There it was necessary to argue and prove every inch of the way; it was road-maker's work, as the Germans call it. Now Mr. Harris evidently feels that the greater part of his audience is convinced of the general truth of his reading of Shakespeare's poems and plays. We should say that, outside the remote intellectual fastnesses of the academic professors, this startling theory of Shakespeare's personality and love-story has met with very little opposition, while Mr.

Harris deals robustly enough with the extraordinarily insignificant attacks that his book drew from the pedants.

The new book is more interesting than the previous one; for Shakespeare's love-story is here narrated fully, followed indeed with extraordinary delicacy and sympathy into the remotest folds and fibres of personality, so that we know not only Shakespeare and Mary Fitton and Lord William Herbert, but their mutual relations and their reactions so to speak each on the other.

A new and most interesting identification is that of Herbert with Bertram in "All's Well that Ends Well." We cannot follow here the close reasoning by which Mr. Harris proves the relationship between Shakespeare's "faithless friend and rival" and the worthless object of Helena's affections, but the fact is important as throwing light on the difficult question of the Sonnets. It may be said at once that the difficulty would be less if Englishmen were less mealy-mouthed. It has always been easier for writers to hint at Shakespeare's guilt than for Shakespeare's true lovers to prove his innocence. For our part we accept Mr. Harris' theory that Shakespeare addressed his Sonnets to the high-born young man because Lord William Herbert was a great and influential nobleman. It is infinitely easier to believe that Shakespeare was snobbish than to accept the hideous alternative.

Not the least astonishing section of "The Women of Shakespeare" is that in which the author forsakes what we may call his biographical explanations, to comment on the ascription by scholars of certain portions of the plays undeniably written by Shakespeare to other hands. Who would venture to say that any of the following lines could have been written by any one but Shakespeare?—

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent. . . .

—"I Henry VI." II. v.

See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!

—"Pericles" I. i.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. . . .

—"Henry VIII." III. ii.

. . . all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. . . .

—"Henry VIII."

Yet these are passages that not one of the professors, but all the professors, and all the poets, in fine all our modern authorities have denied to Shakespeare. Mr. Harris is justified in saying that the "critics are unanimous in rejecting not Shakespeare's vulgarities and inanities, but the gems of his thought," the most fragrant blossoms of his poetry. If Mr. Frank Harris had done nothing else but restore these jewels and dozens of others just as priceless to their lawful begetter, we should still have sufficient reason to be grateful to him. How can any one write the truth about Shakespeare who cannot hear his voice? Mr. Harris, it may be noted, recognises the hand of the master dramatist on nearly every page of "Pericles;" he restores to the master the whole of "Timon," nearly all the "First Part of Henry VI." and much of "Henry VIII." It is to be hoped that he will take up the question of the

doubtful plays at some future date. Why does not some publisher issue a complete Shakespeare, edited and annotated by Mr. Frank Harris? The Shakespearean Memorial Committee might do worse than take this work in hand for Shakespeare's tercentenary.

We are whole-hearted believers in Frank Harris' conception of Shakespeare the man, and we think that the foundations of our belief are solid. In the first place, any one that is at pains to master his method and his principal arguments will find the plays so many eloquent witnesses on behalf of his theory. He has given us a human Shakespeare, and we know that our dramatist must have been intensely human. He shows him at grips with a mastering and enduring passion, and we know that such passion alone can make a man creative.

The really notable feature of Frank Harris' discovery is its simplicity. He did not search the thickets of Stratford-on-Avon or burrow among the parchments at the Record Office for news of the poet, but he looked for him and found him in the plays themselves. After all, it seems, Shakespeare did not wholly fail in the supreme art of self-expression. Mr. Harris read Shakespeare as no one ever read him before—with passionate devotion seeking for the man himself, without reference to traditional prejudices or conventions, and the result was "The Man Shakespeare." He reads him again and gives us "The Women of Shakespeare," a book no less fascinating and instructive in the best sense of the word. There should be other books.

It will be some time before the general mind discovers that criticism that is not imaginative impoverishes rather than enriches the spirit; and therefore we fear that years must pass before Frank Harris' Shakespeare, or a version of it, will be taught in schools in place of the tepid falsehoods of Dry-as-Dust. Nevertheless Mr. Harris has the consolation of knowing that his seed has not fallen on stony ground. Every book on Shakespeare henceforward will certainly derive from his, though it appears that their authors will not always give him his due of acknowledgment. We are sure that he does not need it. "Criticism," he writes, "is an act of worship, a dedication of the spirit in love, and an interpretation of the divine, the result of intimate communion of soul. As such an interpretation I put forth 'The Women of Shakespeare.'" Can I say more than that these words seem peculiarly applicable to this book?

R. M.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PORTE ST. MARTIN: I.

It is a curious history, that of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, for it has taken a most active part in the forming of the French stage. Since its foundation in 1764 all the most varied and dramatic styles have been rendered in this vast theatre, which offers the possibility of creating colossal scenic effects by some of the greatest artists. The Porte St. Martin thus ranks in importance immediately after the *théâtres subventionnés*, and we will endeavour to give a brief but comprehensive *résumé* of its history.

In order to do so satisfactorily let us glance through the records of the Opéra since the Porte St. Martin was built in view of becoming the French Opera-house. It is rather amusing to trace the vicissitudes which caused the "Académie Royale de Musique" to select residence on the Boulevards. Ever since the foundation of the Opéra in France by Pierre Perrin (who, though but a poor poet, possessed much initiative) and Robert Cambert (a musician of undeniable talent, to whom is due the first real French opera, "Pomone"), the new style of performance

had met with great favour, both with the Court and the public in general. When several years later Lulli obtained from Louis XIV. the privilege of creating a Royal School of Music, the Opéra was appreciated more and more. For Lulli, being a man of great intelligence, besides an indisputable genius in his own especial art, engaged the greatest singers of the time. Soon courtiers and townsmen knew no greater pleasure than that of spending their leisure moments at the Opéra, in spite of all the biting criticisms which were lavished upon it by some of the leading spirits of the time, such as La Bruyère and La Fontaine. It is worth noting that amongst the *cantatrices* most appreciated by the public figured Mademoiselle de Maupin, the bewildering and alarming heroine of Théophile Gautier's immortal work.

After Lulli's death the Opéra continued to enjoy the same vogue under the direction of Rameau and Glück. But twice already disastrous fires had destroyed it; it had been forced to seek new homes, and in 1763 the building in the Palais-Royal, which it had occupied since 1673, was in its turn burnt. The Opéra was obliged, for the time being, to settle itself in the Théâtre du Château des Tuileries while a house was being erected for it on the Boulevard St. Martin. In less than three months the architect, Lenoir, achieved the extraordinary feat of creating a new temple for the followers of Euterpe and Melpomene. This building was intended to be only temporary, but after the Opéra had deserted it to seek a more congenial neighbourhood, it continued to exist for ninety years, and would, no doubt, be still standing if the Commune had not destroyed it in 1871.

When the Opéra abandoned the theatre in 1794 it remained closed until 1802, when it reopened under the name of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. Five years later the famous decree issued by Napoleon, limiting the number of Parisian playhouses, obliged it to close its doors again. Until 1808 the only theatres of the city duly authorised were the Français, the Feydeau (with the Italiens as annex), the Odéon, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and the Ambigu. But the Porte St. Martin soon received permission to reopen with its name changed to that of "Les Jeux Gymniques." Its spectacles consisted chiefly of pantomimes and ballets; it soon reverted, however, to its former style of plays—vaudevilles and melodramas—and it resumed definitely the title of the Porte St. Martin. It became famous for the luxury of its staging, whilst the plays given there, by glorifying episodes of the Imperial triumph, attracted all the theatre-lovers of the capital.

A few years later this playhouse became a regular battlefield on which were engaged some of the most ardent contestants in favour of romanticism. Victor Hugo, Dumas, and Casimir Delavigne acted as commanders-in-chief in this war of ideas, and were valiantly supported by such artists as Frederick Lemaitre, Bocage, and Madame Dorval.

Since the beginning of the century a desire to be liberated from the ancient traditions had animated all branches of thought and literature—a desire very closely associated with the then dominant idea of political Liberalism. But this new aspiration met with a desperate resistance when it tried to influence the drama. And had it not been for the onslaught of many strong wills, all united in the one purpose of bringing about a proscription of the hackneyed conventionalism which then reigned triumphant on the French stage, classical tragedy, "that Bastille of Ancient Art," would perhaps still remain standing, impassive and victorious. The innovators, or *romantiques*, met with violent opposition by the partisans of the ancient formula—the *classiques*—and it is interesting to note that it was a series of Shakespearian representations given at the Porte St. Martin by an English troupe which was the determining cause of the conflict.

For many years the Porte St. Martin was devoted to the

staunch defence of romanticism. In 1831 Alexandre Dumas triumphed there with "Antony," having as principal interpreters Madame Dorval and Bocage. On seeing the fine creations these great artists made of his leading characters, Dumas was overjoyed that he had withdrawn his play from the Comédie Française, where Mademoiselle Mars and Firmin had been studying their respective rôles with evident bad grace and indolence.

Bocage was indeed a wonderful artist, and no greater praise could be bestowed upon him than the following appreciation in Heine's "Lettres sur la France :"—

Bocage est un bel homme distingué, dont les manières et les mouvements sont nobles. Sa voix métallique, riche en inflexions, se prête aussi bien aux éclats les plus tonnants du courroux, qu'à la tendresse la plus caressante des murmures amoureux. Bocage n'est pas autrement organisé que le reste des hommes ; il se distingue seulement d'eux par une plus grande finesse d'organisation. Ce n'est point un produit bâtard d'Ariel et de Caliban, mais un être harmonique, figure élevée et belle comme Phoebus Apollon. Son œil a moins de valeur, mais il peut produire des effets immenses avec un mouvement de tête, surtout quand il la rejette dédaigneusement en arrière ; il a de froids soupirs ironiques qui vous passent dans l'âme comme une scie d'acier. Il a des larmes dans la voix, et des accents de douleur tellement profonds qu'on croirait qu'il saigne intimement. S'il se couvre les yeux avec les mains, on croirait entendre la Mort dire : "Que la nuit soit !" Puis quand il sourit, c'est comme si le soleil se levait sur ses lèvres.

It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that with such a protagonist Dumas' "Antony" scored its colossal success—much to the surprise of the director of the Porte St. Martin, who did not believe the play would produce so much effect. Dumas relates in his amusing Memoirs that whilst the third Act was being read the director tried to "stave off sleep," and during the fifth Act he "openly snored." But both Madame Dorval and Bocage were fervent partisans of the new school and took pride and joy in devoting their remarkable talents to the cause of romanticism. Only four months after their creations in "Antony" they appeared in Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme," which was given at the Porte St. Martin in 1831.

"Marion Delorme" had passed through many exciting vicissitudes before appearing there, however. Victor Hugo's play was to have appeared at the Comédie Française, but the censorship forbade its production, and although Hugo himself obtained an audience from Charles X. and pleaded most eloquently its cause, the King refused to permit the representation to take place. Thereupon the author, infuriated, carried his MS. to the Porte St. Martin, where it was warmly welcomed. But "Marion Delorme" continued to provoke ardent discussion, and the first night was characterised by whistling, stamping, and shrieking.

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MANY years ago William Morris pointed out in one of his addresses that the first requisite for the existence of beautiful articles in our daily life was not the artistic education of the man who produced them, but that the user—the purchaser—must choose his wares to be of the kind he wished, and that the maker of these wares must agree with his choice. This was only a new way of stating a familiar truth—that an educated public is essential to the existence of good art, and that wares must be produced by craftsmen for the use of persons who understand craftsmanship if they

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are to be really artistic—and nowhere has its truth been better exemplified of late years than in the general revival of printing, due in no small measure to William Morris's efforts. The older among us can just remember the age of the horse-hair dining-room, the Berlin-work drawing-room, and the coal-scuttle with a Landseer picture on the top, an age which at its best sacrificed qualities which make for usefulness and comfort to a mistaken ideal of elegance; our own memories carry us back to a time when the ideal of the printed book was a volume printed on a fabric of china clay in a type of elegant tenuity, each line separated from its fellows by a wide space of white, each page of printing in the geometric middle of the paper, its illustrations vignettised into odd corners of the type. All this is now changed. The taste for fine printing, nurtured by costly masterpieces, has reacted on the ordinary trade productions. The purchaser has realised that while he cannot expect in a shilling book to have the same quality of paper and ink and excellence of composition and presswork as in a two-guinea volume, there is no reason why beauty of type and design of the page of the cheap book should be ignored, and when a choice is offered him, in increasing numbers he prefers the better-printed book. In this movement the collector of fine printing plays no small part. His shelf of privately printed books is an education to the eye of every one to whom it is shown and a constant pleasure to himself, with the not inconsiderable advantage, if he has bought judiciously, that their value can only increase as time goes on.

Though the chief credit for this change is due to William Morris, it could hardly have come about if the ground had not been prepared for the reception of his teaching. It so happens that printing is an art which has always appealed to the educated and often to the well-to-do classes. More than a few lovers of literature have succumbed to the temptation of setting up a private press under their own supervision or worked by their own hands, to print a few favourite books for themselves and like-minded friends. The distinction between the private press before Morris and after is this, that he inaugurated the fashion of designing his own materials, type, ornaments, &c., while they accepted those in use at the time, confining themselves to the tasteful use of such materials as were attainable in the ordinary way of business. The Daniel Press stands midway between these private presses of the old type and those with modern ideals. It is distinguished among other ventures of the day by its aloofness from any suspicion even of commercial aim. Its books are purely amateur productions: the type was set up and the books were printed by the printer-editor himself, the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, the venerable Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, or by members of his family, for their own delight or for the pleasure of their friends in the books themselves. The earlier productions of the press were given away as presents by Mr. Daniel, and the price charged for later issues has never been commensurate with their value.

Mr. Daniel's youth was spent in a West-country vicarage and his whole later life in Oxford, and, as is but just, the works issued from his press reflect his personality, his likings, even his limitations. Many of them are first editions of poets of the Oxford classical school, charming, severe in style, exhaling through every page the feeling of restful well-being, of fine surroundings, of high thought, which mark English University life. The little library of some sixty volumes was the favoured mode of publication for the exquisite poetry of Robert Bridges, and contains first editions of Laurence Binyon, Margaret L. Woods, Francis Bourdillon, and others. A pleasant flavour of antiquarianism has been given to the series by an occasional revival of forgotten fragments of old-world literature or selections

from the great poets, and every now and then a more intimate touch has been added to it by the publication of a "Garland" contributed to by a circle of poetic friends, or some booklet printed for a celebration of the moment.

Mr. Daniel's interest in printing dates from his boyhood use of a toy printing-press in his father's vicarage at Frome Selwood, in Somerset. Here, in the 'fifties, he produced some little duodecimo pamphlets, which are treasured by their fortunate owners as more precious than their weight in banknotes. Among them is a collection of hymns written by a cottager, and printed by him to give her "the pleasure of possessing them in a more durable form than in her own handwriting." But though trifles of this sort were produced at intervals, it was not till twenty years later that he began to take a serious interest in printing, and, bringing up his toy-press to Oxford, printed in his college rooms at Worcester twenty-five copies in duodecimo of a catalogue of pamphlets in the College Library (1874). Appetite grows with what it feeds on, and Mr. Daniel, seeking help from the Clarendon Press, disinterred from its stores some old-fashioned type and ornaments which had been put aside as out of accordance with the fashion of the times. The type was one of those procured for the University by Bishop Fell, one of the benefactors of the Press in the seventeenth century, the Dr. Fell of the well-known quatrain of Tom D'Urfey: that it is now a familiar one is not a little due to Mr. Daniel's use of it in his books. This was in 1877, and in 1882 the workmanlike type forced him to get a press capable of bringing out its qualities to better advantage and to discard the toy he had hitherto used. From that time to quite recently a new volume has appeared annually with few exceptions. A list of the issues up to 1902 was drawn up by Mr. Falconer Madan and published some years ago, and a more complete bibliography will soon be available.

The Daniel Press was a forerunner of the modern revival of fine printing, and, like many another harbinger, is consciously opposed to the ideals of the movement for which it prepared a way. Mr. Daniel is animated by the spirit of late seventeenth-century models, as is but natural considering the type and ornaments he has chosen for his work. Regarded from the point of view of the ideal book he falls short in several particulars. By systematically "leading" the type he gets too light a page, one that is, too, rather difficult to read unless the eye is used to bad printing. The page seems to be designed as a single unit, whereas the opening of two pages is the proper unit of design: the eye looks at one page, it is true, but it sees two pages. The merits of the series, apart from the subject-matter of the books which gives them a quality of their own, lie in a certain old-world charm, as of thin music, derived sometimes from Mr. Daniel's delicate grouping of ornamental woodcut devices, sometimes from the hand-drawn initials in red painted in by Mrs. Daniel, from the paper, and from the sentiment of loving care which one feels has informed every detail.

The collector in search of a quarry might take up many a less agreeable and profitable one than the acquisition of privately-printed books. The merit of some of them is their rarity, and only by some extraordinary piece of good fortune can he ever possess them, while others quite as rare are disregarded altogether by dealers. He will find himself on an uncharted sea, and discoveries lie before him. No complete collection of privately-printed books exists, not even an accurate list of private presses, so that the humblest of book-buyers may hope to inscribe against some title in his catalogue the coveted formula, "unknown to bibliographers." Space forbids more than a summary indication of some of the private presses of the early part of the nineteenth century that may still be obtained.

The eighteenth century set the way with the private

presses of Horace Walpole and John Wilkes. The large quarto series of Chronicles printed between 1803 and 1810 by Johnes at the Hafod Press in Cardiganshire are the first privately printed books of the nineteenth century. About two hundred of each volume were printed. A much rarer press of the time is the Frogmore Press at Windsor, which printed some verses and small books from 1809 to 1812 for Miss Knight under the patronage of Queen Charlotte. Copies of the publications of the Lee Priory Press of Sir Egerton Brydges (1813-1823) are not uncommon, though they were printed in relatively small numbers—of the first of them, the Poems of the Duchess of Newcastle, only twenty-five copies were struck off. They have fine woodcut initials and ornaments. The Middle Hill Press of Sir Thomas Phillipps (1822-1872) is devoted in large measure to genealogical subjects; most of the works printed there were issued in twenty-five copies only. The Prittlewell Press (1823) and the Great Totham Press (1831-1847) are quite unimportant, but their productions are very rarely found. The latter is devoted to broadsides and satirical verses. Books printed at the Beldornie Press (1840-1844) of E. V. Utterson are both rare and valuable. His reprints were issued in twelve copies only, and are much coveted. Another Press dear to collectors is that of Gaetano Polidori (1840-1850), grandfather of the Rossettis, from which issued the first work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "Sir Hugh the Heron" (1843), and the first poems of his sister Christina in 1847. The omnivorous collector will also wish to have specimens of the Bampton Press (1848-1855), founded by the famous Dr. Giles, the Rochester Press (1858-1872) of Edwin Roffe, the Heath Press, and the Parkstone Press, not to speak of Presses which only issued a single book, the most desirable of these being Miss Alice Sargent's "Crystal Ball," printed by Mr. Sargent in 1894 at Tite-street, Chelsea.

ROBERT STEELE.

ART

ARTHUR RACKHAM'S DRAWINGS AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

THE drawings for "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods" are a disappointment. It is almost the first time that Mr. Rackham's drawings have seemed laboured and not quite true, and to any one who has followed the course of his beautiful work and who goes round the gallery where these are hanging, knowing that the book for which they are the illustrations is a sequel to that produced last year, an explanation comes which may, or of course may not, be the right one. It is that Mr. Rackham has signed some sort of contract by which he is to illustrate a part of the "Nibelungen" year by year, so that the work has in a sense been done under compulsion. We know that it was of the artist's own choosing, and that last year the choice seemed to have been altogether good, yet in these drawings there is a sort of weariness of hand and head, as though the heart of the artist were not always in them. It is the old difficulty of the illustrator, always having to contend with somebody else's thoughts, and the worst of it is that it is so apt to lead people into easy but unsatisfactory criticisms. That the "Awaking of Brünnhilde" and Siegfried gazing at himself in the stream have failed altogether to realise the ideas of these strange, grand old tales, as people think of them—or as one supposes they think of them—really matters less than that, as cannot be doubted, they have failed to express the artist's ideas. For when one has been most moved by Mr. Rackham's beautiful fantasies—and there are some of the real ones here—the

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laughing limbs of the Rhine maidens, the weird waving tree-branches and the wild skies which are his own, one cannot help feeling that if they were said to have been prompted by the "Nibelungen" it would have been truer and they would have been more perfectly appreciated. For what after all does it matter whether the story of these things has ever been written in words? And the outcome of this seems to be that the tales are somehow not tangible enough for illustration, and the drawings too intangible for the tales.

Hanging in the St. George's Gallery in New Bond-street are the originals of Mr. Maxwell Armfield's illustrations for "Sylvia's Travels," a fairy-tale by Constance Smedley Armfield. One sees them first across the room as beautiful decorations—which one knows must make exquisite colour patterns on the book's pages, and then one finds that the colour patterns are such stuff as children's dreams are made of. There is the strangeness in them which is the essence of *faërie*. They have succeeded in creating new places and new things, as though the quaint life of some old manuscript had awakened in a modern world.

Who is Sylvia?

Come and see,

For children all commend her

is the inscription on an exquisite title-page.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

THE King has commanded Messrs. Williams and Norgate to publish all his speeches and addresses on Imperial subjects. It is hoped that the volume will be ready before Christmas.

In the meantime Constable and Co. are hurrying forward a book called "In the Shadow of the Islam," by a lady with the picturesque name of Demetra Vaka. The book is of topical interest, as it gives a series of vivid first-hand pictures of the complicated political situation in Turkey to-day. These form the background of the love-story of a young girl and a leader of the Young Turk Movement.

A new history of Scotland has been written. The author who has been plucky enough to undertake a work requiring such an immense amount of research is Mr. Robert Rait, who has already made himself a specialist in Scottish matters. Beginning with the ethnological questions and the tribal kingdoms up to the emergence of a United Scotland in the eleventh century, Mr. Rait then points out the process of Anglicisation which went on from the marriage of Malcolm Canmore to the War of Independence, and follows on with the effect of the great struggle with England on the civilisation of Scotland. After the Reformation the restoration of English influence in place of that of France is dealt with and is followed by the Covenanting Movement, the Revolution, the Union, the Jacobite Rising, the Settlement of the Highlands after Culloden, the Revival of Trade and Learning, and the story of the Ecclesiastical Disputes. The illustrations have been brought together with great care, and the portraits have, in most instances, been photographed from original paintings in private collections. The book will form the first of a series entitled "The Making of the Nations," which A. and C. Black intend to bring out from time to time.

Readers of the *Contemporary Review* will have noted the interesting articles on various phases of the history of the Eastern Empire, and will be glad to hear that the writer from whose pen they emanated has placed with A. and C.

Black a new history of the Byzantine Empire, which is now in the press. Mr. Edward Foord—"for such," as Miss Elinor Glyn would write, "is his name"—does not hesitate to express opinions of various rulers that will be found to differ very considerably from those which have been generally accepted, and to declare that Byzantine cruelty is largely a myth. The author has further prepared a series of maps, and there are to be a large number of illustrations from photographs which have been obtained with no little trouble, which will probably correct many inaccurate ideas as to Byzantine art.

Mr. Alban G. Widgery has translated into English the much-discussed work by Professor Rudolf Eucken, of the University of Jena, called "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," the fundamentals of a new philosophy of life. There are, it would seem, many new things under the sun, and hardly a month passes without its contribution to an already long list of these new philosophies. Professor Eucken is, however, quite undaunted, and by giving a careful analysis of extant conceptions of life—such, for instance, as those of Traditional Religion, Absolute Idealism, Naturalism, Socialism, and *Æsthetic Individualism*, and a sympathetic "inner" criticism of these by a consideration of their own implications, endeavours to show their inadequacy, the necessity for a newer conception, and the direction in which, according to him, this must be sought. It seems to us just a little curious that all the writers who put forward new philosophies of life, and who devote so much deep thought to Idealism, Naturalism, Socialism, Individualism, and the rest, forget altogether that common or garden "ism" which, if practised daily, makes philosophy almost unnecessary—Optimism. And there is one other philosophy—to call it by a term which might make it more interesting to certain minds, which these discoverers of "new" things quite forget—perhaps because it is so old. We mean faith.

Mr. Edward Arnold is shortly to publish Mr. Norman Pearson's new volume called "Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century." The eighteenth century has been delved into by so many bookmakers that it seems impossible to write anything new about it. Mr. Pearson claims, however, to have discovered several features and figures which have hitherto escaped detailed treatment—the Virtuosi who founded the Royal Society; the Wits and the Macaronies—some of whom may be compared with the upper middle-class hooligans of to-day.

Mr. Heinemann really will positively bring out Mr. Max Beerbohm's novel "Zuleika Dobson" at once. There can be no further delays. We all heard about this book some years ago. The title was given out to an expectant world, and people who make a habit of being early at the station, and who take a savage delight at waiting in long queues at theatre doors, rushed to the library to name the book. Whether Mr. Beerbohm was drawn away from his desk by a passionate desire to make Mr. George Bernard Shaw resemble on paper an Arab card-sharp, history does not relate. The fact remains that no book appeared. Again, later, further rumours went forth. "'Zuleika Dobson' is in the press!" was the excited cry, and a flutter ran through the artistic circles of North Kensington or Wormwood Scrubbs and West Kensington, which is Hammersmith. The Savile Club perked up and went about on tiptoe of expectation. But still no book. People, even genuine Beerbohmiens, began to think that all this was a subtle sort of joke, that there was no such thing as "Zuleika" at all. Cynics hinted at new forms of advertising as cynics will, especially those unpractical cynics who have failed to make themselves acquainted with the rudimentary fact that without advertisement no book can sell, and that, after all, books are not written to give away. We now have it from Mr. Heinemann himself that the hour—the great

hour—is at hand. To-day is the day. To-morrow all the world will know whether Mr. Max Beerbohm is the new Thackeray, the new Corelli, or the new Charles Garvice. These are vastly exciting times, indeed.

It never rains but it pours. It appears that Stephen Swift and Co. have a Max Beerbohm book as well. It is not a novel, however. It is a further collection of caricatures reproduced in colour, and is officially described in the following words: "These drawings constitute what might well be called a John Bull series, and although their satire is directed against political situations and national characteristics rather than against personal frailties, they yet retain that quality of mordant personal criticism which is so prominent a feature of this famous artist's work."

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

CHINA—THE STIRRING OF THE WATERS

THERE is still a complete absence of detailed information from the scene of operations in China. Attachés and correspondents have not been allowed to join the forces, and we are therefore dependent for news upon wholly unsatisfactory accounts transmitted *via* Peking and coast ports. Nevertheless, it is abundantly clear that as each hour passes the situation becomes increasingly grave. All the important towns in the Lower Yangtze Valley are in the hands of the rebels, under the leadership of General Li-Yuan-Hung, who received his military training in Germany and Japan. Perhaps the most significant indication of the seriousness of the crisis is to be found in the refusal of Yuan Shih-kai to come to the rescue of the Manchu dynasty. It is a distinguishing feature of this great statesman's career that he has never been known to take the losing side, and on the present occasion it would seem that his attitude is that of "waiting to see." Before many days have passed a decisive battle must be fought, and should the Imperial Army suffer heavy defeat, the insurgents, if they press home their advantage, will find the way open to Peking.

In some quarters there has been considerable speculation as to the part played by Japan in instigating disquiet in China. Stress has been laid upon the extraordinary circumstance that the arrival of the Japanese admiral and military attaché on the scene coincided with the outbreak of the revolution. Removing from the mind suspicion occasioned by incidents of this kind, the undeniable fact remains that the rise of Japan to a position of prominence among the Powers of the world has produced a widespread effect upon the peoples of all Asiatic countries. Asia is no longer slumbering. In the vast territories that stretch from Peking to Teheran signs are to be witnessed that the real awakening is at hand. Nor is it an awakening that will pass with the hour. It is an awakening that means that the East is standing upon the threshold of a new era, an era that may be destined to witness a reshaping of the map of the world. In other words, after centuries of dull sleep the East is now undergoing the process of revitalisation. And Japan leads the van in the march of Asia towards the attainment of her ideal—the recognition of equality with the nations of the West. The civilisation of Japan may be superficial, but it is essentially a militant civilisation. The danger to the West lies in the existence of a state of indifference which may find unpreparedness

when the time arrives for the inevitable conflict with the nations of the East.

By this I do not suggest the likelihood of a Yellow Peril in the sense that there may come a military combination of Asiatic races. For these peoples, like ourselves, have their own jealousies and their own quarrels. But there will come a time in a future that is not so far distant when, unless the West awakens to the imminence of danger, the predominance of the white over the yellow races will cease for ever. Education is the great force at work. With education will develop the national spirit, and this national spirit will manifest itself in many directions. There will be keen commercial strife. In countries now prospering under alien guidance demands for self-government, and eventually for autonomy, will be insisted upon. And unless the Powers are virile enough to combat such movements, they will lose their possessions one by one. To retain them there can be no combination among the nations of the West. To regain them there can be no common action among the nations of the East. International jealousy is alike strong in both spheres. But the nations of the West will be at this disadvantage, that whatever action they may take will be directed from a base that is far distant, while at the same time they will be called upon to combat peoples possessed with all the fervour of newly-awakened races. Japan has become the guiding-star of the East. The knowledge she is imparting to others may not be of the deepest kind, for she herself is as yet groping in darkness, only illumined by a few shafts from the light of true civilisation. But this knowledge will be sufficient to inspire effort and to sustain ambition. And it will tend to give to peoples fresh from the sleep of ages that burning desire to fight and conquer in all fields of human activity. Time and experience will do the rest.

The Japanese view of their mission in Asia has been well represented by one of their leading publicists, Dr. Shiratori:—

It is important to observe (says this authority) that within the past few years a marvellous change has come over China. Japan's success in the struggle with Russia taught the Chinese what an Asiatic nation supplied with Western weapons and appliances can do against an old and strong European Power, and there are numerous indications that China will before very long follow in Japan's steps. She has already descended from the lofty pedestal of self-sufficiency and aloofness on which she has stood for so many centuries. To the people who for so long were designated the Eastern Barbarians, she has been sending thousands of students. She seems to perceive that she can only save herself from absorption by following in the wake of Europe to the extent Japan has done. Perhaps she begins to see also that this can be done without involving the loss of the mental and moral qualities which she holds in such high esteem. . . . The nation is held together by common customs, common religions, common instincts, and common interests, and by a past which all Chinese revere. Among the peoples that inhabit the continent of Asia the Chinese will certainly be the first to free themselves from the shadow of the white peril. They have still left the love of autonomy, national solidarity, and self-respect necessary for the inauguration of the new policy which the political exigencies of the times demand, and they will carry it through.

For the purposes of bringing about mutual intercourse between Eastern races the Japanese have formed an association which has for its direct object the promotion of uniformity in the scripts of China, Japan, and Korea. Already a dictionary of six thousand ideographs, comprising all those in common use, has been compiled; and from time to time strenuous efforts are made to enlist the support of the Chinese and the Koreans in the movement. In many other directions Japan has taken an active part in the

educational process that is at work among the nations of Asia. Fifteen years ago the first Chinese student arrived in Tokyo. Gradually the number swelled until at one time there were fully 13,000 Chinese taking advantage of the educational facilities of the country, and it was thought that the total would soon reach 100,000, if not more. Before long, however, doubts arose concerning the wisdom of sending such large numbers of students to Japan. Many of the youths, freed from the restraint of home ties, led dissolute lives. Moreover, their minds were utterly incapable of assimilating the knowledge imparted to them. Its effect was not to enlighten them, in the true sense of the term, but rather to produce a strong sense of individualism which quickly developed along dangerous lines. On returning to China—a land where the customs of ages were still deeply rooted—they sought to assert a personal freedom both in thought and action that was altogether opposed to the spirit of the times. They became the ready instruments of the anti-dynastic faction, which found its organisation in secret societies, and for a time were active leaders in a movement that was characterised with some violence. Eventually the authorities realised the necessity for imposing restrictions upon students wishing to go to Japan, with the result that the number gradually dwindled until at present there are only a few thousand attending the various educational establishments. The political differences which have lately arisen in an acute form between the two countries have tended to diminish the popularity of Tokyo as a centre of learning for the Chinese. The same cause also led to a reduction in the number of Japanese employed in the various departments of State in China. Not long ago more than a thousand Japanese found occupation in schools and colleges, in the army and police, in the law and in prison administration, in agriculture, and on railways. That total has diminished to a few hundreds, and it is an open secret that as many of the contracts with the Japanese expire they will not be renewed.

In all directions there are substantial indications that Japan's adoption of Western civilisation will have a tremendous effect upon the destinies of China. Whether or not she herself has attained to such a degree of competence that she can be trusted with the task of reforming other Oriental nations is a matter open to grave question. So far, it must be confessed, experience does not justify any sanguine prophecy in regard to the immediate future. China realises that Japan's entry into the comity of nations has not tended to smooth the path of her progress. Whereas formerly she was pressed by the Powers of the West, she is now compelled to submit to the additional humiliation of paying heed to the insistent demands of a strong Power lying, as it were, at her very gates—a Power, moreover, like herself, Oriental and having as much in common as in conflict with herself. The rise of Japan into prominence has provided China with her strongest object-lesson. Suspended from the walls of many houses throughout the land are to be seen lurid pictures of the Russo-Japanese war, representing the blowing up of Russian ships and the scattering of Russian armies. The education in the schools is directed towards reviving the military spirit, and among the subjects taught, in a very elementary stage of course, are the construction of warships and the evolution of the modern gun.

China has not forgotten those bygone ages when she undertook, with results that have added lustre to the pages of history, a civilising mission in Japan similar to that which Japan is now endeavouring to assume on her own account in China. In short, China looks upon the Japanese as an upstart race. And whatever else the future in the Far East may hold yet another war between China and Japan to decide Oriental predominance in the Pacific is as sure as fate.

MOTORING

ON Friday next the biggest, most representative, and most important of the world's motor-car Exhibitions will open at Olympia, and remain open until the following Saturday week. The time has long gone by when the visitor could expect to find at the Show novelties in the shape of drastic departures in either engine, chassis, or body-work. The innumerable "freaks" which every Exhibition contained in the early years of the industry have finally disappeared, and experience has evolved what is to all appearance a permanent standard design. But the possibilities of minor modifications and refinements calculated to increase the general efficiency of the automobile and enhance the comfort of the users appear to be unlimited, and the forthcoming Show will contain an exceptional number of such departures and devices. Those who have sufficient time, enthusiasm, and knowledge to read and understand the mass of technical details which will be launched upon the public in connection with the exhibits will find all they want—and probably more—in the bulky volumes issued on these occasions by the technical motor-press; but all that is possible in a journal like this is to present a bird's-eye view of the Exhibition as a whole, and describe briefly in non-technical language what we consider to be the principal objects of interest. This we shall endeavour to do in our next issue.

The inadequacy of Olympia, big as it is, to hold a really representative collection of all that is interesting in the motor industry is becoming more and more evident with every succeeding Exhibition. Every year an increasingly large number of would-be exhibitors are excluded through sheer lack of space, and as priority is naturally given by the management to the leading and old-established firms, the public is unquestionably deprived of the opportunity of seeing much that is novel and valuable. The exceptional pressure on the available space this year is strikingly indicated by the fact that it has been found impossible for the Society to find room for the stand which for the past six years it has been in the habit of allotting to the A.A. and M.U. The proprietors of several of the motoring journals have, however, come to the rescue by consenting to receive applications for membership at their stands, and no doubt either Mr. Stenson Cooke himself or his assistants will be constantly in evidence for the purpose of giving all information to inquirers respecting the objects of, and advantages offered by, the Association.

Apparently the recent further reductions in the prices of the leading tyre manufacturers have been rendered possible by the simple process of practically halving the discounts allowed to the "trade" off the list prices. Thus the manufacturers themselves lose nothing, or next to nothing, by the concessions of which they have—quite naturally—made so much. If it had not been for the complaints of many of the retailers with regard to the price-cutting practices of some of their competitors, it is not very likely that the further reductions would have been made at all, so that the motorist is really benefiting by the grievance of one section of the trade against the other. This consideration will not, however, trouble him very much, especially as he has long felt that the middleman was taking an exorbitant margin of profit.

We suppose that by this time there can scarcely remain a single disbeliever in the coming universality of the motor-car as a means of transport, but if there is such an obstinate sceptic in existence he will surely be convinced against

his will by a perusal of the Government Report issued on Tuesday night. This document shows that during last year the number of licences taken out for private motor-cars rose from 53,169 to 75,617, those for taxi-cabs and motor-omnibuses from 24,466 to 33,199, and those for motor-cycles from 36,242 to 48,857. Licences for private horse-carriages have fallen off from 92,572 to 77,900. Simultaneously with the publication of these figures appears the significant announcement that the last publicly-owned horse-omnibus has finally disappeared from the streets of London to make way for the all-conquering motor.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE talk is still of optimism. I mean the talk around the Stock Exchange. Perhaps this is not surprising, because the members of the House are in the habit of taking very short views. Their profession compels this. When they see a market bare of stock they prophesy a rise. Now all the markets in the House are as bare as the palm of one's hand. But, as I have pointed out once or twice before, this does not mean that there is no bull account. It only means that the banks and moneylenders have relieved the bulls from their position, and in doing so have become bulls themselves, in the sense that they will get rid of stock as soon as there is a rise in the market. All that has happened has been merely a transfer of credit. The credit of the bulls was not strong enough to stand international shocks. The credit of the banks has stood these shocks fairly well, and most of our big credit institutions are quite able to go on holding their securities for an indefinite period. But they will not lend more money or increase their credits. We saw how the Bank of Egypt, by over-trading and careless finance, was compelled to shut down.

This failure has been a lesson; it has had a bad effect upon everything, and on Monday the Bank of Mytilene suspended payment. On the Board of this Bank are such well-known financiers as Zarifi and Zervudachi. This bank held about £60,000 worth of Bank of Egypt paper. It had over-traded in every sense of the word, and, notwithstanding the strength of its Board, it was compelled to shut down. It had a large number of depositors. It did a trade throughout the East, and was a large competitor of the Bank of Athens, who will probably make some arrangement to take over the depositors, and should benefit by the collapse. The Bank of Mytilene had been negotiating for some time with German financiers with the idea of enlarging the scope of the business. It does very little business in London, but throughout the Levant it was considered an important undertaking. These perpetual bank failures, of which we have had during the present year so many, are making depositors very uneasy, and wild rumours are going round the City with regard to many of our banks. But the public do not seem to realise that the Birkbeck Bank and the Yorkshire Penny Bank failed simply because the deposits they received and on which they paid interest were invested in gilt-edged securities, the depreciation on which has been enormous.

For example, if I had entrusted a thousand pounds to the Birkbeck Bank in the boom days, and that Bank had re-invested my thousand pounds in Consols at 112, on my requiring my money back some years later when Consols had fallen to 80, it is easy to see that the Bank would have been paying me $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for a number of years, and losing money steadily the whole time, whilst the final loss would have been £320. The joint stock banks are not in the same position. A large proportion of the money that they receive carries no interest. The banks use it and make from 3 to 4 per cent. on it when it is costing them more than the

ordinary office expenses. Therefore people should not compare the management of two entirely different classes of banks. The Bank of Egypt, again, lent money on real estate—a very profitable and safe method of business as long as you always keep sufficient margin to meet a run. What this margin should be is a moot question. Probably in the case of a bank loaning money to an Oriental 40 or 50 per cent. The Bank of Egypt did not keep 10 per cent. Canadian banks are not allowed to lend money on land at all. When this law was framed every one had in mind the collapse of the Australian banks which were ruined because they locked up the whole of their assets in land, and could not realise when the pinch came. English banks try to spread their loans over a wide field; but even English banks are apt to get tied up. A large number of them prefer to lend money on stocks and shares in preference to discounting trade bills. The discounting of trade bills requires constant personal supervision and the most minute acquaintance with every branch of trade. The fact that London joint stock banks work under books of rules which tend to deaden the capacity of the employees has forced the discounting of trade bills into the hands of bill-brokers, who do the work that should be done by the bank, and share with the bank the risk and the profit. Although the more or less mechanical methods of the modern joint stock bank foster honesty and increase safety, they are not altogether ideal methods, and the strenuous competition of the foreign banks is now becoming serious.

MONEY.—At the moment it looks as though money would remain at its present level right through to the end of the year. But there is no certainty about it. If anything should compel the American banks to withdraw their loans to Berlin we might see a sudden stringency on the Continent. Money in Paris appears cheap, but the French banks are only lending from week to week, and although the supply of short-loaned money is prodigious, there is no money for more extended operations. No doubt if the political atmosphere cleared, confidence would be restored, and the hoarding of the banks cease. But at the moment one can only say that the banks, though talking in a very optimistic fashion, are behaving like pessimists.

CONSOLS.—Consols and all other gilt-edged securities are steady. After all, these gilt-edged securities are actually safer and more marketable than anything else in the world. English credit is far away beyond any other credit, and therefore the securities of Great Britain have a tendency to be absorbed even in troublous times, and indeed by reason of the troublous times. Prices may whittle away, but the Consol market is as firm as a rock, and any slight fall always brings in buyers. India $3\frac{1}{2}$ are an admirable investment, and so is Irish land stock. People will soon begin to see that these high value yields are illusory. At the moment it is the fashion to seek investments yielding a high return. This fashion will die out, and then Consols will go up. No one should sell any gilt-edged stock at the present time.

FOREIGNERS.—In the whole foreign market everything is strong except Chinese, and even in this market there has been very little selling. Russians have been steadied. Probably if everything goes well, the Russian Government will make another railway loan, and in any case Russian securities are not likely to fall. Turkish and Egyptian have been remarkably strong. This is the more curious because one would have expected a slight weakness, especially as the Bank of Egypt had some big blocks of both Turks and Unified which must be realised in order to provide money for the depositors. There is a steady demand, however, for Egyptian Unified, and the Germans probably support Turkish Bonds, as they still have a portion of their loan to place. The buying in the Peru market goes on, and those behind the scenes are extremely confident, although, on paper, Peru prefs are over valued to-day. The Tinto bears are still buying back, and it is more than probable that copper will rise a few pounds. This should make a good deal of difference to a big mine like the Tinto.

HOME RAILS.—The jobbers in the Home Railway market have come to the conclusion that the Railway Commission

Report will excite the Labour party to immediate action, and as a result most of the stocks of our leading companies have been weak. No doubt the Report of the Commission was too good. But what most of the dealers seem to have forgotten is the fact that the Government have given their word that in the event of the companies being compelled to pay higher wages they shall be at liberty to recoup themselves by advancing rates. There is not much profit on passenger traffic, and if passenger fares were advanced it would prevent people from travelling, and thus still farther reduce the profit. The goods traffic is what the railways make their money out of, and an advance in rates here would prove an admirable thing. Therefore I am quite unable to see any bear point in the Labour Report. Traders would of course kick at any advance in rates. The noise that they would make would be incomparably smaller than the uproar that would be raised if passenger rates were advanced. Millions travel every day on the railways, whereas customers for freight are only numbered by thousands. It is seldom that one gets an opportunity of buying 5 per cent. stocks as cheaply as they can be purchased to-day. There is not a single line that is likely to reduce its dividend for the current half-year. Admittedly the strike has stopped any chance of an advance in dividends, but prices are now back at pre-boom levels. The bull party in the Dover A market evidently find no difficulty in financing their purchases. They talk in the wildest manner of a gigantic coal output from the Kent collieries. Options on all the Southern stocks are bought and every preparation made exactly as though Dover had become a second Newcastle-on-Tyne. I do not know how many tons of coal have yet been raised, but it is quite clear that it will take many years before any appreciable amount can be won from the Kent seams.

YANKEES.—The Yankee market is terribly dull, and the American finance papers are gloomy reading. Deep depression still hangs over Wall-street. The Chesapeake report was seriously bad. But it was offset by that of the Atchison, which was quite good enough to justify the optimism of President Ripley. However, to-day is not the moment to speculate in American Railways. Prices may rise a little before Christmas to enable the big banks to show a better balance-sheet, but no activity need be looked for.

RUBBER.—Hardly any business is done in rubber shares. But the jobbers in the market sell Linggis whenever they can find a purchaser, and optimists talk of an organised bear movement against this share. The Federated Malay States Rubber Company proposes to make a big issue of 6 per cent. preference shares, which will be exchangeable into ordinary shares at the rate of one ordinary share of 50f. for two preference shares of 200f. each. This is valuing the ordinary shares at 400f. each. The exchange can only be made between June 1st and December 31st, 1915. It is a very curious arrangement, but the issue has been guaranteed, and although the rights of conversion do not appear particularly valuable to-day, there can be no doubt that the 6 per cent. dividend is well secured. The profits for the past year are 1,613,000f., and the dividend 60 per cent. Malaccas have been heavily bought in Paris. They appear to me very much over-priced.

OIL.—Kern River proposes to write down its capital to half, and it will accept the offer of the vendors. This will give the Company ample funds, and Kerns seem to me a cheap purchase. Other oil shares are weak, and there is very little business in this market. The oil reports as they come out appear most disappointing, most of the companies having been formed on a boom basis without any idea that bad times would ever fall upon them.

KAFFIRS.—Evidently there is more trouble in Paris, for Kaffirs have again slumped. Wild stories are going round, and on Tuesday afternoon it was confidently asserted that the great Solly Joel had sold 2,000 shares of every single mine on the Rand. This is of course mere rubbish. The selling was due to forced liquidation, on a big account being closed. No one in his senses would go a bear of Kaffirs at their present level, least of all so astute an operator as Mr. Solly Joel. But any rubbish is good enough to talk when the market is in the depth of despair.

RHODESIANS.—The Rhodesian market is steady compared with that in Kaffirs, and there has been a fair rise in Cam and Motor. When these shares were underwritten the underwriters got stuck with about 50 per cent. at 27s. 6d., so that we may expect the price to hang round about that point. Although the market is more or less a made market, I understand that the mine looks well. Tanks continue to drop, and no doubt within the next week we shall get some official statement with regard to the smelters. The *Financial News* is responsible for a story that Mr. Robert Williams has got rid of his holding; I do not know that any one can speak definitely on this point, because, of course, Tanganyika shares are largely to bearer. But I am certain of this, that Robert Williams is the greatest optimist the City has ever seen, and such people are incapable of selling shares in companies that they are so closely connected with. I therefore do not believe a single word of this tale. In London we do not quite understand how seriously the Morocco question affected both the Paris and Brussels markets and how urgent was the necessity to realise all speculative holdings. All big accounts have been closed, and Tanganyika suffered like all other mining shares.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Cement report was moderately good, and although the shares fell, they have since recovered. As soon as the old contracts have expired the company will be in a position to take advantage of the present prices, but competition is still keen, and it does not appear to me that the ordinary shareholders can hope for a dividend until some sort of amalgamation or agreement has been entered into. This seems difficult business. Omnibus stock keeps very steady. But bulls here will have to take their profit sooner or later, and if by any chance the board should be seized with qualms of remorse and behave according to the tenets of strict accountancy we might see a heavy fall.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

Large transactions are going on in the shares of the well-known manufacturers of margarine, Van der Berghs, Limited. The carry-over for last year equalled a further 40 per cent. on the whole of the ordinary share capital, after paying 17½ per cent. The £1 shares, fully paid, are still standing at about 46s., and the London Stock Exchange are talking them to 60s., on the basis of the bigger dividend for the current year.

The potentialities of the Oceana Development Company are being much talked of in the market. The recent diamond discoveries in the locality are accountable for this, but the assets of the company are of the estimated value of over 10s. per share. The shares can be purchased round about 7s., and are fully expected to go to 20s. or over in the very near future.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE COMPLEAT OXFORD MAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As the author of "The Compleat Oxford Man"—a quite humble effort to show at least one phase of undergraduate life as I have seen it—it is both instructive and amusing to read the curiously different points of view of the various critics—none of whom, incidentally, has perceived the would-be humour of the title, with the exception of Canon Hutton.

"An Oxford Undergraduate," whose letter in your last issue was most gratifying to me, points out that my Oxford man is not really "compleat." He says that I have made no mention of the politician or the decadent. But, surely, each one of these types is a "compleat" Oxford man, just as I have declared my rowing man to be "compleat." Every undergraduate, of whatever type he may be, is "compleat" in himself. Such, at least, was my contention when baptising the book.

On opening the *Morning Post* some days ago, judge of my intense delight at finding a long, long notice of the book, signed by Robert Ross. A neophyte to the world of letters, I am still

naturally at a loss as to his identity and status. My judgment had to be formed from his writing, and I therefore came to the inevitable conclusion that his point of view was not that of an Oxford man, a Cambridge man, or any other sort of University man. It was rather that of one whose whole outlook had been formed in the Battersea Polytechnic—of one who had sat, albeit unsuccessfully, at the feet of Mr. H. G. Wells.

He was shocked to the depths of his being to be told that Oxford was not peopled by men who scented themselves and carried lilies, who read Nietzsche, and assumed the pose of Socialism. He found it gross beyond measure, altogether unbelievable, that there are undergraduates human enough, healthy enough, and consistent enough, not only to be attracted by a pretty face, but not to be ashamed to confess it. He labelled such men "Putney," and wrote in a would-be bitter manner of Putney High Street. It was all very funny. He was loyal to his Polytechnic by holding a brief for Ruskin Hall, which is, as everybody knows, merely the training place of the professional tub-thumper. Then followed the eulogistic notice in the columns of *THE ACADEMY* by Canon Hutton, whose knowledge of Oxford, both ancient and present, is not to be fathomed. Unlike Mr. Robert Ross, he knows the undergraduate, to say nothing of the Don, in all his moods and tenses, and, having judged my book by that knowledge, he argues that "The Compleat Oxford Man" is a true picture of the undergraduate of to-day—a very photograph.

From the *femme incomprise* feeling that Mr. Robert Ross gave me, I was naturally overjoyed by Canon Hutton's understanding and appreciation. Conceive my surprise, then, on opening the last issue of *THE ACADEMY*, to find that a real undergraduate, a compleat Oxford man—if he will allow me to hold that opinion of him—thinks that Canon Hutton's notice was not all that it might have been! What would he say were he to read the concentrated Putney of the Robert Ross aforesaid?

Such are these three points of view—one of the man to whom Oxford is unknown, another the record of a man who knows Oxford backwards but who is no longer there, and the third of that lucky individual who can still sign himself "An Oxford Undergraduate." May I, then, be allowed, through the medium of your columns, to express my gratitude to all three writers for the unique opportunity they have afforded me of studying that, to me, surprising question—point of view?—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. HAMILTON GIBBS.

THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement in Mr. Frank Harris's review of the Life of the late Professor Churton Collins in your issue of October 7th.

It is stated that from Carlyle he (Professor Churton Collins) hears that "Christ was a world historical humbug." This is evidently a misconception of the passage in page 45, which tells us that Carlyle spoke with great severity of Strauss not having made use of that expression.

Trusting you will kindly publish this correction of a rather serious mistake, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES WHITE, M.A., Chaplain of Bromley College.
Bromley College, Kent, October 20th, 1911.

THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND ROBERT GREENE

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—It is surely rather unreasonable for Mr. L. C. Collins to expect that a mere student of Elizabethan literature should be able to see that when Mr. Harris, an expert in these matters, wrote "Greene's death" he did not mean "death," but "birth." How, in the name of common sense, could one be certain that this new fact was not one of the many discoveries in literary history for which the late professor was justly famous? Was he not privileged to reveal Shakespeare to us as diligent reader of Plato in a Latin version? Did he not track his finest thoughts to their source in the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or even to the fragments of these dramatists which the busy actor-manager playwright conned in his favourite pocket volume, the *Loci communes sacri et profani* of Joannes Stobæus? It is hardly credible but these and similar wonderful discoveries had the very curious effect of driving many an

intelligent waverer into the camp of the Baconians. He also discovered that a certain scene in the "Taming of the Shrew" was plainly borrowed from the "Trinummus" of Plautus, and not from Gascoigne's "Supposes." In less important matters his extraordinary care in verifying his references enabled him to date Maginn's articles on the "Learning of Shakespeare" two years earlier than their supposed first appearance in *Fraser's Magazine*. And his bibliographical skill brought to light an edition of Thomas Drant's version of the "Epistles, Satires, and Art of Poetry" of Horace eleven years earlier than the one in the British Museum. In view of these brilliant finds I fancy I ought to be excused for taking Mr. Harris' statement as literally true.

For the last week or so we have had it dinned into us by every irresponsible reviewer that the late Mr. Churton Collins was a paragon of accuracy, and his extraordinary care in verifying every assertion has been set before us as ideal of scholarship. How such a legend could have grown up heaven only knows. His attack on Mr. Gosse may have had a good deal to do with it. Mr. Gosse had always treated facts in the cavalier, the Don Juan fashion of a poet and man of genius, and in this way laid himself open to the attack of a man who, whatever his qualifications as a professional literary detective and academic mandarin, could never have been mistaken for a genius. The likely thing is that both critic and reader accepted him then at his own valuation, as apparently many of them do now. It is to be wished that the critics who praise his carefulness and accuracy would take the trouble to examine his statement of the case for the Shakesperian authorship of "Titus Andronicus," and after that give some of their time to Mr. J. M. Robertson's masterly analysis of the evidence for and against it. They might also note his wilful and contemptuous neglect of Herr Arnold Schroer's "Ueber Titus Andronicus," by the help of which he might have got more substance into his essay. In fine, if the gentlemen who are so ready to testify to Mr. Collins' accuracy and care really want an object-lesson in editing, let them work through the "Plays and Poems" of Greene, a book which Mr. Collins assured us he spared no pains to bring to perfection, and afterwards take up Mr. R. B. McKerrow's edition of Nash.—I am, &c.,

HESTER BRAYNE.

October 23, 1911.

THE ONLY WAY

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—Now that the nation's free powers to absolute demand have been instituted by the Parliament Act, it is as well to make inquiries as to her free powers to absolute supply, since the former must be wholly dependent upon the latter. You may take from those who have in order to benefit those who have not as the present Government is bent upon doing, but when you have systematically exhausted the resources of your victims where are your further supplies coming from? This will prove to be the dynamic crux to the Parliament Bill—the obstacle to the Act itself—the great fact which, apart from all moral protest on the part of the Die-Hards, must come as the physical test of the Government's policy. It may or it may not be slow in coming, but its advent is nevertheless sure, because the very process by which you give or distribute wealth is the very process by which you take or consume it—a mere sifting process. For instance, the Government is consuming and distributing national wealth, but not producing it. "Oh!" cries your demagogue, "it is not a Government's duty to produce wealth, but only to see that it is properly (?) distributed." Now this has always been the Alpha and Omega of your democratic ideas of government. One has never heard of a democratic ideal where the policy of government is to produce as well as to consume wealth. Yet the former is the first essential of real economy. A democratic policy of consumption or distribution must ever prove disastrous apart from a democratic policy of production.

Now we are all acquainted with the Government's methods of consuming and distributing capital. In other words, it is all-powerful as a consumer and distributor, but by no means all-powerful as a producer of wealth. This is its fatal flaw—a flaw, be it said, which will ultimately bring all parties to their senses; for, as sure as the national ground of wealth depends on a national basis of industry, so sure will a national policy of consumption and distribution which ignores sources of production bring ruin.

The national ground of wealth, like the individual ground of wealth, has nothing to do with capital. The latter is simply

a speculative ground of wealth, and as such is a ubiquitous ground—common to all nations and individuals alike. The national ground of wealth is a ground of production—a labour ground—and this ground of wealth, unlike a speculative ground, is not ubiquitous, since, apart from the national surrender of industrial interests, it must always remain a characteristic source of wealth.

Now you cannot speculate with economic forces unless you are absolutely certain of success, since a losing game spells economic disaster. A nation must stick by its means of producing wealth, otherwise, with all its art of speculation, it can have no solvent basis of wealth—no means for guarding against the evils of false speculations. So long as the primary policy is one of production so long will its methods of wealth-making be economic methods. Where its policy is one of positive supply, a Government need not be troubled by any form of positive distress, any labour problem. But it is this problem, above every other problem, which is paralysing us. Nothing, as far as the salvation of the country is concerned, can be done before this problem is solved. Economy, obviously, has been too long a matter of speculation on the part of successive Governments for any immediate economic adjustment or relief to be made. But though the country, in the form of taxation, must perforce find the means to alleviate the evils of its past errors of policy, the form of taxation should not merely be a speculative form of obtaining wealth.

Your method of taxation should be positive, not negative—that is to say, it should have a basis of production, and not of consumption, of wealth, otherwise you are not adjusting things, but merely putting off the evil day—the day when your goose, the ratepayer, has been over-exploited.

It is this sequence of events which will give dynamic force to the present moral resistance of the Die-Hards, and the fact that option was, after all, but a matter of dying hard or soft (like the poor goose) will be a lesson that the voter will not soon forget, no matter what party he may belong to.

How, then, can taxation be made positive—be made to produce as well as consume wealth?

The answer is by making production the ground of wealth. For instance, our present policy is one of industrial freedom. Now this is absurd, as all industry is dependent upon the production of raw material. If, therefore, you are going to buy your raw material instead of produce it, you are going to stand at an initial loss. That is just as we stand, since, by the importation instead of the production of raw material, we have systematically generated a national waste of labour.

It is foolish, and by no means economic, to assume that a nation's real ground of wealth consists of what it purchases and not of what it produces. Apart from the raw material which it produces, a nation's industrial resources of wealth have industrial limits. By the importation of raw material Capital and not Labour becomes the industrial source of wealth. By taxing capital, therefore, you are drawing upon something which, from its ubiquitous nature, is liable to sudden flight. On the other hand, by taxing raw material you are drawing upon something which constitutes an absolutely certain ground of wealth, since, apart from it, no kind of industry can be carried on and no capital created.

Now, to make it harder for capital to take flight—that is to say, to hold in check its ubiquitous tendencies—is surely a wise rather than an unwise policy, since by its use in the purchase of raw material at home instead of abroad you maintain your national ground of industrial independence, which, after all, is the real ground of freedom. Surely our national structure of financial independence should rest upon our own national ground of industrial independence, and not upon other nations' grounds of industrial independence? Indeed, it may well be asked where our own financial independence is if it is merely a matter of foreign substance. That we have no real ground of national independence is a fact which I trust I have made clear elsewhere (see *Economic Review* for this month).

Now, apart from national fitness or substance, we cannot be nationally solvent. Our situation, at any given time, may therefore prove to be an alarming one, in that it would involve financial panic, and our statesmen, instead of being allowed to speculate blindly with affairs of State, as they are doing with all the force of their powers, should be forced to do their business or else resign.

The limits of a letter are distressing at times, but one must consider with respect the privilege offered by an editor. I feel I must conclude with this remark. As raw material constitutes the wealth basis of production, all land which is unproductive of raw material is a productive form of productive waste. It is

for those statesmen who desire a cure for the unemployment evil to bear this in mind. It supplies them with the key to the only way.

Apologising for the length of this letter, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge,
October 23rd, 1911.

THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to Colonel Quin's letter in your issue of the 12th inst., may I be permitted to say that, fine as is the spirit displayed by the Territorial Force, and splendid as may be the National Reserve movement, they do not effect the purpose required—that is, to give us a reliable Home Defence Army to take the place of the Regular Army on its departure for overseas war. We can only obtain such an army by compulsory service. All other ways are in truth mere makeshifts, that yet swallow up money, and threaten to swallow up more and more.

Colonel Quin writes of the "attendant disadvantages" of compulsory service. Would he kindly state what he considers them to be?

NATIONAL SERVICE.

October 18th, 1911.

*** Other letters referring to "The Future of the Library" and current topics are unavoidably held over owing to pressure on our space.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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- Love Letters of an English Peeress to an Indian Prince.* By Mrs. M. Chan Toon. Digby, Long, and Co. 6d.
- The Letters of Peter Lombard (Canon Benham).* Edited by Ellen Dudley Baxter. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Portrait Frontispiece. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Art of Effective Public Speaking.* By Ernest Pertwee. George Routledge and Sons. 3s. 6d.
- The Critical Attitude.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.
- A Motor Tour Through France and England: a Record of Twenty-one and a Half Days Automobiling.* By Elizabeth Yardley. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.
- South America To-day.* By Georges Clemenceau. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
- A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. *Simple—Sleep.* (Vol. IX.) By W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D. Double Section. Henry Frowde. 5s.
- The Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty: a Warning.* By James Thompson. John Ouseley. 6d. net.
- The Fledglings.* Sketches of Child Life by Henrietta Home. Elkin Mathews. 2s. net.
- Death.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- Undiscovered Russia.* By Stephen Graham. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
- Things Seen in Northern India.* By T. L. Pennell, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. Illustrated. Seeley, Service, and Co. 2s. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 559	Reviews (continued)—
Song 560	Fiction 571
The Literary Fop 560	A Great One-Act Play ... 572
Pitt and the French Revo- lution 561	The Theatre..... 573
With One Voice 562	Foreign Reviews 574
The Motor-horn 563	Delhi in Earliest Times ... 576
Reviews—	Conversational Misers ... 577
Religion and Religious 564	Music 578
Metternich 565	Some Old Theatres of Paris 579
The Revival of Poetic Drama 566	Art 580
The Post Office and its Story..... 567	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 581
An Island Idyll 568	In the Temple of Mammon 583
A Hustling Holiday ... 569	Correspondence 584
Shorter Reviews 569	Books Received 586
	MOTOR SUPPLEMENT i.-iv.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE parrot cry "Your food will cost you more" if Tariff Reform won, was a favourite fabrication on the part of the Radical-Socialist combination during the General Election of 1906. There can be no doubt that the cry exercised a considerable influence on the minds of certain classes of the electorate. They were promised cheap food, cheap clothing, cheap rents, and as much more as possible in the shape of bonus out of the resources of those who have been and are the mainstay of the prosperity and stability of the country. Every one of these promises has been falsified. The prices of commodities and necessities have risen so alarmingly that the Government have been obliged to promise an Inquiry. There is no reason to suppose that the Inquiry will have the slightest effect upon prices. The policy of the Government is at the root of much of the trouble. The blind manner in which they have driven and are driving capital out of the country cannot tend to cheapness, because enterprise is stifled and production is checked. The volume of employment is restricted by the feeling of insecurity on the part of the capitalist, and the output of commodities is also restricted; prices in consequence maintain a high level.

Concurrently with increasing dearness, the policy of Ministers tends directly to produce scarcity of wages. The people in a dim sort of way seem to be realising these facts,

and are therefore engaging in struggles to secure higher wages. High wages do not, however, spell prosperity, since the increased burden on enterprise inevitably tends to restrict it. It is curious to observe that the Government which arrogates to itself special championship of the more necessitous classes is still so blind to existing facts that it desires to make a serious inroad on their diminished resources. We refer to the scheme to compel these classes to insure themselves in a way which they do not desire and which has never been proved to be advantageous to their interests. We have often endeavoured to insist that the true interests of the nation and the people will never be secured whilst the field of policy is viewed piecemeal, and ambitious Ministers are permitted to put forward for their own glorification proposals which are not designed as part of a cohesive and coherent whole, but rather as opportunist sops to the least instructed classes of the community, who are little able to detect their inherent viciousness.

The sweeping and absurd assertion made by the Rev. R. J. Campbell in Philadelphia to the effect that "no successful business man in modern times can be honest" has brought down upon that gentleman's devoted head the scorn of clergymen and business men alike. To any experienced merchant or manufacturer a dozen instances of strict integrity combined with success will occur; and, by the way, is not the Rev. R. J. Campbell a successful man in his own way, and honest withal? The worst of indiscriminate generalisation from incomplete data is that it leads to such tempting opportunities for sensational speeches. Competition does not necessarily mean dishonesty or unfair dealing, though it may mean sharpened wits, and the speaker must have been exceptionally unfortunate in his relations with the average English business man if they led him to the extraordinary cynicism implied by his latest public utterance.

One great event of the week in maritime circles has been the decision of the Eastern Sea Fisheries Committee on the Homing Instinct in Crabs. It seems that a year ago 2,000 East Coast crabs were labelled carefully—age, height, weight, &c.—and returned to the sea with instructions to report progress, as it were, if they felt moved to explore an alien soil. Results tend to show that the crab is of an affectionate, home-loving disposition, shy of straying far from the land—or sea—of his birth; also that he prefers Cromer to other watering-places. The amiable crustaceans of Weybourne, Sheringham, Beeston, and Runton nearly all sidled towards Cromer, although one absolutely reckless individual clawed his weary way as far as Yorkshire, while a Lincolnshire gallant, bored to death with Mablethorpe, wandered distractedly to Norfolk. Evidently there is more in the crab than we suspect when we consider him merely from the gastronomic point of view.

The London Institution opened its winter season on Monday last with a lecture by Mr. Oscar Browning, M.A., on "The Study of History," and the list of fixtures up to the middle of February is extremely interesting. Next Monday, at 5 p.m., Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, F.R.S., will lecture on "The Origin of Life Question," and among the subjects to be taken between now and mid-December which seem of exceptional promise we note "The Meaning and Importance of Decorative Art," dealt with by Professor Selwyn Image; "A Frenchman's View of England," by M. Emile Lesage; "Bells and their Harmonic Tones," by Mr. W. Starmer, F.R.A.M.; "Oddities in Parliament," by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes; and "Breakwater Building," by Mr. A. E. Carey, M.Inst.C.E., one of our own contributors.

SONG

I built a little cage of song
To hold my thought,
And through a golden summer long
I patient wrought.

The love-built staves I meant should be
So faëry-fine—
That they should prove how artistry
May grow divine.

But ah! no craft has power to hold
An essence fled—
Within its little cage of gold
My thought lay dead.

JAY F. FOREST.

THE LITERARY FOP

THERE is a type of literary person, known to all periods, who bears something of the same relation to literature as the fop bears to manners. As the fop lives only to indicate certain poses and gesturings of life, so the exquisite of literature writes only to extract quaint flavours and essences which are accidental to Art, and not of its true spirit. Like the beau, he is apt to be a leader of fashion; like the beau, he is a stranger to the multitude, and a bugbear to simple, intelligent folk, and possesses an exquisite sensibility in matters which are unimportant. So great is this sensibility that he resents the carelessness of those whom he vaguely knows to be his betters; so regardless is he of the deep questions that lie behind all Art that he cannot understand any preoccupation save that with the superficial. A writer lax in his periods, though of sublime imagination, is to the literary fop like a person in a shabby coat. He may be a good fellow at heart, but it behoves him to change his tailor before seeking the society of gentlemen.

The literary fop is perhaps most common in times of mild and not unpleasant reaction—the less vital a literature the greater its refinement. When not under the necessity of fighting at the barricades, it can afford to loll in rose-gardens and toy with Watteau fans. Then is the hour of the fop. He mimics the battles of heroes with a toy sword; he repeats the declamations of fierce orators in silky tones and sentences of luxurious elaboration. He refines over and over upon the technique of the masters, because technique is his entire preoccupation; he overcomes the gods at decorative games because they play them with careless eyes and minds pondering on other things, while to him they are the sum of existence. He lays down the canons of a minute art which might possibly amuse the Olympians on an idle afternoon, but can have no real connection with the business of a laborious world. In the end, as often as not, he dies lamenting the coarseness of the world's most cunning craftsmen. Thus he is apt to be a pessimist—self-taught, condemned to seek in vain, as the one light of life, what the wise discard as will-o'-the-wisps of intellectual debauchery.

Like all pleasant and unimportant things, the creed of the literary fop moves much in fashions, from courtly love-song to chivalric romance, from pastoral heroics to symbolism, from the recondite conceits of sonneteers to high-flown

analysis of exotic religions. No doubt these fashions have been largely the backwash of true schools of art; at any rate, we hear little of them in the most detailed histories of literature. Since they are not so easily and emphatically distinguished from vital movements as, for instance, extravagant fashions are from the natural evolution of clothes, and are not, on the other hand, accepted, like the costume of past ages, as matters of antiquarian interest, they have lacked their special historian. We know little of them beyond our own memories, though we seem to detect them broadcast in our reading, and may argue for ever as to where they begin and end. We hear their echoes and feel their dim and not always unwholesome presence throughout all literature, but they are seldom more than ghosts, far too vague for classification. They have cast many a false glamour over learning, and made the reputation of many a superfluous poet or critic.

But if we distinguish the literary fop with difficulty in the past, we can observe him at our leisure in the present. His work is all about us. In fiction he is powerful, in *belles lettres* he is all but supreme. We can see the touch of his hand in half of the output of eclectic journalism; he is responsible for many tones in latter-day criticism; poetry is all but entirely beneath his sway; he holds in his hands most of the canons of the complete essayist. Even in humour, which was not always his strong point, he has obtained firm footing. But this spreading of his reign in an age which, in spite of its faults, is not so much decadent as reactionary, is due to another cause. As he was once the product of refined idleness, he is now, paradoxically enough, a phenomenon of the sheer hard struggle for life among the appallingly numerous people who are authors without any particular justification. When men have no message which they burn to utter, and yet find themselves compelled to write day by day, they speedily develop those idiosyncrasies of outlook and manner which are the hall-mark of the literary fop. Being without any true originality, they make some unneeded refinement their substitute, offering half-tones instead of colours, forms instead of ideas, verbiage instead of words, and moods instead of theories. They sweep up the dust of big movements and display it as stuff of their own minds. They catch the unconsidered trifles of current philosophy and twist them into tremendous mysteries. They are often plagiarists, and not seldom thieves, but they work as hard for their meagre output as the most laborious of true artists for their masterpieces. The harm they do is in the futile complication of literary craftsmanship, and in the bewilderment of simple folk in search of truth. It might be added that they bar the way of better writers than themselves, but that is true of the second-rate in all departments of life.

What will be the end of them it is impossible to say. They have seen the fall of more than one Empire, but it does not follow that they will see the fall of yet another; the modern world has a miraculous power of absorbing cranks. In the meantime they help to make the consideration of contemporary literature an impossibility to busy folk; they employ the publishers and they madden the casual, sensible reader. They have done their best to make authorship commonplace and art a matter of formulas. Their declamations fill the market place, and turn Grub Street into a Tower of Babel. It is curious to reflect that their predecessors were once indolent triflers in drawing-rooms.

R. T. C.

PITT AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION*

By H. BELLOC

THERE is always a sense of insufficiency (to put it mildly) or, to speak more truly, of hopeless inadequacy in the reviewer who takes up, for the purpose of a brief notice, a great historical work; and it is with such a preface that I must apologise for undertaking these few lines upon Dr. Rose's second and concluding volume of his great monograph upon Pitt.

The time in which we live is remarkable for the production in historical literature of two kinds of books. The first are books of the lightest possible sort (lighter than any fiction), written rapidly to a publisher's order to meet the new and very satisfactory demand which the public is showing for studies of individual lives and short periods; the second are deliberate monographs upon persons and subjects of permanent historical interest. These latter are no less a peculiar feature of our time than the former, for though such exhaustive monographs are to be found throughout literature, the number which have appeared in the last fifteen years in England is exceptional and peculiar to our own day. The two categories do not merge. It seems to be in the nature of such work that it is either wholly secondary and accomplished with no pretence to thoroughness, or that it is final. And though the first sort somewhat injures, in the eyes of the general reader, the authority of the second, yet the verdict upon our time will certainly be that it has produced more detailed, masterly, and conclusive special historical study than any other.

Dr. Rose's work stands very high in the second category. It stands the higher from the fact that he prepared his reputation in it—if one may say so with respect—by a series of lesser books which attracted the attention they deserved, but did not give the author the place this exhaustive work will give him, for the life of Pitt will never be written again. There is a certain quality in detailed and minute historical work which gives to the workman in any particular department of it a monopoly. The labour is so vast, the concentration necessary so strained and so prolonged, that of the very few competent to undertake it a small proportion again will discover the necessary energy and the tenacity, and of these a yet smaller proportion will bring to their task the synthetic power without which their work would be unreadable. Dr. Rose, therefore, can rest assured that he has written the one great monograph upon the younger Pitt upon which all future work will repose.

The last fifteen years of William Pitt's life challenge four great questions. First, the nature of the rupture with France; secondly, the union with Ireland; thirdly, the second outbreak of war in 1803; and finally, Pitt's judgment of the situation at the moment when he was struck down.

The last point is of great importance to history, because we can obtain in it a kind of self-revelation on the part of Pitt by which to conclude how strong was his power of weighing the real forces of his time. An analysis of it would demand far more space than so brief a notice as this can pretend to. The Irish aspect of the life—all the minute description of the Rebellion and the Act of Union—I must also leave upon one side for another pen, and I will take as sole examples of Dr. Rose's monograph his account of the two outbreaks of war with France.

The cause of the declaration of war of the 18th of May, 1803, was the condition of English opinion at the moment: nothing more and nothing less. In the preceding ten years the original motive and purpose of the Revolutionary War

in Europe had evaporated from the English mind. It was perfectly clear to any rational observer that the overwhelming superiority of England at sea could be indefinitely maintained. It was further clear—not indeed to any rational observer, but to the few who knew how to appreciate reality in such matters—that the English was—at that time—the only society in Europe with large and increasing reserves of mobilisable wealth. England could subsidise Europe, and England could hold the sea. Add to that the fact that in the popular mind the struggle was now regarded in the simplest possible fashion as a struggle for national existence throughout Europe against a new international force, and you have the dynamic conditions which compelled the rupture to take place.

Dr. Rose admirably describes the net of personal relationships between Addington and his set on the one hand, and the nominally private member, Pitt, on the other. The picture as it appeared to observers in London is admirably drawn. The reader has some right however to note the absence of the European standpoint, for in a monograph of this conclusive kind students will eagerly look for a judgment upon the main historical question, and they will hardly receive it.

It is true that the biographer of Pitt, with his pen closely following the details of an individual life, must think of 1803 rather in the terms of Pitt's exile from office than of the great conflict in which Pitt was but a unit. Upon p. 488 the author gives as good a summary as would anywhere be found of the effect of Pitt's great speech upon May 23rd. That speech, of course, has not come down to us even in the artificial forms in which the great speeches of Parliament have been handed down to us from times before the beginning of modern reporting; but we get in such a page as this the atmosphere of the speech and of its effect upon the governing opinion of England. And on this page we have in a sense the answer to the major question. It may be briefly put thus: Pitt did not make war, but he would have made war.

The consequences of that war need not be followed here. It is possible that if the peace had been kept in 1803, the political creed of revolutionary France would have remained a national thing, and, even within the boundaries of France, a thing perpetually in jeopardy. As it was, the second phase of the Napoleonic wars carried that creed throughout the Germanies, made the great Continental national groups, founded united Italy, and recast the whole of European society.

In his description of the second point I have taken, the first outbreak of war, Pitt himself being at that moment the master of English destinies and possessing in its fullest power that edged and driven instrument of mind which made his work the strong and single thing it was, his biographer has full scope for an exact analysis, and that analysis has never been better performed. These first hundred odd pages of Dr. Rose's second volume must have presented a task of peculiar difficulty. Every writer and even every careful reader of history must know what it is to have to go over once more a field beaten hard by the feet of a thousand predecessors, to resurvey it, to eliminate detailed error, and to fix new details of truth. It is perhaps the hardest of all tasks connected with letters.

This task Dr. Rose has here triumphantly achieved. It is not too much to prophesy that these first five chapters, introducing the conflict of England with the Revolution, and following the first months of the war to the occupation of Toulon, will be used as a text in the Universities of the Continent. It would be impossible to set higher a piece of modern English historical work.

The reviewer, as he follows these pages, is particularly struck by the accuracy of detail and the sense of proportion

* *William Pitt and the Great War*. By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (G. Bell and Sons. 16s. net.)

observed where military affairs are described. The two pages (140 and 141) which touch on the critical moment when the new levy of the summer of '93 cleared the north-eastern frontier, are as exact a summary and as useful a one as has yet appeared. Nor is Dr. Rose afraid of establishing the true version of the outbreak of war simply because that version is now hackneyed. He has enlarged it and given it precision, but he has not, as the specialist in history is so constantly tempted to do, attempted to reverse or even to deflect in any degree the general and popular judgment—which happens to be here historically most sound. Pitt did not desire that war. It is remarkable that he could so long delay its outbreak. He saw more clearly than any other man in Europe, save possibly Talleyrand, the confusion of the allies. He approached his task with caution, precisely because his vision was so lucid. His judgment of the immediate future was at fault—but so was every other man's. Dr. Rose, it may be noted, wisely rejects the unproved and improbable story of an attempt to save the life of Louis XVI. by bribery, and he wisely emphasises the pivot of the whole business, which was, of course, the Scheldt and the neutrality or independence of the Low Countries.

Were there space to digress in so very brief a notice of so extensive a study, one might discuss the effects that would have attached to a better choice of diplomatic methods, not by the French Government, but by two or three French individuals in the autumn and early winter of 1792. Chauvelin was not the man for his task, and it is the opinion of the present writer that if French military organisation had permitted at that moment the presence of a dictator, if Dumoriez had been more consistently ambitious, or Danton more concerned with personal power than with his country, a proper envoy to London could have saved for France the neutrality of England. But Chauvelin's note of December 27th made that impossible, and it was Chauvelin's inadequacy quite as much as Pitt's refusal to deal with him that opened the sluice and let in the flood of the war.

A commentary so very brief, and dealing with but two single points of all those contained in these six hundred pages, needs a reiteration of the apology with which it was begun. But it is quite impossible in the first mere notice of so complete a work, and within the narrow frame of a short article, to do more than pass the general judgment already given. Dr. Rose's monograph on Pitt, completed in this second volume, gives to our historical literature its standard biography of the chief Englishman of the Revolution. This is the place which Dr. Rose's work will certainly fill, and which it still more certainly deserves to fill.

WITH ONE VOICE

BY SIR WILLIAM BELL

THE October number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, excellent throughout, has a claim to especial consideration by virtue of the article by Mr. F. E. Smith, with which it opens. The article is in the main an analysis of recent Unionist policy, and the analysis is powerful, caustic, and candid. But, before following it out, one may well draw attention to the important profession of political faith in relation to social reform which shows Mr. Smith in complete accord with the Leader of the Unionist party. Last week in Edinburgh Mr. Balfour reminded his hearers that the Conservative party is by tradition pledged to reform of this supremely important kind. He referred to his earliest years in public life, and said, "Then as now we stood for the great cause of social improvement and social amelioration in the home." He pointed out that Tariff Reform is the necessary condition and concomitant of social reform,

and he laid stress upon the fact that the principle known as *laissez-faire* was of Radical origin, and that the *régime* of unrestricted competition was a product of Liberalism:—

It cannot be too strongly insisted (says Mr. F. E. Smith) that the complement to Tariff Reform is Social Reform. The two policies go hand in hand. You cannot improve—as we are determined to improve—the condition of the working classes as long as they are exposed to the promiscuous competition of inferior industrial strata. It is dishonest to pretend that the Conservative Party is, or has been, antagonistic to social reform.

It is the parable of Beaconsfield which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Smith have repeated; in the last sentence quoted we have one of the most famous contentions of the great leader who educated his party in the remembrance and application of their ancient principles.

Mr. F. E. Smith emphasises his point:—

There are still to be found in happy England the most revolting slums in Christendom, and hundreds and thousands of our fellow-subjects live under conditions which render civilisation a mockery and morality a name.

Moreover:—

No political truth is at once more poignant and more profound than this: that you have no right to expect patriotism towards a country which fails to provide industrious citizens with the means of a decent and tolerable subsistence. Let England afford to Englishmen who are prepared to work a fair share of the humble amenities of life, and the heart of England will be proved in the supreme moment of trial to be as true as that of Canada; but let the proletariat be once convinced that the Unionist Party is the party of the classes and the mouthpiece of privilege, and it will undoubtedly spue them forth from its mouth. And it will be right to do so.

This declaration shows that the writer of it has detected the cuckoo's egg in the Unionist nest and is determined to extrude it. How the Radical party, as the true parent of the *laissez-faire* policy in Britain, succeeded in depositing that ungainly fruit of its fertility in the birthplace of Conservative policies is a mystery; equally mysterious is the dulness of instinct which for long permitted Unionist eyes to regard the monstrosity as a product in natural environment. The days of complacent blindness are ended, and those who cannot even now clear their minds of a brooding affection for the uncomplimentary gift which Radicalism added to their treasures must be commended to the consolations of fortitude and resignation. The egg is in the latter state of Humpty Dumpty.

Mr. F. E. Smith is convinced that it is the vocation of Unionism at the present time to put forward a strong constructive policy; the Unionist Party must not rely upon criticism and opposition alone. Moreover—

The ultimate victory can only be won after battlefields even fiercer than those in which we have been engaged during the last five years, and they can only be won if it is realised that no great object, none worthy of achievement, is practicable without the exhibition of resolute qualities, without the readiness to run great risks and incur great sacrifices in the hope of a success which, under human conditions, cannot be pronounced certain.

It is evident that Mr. Smith is prompted to judge severely those in whom he thinks he sees a tendency to yield to the Laodicean disposition, and it is necessary to bear this estimate of duty in mind in considering his analysis of recent party history.

Mr. Smith insists that the predominance of the Unionist Party during twenty years prior to 1906 was "not directly asserted on a strict appraisal before the forum of democracy of the competing merits of the two great parties in

ordinary matters of domestic controversy." It was due in the earlier phase to the strong recoil of the English electorate from Home Rule and in the later phase to the patriotism aroused by the South African war. The Government which concluded that struggle incurred resentment, rightly perhaps, says Mr. Smith, but certainly with unfortunate results, by passing beyond the range of popular expectation in order to tackle the problems of Education and Licensing. Error marked the Unionist Administration for its own at the inception of the Tariff Reform campaign:—

We had to choose between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Ritchie. Posterity, I think, will be a little perplexed to understand our decision, for the Cabinet not only lost Mr. Chamberlain—bold in conception, matchless in prestige, skilful and experienced in council—but it lost also most of the Free Traders who were worth keeping.

Before the ensuing appeal to the ballot-box came, a series of by-elections had demonstrated "not only that the country was tired of us, but that it had commenced to loathe us."

Yet the Unionist Party showed a most remarkable and encouraging recovery after 1906. Then Mr. Lloyd George took upon himself to save Radicalism. Tariff Reformers, by an exposure of our unsatisfactory social conditions, had shown that "the blessings of Free Trade" were a delusion. Discontent had been aroused, and, to understand its consequences, one must "fully appreciate the lesson of the successive Reform Acts":—

The practical effect of this legislation was to place supreme political power in the hands of the masses. For quite a surprising number of elections the proletariat was content to vote upon party issues largely obsolete, and bearing little relation to their own material interests. . . . And thus the great fact was for many years obscured that legislative power, involving the power of taxation, had passed to the classes who possessed little or nothing, and that, failing recourse to ultra-constitutional methods of resistance, the wealthy classes were at their mercy.

Those who imagine that the demands of the wage-earning classes can be smothered by a display of preremptory impatience and then ignored may well be recommended to read and re-read the foregoing extract till they have mastered its significance completely.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer resolved to introduce the Budget of 1909 with its well-known advertisements:—

All the eulogies of our national prosperity were forgotten or torn up. The triumphant demonstration that our working-classes were more prosperous than those of any other country in the world were abandoned, and Mr. Lloyd George determined to involve the House of Lords, if it were possible, in a conflict with those very aspirations and discontents which had up to that time constituted the strength of the Tariff Reform movement.

Mr. Smith neither praises nor condemns the Peers for referring the famous Budget to the people, but he remarks that the aggressive position which the House of Lords took up "was only possible to those who were prepared to face the future with the wary and constant prudence of a man who, possessing bitter enemies, knows that there is no weak joint in his armour." Moreover, those whose counsels the Peers followed—

Knew, or ought to have known, that their decision was putting to the hazard the whole existence of the hereditary constitution of the House of Lords. They may have been right to play with stakes so high, but they were not right unless they were prepared to play the game out to the bitter end, and upon stakes equally high, and even, in a supreme moment, to be doubled.

The intelligence of readers will supply the application of that criticism. But it will be generally admitted that very

nice points are raised in the delicate matter of judging when stakes should or should not be doubled.

Mr. F. E. Smith faces the future of Unionism with that bold and sanguine spirit which should animate the party. The working classes, he says, "do not care a brass farthing for Home Rule," and when they discover that it implies additional taxation their indifference will change to acute dislike. And "as long as the Liberal party confines itself to carrying out its purely political pledges to its supporters so long it has lost, and it will lose, ground." Those pledges involve an attempt to resuscitate the Licensing and Education Bills, which perished unlamented among the earlier progeny of the Radical régime. Moreover, the "People's Budget" of 1909 has been a failure, and, in Mr. Smith's view, the blighted expectations to which it gave rise have been among the principal causes of the recent strikes. Mr. Smith, like Mr. Balfour, sees that the fortunes of Unionism are becoming ascendant once more.

And when all the opportunities of power are again presented to the party, what is its policy to be? Social reform, as we have seen, must be the mainstay of Unionism, and the first plank of Social Reform is Tariff Reform:—

If I am right in my view that there is a profound conviction—by no means altogether unwarranted—in the minds of the working classes that they are not enjoying what the German Emperor would call their "place in the sun," it is certain that no party will gain office, or, if it gains it, can continue to hold it, without a programme sincerely believed and strenuously prosecuted, which aims at alleviating the conditions under which so many of our fellow-subjects live their laborious and uninteresting lives.

There are other contributors to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* in whom is a bold and hardy spirit. The writer of an article on "The Education of Study" dares to say that in English society "the female element wields an influence unknown on the Continent of Europe, and woman worships money." It is laid to the charge of the attractive sex that they have banished into chilly shade the estimable scholarly class in so far as it cannot maintain a display "only possible to men of considerable means." Consequently "outside the four walls of his University the Master of a College, if a poor man, has an inferior status to that of a Bond Street tradesman." And yet Social Reform has its opponents! Another writer makes a smart attack from the economic side upon the advocates of small holdings. The *Oxford and Cambridge* supplies us with substantial fare, but there is no insipidity about it.

THE MOTOR-HORN

BY EDWARD THOMAS

At the end of a long day's walking I entered Newmarket by the Norwich road. I thought it must be a clever town, for at the last milestone a child came running up to me to ask if I had found a penny among the beeches—a brilliant variation from straightforward begging which does credit to local education. As I came into the town before dark, but after the closing of shops, the long, wide street and a strange breed of men standing or slowly walking about on its pavements made me feel that scarcely after a dozen reincarnations should I be at home in Newmarket. The man who discovered that we are "all God's creatures" had an uncanny eye for resemblances, and I often doubt the use of the discovery, without disputing its accuracy. Every one was talking of horses except those who preferred lords and professional golfers. I saw some caddies industriously swallowing temperance hot drinks instead of beer, in the hope of earning as much as James Braid at some distant time. As for the horsey men, they seemed to under-

stand lords as well as horses, so well as to illustrate the saying, "To know all is to pardon all"—nay, to go beyond that, to admire all. I can quite believe that to be a lord is very different from being able to imitate one after a glass of ale. There can be little doubt that to the influence of lords or horses, perhaps of both, we must attribute the brilliant beggar at the last milestone.

A Scotch baker directed me to a place—"It is not very elaborate, but it is clean"—where I could get a bed such as I could afford. For some time I lay awake listening to the motor-cars. Most of them rushed through the town; a few came there to rest and silence; others paused for a minute only with drumming suspense. I thought I should not easily tire of these signals from unknown travellers. Not that I spent much time on definite and logical conjecture as to who they were, whence they had come, and whither and why they travelled. I was too sleepy, and at any time such a labour would have been irksome. No; I was more than content to let these noises compose a wordless music of mystery and adventure within my brain. The cars could bring together lovers or enemies or conspirators so swiftly that their midnight alarms suggest nothing else. At night it is hard to connect their subjugated frenzy with mere stupid haste. The little lights steal through a darkness so vast that the difference between a star and a lantern is nothing to it. The thing is so suitable for a great adventure that straightway the mind conceives one. On a winter's night the sound and the idea are worthy of the storm and in harmony with it:—

Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
Of haggard seeming but a boon indeed. . . .

It was easy to imagine myself the partner in magnificent risks quite outside my own experience, and to feel the glory and even the danger with no touch of pain, while I lay as careless as the friendly near neighbourhood of sleep could make me. The touch of arrogance in the voice of the motor is to its credit by night. In a measure it revives the romantic and accepted arrogance of horn and trumpet. It gives a bravery to appearances which has long been dropping away from drivers of horses. I do not disparage the sound of hoofs and wheels and the private voice of a solitary traveller on the dark roads, but there is something melancholy in it, and more endurance than enterprise. The sounds of the motor-car have added immensely to the London night, at least for good sleepers with minds at ease. Formerly to those out of the market routes the only sound of night travel at all provoking to the mind was the after-midnight hansom's clatter, which challenged conjecture more often than imagination; I pictured most likely a man with bleared eyes and a white shirt who had let his cigar out, at most a man whose achievement was behind rather than before him; and certainly I was always very well content to be in bed. But the motor-horn is turbulent and daring. Even if it is coming home there is a proud possibility of distance left behind, and either it seems that the arriviers have not returned for nothing or the sudden stop and end suggest a sublimity of dejection from proud heights.

As to the car setting out in darkness, it gathers to itself all the pomps of setting out, as we have imagined or read of them in stories of soldiers, travellers, or lovers, as we have experienced them when children, and as we still fancy they would be were we ever to advance towards adventures. I suppose also that the speed of a motor-car always, to the outsider, unconsciously suggests a race, with rivalry, uncertain ending, and an unknown prize. These thoughts and the far better mere listening to the horns and machinery occupied me and led on to sleep in such a manner that I ignored a man next door imitating a gramophone quite busily, and in less than half an hour I was asleep and out of the market in a dream.

REVIEWS

RELIGION AND RELIGIONS

Croyances, Rites, Institutions: Tome I.—Hiérogaphie, Archéologie et Histoire Religieuse. Tome II.—Hiérologie, Questions de Méthode et d'Origines. Tome III.—Hiérosophie, Problèmes du Temps Présent. By COMTE GOBLET D'ALVIELLA. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 3 vols. 22f. 50c.)

Adonis und Esmun. Eine Untersuchung zur Geschichte des Glaubens an Auferstehungsgötter und an Heilgötter. By WOLF WILHELM GRAFEN BAUDISSLIN. With 10 Plates. (J. C. Hinrich, Leipzig. 24 marks.)

THE rules of most well-regulated debating societies, in England at any rate, exclude from the category of topics that may be discussed Politics and Religion. Experience has taught that both of these lead to strife, janglings, and ill-will, and tend to defeat the object of club promoters, which is generally the furtherance of social intercourse and general amity. There is, it is true, one very notable exception, that of the Assembly which, by a wild inversion of the usual order of things, excludes all subjects but Politics from the field of its debates; but this exception is due to an obscure tangle of historical causes, and the results are not of such a kind as to encourage imitation. Count Goblet d'Alviella, the author of these three substantial volumes, evidently considers Politics à l'amiable as an extravagant dream, though he believes in a religious concord for the future; possibly the reason for his hopefulness may be found in the fact that most of his religious disputes have been conducted on paper, or that, at the worst, he has had to do his fighting in a lecture-room, free from the necessity of immediate reprisals. At any rate he regards the study of comparative religion as a grateful labour, almost as a pastime. "When," he says, "one is actively engaged in the struggles of the political factions of one's country there is a certain delight in transporting one's self into a calmer and serener atmosphere, where one can express one's self without the partisanship and the reservations that Parliamentary and electoral contests demand." We may remark that it is possible to be equally detached in dealing with politics, given certain conditions, as existence in a different land or century from those under discussion. Comparative religion, as understood by M. d'Alviella and by most other writers on the subject, is never in want of some such saving conditions; the interesting stage of all religions is to be found in prehistoric or very early historic times, or else in some tract of the globe that drives us to the index of our atlas. It is true that M. d'Alviella occupies himself in his last volume with "Problems of the Present," but for this he thinks it necessary to justify himself before other comparative religionists and before the world.

In this connection we will say something about the plan of the work. It is divided into three volumes, of about equal size, styled respectively "Hiérogaphie, Hiérologie, Hiérosophie." We understand that these names were coined by the author, and that they have still to gain recognition from writers on religious science. The sub-titles explain themselves better—"Archæology and Religious History," "Questions of Method and Origins"—and, as we have already indicated, "Problems of To-day." It is this last that is the least firmly established. In some ways it provides the most interesting part of the work. Apart from M. d'Alviella's answer to Brunetière's article on the bankruptcy of science—a piece of controversy that would have won our hearts at the beginning if it had happened to be

the first thing to catch our eye, for it castigates with honest scorn the worse than spiritual pride of such scientists as M. Ribot who considered a reply as beneath their dignity—there are some most suggestive chapters on recent developments in Brahminism and Buddhism, and a great deal about England and America. The religious life of the former country is for M. d'Alviella of absorbing interest. One of our greatest living preachers said the other day: "The Jew is our expert in religion;" the author of this work might parody this into: "The Anglo-Saxon is our expert in religion." The volume begins with a "Visit to the Rationalist Churches of London," and one of the visited ministers, Mr. Moncure Conway, is the subject of a subsequent chapter. Cardinal Newman supplies the theme of another essay. M. d'Alviella seems to regard the Anglo-Saxon race as trustees for the religion of the future.

The volume of Hierology contains some particularly serious work, including a lecture given at Balliol in the Summer School of Theology in 1909, a presidential address, as head of the "Method and Scope" of the Congress of Religions at Oxford in 1908, and a review of Mr. Frazer's "Golden Bough." The first volume, "Hiérogaphie," is chiefly remarkable for some excellent essays, generally in the form of reviews, on certain historical problems, treated with all the synthetical brilliance that we associate with the historians of the Latin race. The chapters on the last days of Paganism, on the causes of the Decline and Fall, and on the Worship of Mithra are very much more than mere articles from a review. The purely archaeological articles are directed, or we think they should be, to the historical or religious specialist. They deal mainly with "curious" points—we use the word in its broadest sense, for the kind of information that is designated by this word in second-hand booksellers' catalogues, and that appeals to certain minds, is conspicuously absent—and have little value except as material. Sporadic curiosity is a mental malady, and has little to do with the search for truth.

M. d'Alviella tells us that he himself was accused of "dilettantism" when he first came forward as a teacher of Comparative Religion. Though we readily acquit him of the charge, we believe that he has suffered for the faults of others. The two besetting sins of rationalist historians and inquirers are, paradoxically enough, intolerance and, more grievous still, because insult bars the injury, easy patronising scepticism. Neither of these crimes can be imputed to M. d'Alviella; if he is intolerant, it is for the eighteenth-century philosophers; if he is flippant, it is for the solemn wiseacres whose imagination cannot admit "imponderables." The "imposture" and "credulity" of Voltaire's friends, the slavish "fear" of Lucretius have no mercy from him, and he would never have endorsed the bitter cry of Flaubert's St. Anthony at the mournful procession of the vanishing gods: "Où êtes-vous maintenant, pauvres âmes tout altérées d'espoirs qui ne furent pas assouvis?" He believes above all in "Science for Science," but he admits that there is an art as well as a science of religion, and we can conceive of him as laying aside at certain seasons the pontificals of science, and joining in a cry of purely religious significance of "Art for Art"!

Count Baudissin belongs rather to the analytical than to the synthetical school. "Adonis und Esmun" is an expansion of an earlier work of his on the same subject. Definite conclusions are few, and hypotheses are stated with the utmost modesty. The central thesis is the reconstruction of the demigods Adonis and Esmun, their origins, their myths, their worship, and their significance. On to this thesis is grafted a secondary one, the comparison of various Oriental legends dealing with resurrections of gods and with gods who had remedies against death and disease. A close con-

nection is discerned between the two Phœnician half-gods and the Semitic Tammuz on the one hand and the classical Asklepios-Aesculapius on the other. A less direct relationship is discussed for the Phrygian Attis and the Egyptian Osiris. The general system of Semitic, and especially Phœnician, religion is treated with great breadth and clearness in the introductory chapters. A kind of Phœnician Trinity is adumbrated, varying from place to place, but with Baal, Astarte, and Adonis as the types. Baal is found by his nature and attributes to fall practically outside the thesis, but the connection between Astarte and the youthful god is all the more insisted on, as indicating the type of nature-worship that lay at the bottom of Semitic religion. Count Baudissin's theory runs to some extent parallel to the thesis which is so admirably expounded in "La Cité Antique" of Fustel de Coulanges—the dual source of the ancient thegony—the city gods and the forces of Nature.

The corner-stone of Phœnician religion, according to Count Baudissin, is the conception of life; it is this conception that distinguishes it from the other Semitic systems; the Jews and Arabs relegated it to a secondary importance, and Babylonian theology was more complicated, and contained other equally important ideas. It is a conception of life that admits continuity or resumption into its connotation. The vital interest of the Phœnician religion, still according to Herr Baudissin, is that it is probably the oldest of all the tremendous religions of the Semitic race. The reason given for this theory is ingenious and unexpected—the Phœnicians were really a non-religious race, and therefore did not develop, but kept to primitive forms. The momentous question of the relationship between the Phœnician and Jewish religions is treated of in various places the conception of "the Living God" occupies some important chapters. Among other Old Testament subjects that recur from time to time are the brazen serpent, and the vision of Ezekiel, both highly relevant to phases of the discussion. The author claims to have said the last word on many aspects of his subject, as research has come to a standstill with regard to Phœnician religion, and the excavations now being carried on in Asia Minor can at best only throw sidelights on the matter.

METTERNICH

Metternich. By G. A. C. SANDEMAN. With Ten Illustrations. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

To the accomplishment of successful biography two requisites are indispensable: charm and accuracy. There is indeed the third requirement of a need for the biography; but that is presupposed; and it certainly may be assumed in the present case, for, as Mr. Sandeman says, Metternich "has undoubtedly suffered from a lack of impartial biographers, and indeed of any English biographers at all." And, again, "there is no adequate English biography of Metternich." Therefore, the need of the book being assumed, it is only necessary for Mr. Sandeman to prove his claim both to charm and accuracy of presentation. In fact, he claims the latter requisite in his Preface, speaking there of his book as one "which, without pretending to produce any new facts or to expand any original theories, seeks in a comparatively brief space to give a trustworthy outline of Metternich's life from the domestic as well as from the official side." Leaving the question of charm aside for the moment it will be necessary to see how far he justified this claim of his.

At the outset it must frankly be said that by some of his remarks Mr. Sandeman arouses an attitude of cautious scepticism that is little apt to induce a permanent spirit of

confidence. For instance, surely a very elementary knowledge of geography should have obviated such a sentence as the following:—"A festival was held at the Wartburg, the Grand Duke's castle at Weimar, to celebrate the Battle of Leipzig and the tercentenary of the Reformation." Similarly it is difficult to imagine precisely what the following sentence means. He is speaking of the Czar Alexander's death, and the likelihood "that the Grand Duke Constantine would succeed to the throne of Russia." Instead of which the succession passed to the Grand Duke Nicholas, as Nicholas I. of Russia, and concerning him Mr. Sandeman says: "The change was not to Metternich's taste, for Nicholas was known to regard him with aversion and to favour liberal doctrines." One wonders what gave Mr. Sandeman to think (much less to write) so strange a thing as this. Nothing could be further from the trustworthiness that he claims. What he has done, of course, is to describe Alexander, the dead Czar; yet, even so, it is mystifying, for he has just recorded his death.

Matters such as these (and others could be given if space permitted) do not arouse confidence in a reader. In fact they indicate a lack of knowledge, and, what is more, a lack of historical certitude on the part of the author that is particularly disconcerting in a study such as the present. It would be difficult to imagine any subject where surety was a more indispensable requisite than the life of so intricate a diplomatist as Metternich. There, of all places, it is necessary to know precisely the bearings of every step taken and every decision determined, because, so tortuous and perplexed was the procedure of his mind, that an indecision in one part is doomed to throw a very large part of the adjacent machinery out of gear. Perhaps this is the reason that Mr. Sandeman makes so unsatisfactory a guide through the intricate matters that engage the attention of Metternich. In matters such as those already given above it is possible to discover him tripping over definite historical or geographical errors; but in the long story of diplomacy, intrigue, and quasi-statesmanship that engaged Metternich from 1803 to 1848 it is not so much that we can detect positive errors as an uncomfortable feeling that he is merely, and rather perplexedly, following the outward course of known facts, instead of perceiving their relation one to another, and illuminating that relation by expounding the central point of view to which they may all be referred.

As may be expected, this is particularly the case at the most crucial moment of all Metternich's history. In the network of decisions and indecisions all around the Congress of Prague, before Austria joined the Allies and opened the war that ended in the banishment to Elba, Mr. Sandeman gathers the facts with some certainty under his control, though even here he fails to elucidate much that is complicated. But directly the Congress of Vienna is instituted he loses all control of the various perplexities and complexities. The questions the Congress opened, and Metternich's persistent attitude toward them (the attitude of the intriguer and diplomatist rather than that of the statesman) make thrilling history; they demand fascination of treatment; but in Mr. Sandeman's hands they are not only very near being flat and uninteresting, they are often positively annoying and irritating. Deeply important questions are slurred over; dramatic moments are missed; effects are put before causes (as when the Mainz Commission takes precedence of the Carlsbad Decrees), and generally, in the mind of the reader, the initial chaos is made more chaotic, instead of being reduced to order. The result is that the whole of Metternich's struggle with the growing Liberalism in the German States is difficult to follow in Mr. Sandeman's pages, simply because the basis of negotiation, as resolved at the Congress of Vienna, is not made intelligible.

It is a pity, and it is with considerable reluctance we are

compelled to find fault with the book in this way, for Mr. Sandeman has certainly the faculty of writing with charm when, as in the more intimate relations of Metternich's life, he is more sure of his ground. It seems as though the trouble arises from the fact that Mr. Sandeman has undertaken more in this book than he could ever have hoped to achieve within its limits, both of space and the period of its accomplishment. The biography of Metternich is truly the history of Europe from the autocracy of Napoleon to the days of Canning (whom Metternich once described as his "Crucifix") and Palmerston, and to the early dawn of Cavour and Bismarck—all men who, in one way and another, aided the ruin of the ascendancy that Metternich had so carefully and tortuously built up for Austria after the ruin of the Napoleonic Empire. Such a scheme is obviously not one that could be achieved within the margins of such a book as this, for, despite its imposing appearance, it is but short. It is a scheme for a lengthy and detailed history.

Therefore, perhaps, it is rather to the private side of Metternich's life that one turns in the volume. And here there is no doubt that the author has done far truer justice to his subject. The early portrait of the indolent pleasure-seeker provides a clue that solves many a perplexity in the course of the later career of the famous defender of an obsolete feudalism; and the closing account does not fail to convey the sadness of the fall from glory. "The last years of Metternich's control of Austria's foreign policy are melancholy reading," says Mr. Sandeman; and to say that he does not fail to do justice to the melancholy is to say that he enters the lists to clear Metternich from the charge of too great a bigoted adherence to the past; wherein he is no more than just. Yet it is a justice that is requisite.

THE REVIVAL OF POETIC DRAMA

By COSMO HAMILTON

Experiments in Play-writing, in Verse and Prose. By JOHN LAWRENCE LAMBE. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 5s. net.)

IN a long, earnest, and eloquent Prefatory Essay Mr. John Lawrence Lambe puts forward a passionate appeal for the revival of Poetic Drama. "The overwhelming testimony of the past twenty-four centuries acclaims verse," he cries, "the form of utterance midway between speech and music, as the fitter medium for the expression of passionate thought and feeling." And yet at the present moment "there seems to be a strong tendency both with critics and public in the land of Shakespeare to regard the Poetic Drama, which in the past has been universally accounted the highest form of art, as an out-grown garment, incapable of adaptation to the modern stage." With extreme respect for an author who is not only an enthusiast but a scholar and something of a poet, we have followed him through his arguments and read every line of the plays which he modestly puts forward under the heading of Experiments. Sympathetic as we are, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that Poetic Drama will remain an out-grown garment, incapable of adaptation to the modern stage, until that great and distant day when another Shakespeare shall arise in the land.

Drama, as Shakespeare well knew, does not consist of the conduct of a slow-moving story by a set of vague characters who deliver long-winded speeches about life and death and the great hereafter at those frequent moments when an audience is naturally impatient for something to happen. Under no conditions can we conceive the possibility of a revival of Poetic Drama in which there is neither drama

nor poetry. The only excuse for long speeches in a play is that they are not only full of memorable lines, but that they carry on the action. If the same good plot were given to two dramatists of equal ability, and the one wrote it in swinging pointed English with never a word too many, while the other carried on the story in verse that was excellent without being inspired, there is no question as to which of the two plays would give the greater pleasure. In drama there is nothing both so artistic and so necessary as the economy of words. Action is the thing. The clash of temperament, the swift movement of unrelenting fate are the two factors which go to make a play successful. There is nothing so tiresome to an audience as to be compelled to listen to a scene demanding no more than a dozen terse lines which is dragged out by and weighed down with one long speech after another full of lines which, however poetic, have very little to do with the subject under discussion. Nor can we see that anything except bathos is achieved by making characters say such lines as these:—

DOMENIC: Did you think
That I could be deceived? How easily
I lay my finger on the tender spot,
Which your profound astuteness thought to hide.
Vain foolishness to treat me like a child,
When both your manner and your speech give shape
To those dread spectres, direful fantasies,
Which throng my bursting brain. Lorenzo, speak!
I will be told. Think not to thwart me thus.

LORENZO: I will not and I dare not tell you more.

DOMENIC: You shall—you must!

LORENZO: Peace, peace, you will go mad!

Take an alternative. Throw all this into such lines as could be written by the merest journeyman dramatist:—

DOMENIC: I tell you I am not to be deceived. Everything you say makes me more horribly anxious. Tell me the truth.

LORENZO: I can't.

DOMENIC: By God, you shall!

LORENZO (uneasily): For Heaven's sake, man, keep your head.

No man, greatly moved, could be either so self-conscious or so artificially self-confident as to be able to utter such roundabout sentences as those quoted from Mr. Lambe's play entitled "Covered Fire." "Think not to thwart me thus" would surely move the most sympathetic audience to unholy laughter. It throws the whole scene into the spirit of burlesque. And that is the great danger of "Poetic Drama." The genius of Shakespeare, who was not only a poet but a master-dramatist, makes such unfortunate lines impossible, but even in Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," admirable as it is, there are several scenes which would have been far better in economical prose. Even Tennyson must have wished that he had never attempted poetic drama when he heard the Homeric laughter of a first-night Lyceum audience which greeted the remark of his distracted father:—

The bed has not been slept upon. The chamber
Is empty!

We agree whole-heartedly with Mr. Lambe's contention that present-day audiences are capable of enjoying serious drama, and that "a good tragedy in its after-effects is infinitely more exhilarating than the most amusing farce." We see for ourselves, as all men can see, that frivolity, vulgarity, and timidity are bringing the London stage lower and lower every year. We believe, however, that serious drama can be better served by plays that are written in the prose of Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr.

Masefield, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Haddon Chambers, and the like, than in the laboured and uninspired poetry of present-day writers. We are afraid that Mr. John Lawrence Lambe has failed to prove his contention. Let him, however, comfort himself with the reflection—uncomforting as it is to those playgoers whose love of Shakespeare's plays draws them to the theatre—that even if he had succeeded and found himself produced there is only a small handful of actors who are intelligent enough to deliver verse, and these would not be in his plays, because they are buried in the provinces.

THE POST OFFICE AND ITS STORY

The Post Office: An Historical Summary Published by Order of the Postmaster-General. (His Majesty's Stationery Office. 9d.)

The Post Office and its Story: An Interesting Account of the Activities of a Great Government Department. By EDWARD BENNETT. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 5s. net.)

THE former of these volumes is an official publication, and is not, therefore, to be judged from the literary standpoint. The more's the pity, for the story of the British Post Office abounds in romantic incidents, and more than sufficient material must be available in the archives of St. Martin's-le-Grand for the construction of a volume which, entrusted to the proper hands, might be made absorbingly interesting, and at the same time subserve the ends for the attainment of which it is presumed the present book was created. This Historical Summary is, however, for the most part severely official, and, in accordance with the canons accepted in official circles, the authors—for the work, although nothing is said on the point, is obviously a composite production—have for the most part mirrored their style on that adopted in Blue-books and other official publications of a similar description. The result is that a considerable part of this work reads as if it had been taken bodily out of the Post Office Guide, and is thus to the general reader as unreadable as that doubtless most valuable publication. Another defect which calls loudly for criticism is the apparent absence of all editorial control over the contributors. It would almost appear that each individual clerk performed his allotted task and sent it independently to the printer, who, when he had collected all the sections, proceeded to print them *seriatim* without any attempt at correlation or dovetailing. The result is that the various parts seldom fit neatly into one another, and the careful reader finds more than one instance of overlapping. Whenever a second edition is decided upon the authorities would do well at least to delegate to some one the duty of bringing the several contributions into line, and he should be instructed to consign to an appendix much of the statistical information now to be found in the body of the book.

It has been said that the writers have for the most part striven earnestly to attain to the ideal of the professional Blue-book compiler with fatal results to the attraction of the volume for the general reader. This lament, however, does not apply uniformly to all the sections. Those devoted to the Packet Services and Foreign and Colonial Posts, and the Overland Mails, are in quite a different category from the remainder of the company in which they find themselves. Here the romance of the Post Office indeed finds itself, although restrained by the uncongenial company into which it has fallen. Moreover, there is some literary style about these pages. Some pleasure is derived from the mere perusal, apart altogether from the matter which they

contain. One feels that in reading of the foreign relations of the Post Office one is reading literature, and one grieves all the more that the others should fall so far below them in standard. If we might hazard a guess at the authorship of these sections we might attribute them to Mr. A. H. Norway, who, we believe, is still in the service of the Post Office, and whose "History of the Post Office Packet Service," published sixteen years ago, is such attractive reading. It is in the style of this work that the history under notice should have been written, and it is a pity that the duty of compiling the history in its entirety was not entrusted to him. Apart from the deficiencies alluded to, this little book has much to commend it. If it is not the attractive history of the Post Office which would be welcomed by many, this "Summary" is the mine out of which much of the raw material for the popular history which is to come will be hewn. If it will not be read itself it will necessarily form the basis of its more fortunate successor. It is illustrated by a well-chosen selection of reproductions from contemporary prints, and useful lists of the Postmasters-General since Colonel John Wildman in the seventeenth century, and Secretaries to the Post Office since Willboyl of the same period, are furnished in the Appendix. We have, however, detected one error in this list. The first Marquess of Salisbury is made to hold office for two days after his death.

The official Post Office History will appeal merely to officials and historians. Mr. Bennett's book, on the other hand, is little likely to appeal to either of these classes. It is quite at the other pole, and, written in a popular, chatty style, will find its public among the regular readers of the *Strand Magazine* and similar publications. It is not a history of the Post Office, nor does it pretend to be one. It discourses lightly and pleasantly of the numerous and various activities of the remarkable institution which Mr. Bennett has taken for his theme, and interspersed in his narrative are many Post Office anecdotes, humorous and otherwise, some of which have, as far as we know, not hitherto appeared in print. One matter stands out in Mr. Bennett's book. A comparison of it with the official publication shows in parts such curious parallels that the reader is led inevitably to the conclusion that Mr. Bennett must have had access to the official records, even if the proofs of the official publication were not placed at his disposal. This is noticeably the case in the chapter entitled "Money Orders and Postal Orders." Among the most interesting of the chapters is that on "Ocean Mails," in which due acknowledgment is made of Mr. Norway's work on the Packet Services, mentioned previously in the course of this notice. This book will probably be widely read, yet without filling the gap due to the absence of a reliable and readable history of the Post Office. So far as it goes it is satisfactory. The principal complaint against it is that it does not go far enough.

The word "Interesting" probably crept into the title by accident. Its use is not inappropriate, but it should come from the reader, not the author.

AN ISLAND IDYLL

My Tropic Isle. By E. J. BANFIELD. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

'How quaint seems the demand for details of life on this Isle of Scent and Silence!' is the exclamation with which the author opens his book. "Lolling in shade and quietude," he continues, "was I guilty of indiscretion when I babbled of my serene affairs, and is the penalty so soon enforced?" We will begin at once by entering upon a little quarrel with

Mr. Banfield. These questions are foolish; but they are the only foolish things in the book. That the public should thirst to read, and publishers to print, further descriptions of his lovely hermit isle, is the inevitable consequence of the author's former work. What Mr. Banfield has done is in reality this. Lolling, as he says, in shade and quietude, he fashioned at his leisure a literary gem from the purest natural elements, and tossed it carelessly across the oceans into the crowded and noisy haunts of men. Having gone so far as this, he must not be surprised at the clamour for more. In fact, we insist that he should throw us this second work without even a preliminary grumble.

After this we may remind ourselves that it is the reviewer's duty to dissect a book rather than to quarrel with its author. But "My Tropic Isle" is as difficult to dissect as is a green leaf, or as anything else of closely-welded atoms of vivid life. It is a book that holds many dangers for the conventional reviewer. He would point out contrasts, would snatch a piece here and there from the main body for the purpose of quotation, and in the end would pass judgment in the unembarrassed fashion of his tribe. None of these things is possible here. The author himself has left no room for further contrasts; to pull out a fragment here and there would be as futile as to wrench a single scale from a brilliant fish and to hold it up as an illustration of the entire body; while as to passing judgment, how can man criticise an island? And this book is the island. It is the breath of the palms, the hue of the flowers, the deep blue of the sea, the movement of beasts, fish and birds—all contained within the ordinary binding of commerce.

As to the island itself, it is a spot where—

All is lovable—from crescentic sandpit, coaxing and consenting to the virile moods of the sea, harmonious with wind-shaken casuarinas, tinkling with the cries of excitable tern—to the stolid grey wells and blocks of granite which have for unrecorded centuries shouldered off the white surges of the Pacific. The flounces of mangroves, the sparse grassy epaulettes on the shoulders of the hills, the fragrant forest, the dim jungle, the piled-up rocks, the caves where the rare swiftlet hatches out her young in gloom and silence in nests of gluten and moss.

All, says the author in his expression of a rhapsody the flow of which has stood the test of years, are his to gloat over. Who would not own a beach where "the wavelets glide up with heedless hiss and slide back with shuffling whisper scarce moving the garlands of brown seaweed which a few hours before had been torn from the borders of the coral garden with mischievous recklessness"?

It is from a haunt such as this that the author gives full play to his philosophy. There he has enjoyed an intimacy with nature to a degree that Nature permits to very few. He has followed the loves, sports, and battles of weird and beautiful creatures with a comprehension that leaves the reader amazed, and, incidentally, he has a similar tale to tell of the black natives of the neighbouring lands. We have action in plenty here; but the pages abound with far more than this. We have said that no mere chance quotation can do justice to the book; a few sentences nevertheless cannot come amiss if from no other reason than to exhibit the quality of its matter. Here is a scene where blue waters and shining sands meet:—

It being far more blissful to lounge in the sea than on the verandah, I sat down, steeped chin deep in crystal clearness, warmth, and silence, passively surrendering myself to a cheap yet precious sensation. Around me were revealed infinitely fragile manifestations of life, scarcely less limpid than the sea, sparkling, darting, twisting—strong and vigorous of purpose. Tremulous filaments of silver flashed and were gone. No space but was thickly peopled with what ordi-

narly passes as the invisible, but which now, plainly to behold, basked and revelled in the blaze-products of the sun . . . Thus musing, the sorcery of the sea became invincible. My thoughts drifted, until I dozed, and dozing dreamt—a vague, incomprehensible dream of floating in some purer ether, some diviner air than ever belonged to a wormy earth, and woke to realities and a skate—a little friendly skate which had snoodled beside me, its transparent shovel-snout half-buried in the sand. Immune from the opiate of the sea, though motionless, with wide, watery-yellow eyes, it gazed upon me as a fascinated child might upon a strange shape, monstrous though benign, and as I raised my hand in salutation wriggled off, less afraid than curious.

Passages of the kind require no comment. They abound in the book. Their own eloquence suffices. It is a glorious thing to own a tropic isle: it is a pleasant thing to possess a speaking pen. When a man has both, added to a fitting temperament, he is a thrice-blessed being. Fortunately Mr. Banfield has not been selfish. We are grateful to him for sharing with the public this delightful Isle.

A HUSTLING HOLIDAY

A Motor Tour through France and England. By ELIZABETH YARDLEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

BETWEEN the dates of August 17th and September 14th the indefatigable author of this book sampled France and England, and, though she evidently enjoyed herself, and on many occasions succeeds in imparting that pleasure to her readers, she unfortunately omitted one important item from her luggage—a manual of grammar, composition, and punctuation. True, the book “was originally started as a diary,” but that is no excuse for slipshod writing; it is rather an additional reason for care, since the diary is to reach the dignity of print and a possibly wide circulation. No prefatory apology can palliate such sentences as the following, for example:—

. . . the grounds may be visited only after midday. As we were too early for the latter privilege we contented ourselves with the view of the house which presents an imposing appearance pitched high above the borders of the river, with its massive round pepper-box towers, with thick counterforts, which give it a formidable but inelegant appearance. . . .

Our exit was made down the winding stairs of one of the towers on to the stone curtain enclosing the garden and once again we crossed the drawbridge and took the road to Azay le Rideau, along which, at little ponds were the brown peasant women pounding their snowy linen, and down little alleys between the rows of cottages we caught glimpses of tiny green gardens. . . .

We had a wet ride to Angers but preferred a soaking rather than enclose the car in curtains and forfeit a view of the dampened landscape. . . .

This method of writing spoils the book for any reader with a sense of style; and unhappily it is not the only fault we have to find. The author was in too much hurry even to verify her French; the word “enceinte” is used at least three times, and spelt “enciente” on each occasion; “liqueur” becomes “liquor;” “Auxerrois” is given as “Auxerois,” and so on. Trifling matters such as badly-split infinitives we need hardly do more than mention.

We emphasise these things because they were so easily avoidable, and the book, apart from style and composition, is crammed with interesting historical notes. Not very many good accounts of motor-travel are accessible in compact form; Edith Wharton’s “Motor Flight through France” was one of the best, and might serve as a model of style in

spite of its haste. Here the hurry is obvious. The author visits York, but “no time remained for a walk about the city walls for we had to reach Bowness by night.” There is no objection to a quick rush round when time is limited and a motor handy; but the impressions so gained are hardly worthy of gathering into book form. Luckily, in this volume the scanty personal impressions are overwhelmed by an astonishing amount of information. From town to town the untiring motor flew, and while waiting for lunch, dinner, or bed its occupants seem to have spent the minutes, pencil in hand, taking frantic notes of local history. It was “called the King’s Chamber, because Louis Fourteenth slept there” . . . “they were given to Diane de Poitiers by Henry Second” . . . “It is said that on snowy nights the phantom of the King may be seen” . . . “here Milton wrote his ‘Comus’” . . . “the memory of Harriet Martineau is indelibly linked with this village.” . . . So the story goes on, and the reader is in a whirl.

In conclusion, we must say that this compilation would certainly make an excellent guide-book for any one proposing to take a trip over the same ground. All the most important “things to know” about each place are grouped, and here and there comes a flicker of scenery when the chauffeur can be induced to pull up the car between the morning and evening hotels. The photographs—many of them new—are beautifully reproduced, and will inspire in the least enthusiastic reader a wish to visit the districts which are thus illustrated.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Sea-fishing. By C. O. MINCHIN. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. MINCHIN has produced a most useful and compendious little book, which should be in the hands of all sea fishermen. It is a *multum in parvo* of information and instruction, eminently practical, well arranged, and quite up to date. From it the would-be angler may learn when and where to fish, what he may expect to catch, what tackle he ought to use, and how to distinguish and name his fish when caught. It is illustrated with charts and diagrams, and furnished with an Index.

Sea-fishing with a rod is by no means a modern departure. Homer tells of the fisherman who angles from a promontory with a long rod—*ἀλιεύς περιμήκει ῥάβδῳ*—and the old fisherman of Theocritus who caught a golden fish in his dream was spinning his bait from a rock with rods when he hooked the monster.

The first book, addressed solely to the sea-fisherman who angles with a rod, seems to have been Bickerdyke’s “Angling in Salt Water,” published in 1887. Since that date the popularity of this form of sport has increased by leaps and bounds; the rod has quite taken the place of the handline amongst *amateurs*, until at the present day, besides large societies and clubs in London and other important places, there is hardly a watering-place on our coast without its local association and its competitions.

It is little wonder that this should be so; the sea offers splendid scope for anglers who are in search of the amusement which is daily becoming more costly and more scarce in our lakes and rivers; and the sea-angler, whatever he may suffer from wind and waves, is not tossed to and fro between the Scylla of flood and the Charybdis of drought, as is so often the fate of the inland followers of Walton.

Many people will be surprised to find how much there is to be learnt before they can hope to acquire proficiency in this branch of sport. “Sooner or later they learn that fishes will be present at any particular place only when they have a reason for being there, and that the seasonal movements

of fishes month by month, day by day, or hour by hour, are, like all other phenomena that come within our cognisance, simply matters of cause and effect." Many fish are extremely "local" in their haunts, and a knowledge of the exact "marks" is very advantageous. More than once Mr. Minchin alludes to the ignorance and obstinacy of our Long-shore boatmen; "admirable as boatmen, they are simply deplorable as fishermen—or, to speak more accurately, as hookers." Doubtless this will soon be changed, as boatmen will find it more and more to their advantage to have a reputation for showing sport, and so will be obliged to apply intelligent reasoning to their experience, and to move with the times in the matter of tackle and baits.

The following hints, selected from a number, are the outcome of Mr. Minchin's experience. Pay a good price for your tackle. Bait your own hooks. Do not go out with a boatman who gets the worse for liquor. Pay no attention to the clock or to mealtimes, but be very respectful to the tides.

The Letters of an Englishman. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE columns of the *Daily Mail* were enlivened, dignified, and made valuable from time to time by the insertion of a series of essays under this heading. It is difficult quite to know why such a heading was chosen. In no sense of the word are they letters, and they might have been written equally well by a sympathetic, observant, and civilised Scot or Irishman. We take it that the title was chosen as all *Daily Mail* titles are chosen—with an eye to journalistic effect. Be that as it may, it is a pleasure to find these pleasant and gentle essays put together in a well-printed, nicely-bound volume. They were worth rescuing from that curious place to which it is generally supposed the *Daily Mail* is eventually consigned—the butter-tub. A variety of subjects, from "Celtic Glamour" to "The Tyranny of Golf," from "John Bull and his Rivals" to "Practical Joking," are dealt with, neatly, wisely, and with a certain sense of style and humour.

A thousand writers could very easily put together a volume of a precisely similar character in which the same subjects would inevitably be dealt with and they would be no worse. Certainly they would be no better. They cannot, it is true, be accused of possessing either the annoying brilliance of Mr. Shaw or the brilliant annoyance of Mr. Wells. They are the letters of an English gentleman, penned at a correctly-furnished table in the window of a literary and social club in St. James's Street or Piccadilly. They would be more aptly called "The Wares of Antony Autolycus, Esq., M.A." There is nothing in them to make the blood run faster, or to cause the person with an itching pencil to write "how true" in the margin. They contain no new thought, no epoch-making phrase, no prophecy, no startling summing-up of a period or a career. Their criticism is genial, their tendency optimistic. Hitting is done in the regulation boxing-glove conscientiously above the belt. It is possible for them to be read aloud by a maiden lady to a bevy of girls well under seventeen. In a word, they might have been, and perhaps were, written by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson in the intervals of looking from his window. Nevertheless they were, as we have said, worth rescuing, because they are not mere examples of stereotyped journalism, of sensational word-making. They are free from the easy inverted paradox, the split infinitive, the imitation epigram. Flippancy finds no place in them. They are sincere even if they are mediocre, and their great quality is their well-turned-out, gentlemanlike point of view. No sane man could disagree with their argument

and rise from them with indigestion. They make an essentially well-cooked dish, and may be recommended with mild enthusiasm.

Dysentery and Liver Abscess in Bombay. Report of an Inquiry carried out by MAJOR E. D. W. GREIG, I.M.S., and CAPTAIN R. T. WELLS, I.M.S. (Calcutta: Superintendent of Government Printing. 3s.)

IN December, 1908, an inquiry into the causes of dysentery in India was undertaken by the Central Research Institute at Kasauli, and an investigation was commenced in the hospitals and laboratories at Bombay. This scientific memoir contains the results attained; it opens up questions for further examination, which will doubtless be continued. The number of cases of bacillary dysentery was small in Bombay, so that the study of the various problems connected with this type was limited; but very many cases of dysentery associated with amœbæ were observed, so that this variety and its liver complications were studied in detail.

There are many ailments and diseases which can be openly discussed, but there are others involving the use of technical terms and language which should be limited to scientific treatises and the medical profession. The subject of this memoir is one of the latter class, so that little can be said of it. The amœbæ referred to are apparently the simplest-known animals, consisting of a nucleated mass of protoplasm, densest on the outside, but without a distinct cell-wall; they change their shapes by protruding portions of their bodies, called pseudopods, and have other recognised characteristics. Their presence in this type of the disease has been minutely examined, cultures of them have been obtained, information regarding their morphology, life-cycle and distribution has been acquired, including their seasonal prevalence and its relation to temperature and humidity, for amœbic infection shows a marked seasonal variation, closely associated with variations in humidity. Many experiments were made with monkeys and definite conclusions formed; but a further detailed study of the life-cycle of parasitic amœbæ of men by trained protozoologists is admittedly required, as also the determination of the relationship of hepatic disease, apart from hepatitis and liver-abscess, to amœbic infection. The administration of ipecacuanha in certain cases is the only treatment suggested. The memoir will be useful to the medical profession, and has been very carefully prepared, so far as it goes, but it can hardly be regarded as the last word on a very difficult subject.

The Cheerful Day. By REGINALD LUCAS. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 5s. net.)

POSSIBLY because so many people seem rather shy of tackling a book of essays, Mr. Reginald Lucas has this time published his volume in the form of a diary, although the material contained therein could very well have been set out in a series of articles. As is becoming so frequent in the books which are published at the present time, very many subjects are wrapped thickly round a very slight story. Sir John, the writer of the diary, is a very interesting person, and we could wish that he had set forth more of his own ideas about things in general and less of those of other people. There are few matters with which he does not grapple; but, instead of stating his own ideas, he gives us various quotations from past and present authors who have had any on the subject under discussion. This is all very well in its way; but all such information is second-hand, and cases has probably been perused *in extenso* by the reader him-

self. Not that the extracts so proffered are dry or uninteresting. Our author has taken care to select some of the best and most applicable, and in many cases gives both sides of an argument; but all the same we think it would be preferable to have had more of his own opinions (particularly as when they are stated they are worth recounting) and less of those of the noble army of celebrities. In spite of all, however, "The Cheerful Day" is well worth reading, and as Sir John allows the lady of his choice to be led to the altar by another man, because he is too shy to suggest that he would be happy to undertake that little journey himself, we suppose that he must not complain if, in his great humility, he prefers to offer other people's thoughts in place of his own.

Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo:—Les Misérables. Four Vols. With Coloured Frontispieces. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each.)

EMBOLDENED, no doubt, by the gratifying success they have achieved with their popular "Collection Nelson," formed of specimen works of the best French authors, Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons have just started another series similar in form and price which is to consist of the complete works of Victor Hugo, the great French poet, novelist, and historian. It opens with the author's famous novel, "Les Misérables," in four volumes, each adorned with a frontispiece in colour by an artist of note; and this will be followed every month by two additional volumes of his remaining works until the set is completed. This will enable admirers of Hugo to obtain a handy, uniform edition of the whole of his writings at a trifling cost, and we anticipate a considerable demand for these daintily produced little volumes, any one of which can be conveniently carried in the pocket.

FICTION

Love on the Happy Hill. By VIOLET PEARN. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

A Weaver of Dreams. By MYRTLE REED. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

THERE is a certain amount of similarity in the plots of these two novels in so far as they both deal with the complications and unhappiness arising, in the one case from a man being united to a girl whom he married after a very hasty courtship, and in the other from an engagement which began to pall on Mr. Carter Keith after he became infatuated with Margery, a pleasant little girl, but in no way to be compared to Judith, his *fiancée*.

The character of Gerald Dymock in "Love on the Happy Hill" is very well and carefully drawn, although, taking into consideration Gerald's naturally bright and happy disposition, and, previous to his unfortunate marriage, his cheerful outlook upon life, twenty years seems rather a long time for him to take to regain his old self and cease to be the cynic who tries to live his life henceforth without love, and with no thought but for the mental development of himself and his children. This seems all the more unnatural, as his wife died after three years of married life, and Edith, his old comrade and childhood's friend, is so often at hand to cheer him. There are many other interesting persons in the book, and the peep into Devonshire in the second part of the story, under the hospitable roof of Jabez Copley, where pretty Isolde, Gerald's daughter, is courted and married by Michael, the son of Jabez's old friend Leigh, is well worth the journey.

As Gerald stands out as the most prominent figure in "Love on the Happy Hill," so Judith Sylvester is certainly the most striking character in "A Weaver of Dreams." Probably it was on account of her very perfection that Carter preferred the younger Margery to the more sedate maiden to whom he had plighted his troth. The sentiment in the book is laid on with no very sparing hand, and many little pieces of philosophy pop up here and there. The description in parts is pretty, and Miss Cynthia, Judith's aunt, a charming lady who has a *penchant* for dainty shoes and stockings, the indulgence in which sometimes leaves the rates unpaid, adds greatly to the interest of the story, as also does Mr. Chandler, Margery's guardian, and we may add that the young people's love affairs are not the only ones in the book.

The Protector. By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THAT favoured portion of the Empire, British Columbia, is again the scene of Mr. Harold Bindloss' story, and there is no gainsaying that the author is on familiar ground. His vivid account of the sloop threshing up the sound, of the terrible hardships of the trail, his description of the stupendous beauty of that delectable coast are all in the author's best vein; but with his hero and heroine we must plead guilty to a feeling of dissatisfaction.

Wallace Vane, the young Englishman who has practically adopted Canada in place of the Old Country, while possessed of many fine qualities, is distinctly handicapped by an obstinacy and pig-headedness amounting to muleishness. No matter whether his own interests only suffer, or whether he involves the life of his true chum Carroll, or the welfare of the shareholders of his copper-mine, he holds upon his way and invites disaster. Out of the kindness of his heart he succours two girls in the nicest way possible, but sufficiently obviously to raise grave doubts in the mind of Evelyn, who, on the most correct grounds, refused him on his trip home, but on her arrival in Vancouver, on a visit, is disposed to reconsider her decision. The visit to the Fell country is the weakest part of the book, Mopsy, Evelyn's younger sister, being the only natural character portrayed. Vane's protection extends to her, to her ne'er-do-well brother, and even to her father, who is in low water.

On his return, to oblige a dying pioneer and his daughter, he makes three Quixotic attempts, amid fearful hardships, which his friend Carroll shares as a matter of course, to find a timber area. He succeeds only to discover the spruce burnt out, and is left with a broken leg to fend for himself while Carroll goes for help. Evelyn is not the only one who appreciates the attributes of this young man, and Jessie Horsfield, whose father is mixed up in the mine, does her best to capture him, and finding from a stolen letter that Vane's heart is Evelyn's—why it is somewhat difficult to see—succeeds, out of revenge, in breaking up the Copper Company. Mr. and Mrs. Nairn, who believe in Vane, are a well-drawn couple from Scotland; but after "Hawtrey's Deputy" "The Protector" is disappointing.

A South Sea Buccaneer. By ALBERT DORRINGTON. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

WE have here a collection of short stories, the hero of which is a certain Captain William H., or "Bully," Hayes, a native of Cleveland, Ohio, on p. 163, and a "white English lamb" on p. 195. Beyond certain piratical instincts, and a convenient disregard of the ethics of *meum et tuum*, there is nothing

much in common between this buccaneer of modern times and his prototypes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who preyed upon the Spaniards along the Spanish coasts of America. Among other things "he had worked in unclean ships and rat-ridden schooners; had breathed and fought in the Shanghai stews of Sydney and Valparaiso without profit;" and had also lived "for seven unholy weeks" on a cargo of Chinese tank-eggs when becalmed on the Equator. The scenes of the various thrilling happenings forming these stories are laid in either Oceania, the China Sea, or India, and, of course, this amazing sea-dog invariably comes out on top. In the last story he is happily married to Varæ, a half-caste, which is a fitting termination to the volume; but the other stories appear to have been arranged somewhat carelessly, as "Off the Great Barrier Reef," the eleventh, was evidently intended by the author to introduce the captain to the reader. There is something strange, too, about the arrangement of the illustrations, several bearing references to pages with which they have nothing to do. These peculiarities in the make-up of the book, however, will be easily overlooked by the reader who only dips into it at intervals, and read thus it will afford him many an exciting half hour or so.

God and the King. By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

WITH "God and the King" Miss Marjorie Bowen has now completed the third and last volume dealing with William of Orange. The passage of history chosen in the present instance is the time of William's sovereignty over the English people, and, probably because of the more prosaic nature of the period, the story lacks something of the glamour of the stirring times in "I Will Maintain," when the young Prince was fighting and overcoming all obstacles in his endeavour to save his country. William's love for and devotion to his wife are brought out very strongly in the book, as is also his great grief at her death. There is always a certain feeling of sadness in reading about the declining years of a man's life, especially so when those years are lonely and spent amid surroundings which are in no way congenial, as was the case with William III., for he was not a popular Monarch. Miss Bowen has expended a good deal of earnest thought upon the characters in her trilogy, and together they show the result of painstaking and indefatigable labour.

The Yacht of Dreams. By FRANK MORTON. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

A NOTABLE collection of flights of fancy—exceedingly free—from the base of an American millionaire's yacht, which suddenly comes into being at Singapore during the said millionaire's honeymoon. Three guests on board—Lenton, a love-stricken, impecunious journalist; Mortimer, erstwhile also a scribe, but now, thanks to a gold-mine, rich and fat; and the charming Nesta, a resident of Colombo, and supposed to be engaged to a member of the Council—these, but chiefly the male members, become the sport of the gods, mostly through the medium of one Banerjee, and Srina, his other half, who have "lived the life" for thousands of years. Through their agency the millionaire and his two friends are precipitated into the ethereal blue, and not content with a look in at Mars, get as far as Jupiter, where man is just emerging from the ape stago. In some of the episodes the author rises to some really fine flights. Thanks to Banerjee, he comes to very close quarters with the gods on Olympus, and it is with a feeling of regret

that just as things seem to be coming right with Lenton and Nesta, the yacht and her party disappear tragically from the scene. One feels inclined to suggest that as a means to the end a bolt from Jove would have been more appropriate than the torpedo of the Turkish destroyer, as from what one hears of the Turkish Navy one would feel disposed to bet on the greater efficacy of the Jovian bolt.

A GREAT ONE-ACT PLAY*

By FRANK HARRIS

It is our modern habit of mind, or, if you will, modern science and scientific methods of analysis and description, which have given a realistic character and method to most of our modern fiction; yet the form of a book has little or nothing to do with its worth. Shakespeare never depicted the England of his own day directly; he went abroad or to the past for his subjects, and was as romantic in this sense as Walter Scott. He chose the most beautiful antique or foreign vase that he could find, and filled it with the blood-red wine of his own passion. Balzac, on the other hand, usually selected his subjects from the life about him; he took the ordinary glass jug of his time, so to speak, and filled it with the purple, scented vintage of his romantic imaginings. Both methods produced masterpieces; Lear is hardly greater than *La Cousine Bette*; the form is romantic in the one case and the passion realistic, while in the other the method is realistic and the passion extraordinary, romantic.

There is yet another form of story which neither Shakespeare nor Balzac essayed, which yet in its way is even more interesting than either the romantic or realistic. The symbolic form found an excellent example in the Parable of the Sower. Cervantes, too, employed it in his *Don Quixote* again and again with extraordinary effect; the Don's attack on the windmill is perhaps the finest instance of symbolic humour in literature. Symbolism was brought into modern work mainly, I think, by Hans Christian Andersen, and some of his fabulous tales are still among the best of their kind—masterpieces indeed. Every one will remember the king who discarded his clothing; the courtiers of course admired his new attire; but a child, I think it was, cried out that he was "naked"—a great short story or apologue with a sharp, acid moral.

Now I want to talk about a stage-story which is also symbolic, Lord Dunsany's one-act play given at the Haymarket by Mr. Herbert Trench. It was far and away the most interesting dramatic experiment I have ever seen; for the first time in my life I understood how the terrible realism of the stage could be employed triumphantly, used so as to make the unlikely probable and to clothe the fantastic with vivid life.

I had not then read Lord Dunsany's book, "The Gods of Pegana," and I am inclined to congratulate myself on the fact, for, in spite of the imaginative and beautiful illustrations of Sime, "The Gods of Pegana" have no existence for me. Let us leave the book, therefore, to some better guide, and turn to the little play.

The story of the play is extraordinarily simple. When the curtain goes up we see some beggars lying without the walls of an Eastern or Southern city; they complain of the miseries of their lot, and incidentally they tell of seven gods throned afar off among the mountains. To them comes a beggar of genius—what our forebears would have called "a masterful knave"—with a boy attendant who is never tired of proclaiming his talent and singing his praises.

* "The Gods of the Mountains." By Lord Dunsany.

After giving a specimen of his craft, he persuades the beggars to personate the gods and enter the city with him. After many qualms they lend themselves to the imposture, and the citizens, in spite of doubts and suspicions, accept the beggars as their gods, but send off on the quiet an embassy to find out whether the real gods were still in their ancient seats.

Meanwhile difficulty after difficulty is overcome, doubt after doubt on the part of the citizens is exorcised by the masterful beggar; but at length the real gods arrive clothed in what is supposed to look like mediæval armour, and with uncouth gestures give the usurpers death and turn the beggars into a marble group.

The whole of this ending appears to me worse than silly; it ruins the fine symbolism of the story just when it lends itself best to high symbolic treatment, and it debases the imaginative with the coarsest theatricality. Who is responsible for the grotesque finale I don't know; Mr. Herbert Trench and Lord Dunsany must share the responsibility between them. Let it be ours to remould the latter part of the parable and bring out the eternal significance of the theme.

The acceptance of the beggars as gods by the citizens shows weakness of invention; but such is the power of the stage-realism and the magic of the triumphant personality of the chief beggar that we glide over impossibilities and are delighted to welcome the beggars in their new rôle as gods. But their difficulties do not cease with their apotheosis. Naturally the citizens fall into two parties: one party believes in the new deities, the other party is sceptical. The two might agree in demanding some signs, some proofs of the gods' power and goodwill, such as the safe arrival of a caravan and a timely rain to end a drought. The chief beggar-god prophesies vaguely; but the caravan arrives and the faith of the citizens is strengthened; the rain however is withheld; but the citizens are forced to admit ruefully that, sinful as they are, they must not expect perfect beneficence.

So far so good. But at length a real difficulty must be faced. The embassy returns with the news that the seven gods of the mountains are still in their ancient seats; these new gods then must be impostors!

The masterful beggar rises to the occasion. Before he is informed by the citizens of the return of the embassy, which he knows has been sent, he calls the chief citizens together and admonishes them:—

"O ye of little faith," he cries, "is it not easy for the gods to be in two places at once or in ten, just as easy as it was for them to bring the caravan in answer to your prayers? Who are ye to limit Our powers? Why will ye be faithless when belief alone can bring you happiness and the peace that passeth understanding?"

A worse trial follows. The citizens honour their gods with all good gifts, and one of the beggars dies incontinently of a surfeit. How to explain the death of a deity!

The masterful beggar uses the difficulty boldly as a stepping-stone to greater power: he seizes the opportunity to rid himself of his chief antagonist, the leader of the sceptics in the town. When the unbelieving citizen sneers and asks how a god came to die, he declares that utter unbelief kills even the gods—"that is why the gods die"—and he calls on the citizens to do summary justice on the sceptic if indeed they wish to prolong the benefits of the divine rule. Forthwith the citizens fall on the infidel and drag him off to the place of execution. Their faith is thus confirmed by their own act; they will not again question what they have sealed with blood.

At length the worst happens: the masterful beggar himself dies and his colleagues cower together in abject fear.

How can they save themselves without genius? How explain the death of their greatest, now that all the citizens believe in them and honour them?

The boy-attendant boldly puts on the garment of his master; he will play chief god. The others will not hear of it: he has no genius; he will be detected at the start. How will he explain the death of their spokesman?

"Easily," he retorts, "any explanation will do now. I will just say he has gone back to heaven to prepare a new era of happiness for this beloved city, and the hope will keep the citizens true to us."

"At first, I'll admit you, it needed genius to persuade men to accept us beggars as gods and rulers, but now it's perfectly easy; the citizens are all committed to the imposture, the unbelievers have been executed. We have custom on our side and reverence and faith, and these are the virtues that create gods and keep them in power in spite of doubts."

"Any one can play the game now. We are in possession, and that's everything. It's easier now for us to play gods than it was formerly to play beggars, and much more pleasant."

"Leave it all to me; no explanation even is needed of our 'Shining One's' death. The citizens themselves will find good reasons in their greeds and fears. Men are ruled by custom, and not by reason."

And the beggars all nod their heads convinced, and accept the new guidance, for they all feel and say—"It is indeed easier now to play gods than it ever was in the old days to play beggars, and much more pleasant." (*Curtain.*)

These new inventions and this natural ending bring out, it seems to me, the underlying, indestructible truth which shines through this extraordinary apologue. How comes it that the man who conceived the superb story should handle it tamely and drown its meaning in theatrical mock tragedy? Lord Dunsany should really consider this treatment of the theme. On the stage the effect would be certain.

THE THEATRE

EPIGRAMS AND MISREPRESENTATION

WE had never seen "Lady Windermere's Fan" before. We confess that it filled us with amusement and boredom in equal proportions. It seemed to us that Wilde must have written all the easy epigrams and inversions with a most ponderous seriousness, and all the serious, sentimental parts of the play with his tongue in his cheek. Apart from these epigrams and inversions, upon which Wilde thrived, "Lady Windermere's Fan" might have been written by Mr. William Le Queux. We say this because of the manner in which the characters address each other even in the bosom of their families. Lady Windermere, for instance, although married two years, had not discovered her husband's Christian name. During the whole of the first Act she called him and referred to him as Windermere. Afterwards, when many outbursts of artificial emotion made her careless, she undoubtedly called him Arthur several times. Lord Darlington's rooms, too, were particularly Queuxian; the one we saw reminded us horribly of the waiting-room of a dentist's in Mayfair, except that it lacked the usual large collection of *Punches*.

The story of the play, well known as it is, remains utterly unbelievable. Two words from Windermere to his stupid wife would have settled the matter without further fuss. Allowing Wilde the usual stage licence, however, we refuse to believe that even these second-hand dummies would have

thought anything at all of there being a woman in Darlington's rooms. First of all, she was old enough to be his mother, and there were a dozen excellent reasons why she should be there, the best of them all being that, so far as we could gather, she had never met Lord Darlington. How perfectly proper everything must have been under the circumstances! The character of the Duchess of Berwick is amusingly drawn, and some of her remarks are unforgettable, but if "Lady Windermere's Fan" had been submitted to a London audience without the name of Oscar Wilde attached to it, it would have been laughed off the stage.

All the same it proves not only that Wilde knew nothing of the people of whom he wrote, but was successful chiefly for that reason. We can imagine Windermere and Darlington and Lord Augustuses going over and over again to see the play and crying with laughter at the things they were made to do and say. And yet the remarkable part of it is that even now, because of its misrepresentation, the play may have another huge success. The pit is still very shocked when it is asked to believe that a house is ducal which is not provided with double doors. It demands the powdered flunkey, who flings them open and announces his Grace the Duke of Berwick to an empty room. It asks no questions about the eavesdropping tendencies of these highly-trained creatures, who invariably appear almost before the bell is rung, knowing nothing whatever, so far as we may judge, of the family secrets which have been discussed in loud, firm tones by her Grace and her ladyship. We are quite certain that Wilde studied society from an eighteenpenny stall in the Surrey Theatre, and from a long course of the novels of Mr. Le Queux. Mrs. Glyn came after his time, or she would have given him very many valuable tips, the Tiger-skin among the number.

Not having seen the original performance, we cannot, of course, make comparisons. Miss Marion Terry, in her own part of the bad mother, looked utterly unlike even the best of bad women, although she made her pedantic speeches possible and sometimes convincing. It was delicious to watch the ripe, old-fashioned manner in which Miss Terry conducted her big scene in the third Act. Mr. Dawson Milward, as Lord Windermere, quite astonished us. He was so pleasant and natural that, in spite of all temptations, we believed in him. He convinced us that he was not a joke, and in his outburst at the end of Act III. he caused as much commotion as the falling of a large portion of ceiling in the mummy-room at the British Museum. Oddly enough, Mr. Eric Lewis as Lord Augustus Lawton was all wrong. The more he tried to be comic the less he succeeded. It was not his fault. Lord Augustus Lawton belongs to musical comedy. It is a Teddy Payne part without song and dance. Mrs. G. Kemmis, on the other hand, was perfectly delightful as the Duchess of Berwick, and so was her daughter Lady Agatha, played by Miss Dorothy Fane. The Lord Darlington of Mr. Norman Trevor was to us the one great joy of the evening. Looking precisely as though he had been paid off from Aldershot with a perfectly clean sheet, his hair was "Tommy," his clothes were "Tommy," and his voice was "Tommy." Determined to be a peer to the life, Mr. Trevor had procured a most beautiful curly wig which rippled over his forehead, and in the face of plain facts he was never to be seen out of a very pristine tall hat, black tail-coat with gent's trouserings to match, a very stiff white shirt, whose cuffs he shot with Bisleyan accuracy, and a waistcoat-slip. He was indeed frightfully the little gentleman, and he delivered two pages of La Rochefoucauld as though he were aiming them at the forts of Tripoli. He was unconsciously exactly what Mr. Pelissier would have been in a potted version of the play. Mr. Ernest Thesiger and

Mr. Owen Nares had very little else to do than to utter Wildisms, and this they did as to the manner born. The scenery was excellent, and represented rooms it is not possible to discover nearer civilisation than Maida Vale.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU"

THE October number is too full of interesting matter for us to attempt to deal with it exhaustively. There is, for instance, an article on Germany's future and military education, by Field-Marshal von der Goltz, full of wisdom and observation. He would seem to hint at the organisation of an educational movement such as that associated with General Baden-Powell. Then there is Baron von Maltzahn's judicious contribution on Sea-law and its recent developments. He demonstrates that naval warfare is essentially more lawless than other warfare, and that rules are very difficult to make and impose. Herr Raschdau uses documents of Dr. Busch to show us Bismarck at his office-desk—crusty and capricious. Herr Richard Garbe's parallels from the Buddhist Jataka to the legends of SS. Christopher and Eustace, with his inferences, are interesting and generally convincing. An account of the late Empress-Regent of China by Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett makes an admirable synopsis of the modern history of that country.

"LA GRANDE REVUE"

The *clou* of the two numbers before us is a series of letters of Tolstoi to his relation, the Countess Alexandrine Tolstoi, and others. The writer was twenty years old at the time of the first letter, and the editor, M. Halpérine-Kaminsky, claims that the correspondence will throw much light on his spiritual development. Some of the letters were written from the front, some notably from Sebastopol. Naturally the great preoccupation of his youth—nay, of his whole life, the state of his soul, is perpetually before us; we will quote one observation out of a hundred—"et surtout, c'est la vie chez moi qui fait la religion, et non la religion qui fait la vie." The letters are, however (many will understand the qualification), full of freshness and real interest. They are to be continued in future numbers.

For September 25th Senator Cicéron discusses colonial banks in the French East Indies, M. André Véra gardening fashions, and Colonel Gouin the officers of the Reserve, who are defended from the sneers of the Regular officers, while the shortage of them is deplored. M. Henri Schoen finishes his explanation of "Why the Germans Want Colonies"—"over-development" is his answer put shortly. M. M.-T. Laurin tells us of a lingering offshoot of miracle-working Jansenists at Farein on the Saône.

For October 10th Senator Humbert has a luminous exposition of affairs in Madagascar—"Notre grande Colonie d'attente." Under-population is the difficulty, and heroic attempts at immediate development are to be deprecated. The Mayor of Lyon, M. Herriot, contributes a kind of commentary on the section of the Turin Exhibition illustrating the history of Franco-Italian relations. M. Yves Scantrel, in the course of some remarks on the various Don Juans, emits what, coming from a Frenchman, sounds like a stupendous paradox—that Byron's works are "fausses pour tous les siècles." M. L. Bruneau has an admirably clear explanation of the increased cost of life—the inevitable "*rançon du progrès*." He deals particularly with the French meat-market, but his remarks have a wider application.

"MERCURE DE FRANCE"

A newspaper may often be known by its advertisements. The *Mercure* has in this respect clients of a doubtful respecta-

bility; some of the literature advertised would fall under the ban not only of the *Spectator*, but also of the *English Review*, whose cause the *Mercure* has championed with considerable vigour. A touch of *gauloiserie* is generally to be found in this review, though perhaps the prevailing note would be better described as one of "modernity." M. Remy de Gourmont's "Epilogues" are always a great feature; their chief ingredients are wit and cynicism, seasoned with a most seductive style. The general tendency is also exhibited, as far as the first October number is concerned, by a translation of the extant fragment of Oscar Wilde's "La Sainte Courtisane," and by a fulsome panegyric by M. E. Gaubert of M. Octave Mirbeau. An interesting item is a series of letters (1814-1816) from Mme. de Staël to Lord Harrowby; her comments on and complaints of the treatment of France by the Allies are just and informing.

M. Marcel Coulon's "Introduction à l'Étude de J. H. Fabre," in the second October number, will particularly interest readers of Mr. Frank Harris' "A New Columbus and a New World," which appeared in some of the August numbers of THE ACADEMY. The comparative neglect into which the great naturalist fell is well explained. M. H. D. Davray discusses Mr. Wells' work in relation to his latest book. The controversy that raged about French music in the eighteenth century is resuscitated by Wanda Landowska, and it is shown that French methods and productions were held in high esteem by German masters of the period. M. Émile Magne has a splendid piece of romantic writing—literary history in the Dumas style—on the youth of Voiture. The picture of the Hôtel de Rambouillet is admirably drawn.

"LA REVUE"

In the two October numbers M. Lucien Alphonse-Daudet gives a character-sketch and several reminiscences, often gathered at first-hand, of the Empress Eugénie. For October 1st M. Fagnat estimates M. Barrière's work, of which the latest specimen, "La Dernière Épopée," was recently noticed in THE ACADEMY. M. L. de Norvins gives a short life of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. M. Alfred Droz has an exceptionally interesting account of the relations between one of the daughters of Calas and the nun Anne-Julie de Fraisse, who became in some sort her guardian after the execution of her father. This nun became convinced of the innocence of Calas, and had as great a share as Voltaire in his rehabilitation. Her letters are a monument of Christian charity and warm-heartedness.

In the second number for the month M. Arthur Chuquet publishes some letters of Lady Burghersh from the Austrian headquarters during the campaign of 1814. They are strongly pro-Bourbon, and full of strong personal views. They are excellent reading. M. Charles Simond criticises sympathetically Mr. Dawbarn's recent book on "France and the French;" he also notices Admiral Sir Edward Seymour's book of recollections. M. Jean Finot opens an inquiry on the alleged physiological inferiority of the female sex; so far his conclusions are strongly in favour of sexual equality. M. F. Jourdain discusses "Le Snobisme dans l'Art;" we have at last learnt to translate "snobisme" by "the cult of fashion."

"LA REVUE BLEUE"

In the number for September 23rd we find the diary of a journey "De Moscou à Shanghai," sparkling with wit and observation, and sometimes reminding us of Mr. Kipling's "From Sea to Sea." The author is M. Ed. Ducoté, and the notes are continued in the three following numbers. This and the next numbers also contain "Les Étudiants de Kyushu," educational experiences in Japan of Lafcadio Hearn, translated from the English by Marc Logé. M. Paul Bonnefon edits a letter of Edmond Rousse, the brave advo-

cate who remained at his post during the Commune. M. Virgile Pinot has an excellent article, based on new material, on the literary relations of Queen Christina and La Rochefoucauld. M. Lucien Maury, à propos of a translation, analyses Mrs. Oliphant's "Beleaguered City."

For September 30th the editor, M. Paul Flat, denounces latter-day dramatic art, its rupture with true French tradition, and its fatal effect on the national reputation. M. Ed. Driault has a good article on "l'Europe et l'Avènement de Napoléon (1804);" the part about Turkey is amusing as exhibiting the permanence of national characteristics.

In the October 7th number we will only notice some newly-discovered letters of Montalembert to Didron, dealing with personal and archæological matters; they are to be continued.

For October 14th M. Gabriel Monod discusses Michelet's attitude towards Natural Science, as shown in his correspondence with Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire. M. Maury eulogises the style of Mme. M. Tinayre. M. Flat discusses "l'Art pour l'Art" and Théophile Gautier. M. Dauphin Meunier deals with one of the Bussys—poet and "catin" of the later eighteenth century.

"REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE"

In the three numbers before us there are several important contributions by M. Maspero. For September 30th he reviews "Historical Studies," by Mr. M. W. F. Petrie and others. Two theories discussed by him with guarded approval are connected with the temples of the Nile-god, and with Egyptian chronology as based on the risings of Sirius. For October 7th he appreciates the official work, edited by Mr. Wallis Budge, on "Hieroglyphic Texts from Aegyptian Stelae, &c., in the British Museum." For October 14th there are two important subjects, Mr. Alan H. Gardiner's "Papyrus Anastasi I. and the Papyrus Koller"—accused of too great deference to Erman's Egyptian Grammar—and Sir Herbert Thompson's edition of a new Coptic text of certain books of the Bible. M. Maspero regrets that the work has not been made definitive. In the September 30th number two monographs on Anglo-French Literature are discussed by M. Baldensperger—M. Francis Barton's "Influence of Laurence Sterne on France in the Eighteenth Century" and Mr. A. B. Thomas' "Moore in France." For October 14th a very important work by M. F. Sagot, on Roman Britain, is appreciated by M. Cagnat, and Mr. Edward Browne's "Persian Revolution of 1905-1909" is considered by M. Biovès to be rather warped by Liberal and European prepossessions.

"FEUILLES D'HISTOIRE DU XVII^e AU XX^e SIÈCLE"

This periodical is one of those edited by M. Arthur Chuquet, most prolific and accurate of historians. His contribution to the October number is called "La Conquête de la Cerdagne en 1793." It is an unexplored corner of the Revolutionary wars, and illustrates the close relations that existed between the Government, its ideas, and its military forces. Another contribution refers to Spanish campaigns under Napoleon. Indeed, the whole review might not inaptly be rechristened "Revolutionary and Napoleonic Military History." Hoche is the subject of two short studies. Dealing with later times, M. Lehautcourt severely criticises M. Émile Ollivier's Apologia, especially with regard to the latter's conception of preparedness for war. One of the most piquant contributions comes from M. A. de Tarle, who gives the reply of the executioner Sanson to some criticisms; he declares that it revolts his "délicatesse et sensibilité" to enter into details.

"L'ŒUVRE"

A magazine dealing exclusively with the affairs of a particular theatre is rather a rare and curious phenomenon; yet, if we are to believe the indications of the cover, the

August number for 1911 forms part of the third volume. Articles on the director, M. Lugné-Poe, and on the leading star, Mme. Suzanne-Desprès, are typical of the fare. It would be rude to describe the contributors as a mutual admiration society with a few select honorary members, but this description would contain a partial truth. "L'Œuvre" is a kind of dramatic Ishmael, where they cater for the "advanced" and "emancipated," and where the "Français" is anathema. It bears a close resemblance, in certain respects only, to our "Incorporated Stage Society." The present number of the *Bulletin de l'Œuvre* is remarkable for its attractive get-up, and for its many witty or beautiful illustrations.

DELHI IN EARLIEST TIMES

[In view of the forthcoming visit of the King to India for the Coronation ceremonies, we are publishing a series of articles on Delhi and the Durbar which should appeal to all who are interested in that portion of the Empire.]

WHEN it was stated some months ago that the King-Emperor would proceed in the late autumn to India to announce there personally his assumption of the Sovereignty of England, it was added that the ceremony would, according to the precedents of 1877 (Lord Lytton's Imperial Assemblage) and of 1903 (Lord Curzon's Coronation Durbar), take place at Delhi. The Calcutta newspapers made an effort to have the ceremony transferred to Calcutta as the capital of India, but their attempt proved unsuccessful; a kind of compromise was, however, effected, so that his Majesty will visit Calcutta and there also receive the homage of his loyal subjects. As Delhi, then, is to be the scene of the ceremony, it will be of interest to examine its history and its claim to the further honour to be conferred on it. It is a matter of common knowledge that Delhi was the old capital of the Mogul Empire, but there is much more to be narrated of this famous place and its neighbourhood than is conveyed in this single sentence.

According to one authority Dilli is the old Hindu form of the name: Dihli is that used by Muhammadans. Old travellers wrote of Dehli, Dihli, Dili, Dilli, Dali, Dely, Delly as they pleased. Another authority gives Dilpat as traditionally the name of the Dilli of Prithoi Raj (of whom more will be heard), *dil* being an old Hindi word for eminence, and *pat* a termination common to the names of many towns. This has been regarded as probably the etymology of Dilpat or Dilli. Firishta the historian has a tradition (it is said) that the town was founded by a Raja Dhilu, before Alexander's invasion of India, 327-325 B.C.

Our knowledge of the origin of Delhi in Hindu times depends chiefly upon the traditions embodied in an epic poem which itself grew, no one knows how, in early ages. Long before the name of Delhi was known, there stood, in the immediate neighbourhood of its present site, the ancient city of Indraprastha (Indra, the King of heaven: *prastha*, a plain—easily reducible to *pat*), said to have been founded by the early Aryan immigrants who made their way into India from the north-west between 2000 and 800 B.C. Two of the tribes were the Bharatas, who settled near Delhi, and the Panchâlas beyond Agra, in the direction of Kanonj. On the site of that city Indraprastha still stands the fort of Indrapat, or Indarpat, also called Purana Kila, or old fort, about two miles south of modern Delhi. The tradition encircling the name of the founder Yudhishtir is based upon the ancient Hindu epic, sometimes called the Indian Iliad—namely, the Mahabharata of Vyasa (not the Rama-

yana epic, as one principal authority on Delhi has written), which describes the war of the Bharatas. It was composed originally about 500 A.D., but the war described is believed to have been fought in the thirteenth or fourteenth century B.C. The triumph of virtue and the defeat of vice form the high moral basis of the poem. With its accretions it contains, in its present shape, more than ninety thousand couplets, about seven times the length of the Iliad and Odyssey combined.

From the first Bharata was descended Kuru, and from him came King Pandu and his elder but blind brother Dhritarashtra. On Pandu's death, Dhritarashtra, with a large family of a hundred sons, called the Kaurava Princes, succeeded to the kingdom of the Kurus, situated along the upper course of the Ganges. Of Pandu's five sons, called the Pandavas, Yudhishtir was the eldest. They were brought up at their uncle Dhritarashtra's court at Hastinapur, an ancient city on the Ganges, sixty miles north-west of Delhi. To avoid ill-treatment from their Kaurava cousins, the five Pandavas were sent into exile; they retired to the forests, and lived as Brahmins. When the Princess Draupadi, daughter of Draupad, King of the Panchâlas, was about to choose her husband, by the ancient ceremony of *swayambara*, the Pandavas heard of it and attended the tournament. The Princess chose one of them as the victor, and became the wife of Yudhishtir principally, but also of the other brothers in common. On the demand of the Pandavas, Dhritarashtra assigned to them the western portion of the Kuru kingdom on the Jumna, keeping the richer eastern portion, with the capital Hastinapur, for the Kauravas. Yudhishtir cleared the forest and built the new capital Indraprastha, near the Jumna river: one modern writer gives 1450 B.C. as the probable date of this act. Thereupon Yudhishtir had the Rajasuya Imperial sacrifice performed: both he and Draupadi were crowned, and he assumed the Imperial title over all the kings of ancient India who recognised his supremacy and attended the sacrifice. But Yudhishtir was a gambler, and lost his kingdom and all to Duryodhan, the eldest Kaurava: the Pandavas became bondslaves of the Kauravas. Dhritarashtra released them from slavery, but they again went into exile for twelve years. This term having expired, they returned with an army, with the Panchâla subjects of King Draupadi, Yudhishtir's father-in-law, as their allies, and claimed the restoration of their kingdom, including five towns named Indrapat, Panipat, and three others.

On the plains of Kurukhetra then took place the prolonged battle of eighteen days, described at length in the Mahabharata, the Pandavas and Panchâlas on one side against the Kauravas on the other, all being descendants of the first Bharata. Prodigies of valour were performed. The death of Duryodhan and many other warriors closed the war; the five brothers resumed their residence at Indrapat. Yudhishtir was crowned king of the Kurus at Hastinapur, and performed the *asvamedha*, or horse-sacrifice, to expiate the sin of the carnage of the war. This sacrifice was, by ancient custom, performed by kings exercising sovereign powers over surrounding kings. So Yudhishtir resumed his Imperial rule. Finally the brothers and their wives retired to the Himalayas and disappeared, Yudhishtir alone proceeding to heaven in a celestial car. The reason alleged for the abandonment of Indrapat by Yudhishtir is that one day, when the cover of a dish was removed, the king found a fly on the food, which he regarded as a hint that the glory had departed.

This brief outline shows the connection of the epic with the traditional foundation of Indraprastha. In the absence of evidence the tradition cannot be ranked as history, though the war of the Kauravas and Panchâlas is stated to

be a historical fact. The tradition would be handed down by the *bhats*, said to be contracted from *bharatas*, the bards or minstrels common in early India. From the foregoing narrative the sentiment attached by the Hindus to Yudhishthir's ceremonies at Indraprastha in connection with his assumption of Imperial rule can well be understood. The connection of the Muhammadans with Delhi, the capital of the Imperial rule of the Moguls, will be fully told. Thus both Hindus and Muhammadans look to Delhi and its neighbourhood as the scene of assumption of Imperial power; in its neighbourhood several pitched battles were fought for dominion over India. No such prestige, no halo of Imperial sway, belongs to the modern cities of India founded by the English in the seventeenth century for purposes of trade. If the sentiment of 315 millions deserves consideration, there is only one place in India for the celebration of an Imperial ceremony, which proclaims the fact that King George V. has succeeded to the Imperial power exercised throughout India by Hindu and Muhammadan rulers of ancient and comparatively modern times.

Between the traditions recorded in the Hindu epic and historical times there is an interval of which no record remains beyond the ruins of buildings and mounds of *débris* to which no date has been assigned. The Greek historians who accompanied Alexander on his expedition to India do not mention Delhi; nor do the Chinese pilgrims who visited India, Fahien in 399-414 A.D., and Hsien-Tsang in 629-645 A.D. There is a tradition that the site of Indraprastha was abandoned for 800 years before it was repopled. But archaeology (if spared by economy and decentralisation) may still come to the rescue. The "seven cities of Delhi" will appear in the story of later Hindu days and the times subsequent to the Hindu period as it is unfolded.

CONVERSATIONAL MISERS

BY RICHARD MIDDLETON

IN our experience modern writers do not shine in conversation as did, if we are to believe their contemporaries, the great men of the past. Nowadays the great novelist speaks drily about copyright and censorship, the great poet talks about his dinner, and after an evening spent in their society we must fall back on Stevenson's essay "Talk and Talkers" if we wish to preserve the conviction that conversation can be an art.

Our modern Johnsons make whale-like noises only in their articles, and our modern Goldsmith—but we have no modern Goldsmith—would talk like poor Poll in recurring volumes of reminiscences. To sparkle in conversation is now the mark of literary mediocrity, and our great men unpack their hearts in words in their notebooks and in their private diaries written for publication. Perhaps they are not so lavishly provided with good things as their illustrious forebears, and cannot afford to be generous; perhaps they are afraid of appearing arrogant to lesser minds that may not sparkle; but it is certain that the present-day hero-worshipper must expect to find his hero reticent. Possibly if washerwomen could read shorthand they would find the souls of these thrifty giants expressed on their cuffs; we who have spent an evening in their unimpressive society can only say that we have heard no word of them.

Of course there are rare exceptions, but we fancy that few people would be found to contend that this is an age of

accomplished talkers. Yet, if we are not strangely inferior to our ancestors, we must suppose that the spirit that they expressed in talk now finds another outlet. Perhaps every other man we meet is a mute and glorious Pepys, or it may be that the modern taste for writing works of fiction marks the thankless doom of our lost conversationalists. At all events, in support of the theory that men and women write the things that once upon a time they would have been satisfied with saying an agreeable piece of evidence lies under our hand.

It takes the form of three fat red notebooks filled with the handwriting of a man who prided himself, we should infer, on its almost painful neatness. He was a schoolmaster, one of those luckless schoolmasters who do not find boys sympathetic, and wander, the dreariest of exiles, through the wastes of school-life. Throughout this mass of unconnected notes—for his respect for form did not extend beyond occasional phrases—his references to his pupils are almost without exception gloomy. He finds his boys lazy, ill-mannered, snobbish, and normally so untruthful that he repeatedly makes the fatal mistake of disbelieving their assertions when they happen to be true. Because of this lack of justice the boys called him Jeffries behind his back, and he notes the fact without comment. Yet, like many people who do not like boys, he was evidently passionately fond of children, and sweetens his pages with strange little notes of their ways. "Babies eat their bread-and-butter upside down, in order to taste the butter." "When children are sent to bed early they make up their minds not to go to sleep; when they are lying awake in bed they try to see how many they can count." "When it is snowing the children walk along with their tongues out to catch the flakes." "Nelly hoards her new pennies until they are quite brown and spoiled; this is the true parable of the talents." "I have to win the affections of children with sweets and little presents. Others can do it without this." Against these we can only set one human observation on his pupils: "There is an oddity in boys: Simmons played truant yesterday to play schools with his cousins."

It will be seen that our schoolmaster cuts a not unamiable figure in his notebooks, in spite of the fact that as a master he clearly erred on the side of severity. He was, we may venture, a lonely sort of man separated from his fellows by a gulf of shyness, certainly disillusioned and certainly possessed of vague literary ambitions. Probably his notebooks were intended to provide materials for some half-conceived masterpiece, for here and there we can see him striving after the finished phrase. Yet often enough he has merely jotted down the heads of his thought, the roughest outline of his impression, so that we who lack the key seek in vain for his meaning. Even when the sense is clear, we feel sometimes that a link is missing between the writer and the written word. "After a certain age it is very necessary that our dreams should be good to eat," is a superficial cynicism that hardly fits his character as we have conceived it. And this: "When we found him in the snow his clothes and hair were stiff with frozen beer; when we lifted him it sounded as though his bones were breaking;" is it a reminiscence or the climax of a tale? We scan the next item on the page for an answer, and find only the poignant cry, "How can I stop the barber blowing down my neck?" As an artistic form these notebooks are perplexing.

The most coherent section, nearly a whole notebook, is devoted to his notes of a holiday in Paris; but he has hardly escaped the conventional discoveries that reward all inexperienced travellers. Here and there, however, his individuality crops up. He saw a blind man in the street "who looked as if he saw strange sights in another world," and a

drunken man in a *café*, who raised his hat before the bar "as before an altar." He examines the *Monna Lisa*, and decides that she is not smiling, and allows the *Venus* to convince him of the ugliness of human arms. "To travel abroad," he notes, "is like visiting the houses of a number of people whom one does not know very well—a trial for a shy man." "The motor-cars pass this hotel like a roaring wind," he writes conventionally enough and then gives us an astonishing portrait of the proprietor: "His thick lower lip gleams like a wet cherry between his moustache and his beard." There is a picturesque touch about the *grisettes* "struggling with great bundles of linen as with drunken lovers," and then we come on an impression that lacks the revealing word: "The people in the windy streets are like heroes on Japanese prints." Doubtless he had seen something, but he has not told us what he had seen.

Very few of his notes are concerned with literature, but evidently he read a few French books while he was in Paris. He suggests that Dumas modelled the famous escape from the *Château d'If* on Casanova's equally famous escape from the prison of the *Plombs*, and on Zola's "*Oeuvre*" he writes:—"It would seem that the clearer the artist's vision the more certain it is that he will never do anything permanently satisfactory to himself," which goes to confirm the theory that he himself has literary dreams. It is typical of his method that he follows this reflection with the note, "To-day I saw a man whose waistcoat-pockets were so large that his hands disappeared in them entirely." We are possibly wrong, but it is difficult to avoid the impression that the odd abruptness of his journal reflected a certain mental incoherence. On one page we find a quotation from Isabelle Eberhardt on happiness, a memorandum that the Charing Cross-road smells of raspberry-jam and hot vinegar, a paradox on cowardice—"a man may be afraid of blows yet his moral cowardice may set him fighting with a stout face"—and the extraordinary comment, "P—— hates me because I challenge the luxury of his grief."

There is, too, a curious mental contrariness about the man that makes his character difficult to grip. It was not modesty that led him to write: "There are days on which the lowness of the clouds incommodes me and makes me feel cramped," yet a page later we find him writing humbly: "Ibsen says that the majority is always wrong, but I must try to remember that the minority is not always right," and in a still darker mood, "I would like to exchange all my thrills and passions for a life without desire, without hope, and without regret." At times he realised that he was in the wrong minority, poor man!

We have lingered over these notebooks partly because they are interesting in themselves and partly because they supply a good instance of the harm people do themselves in being reticent. It is clear that the writer was a man with a serious turn of mind coupled with an odd, individual outlook on life, and failing the society of his likes he expressed himself only in notes written for his own eyes, which is no kind of expression at all. For lack of impulse from without, such an impulse as we can all find in good talk, our disillusioned schoolmaster waned at the end to silent nothingness. He hardly even survives in his notebooks, for, as we have said, a large part of his notes are now meaningless. He is like one of those misers in whose coffers the impatient heirs find nothing but withered leaves, the fairies, who do not like misers, having substituted the sweepings of the forest for the sweepings of the city. In his lifetime he hoarded the little treasures of his mind instead of sending them out to win interest, and now his notes crumble to dust and all his new pennies are spoiled and brown. Greater men than he are making the same mistake.

MUSIC

WAGNER, with his puissant lure, is again drawing crowds to Covent Garden. Old men and women who have heard the "Ring" a score of times or more are there, reviving memories of their first never-to-be-forgotten visit to Bayreuth; young creatures who have never heard it are there, pressing to their seats with haste and hope; matrons from the country, bachelors from the clubs, fine ladies from Mayfair, still finer ones from the suburbs—'tis a varied and interesting throng that fills the house from floor to ceiling. Interesting, chiefly because it shows that the "Ring" has passed successfully through the dangerous age when Fashion might have weakened its hold upon the public taste. Time was when it was so clearly the "right thing" to have heard the Tetralogy that everybody felt bound to go, and the audience was composed half of enthusiasts, half of bewildered folk who, when some crash aroused them from the uneasy slumber indulged in during Wotan's long harangues, were heard to whisper, "Do you think it will soon be over?" or, more boldly, "Could we manage to slip out?" Then the "Ring" was performed again, and these poor, unworthy ones, their duty done, being able to stay joyfully at home, the enthusiasts had all the seats to themselves. Never had they worshipped God as they worshipped the deities that Wagner assembled round his throne. For many years this ecstatic state of things continued. When July came people in the enlightened sets did not ask each other, "When are you going to Scotland?" but "When are you going to Bayreuth?" Even the folk who had always considered "abroad" as a "horrid place," joined the flight to the little German town, and came back satiated with musical happiness and amorous of all that had to do with Germany.

But a few years since, a critical moment seemed to have arrived. Ring Cycles were announced at Covent Garden, Dr. Richter and the best artists assembled, yet the expected line "All seats sold" did not appear in the advertisements. The faithful saw with wonder that there were empty places, and now uprose audacious voices declaring that they had heard the "Ring" sufficiently often, and would give it a rest. Was great Wagner, then, going to submit to the common lot, and suffer a season of coldness and eclipse? It really seemed as if it might be so. But now these terrifying doubts need trouble us no more. Without Richter, and with several artists whom we had not known, the "Ring" has this autumn regained its ancient power. Two Cycles were announced, and, every seat for both being taken up, a third Cycle is to be given. When we look at the portentous musical announcements for this winter, with opera here, there, and everywhere, and concerts which promise to be of more than ordinary interest on every day of the week, we are unable to deny that this success of the "Ring" is significant indeed; we are forced to admit that Wagner continues to be the greatest hypnotiser among the composers—"The rogue has given us potions to make us love him."

The ardent patriots who insist to us that Great Britain is really the most musically-inclined country in the world will not fail to point to this enthronisation of Wagner among us as giving weight to their contention. They will say that we may be slow, but we are sure, that we take time to consider our music, but that when we have decided on its *gusto*, we are faithful. Thirty years ago, as they rightly point out, Wagnerians were in England as the Gnostics, now they are the *οἱ πολλοί*, and herein we are to admire the cautious good sense of our countrymen. They have discrimination, not appetite only, as Lord Rosebery wishes they had about libraries. As to this, some of us may wish they could have a little more discrimination while they are about it, and

show themselves able to appreciate more than only one good composer at a time. At Munich, Berlin, and other towns where there are opera-houses, Mozart Cycles are given every year, and there is as great a demand for places as there is when the "Ring" is performed. We fear that the Bankruptcy Court would be the end of an impresario who should announce a Mozart Cycle in London. We celebrate at this time the centenary of Liszt, one of the most influential pioneers the world of music has seen, as well as one of the noblest of men, a man whose life is as a ray of sunshine in the murky history of composers' careers. But are we celebrating it here in England? Is there any sort of attempt being made on a serious scale by those who represent what is musically best in us, to arrive even at moderate acquaintance with the work of Liszt? We may be slow and sure, but about Liszt we will not ask for opportunity even to be slow. We simply remain in our ignorance, and judge him from a piano concerto, a piano piece or two, and a Hungarian Rhapsody, fragments of the fruits of his genius which chance has blown over the wall within which we entrench ourselves, outside of which so much that is beautiful is growing. The *Times* newspaper devotes an able and cautious article to Liszt, and puts the case very well by saying that the point to be noticed about him is that he saw where music was tending and took the path first.

But though the *Times* adopts a much larger and more just attitude towards Liszt than it used to do, its thoughtful critic writes as if he knew his Liszt better on paper than by performance, and he insists, as we think unduly, on the melodic weakness of the composer compared with his power of treating a subject and "creating atmosphere." He will find that a not inconsiderable number of the more catholic-minded musicians of France, Germany, Austria, and Italy, who have heard a great deal more of Liszt's music than we English, would wonder at, if they did not resent as a discourtesy, such expressions as "The interjection of some paltry tag of melody," or "The bombast and consequence with which little trivial phrases are asserted and reasserted." There is a "large carelessness" in the work of Liszt, no doubt; but there is enough fine power of using melodies which none but a genius of the first class could have invented, to balance the occasional over-estimation of the importance of an idea. Liszt had the genuine mother-wit in music, as opposed to the mere cleverness of the many musicians with whose works we are flooded, while the great man is neglected. We have no desire to quarrel with people who are honestly unable to see beauty and significance in Liszt's themes. We shall do well to remember that our neighbours the French, who have just as good a right as ourselves to set up as arbiters of correct musical taste, see little or no merit in the themes of Brahms or Tchaikovsky, and—shall we add?—of Elgar (though perhaps their knowledge of these composers is not very great; on a par, perhaps, with the ordinary concert-goer's knowledge of Liszt). Now most English music-lovers think that the melodies of Brahms and many of Tchaikovsky's are very fine indeed. Let us not, then, speak too contemptuously of those of Liszt, which are more esteemed by most competent persons in other countries than those of the German and the Russian who are so much admired here.

While London has been recanonising Wagner, and doing nothing to honour Liszt, the last of the important provincial Festivals has been gladdening the hearts of quiet dwellers in East Anglia. Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra and several excellent soloists have joined the Norwich Festival Choir in performing such eternal music as that of Bach's Mass in B minor and Mozart's Requiem, and such works as Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and Elgar's "The Kingdom," concerning the eternity of which it is permissible to have our doubts. Three years ago the first Norwich choir, under its new régime, showed that it was capable of producing a lovely

tone, and that its intelligence could stand a comparison with that of its most celebrated rivals. This year, the choir has more than maintained its reputation in the difficult ordeal of singing music which is as familiar to the present generation of amateurs as "The Messiah" and "Elijah" were to their fathers. For the Norwich Committee had decided, wisely enough, to hazard the introduction of no new works. An audience such as that which triennially emerges in its best clothes from the parsonages and halls of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the comfortable Georgian houses of a score of country towns, is not made up of folk who hear much music in London. It consists of the class which at all times prefer the theatre to the concert-room.

The great people of the country, who are half the year in London, are very rarely to be seen in Queen's Hall, and the lesser people, when they get their week of dissipation, "do" as many plays as they can crowd into it, and reckon little of what is going on at Bechstein or Æolian Halls. But the triennial week of music in the local capital is really a festival time for them, and they are sure to be best pleased if it gives them an opportunity for becoming acquainted with the music which they have heard the enlightened amateurs discuss, and about the merits of which there is no longer much doubt. It is certainly better that the newest music should be first tasted in the great musical centres, to see if it is poisonous or wholesome, than that the inexperienced daughters of music in the country villages should be called upon to pronounce upon its savour. Everybody seemed satisfied with the music offered at the recent Norwich Festival and the manner of its performance. The only work about which we heard questionings was the "Golden Legend," which no longer thrills ears accustomed to Bach and Brahms. But there are still numbers of uncritical people who like it very much, and ask why they should not be allowed to hear it, since their neighbours who can appreciate Bach are allowed to hear the Mass. They remind us of the golfers who complain that all the holes are planned with a view to the enjoyment of the Scotch players. It is hard not to sympathise with their pleadings, and yet conscience warns us that we must not be satisfied with what is easy, but must try to get on terms with the difficulties. So the "Golden Legend," we fear, must go.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PORTE ST. MARTIN: II.

VICTOR HUGO's next contribution to the romantic school met with still fiercer discussion. "Lucrece Borgia" formed the theme of violent polemics, and it is in connection with this play that Mr. Georges Cain, the director of the Carnavalet Museum, and author of many books on old Paris, relates in his "Anciens Théâtres de Paris" the following amusing dialogue between the director of the Odéon and Victor Hugo:—

At the first representation of "Lucrece Borgia" strident hissing was suddenly heard:

—Comment, on siffle? fit Harel, absolument ébahi.

Qu'est-ce que cela signifie?

Et Hugo lui répondit:

—Ça signifie que la pièce est bien de moi!

The Porte St. Martin next staged Hugo's "Marie Tudor," and "Angèle," by Dumas, which both obtained tolerable success, but no real triumph is to be recorded until the first night of "La Tour de Nesle," a curious and original play in more ways than one, for the true author was Dumas, although he did not appear in name on the playbill.

In 1840 Balzac braved public opinion on the stage of the

Porte St. Martin with his "Vautrin," which, however, was soon prohibited by the Government, as it was considered to be lacking in respect towards Louis Philippe. The theatre was obliged to close for six months. It then reopened under a new management; but, in spite of the numerous attempts made to reinstate it in public favour, it is only from 1844 onwards that it again presents a real interest. At that date began the series of representations of d'Ennery's and Anicet Bourgeois's works, who both rejuvenated and perfected to a wonderful degree the then existing form of melodrama. One of the characteristics of their plays is an irreproachable moral tone. They disdained, however, the old formula of melodrama, and styled their plays simply "dramas."

These two authors deserve special recognition on account of the influence they exercised on modern French drama. They both began their literary career at about the same period. Anicet Bourgeois's first play dates from 1825, that of d'Ennery was produced in 1831. The titles are amusing as being curiously suggestive of the mentality of the time. Anicet's play was called "Gustave, ou le Napolitain;" d'Ennery's appeared with the thrilling title of "Emile, ou le Fils d'un Pair de France!"

The secret of the success of these two playwrights resides especially in their knowledge of the art of creating or suspending the interest of the plot, and of disposing appropriately of the events, so that, although extraordinary, they always appear probable. Anicet Bourgeois possessed, to the highest degree, the gift of invention; unfortunately his style is careless, as otherwise he would have ranked next to Dumas in the history of the theatre of the last century. In 1834 the Porte St. Martin gave his play "La Vénitienne," which was very popular.

D'Ennery's dramas contain the same plan as those of Anicet Bourgeois, but he possessed besides the talent of knowing how to mingle skilfully the terrible and the comical. We need not enumerate here d'Ennery's many triumphs, as they are universally known, and "Les Deux Orphelines," "Le Vieux Caporal," and "La Bonne Aventure" have enthralled thousands of simple, innocent souls of both hemispheres.

Later on the Porte St. Martin produced "Schamyl," by Paul Meurice, which furnished the occasion of a new triumph for the great actor Mélingue. At that time Mélingue was one of the last actors of the truly romantic school, and ranked next to Bocage, whom, however, he never surpassed notwithstanding his great talent. He possessed a splendid physique, and a superb voice which he knew how to modulate so as to produce the greatest possible effect. He had also what for an actor are indispensable qualities—a real scenic intelligence, and an unlimited opinion of his own value. Mélingue was the favourite of the great public, as he impersonated for them the reckless and handsome heroes of the romantic plays devised by the author's imagination. He was the artist of Paris who earned the most money at that time, and he was much in demand by the different theatre managers, who well realised the admirable capacity he possessed of exciting popular sympathy and interest.

The Porte St. Martin resumed for a time its old traditions, and produced some *pièces à spectacle*, such as the thrilling "Nuits de la Seine," and the captivating "Chevaliers du Brouillard." In 1862 "Le Bossu," by Anicet Bourgeois and Paul Féval, was presented for the first time. But it is whispered that still another name should have figured on the play-bill, that of one of the greatest modern dramatists, Victorien Sardou. Indeed, on comparing the construction of "Le Bossu" with that of some of Sardou's recognised plays, many points of resemblance can be found, especially in the masterly treatment of the plot and *dénouement*.

The old Porte St. Martin, so full of glorious souvenirs,

was doomed to destruction during the gloomy days of the Commune. The last success it witnessed was when Sardou's "Patrie" was given in 1869. The subject of this play was suggested to Sardou by an incident recorded in Motley's incomparable "History of the United Netherlands."

It was impossible, however, that the well-known theatre should no longer form a part of the Boulevard St. Martin, of which it was nearly as prominent a feature as the fine old gateway whose name it bore. In 1873 a new playhouse was erected on the same site, bearing the same name; but until the 'eighties no artistic manifestation particularly worthy of mention is to be recorded. In 1884 the new Porte St. Martin rang with applause still louder than that which the old house had heard in days of yore. This was when Sardou's "Theodora" was given, with Sarah Bernhardt in the title-rôle. Three years later this artiste surpassed herself in "La Tosca," by the same author, and her creation of the capricious and tragic character of Floria Tosca ranks without doubt as one of her most stirring and wonderful achievements.

The Porte St. Martin possesses still one more reason for being considered one of the real temples of French Art, for Coquelin, the inimitable, after having abandoned the Théâtre Français, takes up his residence on the Boulevards, and creates there Rostand's *chef d'œuvre*, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The first night of "Cyrano" remains a never-to-be-forgotten event in the French literary world, for those who had "come to scoff" remained to applaud, to clamour for the author and his principal interpreter.

Since then many have been the successes scored at the Porte St. Martin. On its immense stage—far too vast, in fact, when the plays do not require a complicated *mise-en-scène*—comedies, dramas, and historical plays, from the pens of the most talented authors, have followed each other in rapid succession. One production, however, is specially notable—that of Rostand's "Chantecler," before an audience anxious both to applaud and to criticise.

The Porte St. Martin has represented for more than a century all the most interesting movements and changes of French drama. It is an essentially Parisian theatre, and those who would like to experience the agreeable sensation of visiting one of the shrines where real Art has ever been defended and worshipped should, during their stay in the French capital, pass an evening in the famous playhouse of the Boulevard St. Martin: they will not regret it.

MARC LOGÉ.

ART

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

BY FRANK HARRIS

I HAD heard a good deal about the autumn exhibition of British Artists in Suffolk Street, so I ran in just to have a look at some of the pictures, and ended by spending a long afternoon of sheer delight. There are half a dozen pictures in it which are worth more than one visit. There is a landscape and seascape combined, by Elphinstone, which appears to me to achieve all that the best Post-Impressionists aimed at without losing charm or gay colour. There is a portrait, too, of Mr. Charles Holme, by Laszlo, a really fine piece of characterisation, as good, it seems to me, as the best of Sargent. A "Placid Morning," by Sheard, lives in my memory, too, and a picture of Brixham with the fishing-boats in the foreground and the lights behind as if seen in a dream by Rooke.

But the work that catches the eye, puzzling and pleasing

at the same time, is a picture by Joseph Simpson called "Summer." A rather pretty woman, clad in a loose flowered dressing-gown, leaning negligently with her right hand supporting her head on a round table. The table is covered with a white cloth, and on a dish immediately in front of the woman are two or three green apples. There is a window immediately behind her, in which the figure of a man appears, the dark form telling in an extraordinary way. The room is flooded in brilliant sunlight. There is nothing particularly beautiful about the woman—a sort of languid softness in the figure as of expectancy. But the decorative value of the whole thing is superb, beyond praise indeed. Critics complain that Mr. Simpson's work cannot be classified. No original artist's work can be classified. But this picture might hang side by side with Whistler's famous picture "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," and hold its own. In that masterpiece Whistler paints the lady against a Japanese screen, with bright flowers on it and spots of colour—somewhat the same effect as Mr. Simpson gives us here in the woman's flowered dressing-gown.

I do not mean, of course, that Mr. Simpson has borrowed anything from Whistler, far from it indeed; Whistler never bathed any figure that I know of in such sunlight as this of Mr. Simpson. But the two pictures stand in my memory side by side, for Mr. Simpson's, too, is a decorative panel of extraordinary beauty, boldness, and charm.

THE MEDICI GALLERY

THE art of reproducing great pictures in colour has in these latter days been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and that this is so is due in no small measure to the work of the Medici Society. In old days such results were laboriously compassed by means of the Arundel Prints, reproduced from copies painfully and exactly made by skilled hands; to-day, the process, if in some respects easier, is no less exact and careful, and the result is unquestionably better. Photography lends priceless assistance towards producing the first copy, and even more in reflecting the very texture of the surface of the original; and upon its base of finely-balanced light and shade comes the difficult task of arranging the sequence of colour-blocks designed to produce the desired effect, and the yet more difficult and delicate task of so exactly superimposing them that the result shall be a true copy of a great and perhaps a vanished masterpiece. By such means we may still possess a copy of the lost Gioconda, may still contemplate the wonderful hues and the elusive personality of the lady whom Leonardo admired; and in this gallery are many other great works similarly repeated for the benefit of those who cannot gain access to the originals, and yet have soul enough to desire their company.

The selection now available is large and in the best sense representative. Among the latest additions to the Gallery is a splendid copy in colours of Hoppner's fine picture of "Lady Charlotte Campbell as Aurora," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1796. It is one of the artist's happiest efforts, and the proprietors of the Gallery are fortunate in obtaining permission from its owner, the Duke of Argyll, to reproduce it for the benefit of the thousands who can never see the original in its distant home at Inveraray. Lady Charlotte Campbell, the daughter of one of the lovely Gunnings, was famous as a wit and beauty in her youth, admired for her talents by Sir Walter Scott, and toasted as a beauty by Byron, before she became known to a wider circle in the hard circumstances of her later years as Lady Charlotte Bury, the author of an indiscreet diary and of many once-admired novels and verses. The greatest and finest of the Italian Masters may here be studied to advan-

tage—Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Botticelli, Luini, Giorgione, Fra Lippo Lippi, Correggio, and Carpaccio are all represented; and we have, too, our own English Masters—Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Hoppner, among the eighteenth-century giants, and Holbein, Lely, Vandyke, and Velasquez among those of an earlier day. French, German, and Dutch schools are also well represented—indeed, the excellence of the choice throughout is almost as marked as the mechanical perfection of the process of reproduction. The prices too are moderate, when the character of the work is considered.

A noteworthy feature of the exhibition is the fine set of reproductions from drawings of the Masters, of which some hundreds are offered at quite low prices. Both student and connoisseur will find much to delight the eye and mind in these. The delicacy and individuality of the originals is perfectly preserved.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

WAR AND SECRECY

"THE TIMES" of Wednesday announces that the despatch published the previous day from its special representative at Tripoli will be the last which will appear from him, "as the rigid nature of the censorship makes the transmission of independent news almost impracticable." It is safe to assume that the war correspondents who were hastened to the scene of hostilities in Tripoli were not a little surprised when they discovered that the Italian general staff had decreed secrecy in regard to all military operations. The cordial reception they had enjoyed at the hands of the authorities in Rome must have disarmed suspicion, and at the same time raised the most sanguine expectations as to the privileges to be accorded them in the field. The natural consequence of disappointment has been resentment, and in the circumstances it is not improbable that Italy is receiving only a scant measure of that fairplay which comes from unbiassed criticism, or from the hearing of both sides of the story. Meanwhile the rigid censorship which she has instituted cannot protect her from the calculated mis-statements of Constantinople. Before passing a final judgment on the tragic events of last week all clear-thinking people will await a more impartial account of the circumstances than is to be found in the Press of Europe.

It is not alone in the matter of restraining the activities of war correspondents that Italy, whose naval and military *attachés* were, of course, present throughout the Manchurian campaign, has followed the example of Japan; she has extended her control to the homeland itself, and Press and people are under the strictest supervision. In this connection it will be interesting to recall the methods adopted by the Japanese during the late war. In Tokyo and Yokohama the lives of many of the European residents and tourists were made unbearable. Private correspondence was tampered with in a manner which, after making full allowance for the exigencies of war, was wholly unjustifiable. Letters to ordinary individuals were ruthlessly torn open and clumsily sealed up again, so as to convey the impression that they had been damaged in transit. In numerous instances communications never reached their destinations. Many of the servants in the employ of the Legations, the hotels, and private households were in the pay of the Government; while it was notorious that the guides who were engaged by tourists, and the interpreters attached to foreign military and naval officers and to the war correspondents, augmented their incomes by the prac-

tice of espionage. The clumsy way in which these men went about their work deceived nobody. Frequently they were caught with their ears to keyholes, and over and over again they were discovered picking locks and opening boxes. Consequently, in front of their servants, or without first examining the corridors in the vicinity of their rooms, Europeans never indulged in conversation that might be construed as unfavourable to the Japanese. Any documents which for private reasons they wished to keep secret they carried about in their pockets. Apart from the organised secret service composed of servants, the towns swarmed with police agents in mufti. For a European to come under suspicion it was not necessary for him to speak against the Japanese. It was sufficient that he expressed, even with qualification, praise of Russian gallantry. As soon as he entered a *'rikisha* a policeman did likewise, and trundled after him wherever he went. If he took train to the mountains or to the seaside he was assiduously followed. The mere knowledge on the part of the natives that he was under surveillance resulted in the ominous rumour being spread far and wide that he was a Russian spy, and the newspapers in various localities did not hesitate to record his presence as of one who was acting in that dubious capacity.

The man with the camera was exposed to particular danger and ill-treatment. If while taking a photograph of a museum or of a rural scene a detachment of soldiers with a field-gun happened to pass by, he was promptly pounced upon by a policeman, and requested to proceed to the police-station, where his plates or films were confiscated. A story is told of a Frenchman with a curious sense of humour, who, in wandering round Nagasaki with a filmless Kodak, was taken to the police-station at least twenty times. On each occasion he explained that he was "practising" snapshotting, and after the camera had been minutely inspected by the entire office staff he secured his release. With all their precautions, however, the Japanese succeeded in arresting only two men against whom they were able to bring specific charges of espionage. One of these presented a clear case. The other was extremely doubtful. But both men were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment. The doubtful case was that of a French officer who had been in the Japanese service, and who was well known and well respected throughout the land. The evidence was heard *in camera*, but in an official statement subsequently issued, upon which it must be assumed the case for the prosecution rested, it was shown that the accused had been communicating Japanese military movements to military officers in France and to a French newspaper. There was not the least evidence that he had acted the part of spy for the Russian Government. Considerable controversy arose in consequence of the conviction, and the Emperor soon saw fit to grant a pardon on the ground of the prisoner's ill-health. The officer, by this time in a very enfeebled state, did not long survive the disgrace inflicted upon him, and he died in his own country. That his communications had been harmful to the Japanese could not be doubted. But whether they amounted to espionage in the strict sense of the word is open to grave question, and probably the Japanese object would have been achieved in a more satisfactory and certainly in a more commendable way had they given him a preliminary warning instead of ending a long and honourable career by jumping to the conclusion that he was a spy.

Elaborate as was their system of espionage, it was by no means successful. To my knowledge the Russians were in possession of the plans of all the principal naval ports, and a Russian agent actually secured a passage on board a Government ship which voyaged to many of the dockyards and naval arsenals. He succeeded in obtaining a valuable

series of photographs, but, owing to the inability of the Russians to take the offensive, these were of little use to them. The observance of secrecy in regard to their naval and military movements has been looked upon as one of the principal factors of Japan's triumph. On this subject, as well as on many others concerning Japan, mistaken views are held.

Again and again the police authorities found it necessary during the war to enforce the law which provided for punishment in cases where items of information contrary to the interests of the Army and Navy were given publicity, and at the same time they exerted their influence with the editors to induce them not to insert in their newspapers anything that might react unfavourably upon the situation generally. In spite of these precautions, however, news frequently leaked out and ultimately found its way into journals published abroad. The wisdom of the Japanese in seeking to suppress news that was prejudicial to military interests cannot be doubted. Before I comment upon their treatment of war correspondents, let me say that I write without the least bias. As far as I myself was concerned the restrictions imposed upon the newspaper representatives at the front did not apply, for during the war I was engaged either upon neutral territory in close proximity to the field of operations, and in the waters adjacent to Port Arthur, or else as correspondent in Japan with headquarters at Tokyo. While I am in perfect agreement with the principle of the censorship, I am entitled to complain of its hopeless inefficiency in so far as it came under my attention in the capital. The censors at the various Government Departments were constantly changed during the day, and that which one man refused another frequently passed. Thus a correspondent was under the necessity of repeatedly submitting the same message for inspection in the hope that he would ultimately find a more lenient or, as the case might be, a more intelligent official in charge of the Department. He was in duty bound to adopt this course for fear another correspondent might forestall him. Occasionally information contained in a despatch passed for one correspondent was rejected without rhyme or reason when tendered by another. For instance, the Japanese would not permit me to telegraph the news that ten Christian churches had been burned by the mob during the peace riots, but simultaneously they allowed the representative of a news agency to do so. Moreover, in rejecting despatches, they declined to give any idea of the time when such despatches might become acceptable, or to suggest amendments which would be likely to meet the official objections. The only course open to the correspondent was to keep steadily submitting the rejected item in various forms on the chance that one of these might meet with approval, or that some day the information itself would be permissible for publication abroad. Thus the censors by their inefficiency only increased the work of their own Departments and caused unnecessary irritation.

In spite of the precautions adopted with regard to journalistic despatches, news that the authorities were desirous of keeping secret frequently found its way into foreign newspapers. This was due to the fact that in the course of their duties Ministers and Consuls constantly transmitted items of important information in private cypher to their Governments, and in this way news sometimes leaked out which, had the Japanese possessed control, would never have been published. While correspondents were vainly endeavouring to send home the result of the first day's fighting in the battle of the Japan Sea, the United States Consul at Nagasaki communicated with his Government in code, and the despatch was published widespread. If the required secrecy is to be maintained in future warfare it will be necessary for the countries concerned not only to exercise supervision over correspondents on the spot, but also to

obtain from the Foreign Offices of friendly Powers some definite guarantee that information relating to military operations and conveyed through diplomatic channels will not be prematurely divulged.

In the Russo-Japanese War the censorship was frequently abused in order to cover up the blunders of both sides. The entire absence of war correspondents from the field would probably lead to worse evils than those which result from their presence; for soldiers are only human, and in their reports they might occasionally be tempted to conceal some of their defects, if not their reverses. At the same time, it is intolerable that a general should be harassed in his work by having constantly at his heels a large number of critics—some of doubtful competency. While I am not prepared to say that the Russo-Japanese campaign made out a case for the abolition of war correspondents, I believe that it proved up to the hilt the necessity for placing them under proper restraint. My solution of the difficulty would be to permit only a limited number of men of known integrity, representing leading newspapers, to accompany an Army in the field. In the despatches or articles which they might communicate to their journals I would permit, under a strict censorship, only descriptions of events that had actually taken place, and would prohibit anything in the nature of criticism or speculation. I would not allow any of them to leave the Army while the operations were in progress. I would deal with any breach of the regulations relating to the maintenance of military secrecy with the utmost severity; while from each *attaché* following the Army I would require a promise that he would not forward his reports to his Government until the campaign was at an end.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE stockbroker and his co-partner the jobber are both heartily sick of doing nothing. They both know by long experience that the public will only come in upon a rising market. Therefore prices have been marked up, and the result has been an increase in business. The Stock Exchange would not mark up prices if there were any genuine sellers about. But there are none. The little men who were dispossessed of their shares last May-time have now come into the market again. The jobbers have bought back, and the shrewdest of the investors have been picking up stock. The natural result has been an improved tone in all markets and a distinct rise in prices. It is to the interest of everybody to see an advance in prices. The banks, who hold enormous blocks of pawned stock, do not wish to press forced sales, and will only sell as the market is strong enough to take delivery. The little gamblers who are in again would like a little longer run for their money, and the brokers and jobbers, having tasted blood, feel hungry for a boom. We must not forget that the past year has been good, in spite of political scares. Traders have made money which they have not spent, and the accumulated savings of the year will amount to quite three hundred millions, all of which must be invested either in securities or in new works. For some years past we have been lending freely to foreign countries. The interest on this money is coming back, and the money we have lent is being spent on reproductive works. Orders for material come here as a result of the loans made by the financiers. Thus a manufacturer who lends a thousand to a foreign railway not only gets his 5 per cent., but he may also get a good order, upon which he makes a still higher profit. Therefore, if foreign affairs calm down, we may look for a good period in trade, and a good period on the Stock Exchange.

The promoter evidently thinks that the public will be willing to put up all the money he wants, for he has numberless schemes ready. Sound investments are going well. Almost all the really good issues have been eagerly subscribed. I do not suppose that many people outside the Harrison and Crossfield group took shares in the new Lampard Company. Java estates are not very satisfactory investments. Few have done any good, and all have been purchased too dear. The Partington Steel and Iron was guaranteed by the Pearson and Knowles Company, and was therefore a perfectly sound 6 per cent. investment. The Alberta Land debenture was not attractive. In many of the Canadian issues the details given us are very meagre, and apparently the promoters consider that it is quite sufficient to say that the venture is Canadian. Canada is a great and growing country, but its advance will be retarded if those who ask for money persistently ignore the first principles of prospectus-drafting. No debenture issue should be put before the public unless an independent valuation has been secured. The Imperial Russian Railway Loan was, of course, a very sound investment, and I must congratulate Mr. Birch Crisp upon his enterprise in having secured the issue. The Bissagos Islands prospectus sent out by the Standard Union Trust need make no appeal to serious investors.

MONEY.—There is very little chance of any reduction in the Bank Rate at this period of the year. Egypt will be taking three or four millions for her cotton crop. The Argentine crop will be good, and Brazil will probably want more money to finance the rubber that comes down the Amazon at the end of the year. We have ample supplies for our own needs; all our Banks are in a strong position. But the French Banks have had a nasty shock, and we may see a movement on the part of the big credit institutions to hoard more gold. The Bank of France always keeps a huge stock, but the other banks work on a very narrow margin, and they now feel that, ample as their resources may be in times of peace, they are much too small when things go wrong.

CONSOLS.—It seems to me that the selling of gilt-edged paper has been overdone, and I should not be surprised to see a reaction early in the new year. We may not get any advance this side of Christmas, but the selling of Consols has now stopped, and small buying has begun. If the politician could only grasp the fact that a rise in Consols might prove useful to him he would agitate for the scheme of Consols to bearer in £5 lots. But he is incorrigibly stupid in all matters of finance.

FOREIGNERS.—The gradual closing of the Morocco question has at last had its effect upon markets. No well-informed person ever believed that Morocco would bring on war between France and Germany, but the newspapers talked such rubbish and talked so fast that in the end financiers got scared and foreign markets disorganised. However, all is now ended. Chinese bonds have not been sold in big blocks, but here and there nervous people have offered small lots. Perus are still gambled in, and no cautious person should fail to take his profit.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Rail market is good. The jobbers have turned round and are bullish, having laid in small lots that they desire to sell. The Labour leaders are attempting to force on a strike, but that is because they live upon dissension. I think that they will find that the men will refuse to follow them. The two leading lines having raised wages all round, all idea of a general strike must be abandoned. The companies will insist upon the Government keeping their word, and freights will be raised. The companies will declare that they lose money by the advance in wages, and they will probably show bad balance-sheets at the end of the current half-year. But that should not deter buyers from picking up stock. All the leading lines must be bought. The cheapest investments are Great Central 91 and 94 prefs. The soundest purchases are Great Western and North Eastern.

YANKEES.—The attacks upon industrial business that were initiated by Roosevelt and continued by Taft have quite destroyed all confidence. The Steel Trust will fight,

but must lose, and the ordinary shares cannot be considered worth more than 45. When the trust was established this stock was promoters' plunder, and the company has really never made it good. The leading stocks, such as Unions, Pennsylvanias, New York Centrals, remain sound investments; but no gambler should go into the Yankee rail market to-day.

RUBBER.—The public cannot sell and will not buy rubber shares, and the only thing that keeps any interest in the rubber market is the bear squeeze in Malaccas, which being dealt in on the Paris Bourse, are a share apart. They are not worth their present price, and I advise genuine holders to get out whilst the squeeze is on and even cut any loss they may have made by purchasing at a fancy figure during the boom. The estate is big and the whole management improved, but that does not justify the silly premium in the shares.

KAFFIRS.—No one wants Kaffirs. There is no business doing, and though we have had a fall, I still find all the prices too high. The Goldfields report was colourless, and the dividend not as bad as the bears hoped, or so good as holders expected. The company appear to have bought big blocks of shares, as their cash is still at the same figure as last year, whilst they have issued £1,250,000 since the last balance-sheet.

RHODESIANS.—The magnates are furious at the new subsidiary of the Chartered Company. They say, with some truth, that the Chartered Company has opportunities of picking up information denied to the other companies, and that it is unfair that they should use private information to make money on. The argument is sound. The original idea was, no doubt, to let in the Goldfields Company, but that was modified, and now the Chartered Company take all the shares.

OIL.—The clever people talk Lobitos much higher. As I said they should be bought at 11s. I am inclined to advise people to take a profit if the rise goes on. Kims seem very cheap; Spies also appear undervalued. But there is no life in the Oil Market, and perhaps speculators would do well to hold their hands.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The gamble in Omnibus shares goes on, and wild stories of a 10 per cent. guaranteed dividend are told. We shall see. Some agreement about competition fares appears to have been arranged. The balance-sheet will be much better than last year, and the Baker-Mason crowd say that they will hold for 200. But the price to-day appears very high. There are many deals now on in the House. Cements look shaky, but may be held a little longer. Briseis tin are to be put up soon.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FUTURE OF THE LIBRARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The subject broached in THE ACADEMY of October 21st, under the title of "The Future of the Library," has many aspects—some personal, some literary—but its chief point may be regarded as the question: "What is the future of the novel?" as that form of literature is most frequently mentioned.

The public has almost ceased to buy new six-shilling novels. The shilling, sevenpenny, and fourpence-halfpenny editions, brought out so rapidly after the appearance of the six-shilling book, have practically destroyed the public market for the more expensive work. Besides which, in houses of fifty pounds a year or less there is becoming less and less room for books, particularly the bulky sort on featherweight paper. The smaller book is preferable for several reasons. There is a further reason for reduced sales. The motor-car is becoming a personal requisite to many, and, as an adjunct to the country house, a wonderful convenience. It gives opportunities for travel, for seeing friends, visiting town, and taking part in its social functions to which the carriage and pair were quite unequal. This, of course, means to many women less time, and indeed less inclination for

reading, and books not being altogether indispensable to many people, they have become to some extent neglected.

It has often been said that the novel is dead, but this season's publishing list proves the opposite. And, in spite of all the facts above stated, there is an enormous public fond of reading a good modern novel. A fine novel is pretty sure of finding a large circle of readers, and for this reason the disappearance of the old expensive first edition is a matter to be deplored. Its publication generally covered the first cost and helped the work on nicely to its issue in a cheaper and more popular form. Perhaps it would be well if one or two first-class novelists decided to bring out their next books as an experiment at half a guinea net, and by means of liberal advertising cause such a demand that the libraries would be forced to take copies. Surely libraries are not always to be to publishers the terrifying spectres they are at the present time. Such a step, seriously taken, would help to lift up the quality of the novel generally, as no one publisher would bring out a poor novel at a high price. The best authors alone would be wanted. The young author would have to find some other method of making his voice heard.

After expensive publication, an issue at a price that would enable the public to buy—and not borrow—the book would probably meet with a huge demand. Of course much would depend on the book and the author; but the great point gained would be the reduction in the number of novels issued for library use. If fewer were brought out the libraries would be in a better position for buying, even at the higher price.

Probably the next step would be the first publication of more novels at one shilling—or some price that would correspond to the cheap thin-paper editions so popular on the Continent. No English reader can complain of the list of copyright novels offered him at one shilling at the present day. The selection offered is amazing, but the majority have proved their popularity in having previously gained the ear of the public in six-shilling form. In the shilling form they sell on their merits—or demerits, as the case may be. At this price, and in some such form as at present—although the majority are a little too bulky and too suggestive in the binding for the literary reader—there is evidently a vast market and probably an increasing one.

Whether this public wants really "good stuff" or "sex sensationalism" is a matter which booksellers who have handled both sorts of books would be better able to deal with than the present writer.

It would be interesting to know the opinion of Mr. Hall Caine on the future of the novel, as he was largely concerned in the drop from the guinea-and-a-half form to the six-shilling issue—in which edition his own books have been so successful.—I am yours, etc.,

JOHN NAYLER.

Wimbledon.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The future of the circulating library, to my mind, will be non-existent. It will cease to have "a local habitation and a name." Book-lovers never needed it; book-readers will be able to purchase their requirements. Wilkie Collins once, in a letter to the writer, deprecated the 31s. 6d. price of the novels of his day, stating that the exigencies of the publishers precluded a change. Had this famous sensational novelist lived in our times, his books would have been sold by the hundred thousand for 7d.!

The tendency of the age is to popularise the best literature and novels which have won favour by issuing them at prices within reach of the smallest purse. And it is this cheapening of good books which is gradually weakening, and will in the end destroy, the existence of circulating libraries.

The need of the circulating library is gradually disappearing. New books in vogue are not easily obtained in consequence of the libraries' limited supply; on the other hand, old ones are offered for sale at very reduced rates, proving that the original published prices are not warranted.

There is one phase of the subject, however, seldom commented on, which condemns the library *en tout*. Books passing through so many hands are apt to present a soiled, unwholesome appearance and hardly reek of "all the perfumes of Arabia." For this reason it is often impossible to read them. It is also a fact that these outwardly offensive volumes may carry with them the germs of zymotic diseases!

The circulating library is becoming an anachronism. It belongs to a past, when the publication of books was limited and their price beyond the small incomes of the majority. The

large publishers now are catering for all tastes; the increasing number of readers will find it more profitable and economical to buy a few books whose merits are pointed out by the just and clever reviews of the hour than to depend on the rapidly becoming out-of-date circulating library.

In the meantime there seems to be no end to the multiplication of books of every kind and description at popular prices, which may mean a boon for the multitude, but a deterrent to new writers. The business mind of a publisher is not always on the *qui vive* for the aspirant, and unrecognised merit may knock at his doors in vain, in consequence of the disappearance of the library. The issuing of large editions of an unknown writer, necessitated by their cheapness, may not appeal to a publisher's mercantile instincts, but there are compensations even to this unfortunate state of affairs. The present period, crowded with great and original intellects, has no need to hail another genius. Their supply is sufficient, and as for new writers, there are still publishers who will give the world a chance to appreciate those who pay for the privilege of publication. At all events, be this as it may, it seems to me that the circulating library is eventually doomed to extinction.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

Kensington.

ONE VOTE, ONE VALUE, AND MAJOR MORRISON BELL'S MODELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Major Morrison Bell's excellent models display in a very striking manner the anomalies in the size of constituencies, and must materially assist his campaign for redistribution. But much more is claimed for redistribution than it can possibly accomplish. It is contended that it will secure one vote, one value, and figures quoted from the publications of the Proportional Representation Society have often been used in its support.

No scheme of redistribution, so long as single-Member constituencies are retained, will secure one vote, one value. This can be demonstrated by a few simple facts. It will still be true, as it is to-day, that two majorities of four votes each in two separate constituencies will have twice the power within the House of Commons of a single majority of 4,000. Again, both in Wales and in Scotland the Unionists only by accident obtain any representation at all. The creation of equal electoral areas will leave this injustice untouched. The votes of the Unionist minorities there will still have little or no value, and the same may be said of the votes of the Liberal minorities in Birmingham, the home counties, and other Unionist strongholds.

Possibly the driving force behind the demand for equal electoral areas is a belief that redistribution will compensate the Unionist party for the changes in representation which may result from the adoption of "one man, one vote." This is a delusion. Redistribution will, it is true, reduce the Ministerial majority in Ireland, and it will give increased representation to the Unionists in the home counties. But these results will be negated by increased Liberal and Labour representation in Yorkshire and the northern counties. We are ready to furnish the data for these facts to all those who are unwilling to accept mere assertion. Had there been equal electoral areas at the last election the Government majority would have been 122 instead of 126. Practically no change would have taken place in the representation of political forces.

There is but one way in which "one vote, one value" can be secured, and that is by proportional representation. Under this system minorities and majorities will each obtain their fair share of representation, while electors will be given a much wider choice in the selection of their representatives. In brief, the House of Commons will then become in fact, what it is in theory, a reflection of the national will.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS, Hon. Secretary,
the Proportional Representation Society.
179, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.

THE RETURN OF MR. ALGERNON ASHTON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—When a short letter of mine concerning the neglected state of Lord Beaconsfield's tomb in Hughenden Churchyard appeared in the *Times* the other day doubts were expressed in

various quarters as to the authenticity of that letter, because of the fact that nearly four years ago I publicly registered a vow never to write another letter to any newspaper. Since then many people, including some distinguished personages, have told me that my vow was a foolish and mistaken one, and as I have myself come to that conclusion, an occasional letter from my pen may henceforth again be seen in the Press, though my activity in this direction will in all probability be nothing to what it formerly was, being now too much occupied with musical work and other things.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON,

10, Holmdale-road, West Hampstead, N.W.,
October 23, 1911.

ROBERT BURNS' ODE ON THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter from a Mr. R. B. Henry in *THE ACADEMY* of September 2nd in reference to newly-discovered lines by Robert Burns, published in my book "The Amazing Duchess." Mr. Henry, apparently, has only seen a newspaper paragraph, and did not go to the book, where he would not only have found the lines complete, but evidence of their authenticity. The manuscript, in the writing of the poet, was sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby some five months ago, together with an original letter of Elizabeth Chudleigh, and one of the Duke of Kingston. The entry in the catalogue reads as follows:—"Burns (Robert)—The original MS. of his ode 'On the Duchess of Kingston,' pp. oblong 4to., with note of authentication stating: 'This is the original MS. of Burns.—T. H.'" I presume both Messrs. Sotheby and the purchaser were satisfied that the MS. was genuine—certainly the high price paid warrants the supposition.

With the permission of the purchaser I copied the lines from Burns' MS., and I was very glad of the opportunity of publishing them in the second edition of "The Amazing Duchess." Perhaps Messrs. Sotheby could carry the inquiry further, both as regards "T. H." and the vendor, who, I may say, is unknown to me. Before asserting that the "ode" was being published for the first time I took the precaution of looking through several editions of the poet's collected works, but failed to find it.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHARLES E. PEARCE.

Whitefriars Club.

THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND ROBERT GREENE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of October 28th Miss Hester Brayne takes my praise of the late Mr. Churton Collins a little too literally. His attempts to track Shakespeare through the Greek plays used to make me smile as they make Miss Brayne smile. But surely the man who spent weeks and weeks poring over church registers to establish the exact date of Greene's birth must be allowed to love facts even beyond their value.

Miss Brayne is more kindly than correct in calling me "an expert" in Elizabethan literature. I think I know something about Shakespeare, and a little about Bacon and Jonson, but that is all: I have no interest in the Greenes.

The mistake in my review of Mr. Churton Collins, which was pointed out by Mr. White in your last impression, I regret extremely. How I came to make it I cannot explain. There are lapses of the brain, I suppose, as there are lapses of the pen.—Yours truly,

FRANK HARRIS.

TATTERSHALL CASTLE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your contributor Mr. A. E. Cary makes the statement, in your issue of October 7th, that Tattershall Castle "perked up in some Yankee domain would merely move the beholder to contemptuous laughter." Now, Sir, I venture to suggest that the average American will not agree with Mr. Cary on this point.

One of the most responsible missions given to this great

English nation of America is that of receiving, educating, and making good citizens of the millions of outside people who flock to these shores year in and year out. This work is only possible to a large extent by precept and example, and I hold that in such a community Tattershall Castle will be a source of inspiration to all beholders.

In virtue of our moral obligations, I believe we stand in greater need of the beneficial influence of such relics than do the people of England, and, provided they come within the limit of our "fair share of the heritage," such acquisitions should receive from our flesh and blood in the old country their friendly nod of approval.

At present the English treasures in this country can be compared, in point of numbers, to the crumbs that fell from the rich man's tables.

As a monument of ancient English splendour Tattershall Castle will, until the day of its fall, continue to throw across the path of those who approach it the lurid shadow of England's greatness.—With best wishes, yours faithfully,

REGINALD V. RICKCORD.

24, Second Street, Troy, N.Y., U.S.A.,
October 23rd, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

L'Exotisme Américain dans la Littérature Française au XVII^e Siècle d'après Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, etc. By Gilbert Chinard. Hachette and Co., London and Paris. 3f. 50c.

Scenes from Dickens for Drawing-Room and Platform Acting. Adapted by Guy Pertwee. Edited by Ernest Pertwee. With Forty-Eight Costume-Plates by Edward Handley-Read. George Routledge and Sons. 3s. 6d.

A Little Book of Twentieth-Century Duologues for Drawing-Room and Platform. Compiled and Edited by Ernest Pertwee. George Routledge and Sons. 1s.

Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia, from Observations Made in British East Africa, Uganda, and the Sudan. By J. Bland-Sutton, F.R.C.S. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.

Deicide. Painted by Wm. Smith, Junr. Described by Robert Anderson. A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

The Armies of India. Painted by Major A. C. Lovett. Described by Major G. F. MacMunn, D.S.O. With Foreword by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. A. and C. Black. 20s. net.

The "Flower of Gloster." By E. Temple Thurston. Illustrated by W. R. Dakin. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d. net.

Sport on the Nilgiris, and in Wynaad. By F. W. F. Fletcher. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.

Archæological Survey of India. Annual Report, 1907-8. Illustrated. Superintendent Government Printing, Calcutta. 37s. 6d.

Edinburgh Revisited. By James Bone. Illustrated by Hanslip Fletcher. Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s. net.

The Practice of Water-Colour Painting Illustrated by the Work of Modern Artists. By A. L. Baldry. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.

The A B C of Japanese Art. By J. F. Blacker. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.

Pastels under the Southern Cross. By Margaret L. Woods. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.

Poems in Prose. By Aleck T. Ellis. Ebenezer Baylis and Son. *Shakespeare, a Study.* By Darrell Figgis. J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.

Nuts and Chestnuts. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.

William Morris to Whistler: Papers and Addresses on Art and Craft and the Commonwealth. By Walter Crane. Illustrated with Drawings by the Author and from other Sources. G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.

The Summons of the King. A Play by Philip Blacker Goetz. The McDowell Press, Buffalo, U.S.A.

A Sweeping by Edward of the Golden Heart. By the Author of "Letters to My Son." T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

The 1912 Overture: a Man's Answer to the Suffragists. By W. Henry Lewin. Published by the Author at 56, Caledonian Road, N.

A Year of Japanese Epigrams. Translated and Compiled by William N. Porter. Illustrated by Kazunori Ishibashi. Henry Frowde. 6s. net.

Esto Perpetua: Algerian Studies and Impressions. By H. Belloc. (The Readers' Library.) Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

The Letters of Horace Presented to Modern Readers. Edited by Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana. Illustrated. The Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont, U.S.A. \$3.

The Emir of Bokhara and his Country: Journeys and Studies in Bokhara. By O. Olufsen. Illustrated. Wm. Heinemann. 21s. net.

Report of the Proceedings of the National Conference on the Prevention of Destitution, May and June, 1911. P. S. King and Son. 10s. 6d. net.

Ways of Escape: a Book of Adventure. By Douglas Goldring. Illustrated by Edgar Lander. Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.

My Raggicker. By Mary E. Waller. Illustrated by Edgar Lander. Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.

The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne in the County of Southampton. By Gilbert White. With Illustrations in Colour by George E. Collins. R.B.A. Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

Surnames of the United Kingdom: a Concise Etymological Dictionary. By Henry Harrison, assisted by G. Pulling. Vol. I., Part 16. The Eaton Press. 1s. net.

Fifteen Fiscal Fallacies. By G. W. Gough. B.A. Free Trade Union. 6d.

Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes. By W. D. Munro, M.A. Illustrated in Colour by Evelyn Paul. George G. Harrap and Co. 5s. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

A Book of Noble Women. By C. C. Cairns. Illustrated. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 7s. 6d. net.

Later Letters of Edward Lear to Chichester Fortescue, Frances Countess Waldegrave, and Others. Edited by Lady Strachey, of Sutton Court. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

The History of the Spur. By Charles de Lacy Lacy, M.A. Illustrated. "The Connoisseur" (Otto Limited).

The Glory that was Greece: a Survey of Hellenic Culture and Civilisation. By J. C. Stobart, M.A. Illustrated. Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s. net.

Hannah More: a Biographical Study. By Annette M. B. Meakin. With Portraits. Smith, Elder and Co. 14s. net.

"Hail and Farewell," a Trilogy. I. Ave. By George Moore. William Heinemann. 6s.

Gordon at Khartoum, being a Personal Narrative of Events in Continuation of "A Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt." By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. With Portrait Frontispiece. Stephen Swift and Co. 15s. net.

When Life was New. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.

Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., his Life and Works. With a Catalogue of his Pictures. By James Greig. Illustrated. "The Connoisseur" (Otto Limited).

Sculpture in Spain. By Albert F. Calvert. Illustrated. John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly. By Violette Montagu. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

The Life of John Ruskin. By E. T. Cook. With Portraits. Two Vols. George Allen and Co. 21s. net.

The Coming of the Saints: Imaginations and Studies in Early Church History and Tradition. By J. W. Taylor. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 5s. net.

FICTION

The Long Hand. By Sir William Magnay, Bart. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

The Case of Richard Meynell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated. Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.

A Circuit Rider's Wife. By Corra Harris. Illustrated by William H. Everett. Constable and Co. 6s.

Phyllis and Felicity. By Diana Meyrick. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.

A South Sea Buccaneer. By Albert Dorrington. Illustrated. Andrew Melrose. 6s.

- Love on the Happy Hill.* By Violet A. Pearn. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
The Wind Bloweth. By Marion Mole. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
An Accidental Daughter. By Cosmo Hamilton. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.
Father Maternus: a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By Adolf Hausrath. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.
The Disputed Marriage. By Lilian Street. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.
Bubble Fortune: a Story of 1720. By Gilbert Sheldon. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.
Broken Arcs. By Darrell Figgis. J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.
The Stolen Bride. By W. H. Williamson. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
A Sheltered Woman. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. Alton Rivers. 6s.
Zuleika Dobson; or, An Oxford Love Story. By Max Beerbohm. William Heinemann. 6s.
Tante. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Edward Arnold. 6s.
The Breath of the Desert. By H. Clayton East. With Frontispiece. Duckworth and Co. 6s.
The Secret of Chauville. By David Whitelaw. Illustrated. Greening and Co. 6s.
Earth. By Muriel Hine. John Lane. 6s.
A Safety Match. By Ian Hay. William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
A Question of Latitude. By Laura Bogue Luffman. John Lane. 6s.
Tom Bart Brown. By Wilfred Beet. Wilfred Mark Webb. 6s.

VERSE

- Miles Standish* by H. W. Longfellow. Dramatised for Performance by Edith Ashby. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.
The Cup of Quietness. By Alfred Hayes. Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
A Little Garner of Sonnets from Edmund Spenser to Christina Rossetti. Frontispiece. S.P.C.K. 1s.
The Epic of God and the Devil. By John Frederick Rowbotham, M.A. E. Baylis and Son, Worcester.
An Epithalamium, and Other Poems. By Roy Elliott Bates. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 591	Reviews (continued)—
The Charm 592	Fiction 604
Clairvoyance 592	The Theatre..... 606
De Omnibus Rebus..... 592	Delhi in the Middle Ages 607
The Last of the Great	The Secret of Bruges 608
Victorians..... 593	Book Sales, Old and New 609
The Future of the Terri-	The Magazines..... 610
torial Force—I. 595	Art 611
The Hill of Montmartre... 597	The London Institution ... 612
Reviews—	Books in Preparation 612
Verse..... 598	Music 613
The Principles of Art... 599	Imperial and Foreign
"The East a-Callin'"... 600	Affairs 614
Business and Genius ... 601	Motoring 615
New Editions 602	In the Temple of Mammon 616
Shorter Reviews 603	Correspondence 617

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

ECHOES of the trouble in the railway world which reached its height at the climax of the summer holiday season are still in the air, and before long the travelling public will know whether the platform strikers—as distinct from the actual railway workers—intend to upset the traffic of the country at the climax of the winter holiday, Christmas. Ballot-papers are issued this week to discover whether the men are prepared to accept the findings of the recent Royal Commission, and whether they are "prepared to withdraw their labour" in favour of "a recognition of the Trade Unions and of a programme for all railway-men to be agreed upon by this Committee;" these papers are returnable on December 5th. It will be with a most complete and suicidal disregard of their own interests, especially after the concessions lately granted under no compulsion, that any body of railwaymen will strike during the month of December, and they must expect little sympathy either from the public or the Managers' Conference if they proceed to extremes. Forewarned is forearmed; every Company is preparing itself for the possible emergency, and it says little for the character of the leaders of the men's Unions when we read in a responsible article that "if the plans (of the Companies) were known, there can be little doubt that the members of the Unions would strive their utmost to upset them in advance." They would strive their utmost, that is, to dislocate the traffic of the whole kingdom at the busiest period of the year, regardless of the misery which must

inevitably follow, by reason of limited food supplies and loss of employment, to their fellow-workers in other spheres

It is of little use to touch upon the sentimental aspect of the question—to regret that at a season of "peace and goodwill" war and unhappiness should be meditated; a conversation we recently had with an official who reasoned with a "sympathetic" striker emphasises the fact that humane feelings are often left out of consideration. Pointing out to the man that owing to the deletion of workmen's trains in the early morning, scores of labourers who depended upon to-day's pay for to-morrow's food would go hungry, and that in the case of those with families it might very well mean suffering and perhaps death of wives or children who chanced to be ill, he received the astounding reply that "they didn't mind a little suffering and a death or two as long as they gained the day." Far be it from us to believe that such a brutal mood is general or representative; but that such a man can exist here and there and do untold harm provokes thought. If the men will only realise that they have everything to gain both in pocket and in happiness by remaining loyal to the Companies—as has been amply proved—such a lamentable and pitiful occurrence as a railway strike at Christmas will be impossible, despite the most persevering and loud-voiced of agitators.

It has been discovered by various medical men that birds are dangerous carriers of disease; that "even the fluttering of a canary in its cage may throw out infection," and that as for the companionable, impudent parrot, he frequently suffers from something called psittacose, which may be transmitted to his unsuspecting owner. This is really about the last straw; life is growing too complicated for the average unlearned human being. We eat a couple of strawberries, and immediately read that a strawberry-seed killed two men the day before, and we feel uncommonly queer; greatly daring, we nibble a nut, to learn that fifteen people were poisoned by the nut habit only the previous week. The unfriendly germ, the vindictive animacule, the blustering bacillus, hide in our books, browse on our carpets, hold swimming-races in the water we drink; they seat themselves by our side in the train, invade the very clothes we wear, and penetrate to the innermost portions of our anatomy by means of the atmosphere which we shall very soon be cautioned not to breathe. And when by the aid of science we persuade a few of these invisible desperadoes to enter the field of a microscope, they are simply tickled to death at the idea of being magnified by 500 diameters or so, and thrown on a screen and admired by humanity; they die content, posing in graceful attitudes for the benefit of the spectators. Shall we give up the struggle, or shall we venture to eat, drink, breathe, and be merry, and dare the Spectre of the Microbe to do his worst? Common sense seems to counsel the latter method, and so, despite the doctors, we will go our ways undisturbed; we will keep a parrot—two parrots, if need be, and a canary—and, scorning the intimidation of the infinitesimal, let the world wag as cheerily as it did before.

Mr. Laurence Housman and Miss Edith Craig open the autumn season of the Pioneer Players on November 26th, at the Savoy Theatre, by producing Mr. Housman's play "Pains and Penalties." The cast is a strong one, Miss Gertrude Kingston and Miss Auriol Lee being in principal parts, and the appearance of such well-known actors as Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Ben Webster—to mention only a few from the lengthy list—should ensure a remarkably good performance.

THE CHARM

You, who once brought your life too near
Where I in silence dwell,
Smiled then to know the stubborn sneer
Of me, your infidel :
For I, who neither lost nor won,
Suddenly, when an hour had run,
Saw heaven in every glance of you,
Felt heaven in every touch of you,
Heard heaven in every tone of you,
And could not tell.

And I, unknowing in my pride,
Rebellious even,
Went far away, from tide to tide
By soft lures driven ;
Fought, trusted, hungered, overset
My heart's strong ways ; strove to forget ;
Sought heaven elsewhere in spite of you,
Then came in sadness back to you ;
So, longing, loving, near to you,
Imagined heaven.

W. L. R.

CLAIRVOYANCE

My lady's truant glance
Is like a bird in flight,
And happy is the chance
That nets its flitting light.
But when with fondness fraught,
Or with her dreaming wise,
The landscapes of her thought
Are shadowed in her eyes :

Then if by her sweet grace
This privilege be mine,
To gaze upon her face,
I ask no meeter shrine ;
Nor for imperial power
Would I forego my right
To serve her in that hour,
Her humble acolyte.

Green solitudes are there
Of quiet reverie,
More virgin and more fair
Than fabled Arcady ;
And jealous gardens, walled
With high inviolate stone,
Whose flower-names, softly called,
Make music like her own.

No vasty Alps impose
Their hush of icy death ;
Her silence is the rose,
Her cool the sward beneath.
For Love hath made her wise,
Whose arts with dreams are fraught,
And shadows in her eyes
The landscapes of her thought.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

A WEEK or two ago I was dining in an old London tavern. To be precise, it was at "The George," in Southwark, and I mention the name boldly, without fearing the accusation of advertisement. If anything that I say prove a useful advertisement for "The George" I shall be only too glad. To add in the smallest degree to the prosperity of the last relics of the last galleried inn in London is, as I account it, an act of merit.

Well, we were dining together in this comely old place, full of gracious lines, odd corners, and queer passages and crannies, everything that delights the eye and the mind, when I said to the man next to me : "And the worst of it is to know that nobody will ever make a place like this any more." My friend was an optimist ; he thought that inns as gracious and as goodly would yet be built—after the social revolution. Then he "went off" on Socialism, and with the doctrines of Socialism we will not now concern ourselves. But he made a statement which, coming from a convinced Socialist, interested me very much.

"Look at all the strikes," he said. "The men think, and many of us think, that strikes are protests against long hours and bad pay. It isn't so : the physical disabilities of labour are not the chief cause of what is called industrial discontent. The fact is that the majority of the men are rebelling—though they don't know it—against the ugliness of their lives, not against the discomfort and physical hardship of their lives. They are rebelling in reality because they have to earn their daily bread by doing work that no man is meant to do, by being slaves to some kind of machine. And they are rebelling because, when this work of theirs is done, they go home to horrible houses in horrible streets. Insanitary houses ? Not a bit of it. It isn't the poor wretches who live in the reeking dens and black holes of London who strike ; the people who dwell in the pit don't strike, for the good reason that they have got no work. The strikers are the mechanics, well-to-do, or comparatively well-to-do, who live in clean houses, sometimes provided with bathrooms, and always 'sanitized' to a pitch of excellence that dukes and peers and paladins of the Middle Ages never dreamed of. The strikers, or the mass of them, live in neat little houses which stretch in unending rows on the outskirts of every big town. They are clean without and clean within ; there is usually a small garden front and back, and not a word to be said against the water-supply ; and these neat, trim, little houses make Gehenna for the soul. Why ? Mainly because they are the result of a forbidden art. Man, they used to say, can end desperately by aiming at knowledge too high for him. Magic is an effort to penetrate without permission into the council chamber of the Most High. But the same fate, or a worse fate, must attend the opposite effort. Look at these suburban dwellings : they are all alike as are the cells of a beehive, the cells of a prison. It may be just to punish criminals with this penalty of bestial, infra-human monotony, though even this may be doubted. But think of those house backs that you have seen so often from the train as it rounds the embankment ; of that line of washhouses, with every window, every door of precisely the same shape, in the same place, prolonged, it would seem, to some infernal π or x ; think, too, that inside those houses there is no single object, from a teacup to a table, that has not been turned out by the devilish engine of monotony, the machine ; think of the men who come home to these places every night after having spent eight, ten, or twelve hours in moving a piece of leather to a fixed position under a mechanical knife, and in watching a certain unchanging cut being made in unending pieces of leather all day long ; then, if you have any sense,

you will understand strikes. Industrial civilisation treats men as though they were bees; brutes that have nothing to do but to accomplish so many hours' mechanical labour and then retreat to mechanical cells. Now, men are not bees; and so they revolt. They themselves think that what they want is more pay and less work. They know that they are miserable; they are furious and burning with misery all their days; and they know of no remedy but the purely material. I think that they are quite right so far as they go; I would have the masters take a less share of the profit and the men a greater share; but this is not the real root of the malady. The disease is not chiefly physical; it is chiefly spiritual. There is not a great gulf between the sorry meanness of the poor man's street and the sorry splendour of the rich man's hotel. There is the same deadly monotony about the unending corridors of this as about the unending avenues of that. A bad cake is still a bad cake, though it be iced, and the gaol of Giant Despair is still a prison-house and place of doom, though it be cased in marble."

Thus my friend the Socialist; and I agreed heartily with every word of it. We parted company on the question of the possibility of an improvement in this deplorable state. He thought that the social revolution would make things all right again; I was of opinion that the present struggle, mean and squalid and detestable as it is, was preferable to any conceived or conceivable Utopia of Socialism. I have read the case for Socialism put sweetly and reasonably by Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his collections of essays; and I say frankly that, recognising as I do all the horrors and abominations of our present state, I would as soon live in the Second Book of Euclid as in Mr. Wells' Socialistic commonweal. It is logical and rectangular; and to the soul of men logic and right angles enthroned in places where they have no business to reign are utter and final destruction, misery, and death. Why? Chiefly because they deny mystery; and mystery is the soul of all life and the salt of all life. Where, then, is the cure for our present ills? I am not sure that there is a cure, or that there is meant to be a cure. It is possible that people who, refusing to be bound by the dead hand of tradition and the dicta of mediæval chemists, decline to acknowledge the stereotyped dogma of the explosiveness of gunpowder, can only be cured of their disbelief by the process of being blown to bits by gunpowder exploding. An analogous process may be the only remedy for the presentsickness of the world.

But if there be a remedy, this I do know, that it must proceed from the centre and not from the circumference. I went to church the other Sunday and found, to my astonishment, that it was not the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, as the Prayer-book seemed to say. It was Citizen Sunday, and Citizen Sunday meant, it appeared, that if the Church of this country did not interest itself pretty quickly in social subjects, it was lost; that is to say, I suppose, that it is the duty of Bishops to take a brisk share in the suppression of juvenile smoking and of boxing contests. Deans should be ready with exact calculations of the weekly wage justly due to a goods porter, Archdeacons will have strong opinions as to the merits or demerits of an eight hours' shift in the coal-mines, and Canons are to speak learnedly on the conditions of labour in the boot trade. And the whole body of clergy are to take a vivid interest in that ghastliest insincerity and humbug called politics. It is pitiable that such stuff as this should be talked by well-meaning and honest and devoted men; the horrible and tragical futility of such a doctrine surpasses the measure of tears. Conceive a great hall given over to icy cold and the chill damps rising from the earth, to the horror of great darkness; and on the hearth where the old wood should burn and illuminate and crackle merely dead embers and the sadness of ashes where once was flame. And then imagine a man coming into this place with some

red and yellow tinsel and a paintpot; see him put his poor property sham of fire in the desolate hearth; see him paint the light of flame upon the walls; such is the real gospel of this silly "Citizen Sunday."

If there be a way; there is only one way of bringing warmth and light to the chamber of desolation, and that is to relight the central fires, to rekindle the sense of the mysteries in the heart of man. The highest wisdom, the only true wisdom that exists, is paradoxical. If a man would save his soul he must lose it, and, if our Mother Church would help the boot trade, it must forget that such a thing as the boot trade exists. By these paradoxes, and by paradoxes like to them, man gets salvation in body, soul, and spirit; there is no alternative, no other way open. A hundred bulls offered in sacrifice could not change the decree of death; and not by a hundred or a hundred thousand "social activities" shall society be improved one jot or one tittle. Look into the work of Thorold Rogers, the Radical politician and economist; you will see there that there was a time when the great mass of the English people lived, on the whole, in decent comfort and security, free from the gnawing and pitiful and shameful anxieties of the struggle for life—the struggles, as Mr. Wells expresses it, of man sinking slowly and surely in noisome slime, and sinking deeper for every effort of his to get free. This time was the Middle Ages, when the central fire was alight, when a great mystery was the foundation of all life, when the grand premises, being sound, the ultimate conclusions followed in sane and wholesome order.

The Christian Church came into existence when the world was full both of anarchy and tyranny. The two opposites seemed reconciled; the Roman Empire was governed by a tyrant who held power by the will of an armed mob. I am no historian; but I believe that every kind of social villainy, oppression, shame, and wrong was rampant in that world of Rome; the powers that reigned were as evil as any power well could be. And the Church, by its apostle, sent back the runaway slave to his master and impressed again and again on the faithful strict obedience to "the powers that be." It conquered this world of shame—not by social activities, interferences in the Senate, intrigues with the guards of the Emperor, nor by Citizen Sunday—but solely by the Lord's Day and by the Holy Mysteries thereon celebrated.

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BY FRANK HARRIS

It was Matthew Arnold, I believe, who first pointed out the obvious fact that when Mr. Frederic Harrison called himself a Comtist he was merely showing that a disciple could be greater than his master. His loyalty to Comte was the one unreasonable devotion of a life directed and governed by reason. Among the great Victorians with every variety of genius, every kind of gift, this was Frederic Harrison's unique distinction; he served reason more simply and more consistently than any of his contemporaries; he was a surer guide than any of them in all the myriad public controversies and questions of his time.

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* *Autobiographic Memoirs.* By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)

praised them and Browning's verses before he had become known as the husband of Elizabeth Barrett; he did more for the independence of Italy than any Englishman; he foresaw the growth of German militarism and industry and the decline of German letters and German philosophy; he kept from youth his admiration of France and French literature and French art; he has been justified in his praise as in his condemnation, in his fears as in his loves.

His wisdom is astonishing: in '53 he was against the Crimean War, though he knew that the power of Russia was greatly exaggerated. A little later the terrible Indian Mutiny "roused up all my ingrained enthusiasm for real nationalities," he says, "and my loathing for all forms of race oppression by conquerors." He saw that English rule in India "has been very bad and is still not good;" with Munro, Metcalfe, and Malcolm, he declared that our rule is "a phantom and cannot last." He was a Parliamentary reformer before Bright in '58. In the Civil War of America in '60 he again chose the right side. In '61 he took part with the labourers in the first great Builders' strike for a day of nine hours. He worked for Polish independence, and distrusted Bismarck; in '63 he was sure that "Prussia is the real danger to European progress, not France." He used the same impartial judgment in British adventures; he did not hesitate to denounce our mistakes. He thundered against the war in New Zealand in '63, and the "abominable act of bombarding Kagosima in Japan;" the "infamous Jameson Raid," too, and its sequel in a useless, senseless war, which cost us hundreds of millions and placed the Afrikaner party in power.

His insight is often uncanny; he wrote in '63 wiser words than anything said by Carlyle or Matthew Arnold in their political tracts:—

I see the rise of a real People's party. We shall no longer have the cries of Political and Religious Toleration, Free Trade, Reform in Election Abuses—all remnants of sinful abuses—as the highest of our political ideas, but we shall wage war on the accursed barrier between the gentleman and the cad, the unholy assumptions of property, the arrogance of respectability, the fallacies which support world-old abuses which degrade man's moral nature—domestic serfdom, war, the idleness of the higher classes, the ignorance of the lower. From henceforth the contest between property and birth is closed. The really honourable contest is this moment beginning, numbers against property—that is, man against things, in which the true appeal to the individual's moral responsibility comes to light.

If to be right when all other men have gone wrong, to be always on the side of the angels, is a proof of wisdom—and surely there can be no higher or severer test—then Frederic Harrison is certainly among the wisest of men. He stands now as he has stood any time from 1850 to 1910 as the best exponent of the conscience of England in all public matters; an incomparably wiser guide than any of the politicians; more courageous, unselfish than any Churchman or Nonconformist.

His wisdom compels him to see even himself in true perspective. In his eightieth year he can look at himself from the outside, and put his finger unerringly on his own chief shortcomings. In childhood, he tells us, he never read the "Arabian Nights" or any German or Scandinavian fairytales; "this melancholy defect in my education must, I fear, be accountable for the prosaic insensibility to the mystical with which I am so often and so justly charged."

That may well be, in part at any rate, an explanation of the fact that Mr. Harrison is a Positivist with all things between heaven and earth ordered and labelled in his philosophy.

Though free of any mock modesty, he is not unduly puffed up: he is inclined to take a rather low estimate of his own work; he calls these memoirs "unconsidered jottings," and assumes that when he is gone "they will have little interest for any one outside my own family and my friends," and yet I have never in my life found two large volumes at once so interesting and pleasant to read, and so hard to summarise or describe. I want to quote pages in every chapter, wise thoughts on this and that and the other subject so admirably expressed, that it would be a shame not to give them in the author's own words.

Wisdom seems to have brought Frederic Harrison not only length of days and world-wide respect, but also happiness, or at least a happy contentment; the whole book is bathed in goodwill to men and a warm interest in life and joy in living. Frederic Harrison looks back with pleasure and forward without fear; he might be taken as Plato's ideal of a good citizen, or as Aristotle's perfect man: there is something of antique nobility in his exquisite balance of mind and serenity of soul.

One cannot help asking: What is the secret of this singular product? How came any man to grow so straightly, to get into such perfect relations with men and things; how is it possible to be wise and yet be happy; to be a fighter and yet beloved; to be pitiful and yet well off; to be honest and yet esteemed; to be old and still hopeful; to have missed all the great prizes of life and yet to rejoice in the race?

Of course he was gifted with a perfect constitution, and born in good circumstances. His father was a Scotchman of "severe economy," he tells us, "and abstemiousness;" his mother "religious and affectionate;" he had a happy childhood, which he describes charmingly, the wisest upbringing and an excellent education—the best of everything, in fact.

It would take too long to tell how he escaped the evils of a public school and University education in England. The masters had tried to teach him to write Latin and Greek verse, but he did not care for this "small gift;" no "vigorous mind," he thinks, "could endure such acrobatic feats; they explain why so many 'brilliant scholars' turn out to be ignorant and mindless men."

He condemns the "Public School system as a failure." The whole teaching is "wanton waste of time . . . for the discipline of the public school something may be said, especially by those who calmly ignore its secret evils." But he much prefers day-schools. Though a lover of cricket and hard exercise, he condemns the way compulsory games are forced on the boys at public schools without regard to health, and all forms of sport which involve cruelty, such as hunting, shooting, &c., have always been a matter of loathing to him.

His happy fortune or luck followed him all his life. He didn't marry till he was nearly forty, and then he married a cousin in her teens, a girl in love with him and in perfect sympathy with his ideals. His married life has been one of unbroken happiness.

Mr. Harrison's second volume is not so enthralling as the first, which is devoted to his period of growth and development, always the most interesting and characteristic time of life. When a man has reached maturity we judge him by his works.

But this second volume contains three astonishing chapters—one on the politicians and statesmen whom Mr. Harrison has known, another on the men of letters, and a third in which he contrasts the men of the past with the men of our time. Here, if anywhere, we shall find him at full stretch.

Let me hasten to say at once that his judgments of

politicians seem to me absolutely impartial and fairly conclusive. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Robert Lowe, Sir W. Harcourt, W. E. Forster are all classified in his pages with scientific accuracy.

The lawyers, too, are treated in the same masterly way. But when we come to the great men of letters Mr. Harrison's fallibility, we think, with all deference, begins to show itself. The truth is the poets and writers are incomparably greater men than the lawyers and politicians. It is a thousand times harder, therefore, to classify Browning, Huxley, or Matthew Arnold than it is to classify Peel, Gladstone, or Disraeli, for the poets and writers belong to that strange class called immortal; they are fixed stars in the heaven and grow brighter with the centuries. Whereas the politicians—street-lamps, so to speak, of the time—are inconspicuous when seen from a distance. Think of the space filled in his time by Canning, the greatest Prime Minister whom England has known since Chatham, and the little druggist's apprentice, Keats. Yet who does not see to-day that the name of Keats is a thousand times more important than the name of Canning?

Mr. Harrison puts Tennyson "at the head of all the poets of the nineteenth century since the death of Shelley." He holds Robert Browning to have been "the most original and the most sane spirit of the Victorian writers," but there was "no music" in his poetry. Swinburne, on the other hand, had "the luscious music in him, but no deep or original thought;" and so forth and so on.

Now it seems to me that hardly any of these judgments will stand. Surely every one must see to-day what some of us have seen for the last quarter of a century—that Robert Browning is far and away the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century, the greatest poet indeed in England since Shakespeare. "Glorious Robert Browning!" Surely, too, every one would place Swinburne far above Tennyson?

Mr. Harrison asserts that we have no poets or writers to compare with these Victorians: declares we have not got "a sonnet to put beside 'The Ode to a Skylark' or 'The Grecian Urn';" no essay that Lamb or Coleridge would be proud to sign." This statement is very unfair. In all the preceding centuries there is nothing to equal "The Ode to a Skylark" or "The Grecian Urn," and yet I know a couple of sonnets in our own day by a poet unknown to Mr. Harrison which I would put beside either of them, and as for essays, I could find some that will be read in English when the best of Coleridge's prose will be forgotten.

Frederic Harrison reminds me on every page of Marcus Aurelius or of Socrates; there is something, I mean, of the antique world, something pre-Christian in his wisdom, in his happiness, even in the perfect health which has not known a day's illness in eighty years. Christianity, with its repentances and renunciations, its sadness, its soul-searching; chivalry with its extravagant, noble loyalties; modern life with its insatiate desires and demands, have never ruffled the equanimity of this tranquil spirit.

"*De vivis nil nisi verum*," as he would say himself. I met Frederic Harrison years ago, received kindly encouragement from him, tinged naturally with the superiority of the senior; I was always interested in his astounding balance of nature, always on the alert to welcome any new political pronouncement from him; but he made no deep, no ineffaceable impression on me.

He was profoundly religious in his own way; while still at Oxford in the early 'fifties he writes:—

I feel that there are many things defacing the earth which would be removed if men knew more of them, and which need a witness and a narrator; that monstrous ignorance exists because most men have no time to dispel it; that

much remains to be found out, if men were not searching for something else. I do hold to a strong belief that I have some thoughts that are right, and I feel a strong impulse to let others know them.

And when sixty years later, "at the close of a long, happy, busy life," he composes his "Epitaph," he declares that—

All our mighty achievements are being hampered and often neutralised, all our difficulties are being doubled, and all our moral and social diseases are being aggravated by this supreme and dominant fact—that we have suffered our religion to slide from us, and that in effect our age has no abiding faith in any religion at all. The urgent task of our time is to recover a religious faith as a basis of life, both personal and social. I feel that I have done this, in my own way, for myself, and am closing my quiet life in resignation, peace, and hope.

And yet, his peculiar faith does not appeal to us, his hopes leave us cold. It has been enough for him, this vague French belief in humanity; it does not satisfy us. Already this one is seeking to be a superman, and that one with clearer knowledge something—

. . . For aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

Time is in travail with a new fulfilment; here new religions are springing up; there old spiritualities. We are all waiting; some in fear; some full of hope:

Heartily know
When the half-gods go
The gods arrive.

The inappeasable longing for certainty Frederic Harrison has never felt; he has contented himself with life and what it offered, and when we look at his work we are conscious of the irremediable shortcoming. Yes, he was wise; yes, he was brave; yes, he was true; yes, he was happy and busy and healthy, and yet—

What has he left? Ten or twelve good sound volumes, like loaves of bread; but no word hot from the heart, nothing to quicken the soul, no promise that heals, no hope that inspires, no love that is as water to the thirsty, as balm to the weary and heavy-laden, no sacred height of renunciation, no rose of supernal bliss. . . .

And yet it is the extraordinary alone that lives; the soul is content only with ecstasy.

THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE—I.

By COLONEL G. P. RANKEN

THE article by Mr. Turner in THE ACADEMY of October 7th, and the letter in the following issue by Colonel Quin, on the future of the Territorial Force, have called attention to the difficulty of filling the ranks which is now facing Territorial Commanding Officers, County Associations, and the Army Council, and one which must be overcome if the Territorial Army is to continue to exist as a real and not merely as a paper force. The shortage of numbers already exists. On January 1st of this year the force was nearly 50,000 short of establishment, and it seems probable that this deficiency will be largely increased as the engagements of the old Volunteers and of the first batches of four-year men terminate.

The root of the whole matter lies, as both Mr. Quin and

Mr. Turner point out, in the insufficiency of funds. If the country desires an efficient Territorial Army kept up to full strength it must be prepared to pay for it, but closely dovetailed into the question of numbers is the question of training, so closely indeed that it is impossible to consider the one without considering the other.

If the masses in this country realised the necessity for a Territorial Army, and if they realised also—which they certainly do not—that such an Army, and, indeed, any Army, requires long and careful training, and must be properly equipped and mobilised to render it a force of any real value, funds would be forthcoming at once, and the Territorial Army would soon become a force of which any nation might well be proud. Unfortunately the masses do not possess this knowledge, and their leaders are careful not to enlighten them.

Lord Ashby St. Legers doubtless enunciated the intentions of the Cabinet when he stated in the House of Lords that the Government would only accept compulsory service in the event of a great national disaster. Of what use compulsory service would be under such circumstances, or whether it would then be worth while putting it into force he did not explain. But apparently we must look on compulsory service as being out of consideration for the present. Lord Haldane, speaking at Birmingham a few days ago, certainly hinted at the possibility of that solution later; but he obviously referred to the indefinite future, and hitherto his principle seems to have been that, with a strong Navy to protect our shores, our Territorials can always rely on the six months necessary for mobilisation and the perfecting of their training. But whenever the question of the inadequacy of our Navy to protect our overseas commerce, our Colonies and our food supplies is raised, we are told that our strong Territorial force would enable our Navy to be detached from our shores. In the face of such conflicting statements, we must be excused if we fail to understand what are really the views of the present Government.

So also when our weakness as an ally is brought to notice, we are informed that we have an expeditionary force of 70,000 men ready to leave our shores whenever required; but in the same breath we are informed that this force will, of course, remain at home to guard us while our Territorials are completing their training. It is all indeed very mystifying.

The views of the Socialists and the Labour Leaders are more pronounced, if not more illuminating: a very large section is against Militarism on the ground, among others, that every disciplined man trained to the use of arms is a potential weapon in the hands of Government for use on behalf of Capital to frustrate strikes. And doubtless this objection applies equally to the Territorial Army and to Compulsory Service. Others take a different view and dismiss the question by an appeal *ad hominem*. Speaking last winter on the subject of Compulsory Training, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is reported to have said, "They have a few Generals, Commanders-in-Chief, and others, knocking about and delivering speeches as to what a comfortable land this would be if every one became a private soldier and touched his cap every time some one passed who was not a private," and doubtless he voices the views of many of his followers. Others of the Socialists look to the international fraternity of labour to bring about general strikes in the event of war and so render war impossible and Territorial and other armies unnecessary. It is needless to point out that these men have read European history, even of the last fifty years, with little profit, have neither experience of war nor knowledge of what constitutes an efficient Army nor of what differentiates an Army from a mob.

Mr. Blatchford, who has experience and knowledge, holds

very different views—very refreshing to read—and so also do the German Socialists. Herr Bebel, who still remembers his experiences in the War of 1870, in a recent speech, after dilating on the iniquity of war and its horrors, finished by telling his hearers that, in the event of war taking place, their duty was to throw themselves, heart and soul, into the contest in order to bring it as speedily as possible to a conclusion by crushing their adversary.

Such are the different views which animate German Socialists and English Socialists. The former are patriots first and Socialists afterwards. The German Socialist lion is perfectly ready to lie down with the English Socialist lamb, but the lamb must be—inside. It is not surprising that such different views should be held by the men of the two nations professing what they claim to be the same creed. Both Germany and France retain the memory of what war at their door means. Nearly all Frenchmen and the majority of Germans have passed through the ranks, and they know the training that is necessary to turn a mob, however enthusiastic, into a trained army, and the forethought and organisation that is necessary to make it effective. Our masses have neither this experience, nor have they this knowledge.

But while such views are enunciated by the Cabinet and held by the masses, it is obvious that it will not be easy to loosen the public purse-strings, but there is one aspect of the matter that should appeal to men of a business nation whether in favour of a Territorial Army or not. Money spent on an object which it does not attain is money wasted, and it is much better either to cease the expenditure altogether or to increase it to a sum sufficient to attain the desired end, and, if we can only convince the public that the present allotment for the Territorials is so insufficient that the practical return we get for it in the shape of an effective Army is *nil*, there is every hope that the grant will be increased to an amount adequate to make the Territorial Army a real live force, and one on which we could rely to fulfil the purpose for which it is intended. The last Budget allotment for the Territorial Army—some two-and-three-quarter millions—works out for the effective strength at about £10 a head, and were the force at its full strength the increased cost would be so little more (as, of course, much of the annual outlay, such as the pay of the permanent staff, the upkeep of drill-halls and rifle-ranges, and the cost of camps, would be but little affected) that the cost would probably be reduced to but little over £9 per head. Surely a very small amount when the cost of the German peace establishment, exclusive of Colonial troops and pensions, works out at the rate of about £64 8s. a head! The comparison is, perhaps, not quite fair, but, at any rate, Germany gets a very real and tangible return for her money. Probably even Lord Haldane would hardly contend that we are getting at present any real return for our money in the shape of an effective force, except on paper.

The shortage of numbers in the Territorial ranks has already been alluded to. The deficiency of horses is even worse. One horse is all that is provided for every five (5) men of the mounted branches. Boots, the most important item in a foot-soldier's equipment, are largely deficient: so also is camp equipage. Transport, except for a few lorries, is non-existent—wagons and harness have still to be provided. Sufficient ammunition is possibly in store, but much of it would in the first instance have to be used in giving larger numbers of the Territorials preliminary instruction on the range before they could reasonably be intrusted with their rifles in the field.

In the year 1909, sixteen Territorial battalions failed to make themselves efficient in musketry: of these, seven failed to put any men through the standard test, and the remaining nine failed to put 50 per cent. of their numbers through the

course. Three of these battalions fired no ammunition, and of the rest, the average number of rounds per man varied from five to fifty-two.

In the year 1908-09, 106,651 men qualified in musketry, and 96,768 did not qualify.

In the year 1909-10, 126,912 qualified and 68,673 failed to qualify, and in addition some 18,453 "trained" men and 24,640 recruits qualified in the secondary test, mainly with the miniature rifle.

1,520 officers and 21,980 N.C.O.'s, rank and file, were absent from training in 1909, and Mr. Turner's figures show that in 1910 23,736 men did not attend camp, and 75,185 attended only for the shorter period.

With such figures before us, what can we think when we are told of "fourteen divisions of the Territorial Army possessing the complete organisation of a military force in every respect," and of "a complete military organisation capable of taking the field with transport and all other necessary accessories"?

THE HILL OF MONTMARTRE

AN autumn evening lights the crest of the Hill of Montmartre. Below, strange and grand in its silence, Paris lies, an opal set in grey silver, through whose luminous textures a thousand mysterious lights leap and die away. On the Butte, above the noise and turmoil of the city, one wanders at will in another land, the real Montmartre, which is in Paris, but not of it. An amber sky bestows its evening benediction as the night comes slowly up from the Seine.

Once a green hill, upon which were picturesquely perched one or two windmills, the Butte to-day is a wonderful region of illusion and romance, thanks to its distinctive air of aloofness, and an immigration of colour and verve from the Latin Quarter. Here art, poverty, vice, and religion go hand in hand. Little old-fashioned houses, shops, and inns cling with their gardens to the hillside in the narrow winding lanes and streets, and lie cheek by jowl with many a six-storied building or iron-gated mansion. They keep their secrets well, these stones of Montmartre: what stories could they not tell, which for humour would outrival those of de Maupassant, or for irony and sadness those of Anatole France! Artist, anarchist, poet, and priest come and go; some are broken on Fortune's wheel by the heartache of hopes unfulfilled, of work unfinished. The stones watch silent, immutable, and only the leaves in the lanes hear the whispering of the wind.

The guardian of the Butte is the Cathedral of the Sacré-Cœur. Seen from the Boulevard below, its huge Byzantine outlines look like a white fortress above the town, and as one climbs up the numberless steps of the Hill it seems to come no nearer. How many of the artist-dwellers who climb to their beds each evening, gaze upon it, and think of that other hill they are climbing, at the top of which, though ever the same distance away, gleams glorious the Panthéon! Were this simile placed before the average Montmartrois, he would probably shrug his shoulders and smile. Your struggling Bohemian is generally too polite to let you be concerned about his troubles; albeit, should he sell you a *chanson*, or a copy of something in the Louvre, he may not hesitate to give you a couple of francs short of your change, presuming that you are fresh to Paris and have but a vague idea of the currency. You probably hasten to assure him that you appreciate the value of money, and having stripped him of every argument, will finally discover that he has revolutionary ideas, and is a firm believer in a poor man practising, where he can, *le droit du vol*.

It is easy to understand. His ascetic face, marked with lines of care, his disreputable slouch-hat and still more disreputable trousers, the latter hanging on his attenuated limbs so loosely that the wind flaps them about, speak eloquently of the same *sturm und drang* that Millet, Audran, de Nerval, and a host of others knew; the many trappings of the Latin Quarter, the breadless days of the Square St. Pierre. His face, if sad, is dignified, and it will still light up with a smile of enthusiasm at times; as, for instance, when he meets you again in some neighbouring brasserie or café, and insists on buying you a drink and offering you a dirty and broken cigarette. Maybe he cannot pay for what he orders, but that is his affair; you are his guest, and he leaves you at length with a lordly wave of the hand and a renewed smile. On the morrow he will call again on the landlord, and offer to clean his windows or amuse the children. His methods are peculiar certainly; but then, is he not a Bohemian and a Montmartrois? Yet more gentlemen may be found in this careless community than on the Grands Boulevards.

Turn for a moment into the Cathedral. No service is being held, but in the soft light here and there worshippers are kneeling. Some nuns are close by. The murmur of prayer rises and falls. For a second the sound ceases, but comes again across the dim aisles, where before the statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph tapers are burning. The immensity of pillar, arch, and middle distance whose atmosphere and imposing grandeur seem to enfold us, is surely the home and mother of Montmartre, the home that shelters and the mother who soothes. The architecture of the Sacré-Cœur symbolises the meeting of East and West, pagan and Christian, just as everywhere in this vicinity one is reminded of the merging of ignorance and knowledge, beauty and sin. How wonderful are these airs of reverence and adoration, how mysterious, poignant, and compelling, where every heart must be an open book.

It has grown darker. Slowly we make our way through the narrow streets, towards the twinkling lights of Paris, half reluctant to leave these peaceful haunts for the realm of omnibuses and street-cries. In the Boulevard the *cabarets* echo with the sound of laughter, violin, and guitar. A *café-concert* announces in big lettering a new *revue*. The wheel of the Moulin-Rouge, brilliant with many lights, revolves steadily. The place itself looks inviting and prosperous. In the Chat-Noir the voice of the presiding genius rings out in a drinking-song. Presently he stops, chaffs some one in his audience, and adds "I'm thirsty," amidst much laughter. We know him well. Have we not paid three francs to be insulted by him, and enjoyed it immensely? He is a sort of Brazenhead, from whose lips much wit and truth escape. His lungs are brazen, likewise his manners, but he causes no offence. On the other hand, what would the Chat-Noir be without him? Night after night he keeps up his running fire of witty comment, his little lectures, and his *chansons*. At times he walks up and down the room, smoking a big pipe and pouring ridicule on his audience and the world in general, now taking up an interruption, now castigating the Premier. We move out of range of his voice, wondering if he is ever glad to climb the hill of Montmartre, and smoke his big pipe up there in rest and contemplation! It would be a welcome respite from a strenuous life like his.

Montmartre!—home of *la chanson* and *les cabarets artistiques et littéraires*—we bid you good night! The great cathedral looks down upon us as it watches the Hill. We lingered long under its shadow away from the noonday sun; and at St. Joseph's Rest we ate our chicken and drank our wine. Already, we feel, we are part of Montmartre. Arnold loved the moonlit gardens of Oxford, and Landor his Florentine cyclamen; we are citizens of Montmartre, and the Spirit of the Hill walks beside us.

REVIEWS

VERSE: A BIRTH, SOME RE-BIRTHS,
AND A RESURRECTION

The Cup of Quietness. By ALFRED HAYES. (Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Bertrud, and other Dramatic Poems. By the Author of "A Hymn to Dionysus." (Edinburgh: William Brown.)

New Poems. By KATHERINE TYNAN. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

Survivals. By R. CHARLES MOIR. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

By the Way of the Gate. By CHARLES CAYZER. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. Two Vols. 10s. net.)

HERE are six volumes of contemporary verse, picked out, we might almost say, at random, and the first thing that impresses us is their general high quality. There is not a failure among them, and yet only two are by authors whose reputation is anything like widely established. It is with one of those rare thrills of expectation that we take up the slender new volume that bears the name of Alfred Hayes. It is actually sixteen years since the last book with that superscription appeared, though Mr. Hayes' proven song was such that no diffidence need have imposed upon it so long a silence. Indeed, the author of "The Last Crusade" and "The March of Man" gave promise of even greater things than perhaps any of his melodious contemporaries and *confrères* who have since eclipsed him in gentle notoriety. So it was of "The March of Man" we thought as we took up this little green book, and, laying it down, still for the promise of that earlier volume we sighed. But "The Cup of Quietness" has been filled in that "Vale of Arden" from whose green retirement last the poet spoke. Well, at least Mr. Hayes has not overwritten himself, and the twenty-six short poems that go to compact this "Cup" are all fruit of an excellent vineyard. We get here and there an echo of that old prophetic note, as in "The Age of Iron," but chiefly his vision now is of gentler things, and he sings of the eternal mystery of love in "One Thing Wanting":—

Love is a hunger never here appeased,
A question never answered; vainly speech
Pursueth: long ere love's intent be seized,
'Tis out of reach.

I fear no disenchantment; I would prove
That here things seem less precious than they are;
My faith is, that the hearts of those I love
Are greater far

Than thought can comprehend, or tongue express;
If death reveal love's truth, then I rejoice
To die; meanwhile a silent wistfulness
Is love's best voice;

or of the twin mystery of death, in the "Elegy"—

O all bright things that knew him not, be glad;
O birds, that tune your love-notes o'er his grave,
Sing sweeter still; he would not wish you sad;
Fling your full hearts across
The silence of his death, that Earth may have
No feeling of her loss.

Since he has chosen his peaceful seclusion, may we not admit that he still sings sweetly and with charm?—though it was for something other than these "woodnotes wild" that we once trained our ears to him.

The author of "A Hymn to Dionysus" is, we understand, Lady Margaret Sackville, who has already claimed the public ear, both as an anthologist and on account of polished and distinctive verse of her own. The present volume—which is a glory of paper and type—consists of four dramatic poems, strictly speaking, with a short piece in blank verse, called "The Pythoness," and a proem. The authoress betrays considerable dramatic power and a remarkably Greek spirit. These poems are frankly pagan, and one could almost imagine in reading "Tereus" that it was a verse translation from some lesser-known Greek poet. The poem which lends its title to the volume is perhaps the best. It is essentially dramatic in conception and expression; is lighted by some fine flashes, as where Gerta asks Bertrud if it is from the heart that she forgives her, and Bertrud replies—

You cared no more
Than the wind cares for the leaf it whirls away
For my heart once—

and the climax of Bertrud's changed disposition is a fine piece of psychology. Still, we like Lady Margaret best in lyric vein—as, for instance, in the Swinburnian chorus which concludes the first part of "The Wooing of Dionysus":—

Now that a warm wind lightens and passes
With trailing pinions through the green grasses,
And the ice is snapped and the glad streams flow—
What should I do then with love, I pray ye,
With love that hinders and would delay me,
Whose voice is solemn, whose feet are slow?
O love, if you will, come with me a-dancing,
Where shadow and sun through the new leaves glancing.
Mock at joy which is kin to woe.
Ah! but ruinous love's endeavour
To bind and blind and hold me for ever,
Who am I to be cheated so?
Nay, my lover—pardon and speed me,
Let me run wherever the wind shall lead me;
Speed at my side, though your heart reprove me—
Follow and blame—but I pray you love me,
Love me enough, in the year's new dawning—
Love me enough to let me go!

Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson has the lyric gift to a remarkable degree. There is about her best work that inspired simplicity which is complete satisfaction, but which at the merely imitative hands of the uninspired is sheer banality. She has constituted herself the priestess of sacred maternity, nor do we know any poetess worthier of the office. Her wonderful sympathy, tenderness, and imaginative grace are continually interpreting afresh the beautifully symbolic figure of Mother Mary. Indeed, we whom this time-honoured conception leaves cold perhaps can at least catch some intimation of its tremendous appeal to the women of Catholic countries after reading some of "Katherine Tynan's" tender little poems. Take the first of these "New Poems" as an example. It is entitled "The Little Ghost," and describes how the "little son of seven" escaped from "the nurseries of heaven" and came to comfort the mother who had lost him. She is shown the lovely picture of "the little sleepy children" lying "'twixt Mary's arm and breast," and her heart is consoled.

We have just one small protest to make here. A little while ago Mrs. Hinkson gave us a really lovely and mystical little poem, "Sheep and Lambs," which ever so delicately conveys the Divine suggestions of a flock of footsore lambs. We do not hesitate to say that no future "Golden Treasury" can be excused for omitting it. Very good; but why does not Mrs. Hinkson leave it to its deserts instead of

warming up the charming thought in an irritating way in this volume? There is one poem which is practically a repetition of it, and a distinctly poorer version at that; while the figure is reintroduced into at least two other poems. No more delightful example of her deft work could be given than these verses from "The Green Lady":—

She comes all unbidden, with wild eyes hidden;
Veils of mist cover her with a green dress.
Where her foot passes the dead under the grasses
Ask: Is it time? And she answers: Yes.

I have not seen her, but the grass is greener
For the white feet of her that glide and float.
I but divine her by a something finer,
Wilder and gayer in the blackbird's note.

To my highest chamber her white feet clamber.
Oh, the Spring, Spring's in my house and joys I lost.
In the grey twilight, the soft light, the shy light,
Comes and goes like a mist of green, a gentle ghost.

We imagine "Survivals" to be Mr. Moir's maiden volume of verse. If we are correct, then Mr. Moir is to be congratulated on exhibiting few of the solecisms that so frequently distinguish the apprentice to the Muse. But Mr. Moir's Muse is a very staid and sober one, a little too sparing, it may be, with her cup of divine intoxication. It is nearly all reflective verse, and there is little of that lyric spontaneity which is the hall-mark of the poet born. We should have liked a leaven of it in this volume; it would have saved it from a certain impression of dulness which somehow we feel the workmanship of these poems does not merit. In saying this we hang our head, of course, before the chilling dignity of Mr. Moir's proem. But young men really shouldn't write proems with a moral for the critic. The title "Survivals" belongs to eight more or less connected poems in the "In Memoriam" metre, but the ancient subject of Spring has lent most inspiration to Mr. Moir's lyre in "April Snows." "A Bach Fugue" has also some fine passages, as witness:—

Like to a temple of silver white
The soaring pipes of the organ stood,
Cradling the sleep of each music sprite
That shouts in metal, or throbs in wood,
Flute of the bird, and the thunder's shake,
That wait for the master's knock to wake.

We feel that Mr. Cayzer's volumes merit far more space than we can here give them. They represent something of a "collected edition," we suppose, some of the pieces dating from as far back as 1888. The second volume consists of three dramas, two of which—"Donna Marina" and "Undine"—manifest considerable dramatic power. The other, "David and Bathshua," suffers from over-comprehensiveness. Why Mr. Cayzer thought it necessary to give "potted scenes" from nearly all David's life previous to his meeting with Bathshua it is difficult to understand. The dramatic interest really begins with Act III., Scene 3. previous to which, practically speaking, the play has ample opportunity for a very conclusive damnation. But it is the other volume which reveals Mr. Cayzer most truly. From this we could quote appreciatively to the extent of several columns. It exhibits Mr. Cayzer as a poet of no mean power and of undoubted skill. If there is not quite the note of greatness in his work there is at least distinction, and we should not ourselves hesitate to place him at least with some of the distinguished poets who were considered as being "in the running" when the Laureateship last lay vacant. But let us briefly sum up and give examples. "Ad Astra" is a poem

of clxxix stanzas, whose theme is "The Quest of Eden." Here is Stanza cxiii:—

Thus every sorrow hides a central joy,
And with all suffering and pain'd under-song
God mingles a bright tempering of alloy
That more than compensates the seeming wrong;
For to the maim'd Life's holiest joys belong—
A keener sensibility to bliss,
A finer insight into all that is.

Of the Love Poems "The Jewels of Dawn and of Dusk" is tempting to quote. The lines "A spirit hath flown from my hearth" are a genuine lyrical cry, and the sonnet "Love in Chains" is little short of perfect both as sonnet and as love poem. The songs that occur in the dramas are almost uniformly good; there is a very fine "Hymn of Empire," and a delightful poem "To Winifred (aged eighteen months)." We might do worse than take an example from what is so painfully often a refuge of banality, the piously inept and the revoltingly sentimental. Mr. Cayzer is never guilty of any of these things, and it is to us an excellent test that his "Sacred Poems" are so unaffectedly spiritual and yet so faithfully poetical. His "Hymn of Praise," the strong and simple "Morning Hymn," and the "Hymn of Sleep" are all worthy of note. But we submit the following short poem as being in itself evidence of a spirit and workmanship of very high quality:—

THE TEMPLE OF ART.

The Temple of Art lies open evermore,
And this the inscription set above the door—
*Faint not, nor falter, ye that enter here,
The deathless dead surround you everywhere.
All that life gives, they gave—in sacrifice,
The Deity demands no lesser price.*
In blood-red letters the brief legend runs:
And one man enters in a thousand suns.

We recommend all who have not lost interest in the welfare of our English lyre to obtain and sample these volumes for themselves.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ART

Water-Colour. By NEVILLE LYTTON. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. LYTTON set out modestly to discourse on the art of water-colour painting; what he has actually done is to produce a well-considered and unusually suggestive essay upon the purposes and essential meaning of Art generally. We all remember the query which Mr. Kipling places in the mouth of the enemy of mankind—"It's pretty, but is it Art?"—and this in effect is what Mr. Lytton, after some preliminary words on the aims and *technique* of water-colour painting, sets himself to answer.

The difficulty, of course, arises, as it has always done, from the absence of satisfactory definitions. If there were an acceptable definition of Art, it would be easier to decide whether any given work crossed the mysterious line which divides craftsmanship from Art. But this definition has never been formulated—at least in such a guise as to command universal acceptance. It is true that we have gone a certain distance on the way. Every thoughtful person recognises that a "School of Art" is a hopeless misnomer; we all admit that, however highly such a school may raise the standard of craftsmanship, Art in any real sense is incommunicable. Art is from within; it is something which the artist has brought into the world—a power, a gift, if you will, that he can exercise, but cannot pass

on; a bow of Ulysses, which none but the hero can bend. The real artist must, moreover, be something of a prophet, a seer; the occasions on which the mantle of the prophet can be assumed by the disciple must be so few as to be negligible. And this brings us to a point which Mr. Lytton has stated with unusual happiness. Art, he recognises, is on a similar plane with religion. You can no more have literal realism in the one than in the other. Realism is death to both, for the philosophic or religious truth—that is, the external and even supernatural message which it is the business of both to communicate—is not expressible in terms of ordinary language or of the familiar objects which surround us. Mr. Lytton points justly to the *Prima Vera* of Botticelli as a strong instance of his meaning:—

In that picture everything *actually* is untrue. The plants are arranged in a formal, unnatural way, the trees are placed in a quite artificial semicircle, the draperies fall into a series of decorative lines, and have no tangibility or substance. The shapes of the forms are hardly human; yet, nevertheless, that picture contains the Spring.

The Spring intoxication, as he says, is embodied and explained in the *Prima Vera*. The picture is in essence more modern, more advanced, more realistic in the proper sense than any Spring landscape by Monet, with effects of sunlight on green trees.

This leads Mr. Lytton to emphasise the fact that the movement for actual realism in Art coincided almost exactly with scientific criticism of religious beliefs. Thus Monet wanted to show that Poussin and Claude did not paint Nature as she really was, just as Huxley, Darwin, and Lyell desired to demonstrate that the creation of the world was not truthfully described in the first chapter of Genesis. So he continues:—

Now is the time to realise that actual truth is worth nothing either in religion or Art. It may be true that Christ was not the Son of a Virgin, yet the Christian religion was the apotheosis of purity, humility, and reverence. With the disappearance of the belief in the Christian religion there is a corresponding disappearance of these qualities. This is disastrous to the human race.

Similarly he shows that though Claude and Poussin's trees may not be actually true to Nature, they do express the inner meaning of landscape as a laborious copy of Nature very seldom does. Art, then, is not concerned merely with scientific truth; the artist is a man with a message which he must deliver as best he can. The artist is concerned with the inner eye, not the physical eye. He cannot dispense with *technique*, but *technique* is within the reach of everybody, and the vision of the inner eye is the prerogative of a chosen few.

Mr. Lytton is as well acquainted with the *technique* of his subject as he is with its artistic side. It is inevitable, perhaps, that some of his statements will excite controversy, but in general we can confidently recommend him as an admirable guide. He is indeed an enthusiast, and has studied the possibilities of water-colour painting as few men have done; drawing a sharp distinction between the results legitimately obtainable by water-colour and oils respectively—a distinction which in these days requires to be strongly emphasised. Incidentally he has a fling at a form of water-colour painting which is now very popular, and which he names "garden water-colours." It is easier to deduce his meaning from the spirit of what he writes about this than from the actual letter, but in the main we believe him to be correct. The interest of a "garden water-colour" is altogether too diffused; the aim is to indicate precisely the different kinds of flowers and herbage composing the subject, and consequently there is no central point upon which the

artist can—so to speak—focus his message. It is, in fact, a kind of picture through which no message can be delivered. Mr. Lytton is more lucid in his analysis of the so-called "Oriental water-colours" (to be sure, the fault in them is much more readily discernible), which he seems to select as an instance of that intolerable trickery in Art—or so-called Art—which has made the fortunes of more than one prominent painter in this decadent age. But we dare not permit ourselves to enlarge on this sore subject. Let us say again that Mr. Lytton's book is one that everybody who has any interest or ambitions in art should study and master to the utmost of his ability. If he cannot grasp Mr. Lytton's meaning he is no true artist; if he can do so, let him take heart and go on his way rejoicing.

"THE EAST A-CALLIN"

The Surgeon's Log. Being Impressions of the Far East. By J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM and his friend the Pathologist were supposed to share a flat together; but we gather that the Pathologist's impedimenta made the share a very one-sided affair indeed:—

A microtome, two incubators, bottles of every shape and size—mostly with German labels—flasks, two microscopes under bell-jars, bundles of slides and boxes of coverslips, test-tubes, and Petri dishes, books and monographs, on chairs, on the table, on the floor—anywhere. Any space not occupied by these the Pathologist and I share.

When, however, the Pathologist suggested keeping four "control" guinea-pigs, our author very wisely put his foot down.

The Pathologist, in spite of the impedimenta of his profession, and his longing for guinea-pigs, deserves a word of praise. He it was who overhauled our author, and, after a careful diagnosis, suggested that the best thing his friend could do was to take a voyage, a modified rest-cure combined with the light duties of a ship's surgeon. We should like to thank the Pathologist for his excellent advice, because it resulted in his friend writing an extremely fascinating account of his experiences in the Far East. We have had many travel-books, but few that come up to the standard of Dr. Abraham's vivacious account. It is vivid and humorous from start to finish. The reader must be a dull and jaded soul who in reading these pages does not himself step on board ship and make friends with the Captain, known as the "Old Man," with the Doc., the Chief, "No. 1 Chinaman," and the other people who make up the good company of the ss. *Clytemnestra*.

The "Old Man," who could bellow on the bridge to some purpose when any of the crew required waking up, was extremely stout. He yearned to decrease his bulk, and with that object in view had a habit of taking a two-mile walk on deck with the Doc. Our author writes: "His idea was to reduce his weight, mine to get some exercise. But I had cooled off. He rolled so in his walk that we constantly impinged, a fact of which he was blissfully unconscious, being sixteen stone, and having the elasticity of an india-rubber man. I, on the contrary, was battered."

The Doc.'s medical treatment was not put to a very severe test during this voyage. On one occasion the Chinese cook treated tropical ringworm, from which he was suffering, with blue-black ink. The Doc. added sulphur ointment and carbolic. This concoction proved so efficacious that all the other Chinese on board wanted ink, with the

result that "the ship's supply soon began to show signs of exhaustion owing to the unexpected demand!"

When the *Clytemnestra* reached Japan she was boarded by no less than eleven Japanese doctors, "in gold-braided uniform, looking like diminutive railway guards." The Chief sarcastically described the whole affair as an example of "European ideas overdone." It was the duty of these Japanese doctors to feel pulses, look at extended tongues, and to prod the Chinamen to see if they had the plague.

Our author does not seem to be over-impressed with Japan; but then it is scarcely fair to judge Japan by her ports. The Doc. is highly amused at seeing a Japanese man in elastic-side boots, and remarks that "in England one associates them with the Nonconformist conscience." We are glad to find that Dr. Abraham denounces Japan's imitation of the West. He writes:—

The Japanese, though they have such exquisite taste in everything pertaining to their own methods of living and furnishing, when they begin to copy European models, seem to lose all their good taste, and manage to imitate the very worst traits of the models, missing the best completely. As a consequence houses built and furnished in Japan on European lines are inimitable examples of how not to do it.

But the Doc., for all his terse criticism, comes under the spell of the Japanese woman, while Horner, one of the mates, falls desperately in love with a little Japanese lady named Ponta.

From Japan we are taken to Java. We should think that in Java the possibility of a railway strike is very remote. It is the passengers who have good reason to grumble. Our author writes:—

The trains in Java are very comfortable, and run at regular intervals during the day, but never at night. The engine-drivers are natives, and the Dutch do not care to trust them in the dark. Consequently, when night comes all trains stop at the nearest station, and the passengers put up for the night, in the Government *passagrahan*, or hotel, till the next morning, when they resume their leisurely journey onwards.

There is a glamour about this book that is difficult, if not impossible, to describe; but we can promise its readers a most fascinating voyage from Liverpool to Port Said, across the Indian Ocean to Pinang, and from Pinang to Japan, Java, and Macassar. We have heard "the East a-callin'" in these pages, and felt "the long, calm days, the quiet deck, the hot kiss of the tropical sun, and the soft velvet of the tropical night, the warmth of colour and costume denied one's eyes in Puritan England." If the Pathologist *does* insist on keeping four guinea-pigs, we hope the Doc. will take another voyage to the Far East. If he does so, then we wish him *bon voyage* and another book as delightful as the one before us.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

BUSINESS AND GENIUS

Inspired Millionaires: A Study of the Man of Genius in Business. By GERALD STANLEY LEE. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

ANY man who in this age of huge accumulations of wealth and huge monopolies of commerce comes forward to tell us that the assembling of great riches is natural and right, and that in the hands of the right men they will lead to our social betterment, is bound to secure a great deal of attention:—

If the passion for making money is the passion that people actually have in our modern life, the next vision for us is

going to be some way of making what we actually have beautiful. The beauty that builds the destiny of a civilisation always lies next neighbour to its greatest gift. If it is true that wealth is our greatest gift . . . the time is bound to come when we shall see that the wealth that comes to us . . . is holding in its hand the liberties of the world.

Such is the beginning of Mr. Stanley Lee's creed, and the inspired millionaire, the man of genius in business, is to be its high priest. Mr. Lee believes that commerce is not vile, and that scientific inventions do not represent a decadence from the best parts of any civilisation, ancient or modern. He is a firm individualist, we need hardly say, though not of the brutal, "get-on-or-get-out" type. He holds that if a man does what he aspires to do in his own way the result is apt to be more beneficial than if he does what a bureaucracy wants him to do in the way in which a bureaucracy wants him to do it. He thinks that Capital and Labour are obviously distinct, but not hostile to one another, and he blames Trades Unions as much as stupid and greedy employers for reducing the labourer to his present helpless condition; the former forbid men to be sufficiently interested in their work to forget their hours and wages, and the latter take no pains to make that work interesting. Modern industry, says Mr. Lee—

Is daily living. . . . in fear and slavery and drudgery all the way through, because it is a sick industry. And it can never be anything else but sick until it acknowledges that the soul must be as supreme in business as in everything else.

The inspired millionaire, who will be a monopolist simply because a man who has conceived an idea or built up a great business is more likely to make it benefit the world if he keeps its reins in his own hands, will change all this. He will overthrow the system of factory work, which condemns men to be the slaves of particular machines, ignorant of all but the way to pull a lever to the left or right, and offers them public libraries with which to save their souls in their spare time. He will see that every labourer, while naturally becoming the master of some particular process or part of a process, gradually serves an interesting apprenticeship to all other processes in his factory. Workmen will thus learn to criticise, to suggest improvements out of their own difficulties, and by the way to widen their own outlook. The capitalist of the future, the man who will supersede the Rockefellers and Harrimans, and will by his example prove such combines as the Standard Oil Company to be haphazard and short-lived bungles, will bring to his work the creative joy of the artist together with the perfect freedom of the man who is bound to nobody for his daily bread:—

The artist is never so hard put to it in this world that he has to look around in it to do good. He creates and likes it. After he has created (like God) he says it is good. The good is thrown in, and is too obvious to be mentioned, with a great artist, and the probability seems to be that the great millionaire, when he comes, like Leonardo da Vinci or Phidias, will do good in the same way, not by poking distastefully around the world and being on Committees, and trying to be self-sacrificing and trying vaguely to make people happy, but by being happy with some deep happiness himself, and overflowing the world with it.

This is an attractive doctrine, and we cannot resist its fascination, despite the doubts which it leaves upon us. We wonder, in this great blending of the material and the spiritual, in this hoped-for society of wealth justly acquired, what will happen, for example, to the smoky chimneys, the advertisement-boardings, the halfpenny newspapers, and the mountebank politicians. Will they be banished by a wider æsthetic sense, or will they simply go the way of the

inefficient? And the artists, whom our author ranks with his inspired millionaires in the affections of the future, will they not degenerate a little when they become rich? Or will they only grow rich when they grow great beyond the possibility of degeneration? We do not altogether trust Mr. Lee in these matters, for we feel by the witness of his own methods of writing, by a certain raciness of style and a certain slanginess of metaphor, that he does not worship the gods which are greatest in art. He is as invigorating as a dash of cold water and as warming as the open rays of the sun, but we feel that there are many planes of thought which are more lofty than his own, and of which he has no knowledge. We cannot help a suspicion that his imaginative passages are merely that rather clumsy transcendentalism common to poetic Americans. He reasons upward, as it were, from the inspiring whirr of machinery, from the lights of theatres, from the rows of towering city edifices, and because there are elements of beauty in these things, he would seek for perfect beauty in the apotheosis of their spirit.

Such a creed certainly gives a meaning to the thing we call progress; but does it not trample blossoms by the way which are as valuable as any it charges on to seek? Is such progress really economical? Is it making the most perfect use of what we have, or is it only increasing the skill with which we create a few passing treasures? Is it, in the end, a good thing for a man to put his soul into factory work of any kind, or should these things be done, like washing and dressing, as the necessary work of the world, and forgotten as soon as possible? There would be fewer "modern improvements" certainly, but there would, we think, be more grace. Such are the thoughts which Mr. Lee's book rouses; but we must not overlook the fact that he has worked out a remedy while we have not. His attitude at the least is thoroughly healthy and natural, if it leaves out of account many things upon which we place a supreme value. Mr. Lee, for all his thoughtfulness, is a good deal of a "hustler." It is permitted to a mere reviewer to shake a meditative head over him.

NEW EDITIONS

The Roadmender. By MICHAEL FAIRLESS. Illustrated by E. W. WAITE. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Phantasmagoria, and other Poems. By LEWIS CARROLL. With Illustrations by ARTHUR B. FROST. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

A Thoroughbred Mongrel. By STEPHEN TOWNSEND. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 3s. 6d.)

The Pickwick Papers: Nicholas Nickleby. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations (coloured) by SEYMOUR and "PHIZ." (Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. each net.)

Paul the Minstrel, and other Stories. Reprinted from "The Hill of Trouble" and "The Isles of Sunset." By A. C. BENSON. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Widow Woman: a Cornish Tale. By CHARLES LEE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE prevalent practice of producing a "colour-book" by taking a well-known volume, almost a classic, and republishing it with added illustrations more or less concerned with the text, is not always to be defended; but in the present instance the gentle essays of "The Roadmender" emerge unspoiled from the test. The pictures are excellent, and if

they do not actually elucidate the text, they are, at any rate, companionable with it, and do not distract the attention of the reader. Mr. Waite has caught the colour and atmosphere of the peaceful country admirably, and artist, printer, and binder have combined to produce the best edition we have seen. The poor author, in this praise, seems somewhat neglected; but the fact that this is the twenty-eighth edition of his work is higher praise than any commentator can bestow.

There should be a large market for the humour of "Lewis Carroll" in verse, though comparatively few of those who fall under the spell of "Alice" are familiar with it. "Hiawatha's photographing," for instance, one of the funniest rhyming skits he wrote, is hardly ever heard of; and there are many verses not far behind in their laughter-moving qualities. With the Tenniel-like sketches of Mr. Frost this neat pocket edition should achieve success.

"The Tale of a Dog told by a Dog to Lovers of Dogs" is the sub-title of "A Thoroughbred Mongrel," and this new edition with Mr. J. A. Shepherd's illustrations should be welcomed by many who own a canine friend. We find it rather difficult to sustain a high interest in the humours and adventures of the various "characters," and the chapter which gives a dog's nightmare of vivisection had far better have been omitted; but on the whole the book is entertaining—the exposure of the imitation "Shiwawa" puppy being especially good.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall's reissue of the works of Charles Dickens is notable for its excellent printing and the tinted illustrations, most of which are, of course, more familiar in black-and-white. In considering this latest "Pickwick" the reader of a thoughtful turn of mind will be moved to musings over the mental picture of the young Dickens, waited upon by Messrs. Chapman and Hall of those days with a suggestion for the chronicles of the "Nimrod Club," anxiously meditating the matter, never dreaming that in those tentative first papers he had begun a classic work. "Nicholas Nickleby" in its present guise is just as attractive, though we are a little uncertain as to whether the colours are an advantage. In some cases, it seems to us, they detract from the effect.

Many readers devoted to the cult of the "prose poem" will be glad to possess the reprinted short sketches of Mr. A. C. Benson, which Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have just issued. Mr. Benson's placid style, curiously reminiscent of the "Morte D'Arthur" in some passages, does not appeal to all even in the literary world. The mystical legend of "The Gray Cat," the subdued terrors of "The Closed Window," are among the best things the author has done, in spite of the admission that they were written, with many other stories, for the benefit of his boys at Eton. "I wonder if they remember the old days and the old stories," says Mr. Benson in his charming Preface. We expect they do; and for them, and a far larger circle, this collection will prove a treasure.

We reviewed elsewhere Mr. Charles Lee's new book, "Dorinda's Birthday," and need only here put on record our pleasure at seeing his little volume "The Widow Woman" in a fourth edition. It is a perfectly delightful tale to readers who know Cornwall, and it is difficult to believe that even a stranger to that land of saffron-cake and cream could fail to gain keen pleasure from the irresistible fun of Mrs. Pollard's wooers. Mr. Lee hits off his characters—they are as accurate as photographs and yet have the pleasing "atmosphere" of a picture, and we can vouch for their fidelity. To this edition Mr. C. E. Brock contributes many illustrations, small as a rule, but astonishingly good and amusing. Not often do artist and author work so excellently together.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting. By FREDERICK W. HACKWOOD. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALL lovers of good cheer, and their name is legion, will welcome this entertaining volume, which is a veritable store-house of gastronomic lore. From the food of primeval man and antediluvian vegetarianism, it carries the reader through successive stages, like so many courses at a royal or civic banquet, to the dietary of the Scriptures, the culinary practices of the ancients, early English fare, monastic cuisine, baronial hospitality, Elizabethan fare, forks and refinement, the æsthetics of the dinner-table, and the modern art of dining. One chapter is devoted to good cheer in fiction, in which we read again that "immediately Gargantua was born he cried out 'Drink, drink!' so lustily that no less than 17,913 cows had to be provided to supply this vigorous babe with milk." Another chapter, dealing with anthropophagy, contains the following unique recipe for cooking human flesh quoted from the "Romance of Richard Cœur-de-Lion":—

Take a Saracen young and fat,
In haste let the thief be slayne,
Opened, and his skin off flayne,
And sodded full hastily,
With powder and spicery
And saffron of good colour.

National foods and prejudices form the contents of yet another chapter, with many allusions to the esculent or edible frogs and snails. The former are, by the way, much appreciated in Canada, where in Montreal alone £40,000 worth were sold in 1909, while one hotel in Toronto is said to sell about 1,500lb. of frogs' legs every year. Some three centuries ago snails were apparently more popular in England than they are now, for the fastidious author of "The Faerie Queene" gives this recipe for their preparation:—

With our sharp weapons we shal thee fray
And take the castill that thou lyst in;
We shal thee flay out of thy foule skin,
And in a dish, with onyons and peper,
We shal thee dresse with strong vynegars.

At "Pontack's Head," a famous house in Abchurch Lane, there was in 1731 "a guinea ordinary," at which were served such delicacies as "a ragout of fatted snail" and "chickens not two hours from the shell." These and many other curious dishes which found favour with our forefathers are now little more than a memory; but the priestly ham, the knightly sirloin, the noble baron of beef, and the princely venison pasty continue to hold their own. The illustrations—reproductions of ancient sculptures, old illuminated MSS., paintings and engravings of various times—are an interesting feature of the volume and add considerably to its value.

The Baganda: Their Customs and Beliefs. By the REV. J. ROSCOE. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

FOR the ordinary lay reader this volume contains a wealth of interesting stories, some of which may be retold to the children on a winter evening, and some of which no self-respecting adult would venture to tell in the presence of the youngsters. The chapter devoted to folklore is rich in legends and stories with an "Uncle Remus" flavour, while scattered throughout the book are traditions of the race, adduced in support of various customs, which make good reading.

Even at the height of its prosperity the Baganda race never exceeded three millions in number, the author tells us; but, though a small nation for the amount of territory occupied, the Baganda, out of all South Central African tribes, well deserved this voluminous record of its manners and customs, for here are united the blind superstitions and witchcrafts of Central Africa with that higher form of civilisation—albeit a cruel form—which reached its apex in the Zulu nation under T'Chaka. Uganda stretches sufficiently far toward the equator to draw in all the vices of excess and lust with which native life in tropical Africa is associated; at the same time the southern borders of the country are adjacent to lands which had felt the influence, if not the presence, of cleaner living, stronger races in the south and south-east. The result of these opposing forces acting on the Baganda race produced a conglomerate which must prove of abiding interest to the student of anthropology.

With twenty-five years' experience as a missionary in Uganda, the author was well qualified to tell the story of its people. His work bears evidence of patient, careful study, and is marked by thoroughness rather than enthusiasm. He is impartial; his division of subjects makes this an admirable work for the use of the student; he writes as one certain of his facts, and shirks nothing in his relation—and the sociology of a South Central African tribe is not all pleasant telling. The book makes no pretence at being historical, but is rather a study of the people as they were before European influences were brought to bear on them, and its author's desire to "place the facts so collected in the hands of experts for scientific purposes" is fully justified by the facts themselves.

Though the prevalence of human sacrifice, together with a number of repellent customs, marked the rude government of the Baganda race, its people evinced the possession of a number of virtues—those of good faith and hospitality, for instance—which raised them above the level maintained by many African tribes. Space does not admit even of mention of their many curious customs, but it may be said that this book, which deals in such a minute fashion with the sociology of the race, is well worth careful study by all who may find interest, direct or indirect, in the subject.

Carlo Goldoni. (Corso di Lezioni fatte nell' Università di Roma nell' anno scolastico 1910-1911.) By ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS. (Successori Le Monnier, Florence. 6 lire.)

GOLDONI is one of the most interesting personalities in later Italian literature. The excellence of his comic art, his industry, and his successful reforms are well set off by a rare kindliness of disposition and an untiring delight in adventures and experiences. Like so many of the great Italians, much of his life was passed on foreign soil, and one of his masterpieces—his masterpiece *tout court* according to Signor de Gubernatis—was produced at Paris. This was the "Burbero Benefico," written in French, to the scandal of Rousseau—"Avec votre permission, on ne commence pas à votre âge à écrire et à composer dans une langue étrangère." The last period of his long life, more than thirty years of it, was passed in France, whither he had come in the hope of a pension for his declining years; but this period was, with the exception of "Il Burbero," comparatively barren in important works. He conceived a great admiration for Louis XVI. as the reforming king, but lived to see the tragedies of the Revolution, while the *Moniteur*, in an obituary notice, described his death as that of a sincere *français et républicain*. Goldoni's ready acceptance in France is easily understood when we remember that Voltaire welcomed him in advance as the "Molière of

Italy," that he had himself taken Molière as a model for his theatrical reform, and had even written a play on an incident in the French comedian's career, and that finally the French demand for good plays was at that time much greater than the supply. The chief notes that Signor de Gubernatis, who is by no means unknown in England as a lecturer, brings out in his study are the nationality of his hero—Goldini was above all things a Venetian, and was most happy in his delineation of Venetian customs and character—his extraordinary industry—sixteen plays in a year, by contract—his opportunist reforms, and his marvellous adaptation of material. One play—the "Don Giovanni Tenorio"—is based on an unfortunate love affair of Goldoni's with his chief actress, his rival also figuring in the caste. The characters of his company were indeed *una miniera perenne di tesori*. Step by step he enfranchised Italy from the "Commedia dell'Arte," his own work culminating, on Italian soil, with the perfect comedy the "Locandiera." One of his less happy inventions was that of the *claque*, by the free admission of gondoliers to the performances.

Joanna Baillies "Plays on the Passions." (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie. Band XXXIV.) By ALFRED BADSTUBER, Dr.Phil. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 4 marks.)

Milton und Caedmon. (Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie. Band XXXV.) By STEPHANIE V. GAJSEK, Dr.Phil. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig.)

THE "Wiener Beiträge" are a series of monographs, somewhat in the nature of theses for the doctorate, dealing with subjects in English literature that invite treatment, either through intrinsic interest or previous neglect. Of the two numbers before us that of Dr. Stephanie von Gajsek is distinctly the more interesting. The subject is seductive and not without critical thorns. The connection between the two epic poets is not very definitely established, but the probabilities of an acquaintance on the part of Milton with the "Paraphrasy," through his friendship with Francis Junius, are well presented. A textual comparison between the works of the two writers is given, and leaves a strong impression of literary filiation. Dr. Badstuber's work on Joanna Baillie is less convincing, as his subject is, in a literary sense, very and completely dead, and can only claim at best a page in literary history. It is on this last count, it is true, that the monographist strives to awaken our interest in the poetess, but, apart from a certain distrust of the value of "placings," we feel rather sceptical about the influence of Joanna Baillie on her successors. Incidentally we are not very sure about the competence of a foreign critic, *pace* Taine, to do any serious "placing" for a literature and tongue not his own.

FICTION

"MAX"—OR MR. BEERBOHM?

Zuleika Dobson. By MAX BEERBOHM. (W. Heinemann. 6s.)

WITH tender recollections of the time when we turned with a gentle thrill each Saturday to the columns of a certain weekly paper, sure of finding a page by "Max" which should reward us for our pluck in expending the coin of the realm demanded, we opened this long-promised novel. We were perfectly sure that we could suffer no disappointment—we could have wagered our whole estate upon it that Max (we cannot possibly call him by so plebeian a title as "Mr.

Beerbohm") would amuse, expound, descant, enthrall through three hundred pages as easily and dexterously as he did through twelve hundred words; had any poor, benighted, illiterate friend ventured to asperse this expected ability we should have remarked loftily, "My dear fellow, it's by Max; don't be absurd!"

Dare we confess that the impossible has happened—that Max has amused us, entertained us, but finished by boring us? It has to be written, though we feel as though such words ought to be in very small print. "Zuleika Dobson" opens brilliantly, and for a hundred pages or so proceeds brilliantly. The heroine and the hero—one a conjurress, favourite of the biggest "halls" in Europe and America, the other a Duke—are inimitably drawn, and their fooling is provocative of chuckles in plenty. Zuleika descends upon Oxford like a whirlwind. The young Duke of Dorset falls in love with her; the humble Noakes falls in love with her; every man whose eyes rest for a second on her superb grace and beauty loses his heart as surely as if Cupid himself had shot his arrows from the sweet ambush of her breast. Here is a pretty plot: all Oxford—described in digressions and asides as probably only Max could describe it—head over ears in love with racy, restless, ravishing Zuleika, "the toast of two hemispheres"! And because the Duke would not bow down to her Zuleika adores him; because she flouts him when he is subjugated, he hates or adores her—we are not quite certain which, nor is he. And in the end the Duke drowns himself—impetuously, magnificently, followed, impetuously and almost as magnificently, by all the undergraduates. Zuleika informs her grandfather, the "Warden of Judas," in a most cold-blooded fashion:—

"The reason why there were no undergraduates in your Hall to-night is that they were all dead."

"Dead?" he gasped. "Dead? It is disgraceful that I was not told. What did they die of?"

"Of me."

"Of you?"

"Yes. I am an epidemic, grandpapa—a scourge such as the world has not known."

So the joke finishes, with Zuleika turning her steps towards Cambridge; and by that time we are not sorry to be rid of her.

The best part of the book concerns the ducal lover, and is contained within the first hundred pages. The account of his wooing is in Max's most excellent vein, spun-gold of humour. For several pages the Duke sets forward in detail his attractions and his possessions. "Five ghosts permanently residing in the right wing of the house, two in the left, and eleven in the park—all noiseless and quite harmless." "Wherever I go," says the anxious lover, "there are two *chefs* in my retinue. Both are masters in their art and furiously jealous of each other. When I compliment either of them on some dish the other challenges him. They fight with rapiers, next morning, in the garden of whatever house I am occupying." And so on, until the Duke is hung round with splendour as a girl with jewels.

But from here, though interspersed with many a gem-like epigram and with words and sentences used in precisely the old, delightful way, the joke becomes thin; the book, in fact, is written not by "Max," but merely (alas! we are driven to it) by Mr. Beerbohm, and the change is not to our liking. There are snowflakes of delicate satire that we cannot resist, such as the diversion on the Duke in the thirteenth chapter:—

He wrote mostly in English prose; but other modes were not infrequent. Whenever he was abroad it was his courteous habit to write in the language of the country where he was residing—French, when he was in his house

on the Champs Elysées; Italian, when he was in his villa at Baiae; and so on. . . . In his sterner moods he gravitated to Latin, and wrought the noble iron of that language to effects that were, if anything, a trifle over-impressive. He found for his highest flights of contemplation a handy vehicle in Sanscrit. In hours of mere joy it was Greek poetry that flowed likeliest from his pen; and he had a special fondness for the metre of Alcaeus.

Having a plot, however, it is the author's business not to "score" by the exquisite delineation which he gives to his characters, but by the action of the story itself; and this, we imagine, holds good even with a plot that is a huge joke, such as this epic of Zuleika and her capture of a city. The story flags, and the reader is betrayed into looking away from it, hunting for the verbal felicities and embroideries rather than following up the events for their sheer interest. Thus we leave Mr. Beerbohm with a faint, rebellious feeling akin to disappointment—a feeling which never came to us when reading his essays, never once. And we are fain to put on record that he really cannot expect to usurp in our affections the position already firmly secured by our old familiar friend and breaker of lances, "Max."

Daisy the Minx. By MARY L. PENDERED. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

IN tracing the evolution of a priggish and egotistical young man to an ordinary human being, Miss Pendered has undertaken no new task. Novelists greater and less than Miss Pendered have taken this as their theme, but, all the same, the present portrayal of Humphrey Shaw's "undoing" is by no means lacking in interest. And Daisy, the bewitching music-hall artiste, chosen by our author for the accomplishment of this great undertaking, is a lovable and appealing little minx. Chancing one day to be dining with Mortimer Manners, an acquaintance of Humphrey, who should pass by the table at which they are seated but Humphrey Shaw, otherwise the "Sanctified Ass." Mortimer explains to her how tired Mr. Shaw has become of his son's overbearing behaviour, and that he has "offered a liberal reward to any man who'll knock the tommy-rot out of him." Daisy thinks that probably a woman would be better fitted for the task, and then and there decides "to take him on" herself. She pleads illness one evening as an excuse for not appearing at the hall where she is the principal attraction, and under the name of Juliet Teresa da Vinci attends a meeting of "The Sandwich Society," of which Humphrey is the leading spirit. From that moment poor Humphrey's fate is sealed. Daisy brings all her charms and fascinations, together with a naturally kind and sympathetic disposition, to bear on the young man. He on his part thinks that at last he has met a girl after his own heart, and the intimacy grows and develops, Humphrey having no idea as to "Miss da Vinci's" real name and profession.

Elaine, Lady Lofthouse's younger daughter, becomes enamoured of the stage, and goes to Daisy for advice and help to attain her heart's desire—to appear for one night only behind the footlights. Daisy promises her aid on certain conditions, and together they appear and sing a comic song. Supping afterwards at a restaurant, they encounter Lady Lofthouse with her fiancé, Colonel Rapier. Daisy is introduced this time as Lady Geraldine de Smythe; but Elaine confesses all on her return, and is forbidden to have any further intercourse with her friend. Knowing all this, one can easily imagine the consternation that takes place when Humphrey, still unconscious of the real personality of the girl he loves, introduces her as his affianced wife at Lady Lofthouse's reception, where she is openly snubbed by her hostess. The scene very fine, although

one feels sorry for Humphrey's plight, and must agree that the minx has been very thorough in her teaching. Explanations ensue, and Humphrey is released from his engagement, and here we think is the weak portion of the story. He loves Daisy, and wants to marry her in spite of all. She also loves him, but refuses him on the grounds of their different social positions, although she ends by marrying Lord Reggie Colborne. We have thoroughly enjoyed the book and the pleasant half-hour or so spent in the company of Daisy the Minx and her many admirers.

Hetty. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

THIS is another of Mr. Bullock's rather sombre studies—the brief chronicles of a stiff, bleak Ulster family. There is a stern, earnest old farmer, of the sort known as "dour;" a placid wife; a son, who is not earnest enough to please his father; one daughter, quiet, hard-working, another of the gayer sort, who comes back from Dublin with scents and high-heeled shoes and a will of her own; a big, lazy Irishman "with a way with him;" a shambling, gambling dreamer of a farm-hand; and a maidservant with a good heart and a hot tongue. These are old friends. Then there is a rebellion in the family, and a family feud, and the son runs away to come back with a bundle in a spotted handkerchief and a ship tattooed on his hand; and love-making, and an inconstant lover and a trap accident to help out the love-making. This is familiar stuff. But it is none the worse, for Mr. Bullock uses it honestly. There is no false sentiment, and he knows how to write of simple people and the little things. There are some good scenes—a little tragedy of ill-temper with the morning mists and then a hayfield for background; the discovery of the gambling farmhand weeping over his dead fighting-cock and consoled with the advice that now it is gone he will have the more time to give to his sweetheart. But the book would be none the worse for a little rollicking humour, something of the extravagant and fantastic. Such comedy as there is in it makes the reader want more. Mr. Bullock is sometimes too careful, one or two of his descriptions come perilously near mere inventories. And is the word "quandary" really to be found in the vocabulary of Irish maidservants? Mr. Bullock thinks so.

Tom Bart Brown. By WILFRED BEET. (Wilfred Mark Webb. 6s.)

TOM BART BROWN is an engaging little fellow eight years old who romps rather unceremoniously through the pages of the book to which his name gives the title. Left on the hands of a boarding-house keeper a year previous to the opening chapter by the death of his mother, Tom, of No. 7, St. Philip's Terrace, walks along the verandah, and makes friends with Mr. Fairfax, an impecunious artist at No. 9. Together they agree to seek their fortunes across the Channel, and with very little in the way of baggage, but with Wag, a mongrel of which Tom is very fond, arrive at Neuville, where they make the acquaintance of a Mr. and Mrs. Barowne. Mr. Barowne is an invalid; Mrs. Barowne a very beautiful woman. Fairfax, of course, paints her portrait, and, equally of course, imagines himself in love with her. Thanks to the lady's self-control and proper regard for her husband and friend, we are spared any painful scenes. Meanwhile Tom is making headway with Mr. Barowne, and finally gains the deep affection of that irascible old man. Complications arise owing to a previous marriage contracted by Mr. Barowne, and everything is for the time thrown into confusion. Eventually matters straighten themselves

out, mainly owing to Tom, and every one appears to be satisfied in the end. The book is not great. Tom is the nicest person in it, and some of his letters to Mrs. Nudder, his late landlady, are typically boyish and sincere. We occasionally come across our old friend the split infinitive, which possibly may have been put in to balance the lack of semicolons.

Red Revenge: a Romance of Cawnpore. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"RED REVENGE" is another of Mr. Pearce's thrilling stories of the Indian Mutiny. As his previous one ("Love Besieged") told the story of the siege of the Residency at Lucknow, so this present volume pictures the events incidental to the ghastly Cawnpore massacre, around which the author has woven his romance. All the terrible happenings of those days of horror are vividly brought before the reader with an historical accuracy as regards details that only a thorough acquaintance with contemporary accounts could furnish. The story is naturally a stirring one, full of emotion, in which facts have the leading place, and the course of events it depicts, the various personages that figure in it, with their actions and their surroundings, are all vigorously drawn to the life by a master hand. This is assuredly a novel that should be widely read by all of British blood, for it is far more than a mere recital of horrors. As Mr. Pearce very truly says in his Introduction—"Cawnpore stands for all that is noble, heroic, and enduring in the men and women of Great Britain, and as a monumental example of dauntless courage, devotion, and self-sacrifice it cannot be excelled in the world's history." Every reader of "Red Revenge" will acknowledge the truth of the statement.

The Believing Years. By EDMUND LESTER PEARSON. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.)

A SLIGHT vein of humour runs through this little volume of short stories, which depicts the American schoolboy under various conditions, and shows that he is in the main very much the same as the lads of this country. One of the most amusing of the stories is "Arma Puerumque Cano," which tells how two small boys get the better of several bigger ones by unexpectedly turning the garden-hose on them. Another which will raise a smile is "Their Unaccountable Behaviour," unaccountable at least to Master Sammy when he took a letter to Miss Carew and found her in the summer-house with a young gentleman. Mr. Pearson has produced an inoffensive book, which will no doubt amuse a few, and take them back to their salad days, reminding them of similar pranks they played in days of yore.

John Temple, Merchant Adventurer, Convict, and Conquistador. By RALPH DURAND. Illustrated by William Sewell. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

IN "John Temple" Mr. Ralph Durand tells the story of Francisco Barreto's romantic attempt to establish a great Portuguese South African Empire in the sixteenth century. As he follows history very closely in his narrative, his book is as instructive as it is entertaining, and any one of an adventurous turn of mind is sure to take a delight in its perusal. Most of the characters are historical, and the author has drawn them to the life as far as extant contemporary accounts have enabled him to do so. Some of their stirring deeds are vividly portrayed in Mr. Sewell's spirited pictures.

THE THEATRE

"THE GREAT YOUNG MAN" AT THE KINGSWAY

MADAME YAVORSKA has opened her winter season in London with a "second edition" of the play written by her husband, Prince Bariatsky, which no lover of fine acting and high comedy should miss seeing. Even if the atmosphere of somewhat sordid intrigue be not altogether to his liking, the fine interpretations of character given by each member of the company, and above all the superb vivacity and skill of Madame Yavorska herself in a part (and sometimes in a dress) that fits her like a glove, will give him keen pleasure: unless, of course, he happens to be an irreclaimable misanthrope.

The "great" young man of the story, Nablotsky, who has married a princess for financial and social reasons, has ideas of life which lead us to hope that there are not many young men in exalted official positions in England who are "great" in the same way. He is great at many things: great at borrowing money, great at making love to other people's wives, great at making love to his own wife when he wants favours; most of all, however, is he great at . . . well, prevaricating and perverting the truth. He is, in fact, a compact, cultured, well-dressed, exquisite villain, and so is everybody else in the plot except the harmless, necessary servant. Even he, we suspect, must have an "affair" hidden in his gold-laced breast.

Variagin, Councillor of State, Nablotsky's chief, has displaced a poor schoolmaster by one of his feminine friends who was becoming awkward; the good Count Talysin (at least we thought he was good until, in the Third Act, he made terrific love to the Princess Nablotsky and ran off with her) hears of this bit of jobbery, and, as an influential person, demands explanations. Nablotsky, for excellent reasons, takes the blame upon himself, and the scene in Act II., in which he makes his false confession, expresses repentance, buries his face in his hands, and explodes with laughter immediately the Count and his *protégé* have left the room, is a wonderful ten minutes of sheer comedy; especially so since the whole effect lies with the three men, and owes most of its excellence to their fine command of facial expression.

The progress of the plot we need not detail. The dialogue is full of humour, energetic, and picturesque in phrasing, and there is not a suspicion of superfluous "padding." Mr. Kinsey Peile, with his rich, unctuous, high-pitched voice, had in the character of Variagin a part that suited him far better than that of Tesman in "Hedda Gabler," although his delivery always reminds us of the amateur who recites his lines with a faultless and rather lifeless intonation; in the great scene in the Second Act, however, he had a complete grip of the situation. Sambarof, a financier, was taken by Mr. Ivan Berlyn, wonderfully made up and funny without the farce to which he must have felt tempted. Miss Aimée de Burgh took her rather difficult, sneering part well; Mr. Charles Sugden appeared as Prince Belsky with good effect, and, as the poor schoolmaster Yahontof, Mr. Richard Neville gave the finest bit of acting for the evening as far as the men were concerned; by the way, we must except him from our black list of villains. The Count whom we had thought virtuous throughout two Acts, so stern and reproachful was his mien, but who at last made love to the Princess, found a capable interpreter in Mr. Lewis Willoughby, though he seemed a shade too fierce in his passion for our frigid English notions.

And as for the Princess of the play and of real life, Madame Yavorska, she was the same as ever—provocative,

tantalising, suddenly grave, suddenly laughing, always charming and skilful to seize to the full every opportunity. Of her dresses it is not for us to speak; but we imagine that most of the ladies present took mental notes. It is pleasant to remark that the stalls and dress circle were fairly full; but it is a thousand pities that the considerable number of London's theatre-goers who patronise the pit—and they are by no means to be ignored in matters of taste and critical acumen—do not realise that here is a play which they ought to see, whether it is regarded as an *exposé* of official life in St. Petersburg or merely as an evening's entertainment.

DELHI IN THE MIDDLE AGES

"THE environs of Delhi are a wilderness of deserted cities and devastated tombs," said Lord Curzon: he spoke also of Delhi "with its imperial memories." It has been called the Rome of India. There were old sayings that no king was considered properly crowned unless he ascended the throne at Delhi, and that whoever was master of Delhi could be master of all Hindustan. The ruins which may be seen lying south of modern Delhi cover an area of about forty-five square miles, and are believed to be the remains of many forts and cities, built by different kings who cannot all be identified. Ample accounts of them, quite sufficient for the modern visitor and reader, will be found in the books by Fanshawe and Hearn, and in Murray's excellent Handbook to India, Burma, and Ceylon. Sir William Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections," containing two chapters devoted to Old and New Delhi, well deserve perusal, though seventy-five years have passed since his journey of 1835-6. Among the oldest ruins, of Hindu times, is the Lalkot, or red fort, attributed to both Anang Pal II. of the Tomara clan in Upper India, and to Rai Pithora, Chauhan, the Prithvi Raja, said to have been built by the latter about 1180 A.D. This fort, quite near the Kutb Minar, ten miles south of modern Delhi, and the iron pillar, dedicated to Vishnu, now standing twenty-two feet above ground in the court of the mosque (the *kuwat-ul-Islam*, "the strength of Islam"), adjacent to the Kutb Minar, are the only remains known of the Hindu period. From the character of an inscription on it antiquarians assign the pillar to the third or fourth century A.D. Fergusson dated it at 400 A.D. Fanshawe writes: "The city is believed to have been originally colonised from Kanouj in the sixth century A.D., to which the iron pillar belongs, and was re-founded by Anang Pal I. in 730 A.D., and repopled by Anang Pal II. in 1052." One of the best authorities, Vincent Smith, dates Delhi as an historical city only from the time of Anang Pal, in the middle of the eleventh century, and adds:—

The celebrated iron pillar, on which the eulogy of Chandragupta Vikramaditya is incised, was removed by the Tomara chief, Anang Pal, from its original position, probably at Mathura (Muttra), and set up in 1052 A.D. as an adjunct to a group of temples from the materials of which the Muhammadans afterwards constructed the great mosque.

The pillar was originally erected to commemorate a victory. Anang Pal, the Tomara chief, and his successors from this capital, ruled over a small principality for a century until in 1151 A.D. Vigriha Raja, known as Bisaldeo, a Rajput chief of the Chauhan clan of Ajmere, conquered Delhi from the descendants of Anang Pal. Bisaldeo's nephew was Prithivi Raja, Prithiraj, or Rai Pithora, the Chauhan, Lord of Delhi and Ajmere, the popular hero of Northern India, remembered to this day as the personification of every Rajput virtue, the

pattern of all Rajput manhood: it was he probably who built the fort above mentioned, and the old Delhi known to the Muhammadan invaders of the twelfth century: the walls of his city may still be traced for a long distance round the Kutb Minar.

Up to his time the Muhammadans had not reached Delhi. They had first appeared in India when the Arabs invaded Sind between 711 and 828 A.D., but then they advanced no further. The Muhammadan power had no real effect upon India until Mahmud of Ghazni, in Afghanistan, appeared upon the scene. He defeated the Rajputs at Peshawar in 1001 A.D., carried off the gates of the temple of Somnath to Ghazni in 1025-7, and altogether invaded India twelve times. He took Lahore from the Rajput King of Delhi and Lahore, but there is no record of his having visited Delhi as a conqueror or otherwise. When Shihab-ud-din, also called both Muhammad bin Sam and Muhammad Ghori, from Ghor in Afghanistan, invaded India, Prithivi Raja inflicted a severe defeat on him in 1191 at Tilawari, between Thanesar and Karnal, and forced him and his army to retire beyond the Indus. But the next year Muhammad Ghori renewed his invasion, and at the same place met Prithivi Raja in command of an immense host, took him captive, and executed him in cold blood. With his death the Hindu period of Old Delhi was closed: as it had twenty-seven Hindu temples it must have been an important town in Hindu times.

Delhi fell in 1193 to Kutb-ud-din, Muhammad Ghori's General, and the Ghori dynasty was established throughout Upper India, Muhammad Ghori being the first Muhammadan King of Delhi. On his death, at the hands of assassins of a wild tribe, the Ghori dynasty came to an end. His General, Kutb-ud-din Ibbak, who had originally been a Turki slave, proclaimed himself Emperor of India at Delhi in 1206, and commenced the Slave, the third Afghan, dynasty, to which, it has been said, Old Delhi owes its grandest ruins. Having governed for his master from 1193, he was an independent Muhammadan ruler of Delhi from 1206 to 1210 A.D. The memory of his victories and rule is preserved by the famous Kutb Minar, which he commenced. The great mosque called after him was commenced in 1193, completed in three years, and enlarged during the reign of his successor, Altamish, the greatest ruler of this dynasty, slave and son-in-law of Kutb-ud-din. He reigned from 1211 to 1236. During his reign there was great danger in 1217 A.D. of an invasion of India by the Moguls, under Chengiz Khan, but fortunately that great conqueror left India alone. The authoritative account of the mosque and the minar, which every visitor to India should see, runs thus:—

Of the courtyards of the mosque the inner one is surrounded by an exquisite colonnade, whose richly decorated shafts have been torn from the precincts of Hindu temples. Originally a thick coat of plaster concealed from the believer's eyes the profuse idolatrous ornamentations; but the stucco has now fallen away, revealing the delicate workmanship of the Hindu artists in all its pristine beauty. Eleven magnificent arches close its western façade, Muhammadan in outline and design, but carried out in detail by Hindu workmen. Ibn Batuta, the Moorish traveller, who was a magistrate in Delhi and saw the mosque about 150 years after its erection, describes it as unequalled for either beauty or extent. The Kutb Minar stands in the south-east corner of the outer courtyard of the mosque. It rises to a height of 238ft., tapering gracefully from a diameter of 47ft. at the base to nearly 9ft. at the summit. The shaft consists of five storeys, enclosing a spiral staircase, and was crowned by a now broken cupola, which fell during an earthquake in 1803. The original purpose of the minaret was doubtless as a muezzin's tower, whence the call to morning and evening prayer might be heard throughout the whole

city. It was completed by Altamish. The site chosen for the mosque was that already occupied by the pillar, the central ornament of the inner courtyard. Around in every direction spreads a heap of splendid ruins, the most important of which are the tomb of Altamish and the unfinished minaret of Alauddin, commenced in 1311.

During the domination of the Slave dynasty, Rezia Begum, entitled also the Sultan, a daughter of the great Altamish, is remarkable as the only female who has personally ruled in Delhi; no other queen has ever actually occupied the throne of the Indian Empire, though such women as Ahalya Bai of Indore, and Nurjehan, wife of Jehangir, have shown themselves to be fully qualified to rule. Rezia Sultan is described as having been a beautiful and well-educated woman and an energetic and skilful ruler:—

Dressed in a tunic and cap, like a man, she sat daily administering justice. Her fondness for favourites marred the effect of her virtues and talents. A Turki chief called Altunia rebelled, defeated her, and took her prisoner. She won over her captor and married him; but the nobles carried on the civil war, which ended in the defeat and death of herself and her husband. She reigned three years and six months. India was now a prey to rapine, full of rebellions, reduced almost to desolation.

In an account of Delhi, it is not necessary or desirable to recapitulate the history of all India. It is sufficient to mention that the Slave-king dynasty was succeeded by other Afghan dynasties—namely, the House of Khilji (a tribe of Tartars), 1288 to 1321; the House of Tughlak, 1321 to 1412; the Saiyyids, 1412-1450; and the House of Lodi, 1450-1526 A.D. Thus the Afghans dominated India from the commencement of the Ghaznevites in 996 to 1526, a space of 530 years. Matters, however, which affected Delhi must be included in its story.

THE SECRET OF BRUGES

By all consent, it is the way of middle-age to take a becoming gravity to itself, to forswear the hilarity and irresponsibility of youth, and to order its ways with an eye to decorum, not to say utility and eupeptic complacency. This with men. But with the centuries it seems to have been quite otherwise. There, strangely enough, it was left to the Middle Ages to break into the wildest hilarity, into a veritable romp of irresponsibility and uproarious caprice.

Of this Bruges remains—happily remains—one of the splendid examples. To stroll through London—to take the nearest example—and to note the modern architecture that is massively raising itself on every hand, is to see a thing as entertaining as instructive. Actually it is massive—there is no other word for it—massive not only in result, but in conception. It is not pedantically proper, like Georgian architecture, nor is it severe without beauty, like the Queen Anne. It is massive as an alderman is massive, when that said alderman has achieved his monetary success and thinks it is about time he turned his belated attention to the decencies of art. It is, in the main, set out rectangularly because it is clearly wasteful not to include as much space as possible in the scheme; it would use up its corners and not leave them out in the air! Not that it denies ornament. But that ornament is ornament in the worst, not the best, sense; it is something stuck on from without, not something that bursts out from within. Such may be pillars, supporting nothing, or nothing that very much matters—Dorian, Ionian, or Corinthian, according to fancy—but *pastiche* things that are even on occasion, and symbolically, half-embedded in a massive wall.

One cannot conceive such a massive wall stuck all over with grinning, laughing, madly irresponsible gargoyles—or, rather, not a wall stuck over with gargoyles, but a wall that in its very vitality breaks into a rank of gargoyles that roar down an open-mouthed silent song at passers-by below. One cannot conceive a modern steeple, having achieved its precipitate rush upward, flaming out, like Tannhäuser's rod, into bud and flower, and so spoiling, in hilarious gaiety, its slender poise and proportion. It might be possible on occasion to conceive of a modern building electing to break the back of its perpendicular roof, and, thrusting in from each side, to send its dislocated spine upward to a "stary-pointing" angle; but it would be quite impossible to conceive of it, having done so, decorating it further with steps leading upward from each side to the topmost platform from which a further leap can be made into space.

It is not so impossible to do these things as it is impossible to conceive of them being done. The spirit, the fine irresponsible spirit, necessary to their accomplishment is lacking. That is why a walk through the streets of Bruges is like the breathing of a rarer air. It is actually like escaping from the company of pompous aldermen, over whose unadventurous souls a decorous respect for the externals of culture is worn, to a place where the children leap and live (if they be children), tumble and play.

It is truly that; but with a difference, for there is the addition of a brooding melancholy. It is impossible to forget that all this vigour of soul belongs to a day that is passed away, and that no more shall the steeples be encrusted with flowers, or the walls leap with gargoyles. To realise to the full the precise significance of the remoteness of it all, this youthful irresponsibility and grave gaiety that did things not because it needed them, but because it was driven to the making of them by an over-abundant energy, it is necessary to turn aside and see Bruges from a less familiar point of view.

The city has been called—from a hateful tendency to simplification—the Venice of the North: by which refinement is meant merely that it is laced with canals. It is, in fact, surrounded by a continuous canal, which disappears beneath the railway-station to re-emerge at the Beguinage. Thus it is possible to take boat at a jetty beside the station, which is not more than a garden, and proceed through and about the city, to arrive finally at the Beguinage after a circuit. Like most things that explain appearances, it is a painful journey. It is like peeping at the vitals of mystery. Yonder, facing the street, can be seen the brave turrets of the houses, with the upward steps appearing like patterns cut in the sky; but here to the water's edge the hindermost parts of them tumble in decay and ruin, covered with creeper and lichen. The gardens are rank with weed, maybe; balconies shamble to steps that shamble to the waters, maybe; or the garden is trodden to the brown earth, on which, about a kitchen-table, men sit in broken chairs, drink Bock, and play poker. Over the south of the city, where this same canal is concerned with the frontages and appearance of things, the mystery is more inscrutable; but here in the north it winds through intricacies and familiarities the knowledge of which is the clue to the haunting note in the splendid hilarity.

The truth is that the hilarity was, and is no more. Certain old houses seen from the canal waters show that: notably one ivied dilapidation in which, so it is reported, the city executioner lived. And so it is possible to discover why there is sadness with the exhilaration in a walk through the streets of Bruges. It is like breathing sea air when the sea itself has strangely been spirited away. The invigoration remains, but it is accompanied by the knowledge that it will spend itself more and more with time.

Acutely one realises this at times. At such times

would be possible to fall into painful sadness, except that the irresponsible hilarity is still itself, banishing the deeper mood. In fact its strength is such that it may pluck one away from the melancholy that waits on reflection, and lift one to a unity with its own gaiety and vigour that seems, for the nonce, eternal, as indeed in a sense it is eternal. It will not be possible to cogitate then why gargoyles have always their mouths wide open, whether they are meant to be singing, shouting, or wondering. It will be realised that it would be quite impossible for them to keep their mouths shut; that if they kept their mouths shut the very stones in the streets would cry out. It will no longer be wondered why steeples break into flower, or roofs rush up into a multiplicity of peaks, or arches give over the poise of curves and leap into the startling abruptness of acute angles, or windows become sinuous as with serpents and break up into a family of windows, or walls erupt into every manner of living creature. It will be seen that in doing so they only realise the first law of being, which is life; and that they realise the beauty that is above all beauty—the beauty of living things, urgent and palpitating and imperious, indifferent to the sapient distinction between variation and redundancy.

Then the thought will come that, whatever the Middle Ages had or had not, they had this that we have forgotten—they knew how to live so completely that they could transmit life.

BOOK SALES, OLD AND NEW

THE sale of the first portion of the library of the late Mr. Alfred Huth, brought together by his father, Henry Huth, and augmented (to a somewhat greater extent than is usually recognised) by himself, begins at Sotheby's on Wednesday, November 15th, and ends on Friday, the 24th. If the more ardent bidders start the next day by a fast boat for New York they will arrive just in time for the second part of the sale of Mr. Hoe's collection. Whether the ardent bidders who do this will be few or many remains to be seen. The course taken by the first Hoe sale was dramatic and exciting, but it left the great majority of those who had come to bid as more or less passive spectators; and to travel 3,000 miles, stay a fortnight in New York hotels, and come home with a mere handful of purchases, is an experience which hardly invites repetition.

The record prices obtained at the first Hoe sale were the more interesting in view of the long uncertainty as to whether the collection would be sold in New York or London. It was even debated whether some of the books might not be sold in Paris. In many matters Americans are still content to wait upon Europe, and will pay a higher price for a purchase which has stood the criticism of English, French, or German experts. Perhaps as regards book-bindings and some classes of foreign books they would be wise to maintain this attitude a little longer. But in respect not only of Americana, but of all kinds of English books, they have no need to lean on any foreign judgment. Both their formal bibliographical work and the catalogues issued by their dealers and auctioneers are at least as good as anything which is being produced in England, and the importation of English books of every kind has been so great that in many cases it must be as easy to obtain a collation in New York as in London.

It is the fashion for English journalists to lament that so many fine English books cross the Atlantic. When a book is really unique its loss is to be regretted, and the regret may even be shared by wise Americans. New York started

too late ever to become the headquarters for students of English literature, and since this is so every book which America withdraws from the possibility of comparison with all the rest represents a real hindrance to scholarship. If an American professor is obliged to study at London and Oxford, in any case it will be no advantage to him if he have to work also in New York, Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco. It only means additional labour, time, and expense, and in some cases final uncertainty. But, with this reservation, the passing of considerable quantities of rare English books to America is surely a matter for congratulation. For at least two hundred years rare French, German, and Italian books have been imported into England, and they have been paid for not only with money, but with appreciation and study. English bookmen can talk to French, German, and Italian collectors about their own books—now and again may even make some little contribution to their history. The Americans are repaying us in the same way. Not only in English bibliography, but in English literary history, excellent research work is being done in America, and the workers must not be grudged their tools. Even as to less important books, the collecting of which may be thought not to rise above a hobby, why should we gird at American competition in this pleasant sport any more than in polo, or golf and tennis? And if we like Americans to play with us, it is surely childish to grudge them a share of the toys!

While the lamentations when fine books are taken across the Atlantic thus seem unreasonable and exaggerated, such volcanic upheavals of book prices as occurred during the first Hoe sale are, of course, a very serious nuisance. It is not really a good thing for the book-market that rival American millionaires should be spurred on to bid against each other by the cheers in an auction-room filled with a fashionable crowd in evening dress. One wonders what the worthy Presbyterian divine who introduced book-auctions from Holland into England would have thought of such a development. He was a good patriot this Nonconformist, Dr. Joseph Hill, and, though driven from Cambridge to Middleburg by the Act of Uniformity of 1662, wrote a pamphlet in support of English diplomacy ("The Interest of these United Provinces: being a Defence of the Zeelander's Choice") which caused him to be packed home to England in August, 1673. In England he stayed some five years, and it was during this time that the first English book-sale took place, the books being those of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, sometime Master of Peterhouse and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and the sale being held at his house on October 31st, 1676, some thirteen months after his death. Now book-auctions had been held in Holland at least as early as 1599, when the library of Philip van Marnix was sold in this way. When, therefore, we find a well-known auctioneer, Edward Millington, subsequently thanking Dr. Hill for his "great Service done to learning and Learned men in first advising and effectually setting on foot that admirable and universally approved of way of selling Librarys by Auction amongst us," we can guess that Hill must have used his knowledge of the Dutch practice for the benefit of the estate of his old Cambridge friend Dr. Seaman.

We not only know how this first English book-sale came to be held. We know all about it. A bookseller named William Cowper acted as auctioneer, and a catalogue was drawn up, headed with a Latin title, and with a preface beginning:—

It hath not been usual here in England to make sales of books by way of Auction, or who will give most for them. But it having been practised in other Countreys to the Advantage both of Buyers and Sellers. It was therefore

conceived (for the encouragement of Learning) to publish the Sale of these Books, this manner of way.

This was followed by five numbered paragraphs, the first pointing out the use of the catalogue, the second providing for re-sales in disputed cases, the third allowing bids to be cancelled on account of imperfections discovered before the book was removed, the fourth stipulating for payment on delivery within a month after the sale, the fifth announcing that sales would begin at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. every day until all the books were sold. The catalogue itself was divided under the sizes Folio, Quarto, Octavo, and Duodecimo, and by a cross-division also under various theological headings.

The first book sold when Cowper mounted his rostrum at 9 a.m. on October 31st, 1676, was a long set of the works of St. Chrysostom in Greek and Latin, printed at Paris forty years before. It fetched £8 5s., and this proved the top price of the sale, the nearest approach to it being Walton's London Polyglott of 1657, which reached within three shillings of it. In those days book-buyers liked large folio sets in numerous volumes—one of many contrasts between the little gathering of clerics and students at Warwick Court in 1676 and the scenes in Madison Avenue last April, when books which the good divines would have thought dear at a few shillings sold for thousands, and even tens of thousands, of dollars.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

THE MAGAZINES

IN the *Fortnightly* this month Mr. Wells writes about "The Contemporary Novel." The point of view that he takes is not unknown, and is, indeed, associated with him. Very rightly, we think, he argues that the novel should be made a matter of serious attention, instead of being turned over for the amusement and delectation of "that tired giant, the prosperous Englishman." He declares vigorously that he and other novelists propose to treat the novel as a means for the discussion of social abuses, perplexed moralities that require adjustment, and so forth, and that all this should be done by the way of moral suggestion. Wisely he is careful to insist that he does not mean that the novel should thereby become the preacher's pulpit or the teacher's desk, and to point out that the novel has always, more or less, been occupied with somewhat of the same ideal. We have not the space here adequately to deal with the question he has broached, but it would be well to point out that he seems, surely, to have overlooked the very essence of the matter—an essence that his remark about the novel hitherto should have indicated to him. For what he is saying is that it is the artist that is the pioneer, not the politician or the propagandist. The propagandist merely tub-thumps, and the politician merely enacts, and so both merely limit and enfeeble what the artist has already discovered and set in its proper proportion. The artist represents a certain philosophy of action or thought, and so helps to produce that type of action or thought in life. The others declare from platforms, or put into statute-books, things that may not affect action at all, or if they do, can only affect it in a wrong way, which is as much as to say that the further the artist keeps from propaganda or politics the stronger will he be.

In the same magazine Mr. McEvoy has an eminently sensible article entitled "The Law of Audiences." The point of it is, that to say, as Philistines are wont to say, that a play is not a success because it does not pay is an irrelevance. The commercial success or failure of a play may or may not have the remotest reference to its avowed intention. His argument is that plays of the "advanced

school" have sometimes failed (as in the noteworthy Frohman experiment) simply because those in the business command of the movement have not co-related "the quality of a performance to the quality of an audience;" or because, failing this, they have omitted to adjust the "expenses to the probable receipts from an audience co-related to the performance." It was a thing that needed saying. There is an audience at present existing in London that is not concerned with the average West-end production, but which is vitally concerned with drama as drama—in fact, the first flows from the last. And such an audience is sufficiently numerous to make a venture pay if it be adapted to it. In the *Fortnightly* also Mr. Ellis Barker has an extremely informative article on "Doctor Sun Yat Sen and the Chinese Revolution." The mass of information that Mr. Barker has been able to gather together in so short a time is really remarkable, and his conclusions carry conviction with them. In "The Use and Abuse of Machinery" Mr. Edward Spencer surely overlooks the primary fact that machinery must always and necessarily be, in its effect on personality and its instinctive development, an immoral thing, and that the effect of the amelioration for which he argues is to obscure the fact, and is therefore a form of condonation. "The Italian Sources of Othello" is an article that more than repays reading.

One of the chief items in the *English Review* is a battle-royal between Mr. Alexander Carlyle and Mr. Frank Harris over the latter's article in the *English Review* of February last entitled "Talks with Carlyle." The combatants are certainly not sparing of their blows. One has seldom an opportunity of seeing quite so much literary blood shed in a modern and effete generation. Beneath this, in the list of contents, we caught the title "The Point of It," by E. M. Forster. On turning to the page, however, we found that it had nothing to do with the previous controversy, but was instead a very extraordinary short story by the author of "The Celestial Omnibus." We have seldom read a story that seemed so apt to miss the completion of its own form, yet not only completed it in its concluding paragraphs, but closed the circle so neatly and conclusively as to leave it memorable. In "My Little Bluejacket" Mr. Austin Harrison (who may be spoken of as the captain of the young challenging forces that the *English Review* is coming more and more to represent) deals whimsically, but not the less forcibly, with some of the lessons that Italy's action and Turkey's impotence, speaking from the naval point of view, have put before us. 'Tis pity 'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, but money must go handsomely down for the maintenance of a more than sufficient navy. It is tied up inextricably with colonial aspiration, as Germany well proves. "The Revolution in China" is the subject of an article by Yoshio Markino; and surely no one reading it can fail to have his very active sympathies enlisted on behalf of the revolutionaries in China.

In the *Nineteenth Century* the article that chiefly drew our attention was "Shelley at Tan-yr-allt," by Margaret L. Woods. She does not add much to our knowledge, nor does she throw much illumination on Shelley's work; but the article is interesting inasmuch as it is the only one of literary matters in the whole magazine. All the others are concerned with various political and semi-political affairs. Noteworthy among them is a somewhat unsympathetic article by Mr. Norman Pearson entitled "The Idle Poor." Vagrancy is a profound problem; but the vagrant is more often sinned against than sinning. Once a man has passed a certain length of time in the disheartening task of seeking employment, vagrancy is inevitable. An illuminating article is that by Sir Bamfylde Fuller on "East and West: a Study of Differences."

The Anniversary of Trafalgar is the subject of a series of three articles in the *Cornhill*. Dr. Fitchett writes upon

"The Most Famous Fighting Ship in History," Helen Wood on "Nelson and Lady Hamilton at Altona," and Hallam Moorhouse on "Nelson as Women Saw Him." The titles adequately represent the treatment of their subjects. Some of the letters from Lady Hamilton to Nelson, especially that to the victor of the Battle of the Nile, give Mr. Moorhouse's article a very piquant interest. Nevertheless, the article that we read with more joy than any of the others was Mr. George Dewar's on "The Wild Bird's Throat." In *Blackwood's* what provides greater interest than any of the other matter, in a number that could do with a little enlivenment, is the "Musings without Method" for this month. Its subject is Sir Henry Craik's book on Clarendon. It is particularly good, as showing that the fierce distinction between Whig and Tory is by no means only a matter for aloof historical examination. It can even now stir indignation.

ART

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAVES GALLERIES

THE loan collection of Old Masters lately opened by the Duke and Duchess of Teck in aid of the Prince Francis of Teck Memorial Fund is both interesting and important. One would like to know something in more than one instance of the paintings exhibited, and whether they are actually originals or not, but for the most part there is no question of this kind raised, and even the copies—where they are such—have a real interest of their own.

Vandyck's work is never undistinguished, and the portrait of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, is clever and remarkable, though hardly up to the painter's highest form. Sir Joshua's "Miss Linley as Charity" is one of the preliminary studies for the famous window at Oriel; whether it is entirely from his hand is doubtful, but of the beautiful child-study on the left of the picture there can be little question; in technique and inspiration it is well worthy of the master. His portrait of Mary, Duchess of Ancaster, is marked by great distinction; it is painted in pure silvery tones, and, though the carnations, as so often happened with his work, have almost faded out, its simplicity and noble grace strike the beholder in quite unforgettable fashion. The portrait of Emilia Mary, Duchess of Leinster, is an acknowledged favourite, and deserves its popularity. The seated picture of Master Bunbury is probably not an original; it is a popular picture and offers a suggestive study of boyhood, a rather sad little figure, which if he was (as we believe) the little lad for whom his mother did not greatly care, and who was, therefore, adopted by his aunt, "The Jessamy Bride," is not surprising. Miss Gunning as Diana is, for Sir Joshua, a poor piece of work—so poor that it is very doubtful whether it is by him at all—and hardly suggests the distinctive type of beauty of the famous sisters. Of special interest is Robert Smirke's great copy of Sir Joshua's full-length portrait of Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, which was destroyed in the disastrous fire at Belvoir. This copy was considered so exact that the Duke of Rutland of that day caused a copy to be made from this one, and this second copy now hangs, we believe, at Belvoir. It is a noble picture.

Hoppner is well represented by a beautiful and vigorous sketch, that of Jane, wife of the tenth Earl of Westmorland, which has benefited greatly from cleaning at some comparatively recent date. The artist has caught a not very pretty woman in a moment of happy *abandon* and bright good humour, and the result is quite delightful—graceful, fascinating, and altogether pleasing. Not nearly so inspiring,

but a conscientious and careful piece of work, and marked by strong individuality, is his seated group of Charlotte Maria, Duchess of Beaufort, and her daughter, painted in 1806. The little girl—also a Charlotte Sophia—is not in Hoppner's happiest vein, and furnishes an unusual instance of his failing in child-portraiture; but the mother is dignified and simple. The colour-scheme of black slashed with red is rich and effective. An interesting Lawrence shows a head and shoulders of Georgina Frederica, Marchioness of Worcester, whom Hoppner had painted many years previously with her mother and sister in one of his sweetest pictures of a mother and children, the Lady Charlotte Fitzroy (afterwards Lady Culling Smith), which now hangs in Apsley House. The child grew into a lovely woman, here conventionalised into the stock Regency type, and only redeemed from commonplace by the touch of "naughtiness" which Lawrence loved to infuse into his feminine portraits as a substitute for the aristocratic grace which he could neither appreciate nor pourtray. The Mrs. Cunliffe-Offley from the same brush, which is sometimes admired, seems to us but a commonplace piece of work, though it has much technical merit. There are few instances in the history of art of such high technical ability, and even a certain measure of insight, being united with such an intrinsically shallow outlook on life, and such poverty of imagination as in the case of Lawrence. It is here that Hoppner's wholly opposite personality—generous, hasty, warm-hearted, and full of poetic feeling—infuses Hoppner's work with a note of genuine humanity that Lawrence seldom strikes unless by accident.

Another picture attributed to Sir Joshua which has exercised the critic somewhat, is "The Contemplative Youth," a fine, but not very characteristic work, which has suffered in cleaning, and is harder and more brilliant in tone than Sir Joshua probably intended, if it be from his hand. Of the remaining pictures, the most striking is the fine copy (in all probability) from Titian's picture in the Uffizi—a nude female reclining, with a gallant seated by her; a brilliant piece of work, but not an original. Morland and Teniers are represented by some doubtful pieces, and the former by an unquestioned little masterpiece, entitled "Boys Bathing," which is full of spirit and movement and the sense of the open air. Opie's early portrait of his father is ruggedly interesting. This artist always leaves one with a sense of large reserves of power which somehow failed to get themselves expressed. The so-called Nattier is a copy, and a staring one at that. The true Nattier is inimitable in his combination of softness with brilliance.

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

A VERY interesting exhibition has been open for some few weeks at the Chenil Gallery in Chelsea. It is singularly varied and at the same time complete, because of the thread of the artist's personality running through the whole; yet its charm and value are elusive and difficult to explain, its essence being suggestion. There is little of what is known as finish in the work—with certain particular exceptions among the silk pictures—no show of *technique*, and it falls every now and then into emptiness, as in the group of masked figures in the first "Carnaval." But it is the excellence of the method, if it can be called a method, that the painter seems always to be withholding his knowledge and restraining his skill. And yet a certain number of the paintings on silk—"The Smart Visitor," "Wayfarers," and

others—are full of an almost pre-Raphaelite care for detail, united in a peculiar way to Japanese arrangements and exquisite colours.

Somebody has remarked in connection with this exhibition that it is pleasant to find an artist who gives us only his "delight." There is delight in these pictures, no doubt, but there is more than that in the beauty of "Le Spectre de la Rose" sketch, or "Trees on a Plateau," or "The Estérel." And the quality of the delight is the real matter. The idea of confetti, for example, belongs in every one's mind to light-heartedness; but Mr. Rothenstein has imparted something quite wonderful to his "Confetti" sketch, with what seem to be a dozen or so quick pen strokes. There are girls throwing it about with an exquisite suggestion of the rhythm of movement and laughter and sunlight. One dwells upon this sketch, though it is one of the slightest things in the exhibition, because it seems in a special way to show not only Mr. Rothenstein's individual feeling and power, but also that idea the realisation of which, in whatsoever degree, is the realisation of art—the expression, not of things which are seen only, but of things which are felt; the strange incommunicable something without which the picturing of the most beautiful realities is idleness, but which can make a battle of confetti into a little joy for ever.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION

MR. H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, in opening his lecture at the London Institution on Monday last, stated that the general opinion now held by scientists with regard to the Origin of Life Question was that at a certain period in the history of our planet, on account of various chemical and physical processes taking place, life came into being. He referred to Darwin as one of the pioneers of the evolution theory as opposed to the creative one, and drew attention to the fact that, while it was generally admitted by scientific men that these processes took place, there was a great difference of opinion as to whether they had occurred during a limited period and had not taken place since, or whether they had been, and in fact were still being, repeated. It is said by many that the conditions existing at a certain period of the world's history were altogether different from those of the present day, and were favourable to such a process. The only test is that of experiment, and it is 160 years since Needham in this country, followed by other scientists in France and Germany, first made his experiments. In 1870 the lecturer himself ascertained that bacteria could not exist beyond a temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees Centigrade. Other experiments which he made were received with incredulity by Professor Huxley and others. It was not until 1906 that he put into action the notion of using inorganic fluids for his tests. The solution used was put into glass tubes, which were sealed, and submitted to a heat of from 125 to 145 degrees Centigrade for from five to twenty minutes in order to make certain that all life was killed. The tubes were not broken for many months, and at the end of the prescribed time were found to contain organisms resembling blue mould, which in a few days more had greatly multiplied. He instanced carbon as an illustration of changes taking place in chemical substances, and contended that if these could occur there was no reason to suppose that living organisms could not undergo molecular changes and assume different forms. Mr. Bastian concluded his lecture with illustrations of the bacteria covering the deposit in the sealed tubes, and also showed a film representing those formed from the elements of a dead animal.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

LOOKING to the fact that the books which are peculiar to this column inevitably become those that are either talked about or missed, there cannot be anything particularly inappropriate in writing of books whose preparation is over. It is, in fact, extremely interesting to pause in the discussion as to forthcoming books and to make a sort of rough estimate of the position. The first great outpouring is past. It is now possible to stand on a prominent place with field-glasses and metaphorically pick out those that by merit, luck, log-rolling, accident, or advertising have come out of the ruck and rounded Tattenham Corner. "The Case of Richard Meynell" is, if we may pursue the curious horse-racing language, coming home alone. It is always quite safe to predict a great success for the novel of a well-known writer when love is mixed with religion. "Penelope's Progress" is not far behind, because Lady Angela Forbes has not hesitated to write about her friends and others in a perfectly fearless manner. Then comes "The Reason Why," which is a woman's reason, and is therefore wholly without logic. It is to be presumed that this book is read as much, more perhaps, for what it is not meant to be than for what it is. It is crammed with unintentional fun. "The Common Law" and "An Accidental Daughter" are running level, and "Adrian Savage" is at their heels. "Juggernaut" moves a little stickily, but is well backed, while "The Chronicles of Clovis," "Ethan Frome," "Dan Russel the Fox," "Hail and Farewell—Ave," "A Duke and his Friends," and "The Critical Attitude" are much fancied.

No list for the libraries can be altogether satisfactory that does not include Mr. Francis Grierson's "The Humour of the Underman," Mr. Reginald Lucas's "A Cheerful Day," "The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire," "Penelope Rich and her Circle," "Love Like the Sea," "The Sport of Shooting," "India Under Curzon, and After," "Gordon at Khartoum," "Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People," "A Safety Match," "The Ealing Miracle," and "Zuleika Dobson."

Among forthcoming books, apart from the Christmas volumes, with which we are to deal exhaustively later, "The Splendour of a Great Hope," which Mr. Robert Scott is preparing, will be extraordinarily topical. The work, which deals with authority with China and the Chinese, is by the Venerable Archdeacon A. E. Moule, and has an Introduction by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. E. Crosby Heath's novel, "Henrietta Taking Notes," which is in Mr. John Lane's lively list, introduces us to the very young daughter of a dramatic critic, and it is to be hoped that the father is brought into the story. The home of a dramatic critic suggests very many new and interesting things. Somehow or other the dramatic critic is a less human person than the ordinary man, because he seems to spend his days among the ghosts of failures, and live optimistically in the hope of adding more to his collection.

Duckworth and Co. have added "The Hills and the Vale," by Richard Jefferies; "The Soul of London," by the ubiquitous Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer; "Villa Rubein," by Mr. John Galsworthy; and "Esto Perpetua," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, to their admirable "Readers' Library."

We hear that Mr. Richard Claud Carton, whose delightful plays stand out in the memory of all playgoers, may be persuaded to write his Reminiscences. They should prove to be not only wittily related, but of really remarkable interest. Mr. Carton's connection with the stage dates back to the days of Henry Irving's earliest struggles.

MUSIC

It was a painful moment for the present writer when he found himself obliged to say, some few months ago, that the quality of Mme. Yvette Guilbert's wonderful art was no longer so high as in earlier days. He had always regarded her as one of the three or four most remarkable artists of her time, and never dreamed of its being possible to find fault with her as long as she confined herself to singing French songs. But when she began to apply French methods to peculiarly English songs, the result was not happy; and then, too, she came to indulge in exaggerations of style which contrasted sadly with her earlier manner. We know now, however, and are delighted to know it, that the deterioration was only temporary. Mme. Guilbert is at this moment singing and acting just as well as she ever did, if not better, and her first recital was a pure joy from beginning to end. All her songs were first-rate, and many of them, though old, were new to us. One felt inclined to ask if there exist any songs more difficult to sing well, and so as to make a real effect. Simple little things they are, three-fourths of them on the same subject—that of the *fillette* who wants to have a lover or a husband, and the lines are repeated over and over again. Yet Mme. Guilbert has a fresh *nuance* for each repetition, and each of the *fillettes* has her one distinct character. We will be so bold as to say that no exhibition of art more marvellous in its way than that of Mme. Guilbert is now to be witnessed in London. It is like the playing of Casals, like the dancing of the Russians, so good that we cannot imagine it possible to be better. And Mme. Guilbert has again brought with her the players who form the "Société des Concerts d'Autrefois." We could listen to their delicate playing of the music they have disinterred for a whole evening without any weariness or longing for something modern.

For how many years has this old music been lying forgotten? How well it is that it never occurred to any librarian to destroy it as "dead" music, as a cumberer of shelves! Lully, of course, could never have been forgotten, for if the musician had not appreciated his greatness, did not Mme. de Sévigné say that she supposed the music of heaven could not be more beautiful than his? and that remark would have made it immortal. Hasse, too, the German-Italian, has survived deservedly; but Sacchini, Naudot, Mouret, and Boismortier, were they not dead and buried long ago? Sacchini, once so popular, lives, indeed, in the pages of Maria Edgeworth, some of whose young ladies delighted in his music, and one has probably seen, and forgotten, Mouret's name when reading about the famous Duchesse du Maine, for whose splendid "Nuits de Sceaux" he composed the music. Naudot's memory may be preserved by flautists, for whom he appears to have written a great deal, but we met with the name of Boismortier for the first time when we opened Mme. Guilbert's programme. Searching for information about him, we have been rewarded by finding that he was a more sensible composer in one respect than many of his present-day successors, who, because they think they can compose, think also that they can conduct their own music. Boismortier held his own music in very small estimation, and, when some of it was to be performed at the Opera, said to the conductors, "Messieurs, voilà ma partition, faites-en ce que vous pourrez, car, pour moi, je n'entends pas plus à la faire valoir que le plus petit enfant de chœur." The French players had evidently chosen examples of these old composers' music with great judgment, for each was well worth hearing for its grace, simplicity, its natural melody, and in some cases for its artless skill of instrumentation.

At the last Symphony Concert of Sir Henry Wood's orchestra a very important novelty was heard—namely, the

first Symphony composed by Dr. Walford Davies. This proved to be a big, serious, vigorous work. It was clear, after the first "Largo maestoso" had been heard, that there was going to be nothing common, nothing merely imitative, about this music. But it was equally clear that it was not going to be easy music, flattering to the ear, quickly to be understood and to be presently dismissed. We cannot profess ourselves able to understand it all after one hearing, unless we except the second movement, a Romanza of singular sweetness and gentle animation. But we think that this will, in the event, turn out to be the least lasting of the movements; we expect that, when the Symphony has become familiar, the robust massiveness of the first and the final movements will satisfy us more than the light and rhythmic Romance or the suave and long-drawn-out melody of the "Lento espressivo." We found the earlier pages of the Finale rather dull, but the movement increases in interest till a theme of high and noble spirit is given out, and this was so arresting that our attention flagged no more. The Symphony was followed by Tchaikovsky's brilliant Concerto with Mme. Carreño, the most powerful of all its interpreters, at the piano. Here was a composition which made, at our first hearing of it, a very different impression from that made by Dr. Davies' Symphony. Every bar of it could be followed and understood with the greatest ease; it was exhilarating, exciting, pleasure-giving. Yet after repeated hearings its attraction seems to have evaporated, and we do not care if we are destined never to hear it again. Now to Dr. Davies' music we could not apply the three epithets which we certainly were right in applying to Tchaikovsky's when it was new. We were not conscious of vivid enjoyment while the new Symphony was running its course. But we felt that we were listening to a work which we should come to enjoy, one which would probably retain our affection when more immediately effective music had lost its hold over us. But however this may be, it can be said even now that Dr. Davies has enriched British music with a Symphony that is dignified, deep, masterly; we have no hesitation in thanking him for it, and congratulating him on so fine an achievement.

One of the most largely attended concerts at which we have assisted of late was the recital of Mr. Backhaus, a pianist of not more than moderate ability, except that he has a neat touch and a fluent finger. Compared with scores of rival pianists who cannot (in London) do more than attract a respectable audience in one of the smaller halls, Mr. Backhaus is, indeed, a pianist of superficial attainments. He must, at any rate, be allowed the credit of possessing some power of attraction denied to his more highly intellectual brethren, for he had drawn together an enormous audience, which showed every symptom of delight and satisfaction. They had been allowed to choose the programme, and here one found interest in what would otherwise have been a very ordinary concert. This audience, which presumably cannot very well discriminate between the greater and the lesser pianist, had had the good sense and good taste to ask that two of Beethoven's sonatas, the "Moonlight" and the "Appassionata," should be played to them, and be followed by Schumann's "Papillons," Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," and several of the most popular of Chopin's pieces, the Ballade in A flat, the Berceuse, &c. Well, it was precisely the programme which such an audience was likely to choose. The public which attends Symphony Concerts and the recitals of artists of the kind that used to be called "classical" would not have chosen it. Yet fifty years ago a similar audience would not have selected the same pieces. They would have chosen much Mendelssohn, no Schumann, Thelberg instead of Chopin, and so on. There is no question that Mr. Backhaus' concert gave us an interesting glimpse at the advance made in musical taste.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE CRISIS IN CHINA

THE man who could come boldly forward and predict with reasonable accuracy the immediate future of China does not exist. There is a note almost of humility, a suggestion of the realisation of human limitations, in the guarded language employed by all publicists of repute who are dealing at the present moment with the situation in the Middle Kingdom. Even Sir Robert Hart lived to see his prophesies falsified, and perhaps the saddest moment of his life occurred when the very people to whom he had devoted his talents and his energies, and in the good faith of whom he would willingly have staked his existence, not only forsook him, but trained their guns upon his house and forced him to seek shelter from their fanatical onslaught. It is, of course, true that since the memorable rising of 1900 China has advanced rapidly along the paths of enlightenment. But by reason of her immensity, of the mists of tradition in which to foreign eyes her modern development is still enshrouded, and of the still unfathomed character of her people, China to the rest of the world remains an enigma.

Had it been possible to approach the present tremendous problem on superficial evidence alone, then any one possessing a knowledge of the iron attributes of Yuan Shih-kai would a week or two ago have declared unhesitatingly that the safety of the dynasty lay in the hands of that rehabilitated statesman. Personality, experience, opportunity seemed to point clearly to leadership and domination. On the surface, all that was required to bring about general pacification and a settlement satisfactory to the turbulent elements in the land was for Yuan Shih-kai, with suitable retinue and armed with the Regent's mandate, to meet the rebel leader—himself a *protégé* of the Imperial plenipotentiary—and politely to discuss terms whereby tranquillity might be restored within the walls of the Forbidden City.

But a deeper inquiry reveals a more complicated and conflicting situation. There are at the moment not two but three parties in the State—the national adherents of the falling dynasty; its Chinese supporters, who, although not yet prepared for the abolition of monarchical institutions, have through the National Assembly demanded and obtained a radical curtailment of monarchical functions; and finally, there are the extreme progressists. The swift evolution of this latter party has led them to embrace and fight for principles far advanced from those laid down by Kang Yu-wei and adopted by the late Emperor as the basis for his remarkable but abortive edicts of 1898. In their present elation the revolutionaries will not pause to consider a compromise on the lines of monarchical perpetuation, even though the Throne has made unconditional surrender to the people of all its ancient prerogatives. On the other hand, the National Assembly, meeting for their second session in the capital, had already imbued a measure of that sense of responsibility which is inseparable from elective chambers. This being so, and taken in conjunction with the undoubted fact that no mutual co-operation on an organised scale has taken place between the Assembly and the militant party, the line of action adopted by the former becomes clearly intelligible. Until yesterday merely an experimental body whose functions were not permitted to stray beyond the privileged limits of deliberation and suggestion, the National Assembly, through agencies of independent creation, has suddenly been invested with a power and an importance that, had circumstances pursued their normal course, could not have attached to the promised Constitutional Parliament. There was no time for calm

reflection. The rebels had captured most of the Yangtze strongholds. Sedition was hourly spread to the adjoining provinces. The Lanchau forces in the north had obstinately refused to march to the south unless the Throne consented to the delegation of all its prerogatives and to the renunciation of most of its privileges. And finally, throughout the cities of the Metropolitan Province itself there ran a feverish if suppressed enthusiasm for the cause of the rebels. The moment had come for quick decision, and the Assembly, as one man, asserted an authority which cowed the Throne, startled the world—and disappointed, because of its moderation (!), the ardent forces of the republican south.

The attitude of the Assembly has been characteristically Oriental. Although its members realised fully the powerlessness of the Dynasty, they were unable to determine with which side, the imperial forces or the rebels, the fortunes of war would lie. By their programme of reform, they believed that the latter would be appeased; while in the event of imperial success in the field, they had adequately provided for the Constitutional freedom of the people. In other words, they had accomplished the complete overthrow of Manchu domination. Time alone can prove whether the Assembly was well advised in not immediately joining hands with the republicans and thus effecting the overthrow of the dynasty. If an early peace is to be brought about, either one side or the other must abandon a declared position; and it would seem from present indications—although, as I have said, it is impossible to prophesy—that it is the Moderate Party that is destined to bow to *force majeure*.

The latest despatches from Peking point to a situation of extreme gravity. By the assassination of General Wu Lu-chen, the Governor-designate of Shansi Province, which seems to have been treacherously planned from the highest Manchu quarters, the backs of the revolutionaries have become stiffened, and it is unlikely now that they will pause in their operations until they have achieved their utmost aim—the overthrow of the dynasty and the establishment of a republican form of Government.

The pathetic impotence of the Court was demonstrated at the beginning of this week, when we were told that "the Palace is in such a state of confusion that no edicts have been issued and no business done to-day." It will be recalled that the last occasion on which there was a total suspension of official activity within the Forbidden City occurred when the allied forces of the Powers were marching on the capital and the Empress Dowager with her Imperial retinue fled across the mountains for safety. To-day it is stated that the Court is making frantic preparations for a retreat to Jehol in the north. Once more we turn to history for precedent. In October of the year 1860 the allied forces of France and England, after a weary march from the coast, were approaching Peking. Ambassadorial missions from both countries accompanied the expedition. There had been many wearisome delays occasioned by the obstinate refusal of the Emperor Hienfung to permit the plenipotentiaries to present their credentials with befitting ceremonial. Matters were further complicated by an act of treachery on the part of the Chinese whereby a little band, headed by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Harry Parkes, who had advanced from the lines by official invitation to discuss a suitable place of meeting between Lord Elgin and his French colleague and the Imperial representatives, were treacherously surprised, taken prisoners, and removed to the capital, where they were cast into dungeons. The story of their sufferings has been told by Mr. (afterwards Lord) Loch, who was Mr. Parkes' companion in captivity. He relates how, after many weeks of privation, they were at last informed that on the following morning they would be led out to execution. Prince Kung, acting at the head of the Government,